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"Good Words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1866

EDITED BY

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And illustrated by

J. WOLF, R. P. LEITCH, W. SMALL, G. J. PINWELL, A. B. HOUGHTON,
J. W. NORTH, M. E. EDWARDS, AND OTHERS

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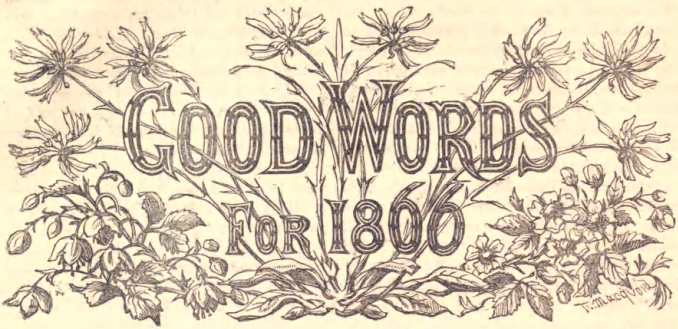

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Major Ochterlony had been very fidgety after the coming in of the mail. He was always so, as all his friends were aware, and nobody so much as Mary, his wife, who was herself, on ordinary occasions, of an admirable composure. But the arrival of the mail, which is so welcome an event at an Indian station, and which generally affected the Major very mildly, had produced a singular impression upon him on this special occasion. He was not a man who possessed a large correspondence in his own person; he had reached middle life, and had nobody particular belonging to him, except his wife and his little children, who were as yet too young to have been sent "home;" and consequently there was nobody to receive letters from, except a few married brothers and sisters, who don't count, as everybody knows. That kind of formally affectionate correspondence is not generally exciting, and even Major Ochterlony supported it with composure. But as for the mail which arrived on the 15th of April, 1838, its effect was different. He went out and in so often, that Mary got very little good of her letters, which were from her young sister and her old aunt, and were naturally overflowing with all kinds of pleasant gossip and domestic information. The present writer has so imperfect an idea of what an Indian bungalow is like, that it would be impossible for her to convey a clear idea to the reader, who probably knows much better about it. But yet it was in an Indian bungalow that Mrs. Ochterlony was seated—in the dim hot atmosphere, out of which the sun was carefully excluded, but in which, nevertheless, the inmates simmered softly with the patience of people who cannot help it, and who are used to their martyrdom. She sat still, and did her best to make out the pleasant babble in the letters, which seemed to take sound to itself as she read, and to break into a sweet confusion of kind voices, and rustling leaves, and running water, such as, she knew, had filled the little rustic drawing-room in which the letters were written. The sister was very young, and the aunt was old, and all the experience of the world possessed by the two together, might have gone into Mary's thimble, which she kept playing with upon her finger as she read. But though she knew twenty times better than they did, the soft old lady's gentle counsel, and the audacious girl's advice and censure, were sweet to Mary, who smiled many a time at their simplicity, and yet took the good of it in a way that was peculiar to her. She read, and she smiled in her reading, and felt the fresh English air blow about her, and the leaves rustling—if it had not been for the Major, who went and came like a ghost, and let everything fall that he touched, and hunted every innocent beetle or lizard that had come in to see how things were going on; for he was one of those men who have a great, almost womanish objection to reptiles and insects, which is a sentiment much misplaced in India. He fidgeted so much, indeed, as to disturb even his wife's accustomed nerves at last.

"Is there anything wrong—has anything happened?" she asked, folding up a letter, and laying it down in her open work-basket. Her anxiety was

not profound, for she was accustomed to the Major's "ways," but still she saw it was necessary for his comfort to utter what was on his mind.

"When you have read your letters I want to speak to you," he said. "What do your people mean by sending you such heaps of letters? I thought you would never be done. Well, Mary, this is what it is—there's nothing wrong with the children, or anybody belonging to us, thank God; but it's very nearly as bad, and I am at my wits' end. Old Sommerville 's dead."

"Old Sommerville!" said Mrs. Ochterlony. This time she was utterly perplexed and at a loss. She could read easily enough the anxiety which filled her husband's handsome, restless face; but, then, so small a matter put *him* out of his ordinary! And she could not for her life remember who old Sommerville was.

"I daresay *you* don't recollect him," said the Major, in an aggrieved tone. "It is very odd how everything has gone wrong with us since that false start. It is an awful shame, when a set of old fogies put young people in such a position—all for nothing, too," Major Ochterlony added: "for after we were actually married, everybody came round. It is an awful shame!"

"If I was a suspicious woman," said Mary, with a smile, "I should think it was our marriage that you called a false start and an awful shame."

"And so it is, my love; so it is," said the innocent soldier, his face growing more and more cloudy. As for his wife being a suspicious woman, or the possible existence of any delicacy on her part about his words, the Major knew better than that. The truth was that he might have given utterance to sentiments of the most atrocious description on that point, sentiments which would have broken the heart and blighted the existence, so to speak, of any sensitive young woman, without producing the slightest effect upon Mary, or upon himself, to whom Mary was so utterly and absolutely necessary, that the idea of existing without her never once entered into his restless but honest brain. "That is just what it is," he said; "it is a horrid business for me, and I don't know what to do about it. They must have been out of their senses to drive us to marry as we did; and we were a couple of awful fools," said the Major, with the gravest and most care-worn countenance. Mrs. Ochterlony was still a young woman, handsome and admired, and she might very well have taken offence at such words; but, oddly enough, there was something in his gravely-disturbed face and pathetic tone which touched another chord in Mary's breast. She laughed, which was unkind, considering all the circumstances, and took up her work, and fixed a pair of smiling eyes upon her perplexed husband's face.

"I daresay it is not so bad as you think," she said, with the manner of a woman who was used to that kind of thing. "Come, and tell me all about it." She drew her chair a trifle nearer his, and looked at him with a face in which a touch of suppressed amusement was visible, under a good deal of gravity and sympathy. She was used to lend a sympathetic ear to all his difficulties, and to give all her efforts to their elucidation, but still she could not help feeling it somewhat droll to be complained to in this strain about her own marriage. "We *were* a couple of fools," she said with a little laugh, "but it has not turned out so badly as it might have done." Upon which rash statement the Major shook his head.

"It is easy for you to say so," he said, "and if I were to go no deeper, and look no further—— It is all on your account, Mary. If it were not on your account——"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Ochterlony, still struggling with a perverse inclination to laugh; "but now tell me what old Sommerville has to do with it; and who old Sommerville is; and what put it into his head just at this moment to die."

The Major sighed, and gave her a half-irritated, half-melancholy look. To think she should laugh, when, as he said to himself, the gulf was yawning under her very feet. "My dear Mary," he said, "I wish you would learn that this is not anything to laugh at. Old Sommerville was the old gardener at Earlston, who went with us, you recollect, when we went to—to Scotland. My brother would never have him back again, and he went among his own friends. He was a stupid old fellow. I don't know what he was good for, for my part;—but," said Major Ochterlony, with solemnity, "he was the only surviving witness of our unfortunate marriage—that is the only thing that made him interesting to me."

"Poor old man!" said Mary, "I am very sorry. I had forgotten his name; but really,—if you speak like this of our unfortunate marriage, you will hurt my feelings," Mrs. Ochterlony added. She had cast down her eyes on her work, but still there was a gleam of fun out of one of the corners. This was all the effect made upon her mind by words which would have naturally produced a scene between half the married people in the world.

As for the Major, he sighed: he was in a sighing mood, and at such moments his wife's obtusity and thoughtlessness always made him sad. "It is easy talking," he said, "and if it were not on your account, Mary —— The fact is that everything has gone wrong that had any connection with it. The blacksmith's house, you know, was burned down, and his kind of a register—if it was any good, and I am sure I don't know if it was any good—and then that woman died, though she was as young as you are, and as healthy, and nobody had any right to expect that she would die," Major Ochterlony added with an injured tone, "and now old Sommerville; and we have nothing in the world to vouch for its being a good marriage, except what that blacksmith fellow called the 'lines.' Of course you have taken care of the lines," said the Major, with a little start. It was the first time that this new subject of doubt had occurred to his mind.

"To vouch for its being a good marriage!" said Mrs. Ochterlony: "really, Hugh, you go too far. Our marriage is not a thing to make jokes about, you know—nor to get up alarms about either. Everybody knows all about it, both among your people and mine. It is very vexatious and disagreeable of you to talk so." As she spoke the colour rose to Mary's matron cheek. She had learned to make great allowances for her husband's anxious temper and perpetual panics; but this suggestion was too much for her patience just at the moment. She calmed down, however, almost immediately, and came to herself with a smile. "To think you should almost have made me angry!" she said, taking up her work again. This did not mean to imply that to make Mrs. Ochterlony angry was at all an impossible process. She had her gleams of wrath like other people, and sometimes it was not at all difficult to call them forth; but, so far as the Major's "temperament" was concerned, she had got by much exercise to be the most indulgent of women—perhaps by finding that no other way of meeting it was of any use.

"It is not my fault, my love," said the Major, with a meekness which was not habitual to him. "But I hope you are quite sure you have the lines. Any mistake about them would be fatal. They are the only proof that remains to us. I wish you would go and find them, Mary, and let me make sure."

"The lines!" said Mrs. Ochterlony, and, notwithstanding her self-command, she faltered a little. "Of course I must have them somewhere—I don't quite recollect at this moment. What do you want them for, Hugh? Are we coming into a fortune, or what are the statistics good for? When I can lay my hand upon them I will give them to you," she answered, with that culpable carelessness which her husband had already so often remarked in her. If it had been a trumpery picture or book that had been mislaid, she could not have been less concerned.

"When you can lay your hands upon them!" cried the exasperated man. "Are you out of your senses, Mary? Don't you know that they are your sheet-anchor, your charter—the only document you have——"

"Hugh," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "tell me what this means. There must be something in it more than I can see. What need have I for documents? What does it matter to us this old man being dead, more than it matters to any one the death of somebody who has been at their wedding? It is sad, but I don't see how it can be a personal misfortune. If you really mean anything, tell me what it is."

The Major for his part grew angry, as was not unnatural. "If you choose to give me the attention you ought to give to your husband when he speaks seriously to you, you will soon perceive what I mean," he said; and then he repented, and came up to her and kissed her. "My poor Mary, my bonnie Mary," he said. "If that wretched irregular marriage of ours should bring harm to you! It is you only I am thinking of, my darling—that you should have something to rest upon;" and his feelings were so genuine that with that the water stood in his eyes.

As for Mrs. Ochterlony, she was very near losing patience altogether; but she made an effort and restrained herself. It was not the first time that she had heard compunctions expressed for the irregular marriage, which certainly was not her fault. But this time she was undeniably a little alarmed, for the Major's gravity was extreme. "Our marriage is no more irregular than it always was," she said. "I wish you would give up this subject, Hugh; I have you to rest upon, and everything that a woman can have. We never did anything in a corner," she continued, with a little vehemence. "Our marriage was just as well known, and well published, as if it had been in St. George's, Hanover Square. I cannot imagine what you are aiming at. And besides, it is done, and we cannot mend it," she added abruptly. On the whole, the runaway match had been a pleasant frolic enough; there was no earthly reason, except some people's stupid notions, why they should not have been married; and everybody came to rapidly, and very little harm had come of it. But the least idea of doubt on such a subject is an offence to a woman, and her colour rose and her breath came quick, without any will of hers. As for the Major, he abandoned the broader general question and went back to the detail, as was natural to the man.

"If you only have the lines all safe," he said, "if you would but make sure of it. I confess old Sommerville's death was a great shock to me, Mary,—the last surviving witness; but Kirkman tells me the marriage lines in Scotland are a woman's safeguard, and Kirkman is a Scotchman and ought to know."

"Have you been consulting *him?*" said Mary, with a certain despair; "have you been talking of such a subject to——"

"I don't know where I could have a better confidant," said the Major. "Mary, my darling, they are both attached to you—and they are good people, though they talk; and then he is Scotch, and understands. If anything were to happen to me, and you had any difficulty in proving——"

"Hugh, for Heaven's sake, have done with this. I cannot put up with any more," cried Mrs. Ochterlony, who was at the end of her powers.

It was time for the great *coup* for which his restless soul had been preparing. He approached the moment of fate with a certain skill, such as weak people occasionally display, and mad people almost always,—as if the feeble intellect had a certain right by reason of its weakness to the same kind of defence which is possessed by the mind diseased. "Hush, Mary, you are excited," he said, "and it is only you I am thinking of. If anything should happen to me—I am quite well, but no man can answer for his own life:—my dear, I am afraid you will be vexed with what I am

going to say—But for my own satisfaction—for my peace of mind—if we were to go through the ceremony again——"

Mary Ochterlony rose up with sudden passion. It was altogether out of proportion to her husband's intentions or errors, and perhaps to the occasion. *That* was but a vexatious complication of ordinary life; and he a fidgety, uneasy, perhaps over-conscientious, well-meaning man. She rose, tragic without knowing it, with a swell in her heart of the unutterable and supreme—feeling herself for the moment an outraged wife, an insulted woman, and a mother wounded to the heart. "I will hear no more," she said, with lips that had suddenly grown parched and dry. "Don't say another word. If it has come to this, I will take my chance with my boys. Hugh, no more, no more." As she lifted her hands with an impatient gesture of horror, and towered over him as he sat by, having thus interrupted and cut short his speech, a certain fear went through Major Ochterlony's mind. Could her mind be going? Had the shock been too much for her? He could not understand otherwise how the suggestion which he thought a wise one, and of advantage to his own peace of mind, should have stung her into such an incomprehensible passion. But he was afraid and silenced, and could not go on.

"My dear Mary," he said mildly, "I had no intention of vexing you. We can speak of this another time. Sit down, and I'll get you a glass of water," he added, with anxious affection; and hurried off to seek it: for he was a good husband, and very fond of his wife, and was terrified to see her turn suddenly pale and faint, notwithstanding that he was quite capable of wounding her in the most exquisite and delicate point. But then he did not mean it. He was a matter-of-fact man, and the idea of marrying his wife over again in case there might be any doubtfulness about the first marriage, seemed to him only a rational suggestion, which no sensible woman ought to be disturbed by; though no doubt it was annoying to be compelled to have recourse to such an expedient. So he went and fetched her the water, and gave up the subject, and stayed with her all the afternoon and read the papers to her, and made himself agreeable. It was a puzzling sort of demonstration on Mary's part, but that did not make her the less Mary, and the dearest and best of earthly creatures. So Major Ochterlony put his proposal aside for a more favourable moment, and did all he could to make his wife forget it, and behaved himself as a man naturally would behave who was recognised as the best husband and most domestic man in the regiment. Mary took her seat again and her work, and the afternoon went on as if nothing had happened. They were a most united couple, and very happy together, as everybody knew; or if one of them at any chance moment was perhaps less than perfectly blessed, it was not, at any rate, because the love-match, irregular as it might be, had ended in any lack of love.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Ochterlony sat and worked and listened, and her husband read the papers to her, picking out by instinct all those little bits of news that are grateful to people who are far away from their own country. And he went through the births and marriages, to see "if there is anybody we know,"—notwithstanding that he was aware that corner of the paper is one which a woman does not leave to any reader, but makes it a principle to examine herself. And Mary sat still and went on with her work, and not another syllable was said about old Sommerville, or the marriage lines, or anything that had to do with the previous conversation. This tranquillity was all in perfect good faith on Major Ochterlony's side, who had given up the subject with the intention of waiting until a more convenient season, and who had relieved his mind by talking of it, and could put off his anxiety. But as for Mary, it was not in good faith that she put on this expression of outward calm. She knew her husband, and she knew that he was pertinacious and insisting, and that a question which he had once started was not to be made an end of, and finally settled, in so short a time. She sat with her head a little bent, hearing the bits of news run on like a kind of accompaniment to the quick-flowing current of her own thoughts. Her heart was beating quick, and her blood coursing through her veins as if it had been a sudden access of fever which had come upon her. She was a tall, fair, serene woman, with no paltry passion about her; but at the same time, when the occasion required it, Mary was capable of a vast suppressed fire of feeling which it gave her infinite trouble to keep down. This was a side of her character which was not suspected by the world in general—meaning of course the regiment, and the ladies at the station, who were all, more or less, military. Mrs. Ochterlony was the kind of woman to whom by instinct any stranger would have appropriated the name of Mary; and naturally all her intimates (and the regiment was very "nice," and lived in great harmony, and they were all intimate) called her by her Christian—most Christian name. And there were people who put the word Madonna before it,—"as if the two did not mean the same thing!" said little Mrs. Askell, the ensign's baby-wife, whose education had been neglected, but whom Mrs. Ochterlony had been very kind to. It was difficult to know how the title had originated, though people did say it was young Stafford who had been brought up in Italy, and who had such a strange adoration for Mrs. Ochterlony, and who died, poor fellow!—which was the best thing he could have done under the circumstances. "It was a special providence," said Mrs. Kirkman, who was the Colonel's wife: for, to be sure, to be romantically adored by a foolish young subaltern, was embarrassing for a woman, however perfect her mind and temper and fairest fame might be. It was he who originated the

name, perhaps with some faint foolish thought of Petrarch and his Madonna Laura: and then he died and did no more harm; and a great many people adopted it, and Mary herself did not object to be addressed by that sweetest of titles. And yet she was not meek enough for the name. Her complexion was very fair, but she had only a very faint rose-tint on her cheeks, so faint that people called her pale—which, with her fairness, was a drawback to her. Her hair was light-brown, with a golden reflection that went and came, as if it somehow depended upon the state of her mind and spirits; and her eyes were dark, large, and lambent,—not sparkling, but concentrating within themselves a soft, full depth of light. It was a question whether they were grey or brown; but at all events they were dark and deep. And she was, perhaps, a little too large and full and matronly in all her proportions to please a youthful critic. Naturally such a woman had a mass of hair which she scarcely knew what to do with, and which at this moment seemed to betray the disturbed state of her mind by unusual gleams of the golden reflection which sometimes lay quite tranquil and hidden among the great silky coils. She was very happily married, and Major Ochterlony was the model husband of the regiment. They had married very young, and made a runaway love-match which was one of the few which everybody allowed had succeeded to perfection. But yet—— There are so few things in this world which succeed quite to perfection. It was Mrs. Kirkman's opinion that nobody else in the regiment could have supported the Major's fidgety temper. "It would be a great trial for the most experienced Christian," she said; "and dear Mary is still among the babes who have to be fed with milk; but Providence is kind, and I don't think she feels it as you or I would." This was the opinion of the Colonel's wife; but as for Mary, as she sat and worked and listened to her husband reading the papers, perhaps she could have given a different version of her own composure and calm.

They had been married about ten years, and it was the first time he had taken *this* idea into his head. It is true that Mrs. Ochterlony looked at it solely as one of his ideas, and gave no weight whatever to the death of old Sommerville, or the loss of the marriage lines. She had been very young at the time of her marriage, and she was motherless, and had not those pangs of wounded delicacy to encounter, which a young woman ought to have who abandons her home in such a way. This perhaps arose from a defect in Mary's girlish undeveloped character; but the truth was, that she too belonged to an Indian family, and had no home to speak of, nor any of the sweeter ties to break. And after that, she had thought nothing more about it. She was married, and there was an end of it; and the young people had gone to India immediately, and had been very poor and very happy and very miserable, like other young people who begin the world in an inconsiderate way. But in spite of a hundred drawbacks, the happiness had always been pertinacious, lasted longest, and held out most steadfastly, and lived everything down. For one thing, Mrs. Ochterlony had a great deal to do, not being rich, and that happily quite preserved her from the danger of brooding over the Major's fidgets, and making something serious out of them. And then they had married so young that neither of them could ever identify himself or herself, or make the distinction that more reasonable couples can between "me" and "you." This time, however, the Major's restlessness had taken an uncomfortable form. Mary felt herself offended and insulted without knowing why. She, a matron of ten years' standing, the mother of children! She could not believe that she had really heard true, that a repetition of her marriage could have been suggested to her—and at the same time she knew that it was perfectly true. It never occurred to her as a thing that possibly might have to be done, but still the suggestion itself was a wound. Major Ochterlony, for his part, thought of it as a precaution, and good for his peace of mind, as he had said; but to Mary it was scarcely less offensive than if somebody else had ventured to make love to her, or offer her his allegiance. It seemed to her an insult of the same description, an outrage which surely could not have occurred without some unwitting folly on her part to make such a proposal possible. She went away, searching back into the far, far distant years, as she sat at work and he read the papers. Had she anyhow failed in womanly restraint or delicacy at that moment when she was eighteen, and knew of nothing but honour, and love, and purity in the world? To be sure, she had not occupied herself very much about the matter—she had taken no pains for her own safety, and had not an idea what registrars meant, nor marriage laws, nor "lines." All that she knew was that a great many people were married at Gretna Green, and that she was married, and that there was an end of it. All these things came up and passed before her mind in a somewhat hurrying crowd; but Mary's mature judgment did not disapprove of the young bride who believed what was said to her, and was content, and had unbounded faith in the blacksmith and in her bridegroom. If that young woman had been occupying herself about the register, Mrs. Ochterlony probably, looking back, would have entertained but a mean opinion of her. It was not anything *she* had done. It was not anything special, so far as she could see, in the circumstances: for hosts of people before and after had been married on the Scottish border. The only conclusion accordingly that she could come to, was the natural conclusion, that it was one of the Major's notions. But there was little comfort in that, for Mrs. Ochterlony was aware that his notions were persistent, that they lived and lasted and took new developments, and were sometimes very hard to get rid of. And she sighed in the

midst of the newspaper reading, and betrayed that she had not been listening. Not that she expected her husband's new whim to come to anything; but because she foresaw in it endless repetitions of the scene which had just ended, and endless exasperation and weariness to herself.

Major Ochterlony stopped short when he heard his wife sigh—for he was not a man to leave anything alone, or to practise a discreet neglect—and laid down his paper and looked with anxiety in her face. "You have a headache," he said tenderly; "I saw it the moment I entered the room. Go and lie down, my dear, and take care of yourself. You take care of everybody else," said the Major. "Why did you let me go on reading the paper like an ass, when your head aches?"

"My head does not ache. I was only thinking," said Mrs. Ochterlony: for she thought on the whole it would be best to resume the subject and endeavour to make an end of it. But this was not the Major's way. He had in the meantime emptied his reservoir, and it had to be filled again before he would find himself in the vein for speech.

"But I don't want you to think," said Major Ochterlony with tender patronage: "that ought to be my part of the business. Have you got a novel?—if not, I'll go over and ask Miss Sorbette for one of hers. Lie down and rest, Mary; I can see that is all you are good for to-day."

Whether such a speech was aggravating or not to a woman who knew that it was her brain which had all the real weight of the family affairs to bear, may be conjectured by wives in general who know the sort of thing. But as for Mary, she was so used to it, that she took very little notice. She said, "Thank you, Hugh; I have got my letters here, which I have not read, and Aunt Agatha is as good as a novel." If this was not a very clear indication to the Major that his best policy was to take himself off a little, and leave her in peace, it would be hard to say what could have taught him. But then Major Ochterlony was a man of a lively mind and above being taught.

"Ah, Aunt Agatha," he said. "My dear, I know it is a painful subject, but we must, you know, begin to think where we are to send Hugh."

Mary shuddered; her nerves—for she had nerves, though she was so fair and serene—began to get excited. She said, "For pity's sake, not any more to-day. I am worn out. I cannot bear it. He is only six, and he is quite well."

The Major shook his head. "He is very well, but I have seen when a few hours changed all that," he said. "We cannot keep him much longer. His age, you know; all the little Hesketh's go at four—I think——"

"Ah," said Mary, "the Hesketh's have nothing to do with it; they have floods and floods of children,—they don't know what it is; they can do without their little things; but I—Hugh, I am tired—I am not able for any more. Let me off for to-day."

Major Ochterlony regarded his wife with calm indulgence, and smoothed her hair off her hot forehead as he stooped to kiss her. "If you only would call things by the same names as other people, and say you have a headache, my dear," he said in his caressing way. And then he was so good as to leave her, saying to himself as he went away that his Mary too had a little temper, though nobody gave her credit for it. Instead of annoying him, this little temper on Mary's part rather pleased her husband. When it came on he could be indulgent to her and pet her, which he liked to do; and then he could feel the advantage on his own side, which was not always the case. His heart quite swelled over her as he went away; so good and so wise and so fair, and yet not without that womanly weakness which it was sweet for a man to protect and pardon and put up with. Perhaps all men are not of the same way of thinking; but then Major Ochterlony reasoned only in his own way.

Mary stayed behind, and found it very difficult to occupy herself with anything. It was not temper, according to the ordinary meaning of the word. She was vexed, disturbed, disquieted, rather than angry. When she took up the pleasant letter in which the English breezes were blowing and the leaves rustling, she could no longer keep her attention from wandering. She began it a dozen times, and as often gave it up again, driven by the importunate thoughts which took her mind by storm and thrust everything else away. As if it were not enough to have one great annoyance suddenly overwhelming her, she had the standing terror of her life, the certainty that she should have to send her children away, thrown in to make up. She could have cried, had that been of any use; but Mrs. Ochterlony had had good occasion to cry many times in her life, which takes away the inclination at less important moments. The worst of all was that her husband's oft-repeated suggestion struck at the very roots of her existence, and seemed to throw everything of which she had been most sure into sudden ruin. She would put no faith in it—pay no attention to it, she said to herself; and then, in spite of herself, she found that she paid great attention, and could not get it out of her mind. The only character in which she knew herself—in which she had ever been known—was that of a wife. There are some women—many women—who have felt their own independent standing before they made the first great step in a woman's life, and who are able to realise their own identity without associating it for ever with that of any other. But as for Mary, she had married, as it were, out of the nursery, and except as Hugh Ochterlony's wife, and his son's mother, she did not know herself. In such circumstances, it may be imagined what a bewildering effect any doubt about her marriage would have upon her. For the first time she began to think of herself, and to see that she had been hardly dealt with. She began to resent her guardian's carelessness, and to

blame even kind Aunt Agatha, who in those days was taken up with some faint love-affairs of her own which never came to anything. Why did not they see that everything was right? Why did not Hugh make sure, whose duty it was? After she had vexed herself with such thoughts, she returned with natural inconsistency to the conclusion that it was all one of the Major's notions. This was the easiest way of getting rid of it, and yet it was aggravating enough that the Major should permit his restless fancy to enter such sacred ground, and to play with the very foundations of their life and honour. And as if that was not enough, to talk at the end of it all of sending Hugh away! Perhaps it would have been good for Mary if she had taken her husband's advice and lain down, and sent over to Miss Sorbette for a novel. But she was rebellious and excited, and would not do it. It was true that they were engaged out to dinner that night, and that when the hour came Mrs. Ochterlony entered Mrs. Hesketh's drawing-room with her usual composure, and without any betrayal of the agitation that was still smouldering within. But that did not make it any easier for her. There was nobody more respected, as people say, in the station than she was—and to think that it was possible that such a thing might be, as that she should be humiliated and pulled down from her fair elevation among all these women! Neither the Major nor any man had any right to have notions upon a matter of such importance. Mary tried hard to calm herself down to her ordinary tranquillity, and to represent to herself how good he was, and how small a drawback after all were those fidgets of his, in comparison with the faults of most other men. Just as he represented to himself, with more success, how trifling a disadvantage was the "little temper" which gave him the privilege, now and then, of feeling tenderly superior to his wife. But the attempt was not successful that day in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind; for after all there are some things too sacred for discussion, and with which the most fidgety man in the world cannot be permitted to play. Such was the result of the first conversation upon this startling subject. The Major found himself very tolerably at his ease, having relieved his mind for the moment, and enjoyed his dinner and spent a very pleasant evening; but as for the Madonna Mary, she might have prejudiced her serene character in the eyes of the regiment had the veil been drawn aside only for a moment, and could anybody have seen or guessed the whirl of thoughts that was passing through her uneasy mind.

CHAPTER III.

THE present writer has already lamented her inability to convey to the readers of this history any clear account of an Indian bungalow, or the manner in which life goes on in that curious kind of English home: so that it would be vain to attempt any detailed description of Mary Ochterlony's life at this period of her career. She lived very much as all the others lived, and gave a great deal of attention to her two little boys, and wrote regularly by every mail to her friends in England, and longed for the days when the mail came in, though the interest of her correspondence was not absorbing. All this she did like everybody else, though the other ladies at the station had perhaps more people belonging to them, and a larger number of letters, and got more good of the eagerly looked for mail. And she read all the books she could come by, even Miss Sorbette's novels, which were indeed the chief literary nourishment of the station; and took her due share in society, and was generally very popular, though not so superior as Miss Sorbette for example, nor of obtrusive piety like Mrs. Kirkman, nor nearly so well off as Mrs. Hesketh. Perhaps these three ladies, who were the natural leaders of society, liked Mary all the better because she did not come in direct contact with their claims; though if it had ever entered into Mrs. Ochterlony's head to set up a distinct standard, no doubt the masses would have flocked to it, and the peace of the station might have been put in jeopardy. But as no such ambitious project was in her mind, Mary kept her popularity with everybody, and gained besides that character of "She could an if she would," which goes a great deal farther than the limited reputation of any actual achievement. She was very good to the new people, the young people, the recent arrivals, and managed to make them feel at home sooner than anybody else could, which was a very useful gift in such a society; and then a wife who bore her husband's fidgets so serenely was naturally a model and example for all the new wives.

"I am sure nobody else in the station could do so well," Mrs. Kirkman said. "The most experienced Christian would find it a trying task. But then some people are so mercifully fitted for their position in life. I don't think she feels it as you or I should." This was said, not as implying that little Mrs. Askell—to whom the words were ostensibly addressed—had peculiarly sensitive feelings, or was in any way to be associated with the Colonel's wife, but only because it was a favourite way Mrs. Kirkman had of bringing herself down to her audience, and uniting herself, as it were, to ordinary humanity; for if there was one thing more than another for which she was distinguished, it was her beautiful Christian humility; and this was the sense in which she now spoke.

"Please don't say so," cried the ensign's wife, who was an unmanageable eighteen-year-old, half-Irish creature. "I am sure she has twenty thousand times more feeling than you and—than both of us put together. It's because she is real good; and the Major is an old dear. He *is* a fidget and he's awfully aggravating, and he puts one in a passion; but he's an old dear, and so you would say if you knew him as well as I do."

Mrs. Kirkman regarded the creature by her side, as may be supposed, with the calm contempt which

her utterance merited. She looked at her, out of those "down-dropt," half-veiled eyes, with that look which everybody in the station knew so well, as if she was looking down from an infinite distance with a serene surprise which was too far off and elevated to partake of the nature of disgust. If *she* knew him as well as this baby did! But the Colonel's wife did not take any notice of the audacious suggestion. It was her duty, instead of resenting the impertinence to herself, to improve the occasion for the offender's own sake.

"My dear, there is nobody really good," said Mrs. Kirkman. "We have the highest authority for that. I wish I could think dear Mary was possessed of the true secret of a higher life; but she has so much of that natural amiability, you know, which is, of all things, the most dangerous for the soul. I would rather, for my part, she was not so 'good' as you say. It is all filthy rags," said Mrs. Kirkman, with a sigh. "It might be for the good of her soul to be brought low, and forced to abandon these refuges of lies——"

Upon which the little Irish wild-Indian blazed up with natural fury.

"I don't believe she ever told a lie in her life. I'll swear to all the lies she tells," cried the foolish little woman; "and as for rags—it's horrible to talk so. If you only knew—if you only could think—how kind she was to me!"

For this absurd little hapless child had had a baby, as might have been expected, and would have been in rags indeed, and everything that is miserable, but for Mary, who had taken her in hand; and being not much more than a baby herself, and not strong yet, and having her heart in her mouth, she burst out crying, as might have been expected too.

This was a result which her companion had not in the least calculated upon, for Mrs. Kirkman, notwithstanding her belief in Mary's insensibility, had not very lively feelings, and was not quick at divining other people. But she was a good woman notwithstanding all her talk. She came down off her mountain top, and soothed her little visitor, and gave her a glass of wine, and even kissed her, to make matters up.

"I know she has a way, when people are sick"—said the Colonel's wife; and then, after that confession, she sighed again. "If only she does not put her trust in her own works," Mrs. Kirkman added.

For, to tell the truth, the Chaplain of the regiment was not (as she thought) a spiritual-minded man, and the Colonel's wife was troubled by an abiding consciousness that it was into her hands that Providence had committed the souls of the station—"Which was an awful responsibility for a sinful creature," she said in her letters home; "and one that required constant watch over herself."

Perhaps, in a slightly different way, Mrs. Ochterlony would have been similarly put down and defended in the other two centres of society at the station. "She is intelligent," Miss Sorbette said; "I don't deny that she is intelligent; but I would not say she was superior. She is fond of reading, but then most people are fond of reading, when it's amusing, you know. She is a little too like Amelia in 'Vanity Fair.' She is one of the sweet women. In a general way, I can't bear sweet women; but I must confess she is the very best specimen I ever saw."

As for Mrs. Hesketh, her opinion was not much worth stating in words. If she had any fault to find with Mrs. Ochterlony, it was because Mary had sometimes a good deal of trouble in making the two ends meet. "I cannot endure people that are always having anxieties," said the rich woman of the station, who had an idea that everybody could be comfortable if they liked, and that it was an offence to all his neighbours when a man insisted on being poor; but at the same time everybody knew that she was very fond of Mary. This had been the general opinion of her for all these years, and naturally Mrs. Ochterlony was used to it, and, without being at all vain on the subject, had that sense of the atmosphere of general esteem and regard which surrounded her, which has a favourable influence upon every character, and which did a great deal to give her that sweet composure and serenity for which she was famed. But from the time of that first conversation with her husband, a change came upon the Madonna of the station. It was not perceptible to the general vision, yet there were individual eyes which found out that something was the matter, though nobody could tell what. Mrs. Hesketh thought it was an attack of fever coming on, and Mrs. Kirkman hoped that Mrs. Ochterlony was beginning to occupy herself about her spiritual state; and the one recommended quinine to Mary, and the other sent her sermons, which, to tell the truth, were not much more suitable to her case. But Mary did not take any of the charitable friends about her into her confidence. She went about among them as a prince might have gone about in his court, or a chief among his vassals, after hearing in secret that it was possible that one day he may be discovered to be an impostor. Or, if not that,—for Mary knew that she never could be found out an impostor,—at least, that such a change was hanging over her head, and that somebody might believe it; and that her history would be discussed and her name get into people's mouths and her claims to their regard be questioned. It was very hard upon her to think that such a thing was possible with composure, or to contemplate her husband's restless ways, and to recollect the indiscreet confidences which he was in the habit of making. He had spoken to Colonel Kirkman about it, and even quoted his advice about the marriage lines; and Mary could not but think (though in this point she did the Colonel injustice) that Mrs. Kirkman too must know; and then, with a man of Major Ochterlony's temperament, nobody could make sure that he

would not take young Askell, the ensign, or any other boy in the station, into his confidence, if he should happen to be in the way. All this was very galling to Mary, who had so high an appreciation of the credit and honour which, up to this moment, she had enjoyed; and who felt that she would rather die than come down to be discussed and pitied and talked about among all these people. She thought in her disturbed and uneasy mind, that she could already hear all the different tones in which they would say "Poor Mary!" and all the wonders, and doubts, and inquiries that would rise up round her. Mrs. Kirkman would have said that all these were signs that her pride wanted humbling, and that the thing her friends should pray for, should be some startling blow to lead her back to a better state of mind. But naturally that was a kind of discipline which for herself, or indeed for anybody else, Mary was not far enough advanced to desire.

Perhaps, however, it was partly true about the pride. Mrs. Ochterlony did not say anything about it, but she locked the door of her own room the next morning after that talk with the Major, and searched through all her repositories for those "marriage lines," which no doubt she had put away somewhere, and which she had naturally forgotten all about for years. It was equally natural, and to be expected, that she should not find them. She looked through all her papers and letters and little sacred corners, and found many things that filled her heart with sadness and her eyes with tears—for she had not come through those ten years without leaving traces behind her where her heart had been wounded and had bled by the way—but she did not find what she was in search of. She tried hard to look back and think, and to go over in her mind the contents of her little school-girl desk, which she had left at Aunt Agatha's cottage, and the little work-table, and the secretary with all its drawers. But she could not recollect anything about it, nor where she had put it, nor what could have become of it; and the effect of her examination was to give her, this time in reality, a headache, and to make her eyes heavy and her heart sore. But she did not say a syllable about her search to the Major, who was (as, indeed, he always was) as anxiously affectionate as a man could be, and became (as he always did) when he found his wife suffering, so elaborately noiseless and still, that Mary ended by a good fit of laughing, which was of the greatest possible service to her.

"When you are so quiet, you worry me, Hugh," she said. "I am used to hear you moving about."

"My dear, I hope I am not such a brute as to move about when you are suffering," her husband replied. And though his mind had again begun to fill with the dark thoughts that had been the occasion of all Mary's annoyance, he restrained himself with an heroic effort, and did not say a syllable about it all that night.

But this was a height of virtue which it was quite impossible any merely mortal powers could keep up to. He began to make mysterious little broken speeches next day, and to stop short and to say, "My darling, I mustn't worry *you*," and to sigh like furnace, and to worry Mary to such an extremity that her difficulty in keeping her temper and patience grew indescribable. And then, when he had afflicted her in this way till it was impossible to go any further—when he had betrayed it to her in every look, in every step, in every breath he drew—which was half a sigh—and in every restless movement he made; and when Mrs. Ochterlony, who could not sleep for it, nor rest, nor get any relief from the torture, had two red lines round her eyes, and was all but out of her senses—the stream burst forth at last, and the Major spoke:

"You remember, perhaps, Mary, what we were talking of the other day," he said, in an insidiously gentle way, on an early morning—when they had still the long, long day before them to be miserable in. "I thought it very important, but perhaps you may have forgot—about old Sommerville who died?"

"Forgot!" said Mary. She felt it was coming now, and was rather glad to have it over. "I don't know how I could forget, Hugh. What you said would have made one recollect anything; but you cannot make old Sommerville come alive again, whatever you do."

"My dear, I spoke to you about some—about a—paper," said the Major. "Lines—that is what the Scotch call them—though, I daresay, they're very far from being poetry. Perhaps you have found them, Mary," said Major Ochterlony, looking into her face in a pleading way, as if he prayed her to answer yes. And it was with difficulty that she kept as calm as she wished to do, and answered without letting him see the agitation and excitement in her mind.

"I don't know where I have put them, Hugh," she said, with a natural evasion, and in a low voice. She did not acknowledge having looked for them, and having failed to find them; but in spite of herself, she answered with a certain humility as of a woman culpable. For, after all, it was her fault.

"You don't know where you put them," said the Major, with rising horror. "Have you the least idea how important they are? They may be the saving of you and of your children, and you don't know where you have put them! Then it is all as I feared," Major Ochterlony added with a groan, "and everything is lost."

"What is lost?" said Mary. "You speak to me in riddles, Hugh. I know I put them somewhere—I must have put them somewhere safe. They are most likely in my old desk at home, or in one of the drawers of the secretary," said Mary calmly, giving those local specifications with a certainty which she was far from feeling. As for the Major, he was arrested by the circumstance which made her faint hope and supposition look somehow like truth.

"If I could hope that *that* was the case," he said; "but it can't be the case, Mary. You never were at home after we were married—you forget that. We went to Earlston for a day, and we went to your guardian's; but never to Aunt Agatha. You are making a mistake, my dear; and God bless me, to think of it, what would become of you if anything were to happen to me?"

"I hope there is nothing going to happen to you; but I don't think in that case it would matter what became of me," said Mary in utter depression; for by this time she was worn out.

"You think so now, my love; but you would be obliged to think otherwise," said Major Ochterlony. "I hope I'm all right for many a year; but a man can never tell. And the insurance, and pension, and everything—and Earlston, if my brother should leave it to us—all your future, my darling. I think it will drive me distracted," said the Major, "not a witness, nor a proof left!"

Mary could make no answer. She was quite overwhelmed by the images thus called before her: for her part the pension and the insurance money had no meaning to her ears; but it is difficult not to put a certain faith in it when a man speaks in such a circumstantial way of things that can only happen after his death.

"You have been talking to the doctor, and he has been putting things into your head," she said faintly. "It is cruel to torture me so. We know very well how we were married, and all about it, and so do our friends, and it is cruel to try to make me think of anything happening. There is nobody in the regiment so strong and well as you are," she continued, taking courage a little. She thought to herself he looked, as people say, the picture of health as he sat beside her, and she began to recover out of her prostration. As for spleen or liver, or any of those uncomfortable attributes, Major Ochterlony, up to this moment, had not known whether he possessed them—which was a most re-assuring thought, naturally, for his anxious wife.

"Thank God," said the Major, with a little solemnity. It was not that he had any presentiment, or thought himself likely to die early; but simply that he was in the pathetic way, and had a *naïf* and innocent pleasure in deepening his effects; and then he took to walking about the room in his nervous manner. After a while he came to a dead stop before his wife, and took both her hands into his.

"Mary," he said, "I know it's an idea that you don't like; but for my peace of mind.—Suppose—just suppose for the sake of supposing—that I was to die now, and leave you without a word to prove your claims. It would be ten times worse than death, Mary; but I could die at peace if you would only make one little sacrifice to my peace of mind."

"Oh, Hugh, don't kill me—you are not going to die," was all Mary could say.

"No, my darling, not if I can help it; but if it were only for my peace of mind. There's no harm in it, that I can see. It's ridiculous, you know; but that's all, Mary," said the Major, looking anxiously in her face. "Why, it is what hosts of people do every day. It is the easiest thing to do—a mere joke for that matter. They will say, you know, that it is like Ochterlony, and a piece of his nonsense. I know how they talk; but never mind. I know very well there is nothing else that you would not do for my peace of mind. It will set your future above all casualties, and it will be all over in half an hour. For instance, Churchill says——"

"You have spoken to Mr. Churchill, too?" said Mary, with a thrill of despair.

"A man can never do any harm speaking to his clergyman, I hope," the Major said, peevishly. "What do you mean by *too?* I've only mentioned it to Kirkman besides—I wanted his advice—and to Sorbette, to explain that bad headache of yours. And they all think I am perfectly right."

Mary put her hands up to her face, and gave a low but bitter cry. She said nothing more—not a syllable. She had already been dragged down without knowing it, and set low among all these people. She who deserved nothing but honour, who had done nothing to be ashamed of, who was the same Madonna Mary whom they had all regarded as the "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best." By this time they had all begun to discuss her story, and to wonder if all *had* been quite right at the beginning, and to say, "Poor Mary!" She knew it as well as if she had heard the buzz of talk in those three houses to which her husband had confided his difficulty. It was a horrible torture, if you will but think of it, for an innocent woman to bear.

"It is not like you to make such a fuss about so simple a thing," said Major Ochterlony. "You know very well it is not myself, but you I am thinking of; that you may have everything in order, and your future provided for, whatever may happen. It may be absurd, you know; but a woman mustn't mind being absurd to please her husband. We'll ask our friends to step over with us to church in the morning, and in half an hour it will be all over. Don't cover your face, Mary. It worries me not to see your face. God bless me, it is nothing to make such a fuss about," said the Major, getting excited. "I would do a great deal more, any day, to please you."

"I would cut off my hand to please you," said Mary, with perhaps a momentary extravagance in the height of her passion. "You know there is no sacrifice I would not make for you; but oh, Hugh, not this, not this," she said, with a sob that startled him—one of those sobs that tear and rend the breast they come from, and have no accompaniment of tears.

His answer was to come up to her side, and take the face which she had been covering between his hands, and kiss it as if it had been a child's. "My darling, it is only this that will do me any good. It is for my peace of mind," he said, with all that

tenderness and effusion which made him the best of husbands. He was so loving to her that, even in the bitterness of the injury, it was hard for Mary to refuse to be soothed and softened. He had got his way, and his unbounded love and fondness surrounded her with a kind of atmosphere of tender enthusiasm. He knew so well there was none like her, nobody fit to be put for a moment in comparison with his Mary; and this was how her fate was fixed for her, and the crisis came to an end.

CHAPTER IV.

"I AM going with you, Mary," said Mrs. Kirkman, coming suddenly in upon the morning of the day which was to give peace to Major Ochterlony's mind, and cloud over with something like a shadow of shame (or at least she thought so) his wife's fair matron fame. The Colonel's wife had put on her last white bonnet, which was not so fresh as it had been at the beginning of the season, and white gloves which were also a little the worse for wear. To be sure the marriage was not like a real marriage, and nobody knew how the unwilling bride would think proper to dress. Mrs. Kirkman came in at a quicker pace than ordinary, with her hair hanging half out of curl on either side of her face, as was always the case. She was fair, but of a greyish complexion, with light blue eyes *à fleur de la tête*, which generally she kept half veiled within their lids — a habit which was particularly aggravating to some of the livelier spirits. She came in hastily (for her), and found Mary seated disconsolately enough, with an entire want of occupation, which is, in such a woman, one of the saddest signs of a mind disturbed. Mrs. Ochterlony sat, dropped down upon a chair, with her hands listlessly clasped in her lap, and a hot flush upon her cheek. She was lost in a dreary contemplation of the sacrifice which was about to be exacted from her, and of the possible harm it might do. She was thinking of her children, what effect it might have on them—and she was thinking bitterly, that for good or evil she could not help it; that again, as on many a previous occasion, her husband's restless mind had carried the day over her calmer judgment, and that there was no way of changing it. To say that she consented with personal pain of the most acute kind, would not be to say all. She gave in, at the same time with a foreboding utterly indistinct, and which she would not have given utterance to, yet which was strong enough to heighten into actual misery the pain and shame of her position. When Mrs. Kirkman came in, with her eyes full of observation, and making the keenest scrutiny from beneath the downcast lids, Mrs. Ochterlony was not in a position to hide her emotions. She was not crying, it is true, for the circumstances were too serious for crying; but it was not difficult to form an idea of her state of mind from her strangely listless attitude, and the expression of her face.

"I have come to go with you," said Mrs. Kirkman. "I thought you would like to have somebody to countenance you. It will make no difference to me, I assure you, Mary; and both the Colonel and I think if there is *any* doubt, you know, that it is by far the wisest thing you could do. And I only hope——"

"Doubt!" said Mary, lighting up for the moment. "There is no more doubt than there is of all the marriages made in Scotland. The people who go there to be married are not married again afterwards that I ever heard of. There is no doubt whatever—none in the world. I beg your pardon. I am terribly vexed and annoyed, and I don't know what I am saying. To hear any one talk of doubt!"

"My dear Mary, we *know* nothing but what the Major has told," said Mrs. Kirkman. "You may depend upon it he has reason for what he is doing; and I do hope you will see a higher hand in it all, and feel that you are being humbled for your good."

"I wish you would tell me how it can be for my good," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "when even you, who ought to know better, talk of doubt—you who have known us all along from the very first. Hugh has taken it into his head—that is the whole matter; and you, all of you know, when he takes a thing into his head——"

She had been hurried on to say this, by the rush of her disturbed thoughts; but Mary was not a woman to complain of her husband. She came to a sudden standstill, and rose up, and looked at her watch.

"It is about time to go," she said, "and I am sorry to give you the trouble of going with me. It is not worth while for so short a distance; but, at least, don't say anything more about it, please."

Mrs. Kirkman had already made the remark that Mary was not at all "dressed." She had on her brown muslin, which was the plainest morning dress in her possession, as everybody knew; and instead of going to her room to make herself a little nice, she took up her bonnet, which was on the table, and tied it on without even so much as looking into the glass. "I am quite ready," she said, when she had made this simple addition to her dress, and stood there, looking everything that was most unlike the Madonna of former days—flushed and clouded over, with lines in her forehead, and the corners of her mouth dropped, and her fair large serene beauty hidden beneath the thunder-cloud. And the Colonel's wife was very sorry to see her friend in such a state of mind, as may be supposed.

"My dear Mary," Mrs. Kirkman said, taking her arm as they went out, and holding it fast. "I should much wish to see you in a better frame of mind. Man is only the instrument in our troubles. It must have been that Providence saw you stood in need of it, my dear. He knows best. It would not have been sent if it had not been for your good."

"In that way, if I were to stand in the sun till I

got a sunstroke, it would still be for my good," said Mary in her anger. "You would say, it was God's fault, and not mine. But I know it is *my* fault; I ought to have stood out and resisted, and I have not had the strength; and it is not for good, but evil. It is not God's fault, but ours. It can be for nobody's good."

But after this, she would not say any more. Not though Mrs. Kirkman was shocked at her way of speaking, and took great pains to impress upon her that she must have been doing or thinking something which God punished by this means. "Your pride must have wanted bringing down, my dear; as we all do, Mary, both you and I," said the Colonel's wife; but then Mrs. Kirkman's humility was well known.

Thus they walked together to the chapel, whither various wondering people, who could not understand what it meant, were straying. Major Ochterlony had meant to come for his wife, but he was late, as he so often was, and met them only near the chapel-door; and then he did something, which sent the last pang of which it was capable to Mary's heart, though it was only at a later period that she found it out. He found his boy with the Hindoo nurse, and brought little Hugh in, 'wildered and wondering. Mr. Churchill by this time had put his surplice on, and all was ready. Colonel Kirkman had joined his wife, and stood by her side behind the "couple," furtively grasping his grey moustache, and looking out of a corner of his eyes at the strange scene. Mrs. Kirkman, for her part, dropt her eyelids as usual, and looked down upon Mary kneeling at her feet, with a certain compassionate uncertainty, sorry that Mrs. Ochterlony did not see this trial to be for her good, and at the same time wondering within herself whether it *had* all been perfectly right, or was not something more than a notion of the Major's. Farther back Miss Sorbette, who was with Annie Hesketh, was giving vent in a whisper to the same sentiments.

"I am very sorry for poor Mary; but *could* it be all quite right before," Miss Sorbette was saying. "A man does not take fright like that for nothing. We women are silly, and take fancies; but when a *man* does it, you know——"

And it was with such an accompaniment that Mary knelt down, not looking like a Madonna, at her husband's side. As for the Major, an air of serenity had diffused itself over his handsome features. He knelt in quite an easy attitude, pleased with himself, and not displeased to be the centre of so interesting a group. Mary's face was slightly averted from him, and was burning with the same flush of indignation as when Mrs. Kirkman found her in her own house. She had taken off her bonnet and thrown it down by her side; and her hair was shining as if in anger and resistance to this fate, which with closed mouth, and clasped hands, and steady front, she was submitting to, though it was almost as terrible as death. Such was the curious scene upon which various subaltern members of society at the station looked on with wondering eyes. And little Hugh Ochterlony stood near his mother with childish astonishment, and laid up the singular group in his memory, without knowing very well what it meant; but that was a sentiment shared by many persons much more enlightened than the poor little boy, who did not know how much influence this mysterious transaction might have upon his own fate.

The only other special feature was that Mary, with the corners of her mouth turned down, and her whole soul wound up to obstinacy, would not call herself by any name but Mary Ochterlony. They persuaded her, painfully, to put her long disused maiden name upon the register, and kind Mr. Churchill shut his ears to it in the service; but yet it was a thing that everybody remarked. When all was over, nobody knew how they were expected to behave, whether to congratulate the pair, or whether to disappear and hold their tongues, which seemed in fact the wisest way. But no popular assembly ever takes the wisest way of working. Mr. Churchill was the first to decide the action of the party. He descended the altar steps, and shook hands with Mary, who stood tying her bonnet, with still the corners of her mouth turned down, and that feverish flush on her cheeks. He was a good man, though not spiritually-minded in Mrs. Kirkman's opinion; and he felt the duty of softening and soothing his flock as much as that of teaching them, which is sometimes a great deal less difficult. He came and shook hands with her, gravely and kindly.

"I don't see that I need congratulate you, Mrs. Ochterlony," he said, "I don't suppose it makes much difference; but you know you always have all our best wishes." And he cast a glance over his audience, and reproved by that glance the question that was circulating among them. But to tell the truth, Mrs. Kirkman and Miss Sorbette paid very little attention to Mr. Churchill's looks.

"My dear Mary, you have kept up very well, though I am sure it must have been trying," Mrs. Kirkman said. "Once is bad enough; but I am sure you will see a good end in it at the last."

And while she spoke she allowed a kind of silent interrogation, from her half-veiled eyes, to steal over Mary, and investigate her from head to foot. *Had* it been all right before? Might not this perhaps be in reality the first time, the once which was bad enough? The question crept over Mrs. Ochterlony, from the roots of her hair down to her feet, and examined her curiously to find a response. The answer was plain enough, and yet it was not plain to the Colonel's wife; for she knew that the heart is deceitful above all things, and that where human nature is considered it is always safest to believe the worse.

Miss Sorbette came forward too in her turn, with a grave face. "I am sure you must feel more comfortable after it, and I am so glad you have had the moral courage," the doctor's sister said,

THE RE-MARRIAGE.

See page 12.

with a certain solemnity. But perhaps it was Annie Hesketh, in her innocence, who was the worst of all. She advanced timidly, with her face in a blaze, like Mary's own, not knowing where to look, and lost in ingenuous embarrassment.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Ochterlony, I don't know what to say," said Annie. "I am so sorry, and I hope you will always be very very happy; and mamma couldn't come——" Here she stopped short, and looked up with candid eyes, that asked a hundred questions. And Mary's reply was addressed to her alone.

"Tell your mamma, Annie, that I am glad she could not come," said the injured wife. "It was very kind of her." When she had said so much, Mrs. Ochterlony turned round, and saw her boy standing by, looking at her. It was only then that she turned to the husband to whom she had just renewed her troth. She looked full at him, with a look of indignation and dismay. It was the last drop that made the cup run over; but then, what was the good of saying anything? That final prick, however, brought her to herself. She shook hands with all the people afterwards, as if they were dispersing after an ordinary service, and took little Hugh's hand and went home as if nothing had happened. She left the Major behind her, and took no notice of him, and did not even, as young Askell remarked, offer a glass of wine to the assistants at the ceremony, but went home with her little boy, talking to him, as she did on Sundays going home from church; and everybody stood and looked after her, as might have been expected. She knew they were looking after her, and saying "Poor Mary!" and wondering after all if there must not have been a very serious cause for this re-marriage. Mary thought to herself that she knew as well what they were saying as if she had been among them, and yet she was not entirely so correct in her ideas of what was going on as she thought.

In the first place, she could not have imagined how a moment could undo all the fair years of unblemished life which she had passed among them. She did not really believe that they would doubt her honour, although she herself felt it clouded; and at the same time she did not know the curious compromise between cruelty and kindness, which is all that their Christian feelings can effect in many commonplace minds, yet which is a great deal when one comes to think of it. Mrs. Kirkman, arguing from the foundation of the desperate wickedness of the human heart, had gradually reasoned herself into the belief that Mary had deceived her, and had never been truly an honourable wife; but notwithstanding this conclusion, which in the abstract would have made her cast off the culprit with utter disdain, the Colonel's wife paused, and was moved, almost in spite of herself, by the spirit of that faith which she so often wrapped up and smothered in disguising talk. She did not believe in Mary; but she did, in a wordy, defective way, in Him who was the son of a woman, and who came not to condemn; and she could not find it in her heart to cast off the sinner. Perhaps if Mrs. Ochterlony had known this divine reason for her friend's charity, it would have struck a deeper blow than any other indignity to which she had been subjected. In all her bitter thoughts, it never occurred to her that her neighbour stood by her as thinking of those Marys who once wept at the Saviour's feet. Heaven help the poor Madonna, whom all the world had heretofore honoured! In all her thoughts she never went so far as that.

The ladies waited a little, and sent away Annie Hesketh, who was too young for scenes of this sort, though her mamma was so imprudent, and themselves laid hold of Mr. Churchill, when the other gentlemen had dispersed. Mr. Churchill was one of those mild missionaries who turn one's thoughts involuntarily to that much-abused, yet not altogether despicable institution of a celibate clergy. He was far from being celibate, poor man! He, or at least his wife, had such a succession of babies as no man could number. They had children at "home" in genteel asylums for the sons and daughters of the clergy, and they had children in the airiest costume at the station, whom people were kind to, and who were waiting their chance of being sent "home" too; and withal, there were always more arriving, whom their poor papa received with a mild despair. For his part, he was not one of the happy men who held appointments under the beneficent rule of the Company, nor was he a regimental chaplain. He was one of that hapless band who are always "doing duty" for other and better-off people. He was almost too old now (though he was not old), and too much hampered and overlaid by children, to have much hope of anything better than "doing duty" all the rest of his life; and the condition of Mrs. Churchill, who had generally need of neighbourly help, and of the children, who were chiefly clothed—such clothing as it was—by the bounty of the Colonel's and Major's and Captain's wives, somehow seemed to give these ladies the upper hand of their temporary pastor. He managed well enough among the men, who respected his goodness, and recognised him to be a gentleman, notwithstanding his poverty; but he stood in terror of the women, who were more disposed to interfere, and who were kind to his family and patronised himself. He tried hard on this occasion, as on many others, to escape, but he was hemmed in, and no outlet was left him. If he had been a celibate brother, there can be little doubt it would have been he who would have had the upper hand; but with all his family burdens and social obligations, the despotism of the ladies of his flock came hard upon the poor clergyman; all the more that, poor though he was, and accustomed to humiliations, he had not learned yet to dispense with the luxury of feelings and delicacies of his own.

"Mr. Churchill, do give us your advice," said

Miss Sorbette, who was first. "Do tell us what all this means? They surely must have told *you* at least the rights of it. What is the secret of it all? Do you think they have really never been married all this time? Goodness gracious me! to think of us all receiving her, and petting her, and calling her Madonna, and all that, if this should be true! Do you think——"

"I don't think anything but what Major Ochterlony told me," said Mr. Churchill, with a little emphasis. "I have not the least doubt he told me the truth. The witnesses of their marriage are dead, and that wretched place at Gretna was burnt down, and he is afraid that his wife would have no means of proving her marriage in case anything happened to him. I don't know what reason there can be to suppose that Major Ochterlony, who is a Christian and a gentleman, said anything that was not true."

"My dear Mr. Churchill," said Mrs. Kirkman with a sigh, "you are so charitable. If one could but hope that the poor dear Major was a true Christian, as you say. But one has no evidence of any vital change in his case. And, dear Mary, I have made up my mind for one thing, that it shall make no difference to me. Other people can do as they like, but so far as I am concerned, I can but think of our Divine Example," said the Colonel's wife. It was a real sentiment, and she meant well, and was actually thinking as well as talking of that Divine Example; but still somehow the words made the blood run cold in the poor priest's veins.

"What in the world do you mean, Mrs. Kirkman?" he said. "Mrs. Ochterlony is as she always was, a person whom we all may be proud to know."

"Yes, yes," said Miss Sorbette, who interrupted them both without any ceremony; "but that is not what I am asking. As for his speaking the truth as a Christian and a gentleman, I don't give much weight to that. If he has been deceiving us for all these years, you may be sure he would not stick at a fib to end off with. What is one to do? I don't believe it can have ever been a good marriage for my part."

This was the issue to which she had come by dint of thinking it over and discussing it; for, indeed, the doctor's sister, like the Colonel's wife, had got up that morning with the impression that Major Ochterlony's fidgets had finally driven him out of his senses, and that Mary was the most ill-used woman in the world.

"And I believe exactly the contrary," said the clergyman, with some heat. "I believe in an honourable man and a pure-minded woman. I had rather give up work altogether than reject such an obvious truth."

"Ah, Mr. Churchill," Mrs. Kirkman said again, "we must not rest in these vain appearances. We are all vile creatures, and the heart is deceitful above all things. I do fear that you are taking too charitable a view."

"Yes," said Mr. Churchill, but perhaps he made a different application of the words; "I believe that about the heart; but then it shows its wickedness generally in a sort of appropriate, individual way. I dare say *they* have their thorns in the flesh, like the rest; but it is not falsehood and wantonness that are their besetting sins," said the poor man, with a plainness of speech which put his hearers to the blush.

"Goodness gracious! remember that you are talking to ladies, Mr. Churchill," Miss Sorbette said, and put down her veil. It was not a fact he was very likely to forget; and then he put on his hat as they left the chapel, and hoped he was now free to go upon his way.

"Stop a minute, please," said Miss Sorbette. "I should like to know what course of action is going to be decided on. I am very sorry for Mary, but so long as her character remains under this doubt——"

"It shall make no difference to me," said Mrs. Kirkman. "I don't pretend to regulate anybody's actions, Sabina; but when one thinks of Mary of Bethany! She may have done wrong, but I hope this occurrence will be blessed to her soul. I felt sure she wanted something to bring her low, and make her feel her need," the Colonel's wife added, with solemnity; "and it is such a lesson for us all. In other circumstances, the same thing might have happened to you or me."

"It could never have happened to me," said Miss Sorbette, with sudden wrath; which was a fortunate diversion for Mr. Churchill. This was how her friends discussed her after Mary had gone away from her second wedding; and perhaps they were harder upon her than she had supposed in her secret thoughts.

CHAPTER V.

But the worst of all to Mrs. Ochterlony was that little Hugh had been there—Hugh, who was six years old, and so intelligent for his age. The child was very anxious to know what it meant, and why she knelt by his father's side while all the other people were standing. Was it something particular they were praying for, which Mrs. Kirkman and the rest did not want? Mary satisfied him as she best could, and by and bye he forgot and began to play with his little brother as usual, but his mother knew that so strange a scene could not fail to leave some impression. She sat by herself that long day, avoiding her husband for perhaps the first time in her life, and imagining a hundred possibilities to herself. It seemed to her as if everybody who ever heard of her henceforth must hear of this, and as if she must go through the world with a continual doubt upon her; and Mary's weakness was to prize fair reputation and spotless honour above everything in the world. Perhaps Mrs. Kirkman was not so far wrong after all, and there was a higher meaning in the unlooked-for blow that thus struck her at her tenderest point; but that was an

idea she could not receive. She could not think that God had anything to do with her husband's foolish restlessness, and her own impatient submission. It was a great deal more like a malicious devil's work, than anything a beneficent providence could have arranged. This way of thinking was far from bringing Mary any consolation or solace, but still there was a certain reasonableness in her thoughts. And then an indistinct foreboding of harm to her children, she did not know what, or how to be brought about, weighed upon Mary's mind. She kept looking at them as they played beside her, and thinking how, in the far future, the meaning of that scene he had been a witness to might flash into Hugh's mind when he was a man, and throw a bewildering doubt upon his mother's name which perhaps she might not be living to clear up; and these ideas stung her like a nest of serpents, each waking up and darting its venom to her heart at a separate moment. She had been very sad and very sorry many a time before in her life,—she had tasted all the usual sufferings of humanity; and yet she had never been what may be called *unhappy*, tortured from within and without, dissatisfied with herself and everything about her. Major Ochterlony was in every sense of the word a good husband, and he had been Mary's support and true companion in all her previous troubles. He might be absurd now and then, but he never was anything but kind and tender and sympathetic, as was the nature of the man. But the special feature of this misfortune was that it irritated and set her in arms against him, that it separated her from her closest friend and all her friends, and that it made even the sight and thought of her children a pain to her among all her other pains. This was the wretched way in which Mary spent the day of her second wedding. Naturally, Major Ochterlony brought people in with him to lunch (probably it should be written tiffin, but our readers will accept the generic word), and was himself in the gayest spirits, and insisted upon champagne, though he knew they could not afford it. "We ate our real wedding breakfast all by ourselves in that villanous little place at Gretna," he said with a boy's enthusiasm, "and had trout out of the Solway: don't you recollect, Mary? Such trout! What a couple of happy young fools we were; and if every Gretna Green marriage turned out like mine!" the Major added, looking at his wife with beaming eyes. She had been terribly wounded by his hand, and was suffering secret torture and was full of the irritation of pain; and yet she could not so steel her heart as not to feel a momentary softening at sight of the love and content in his eyes. But though he loved her he had sacrificed all her scruples, and thrown a shadow upon her honour, and filled her heart with bitterness, to satisfy an unreasonable fancy of his own, and give peace, as he said, to his mind. All this was very natural, but in the pain of the moment it seemed almost inconceivable to Mary, who was obliged to conceal her mortification and suffering, and minister to her guests as she was wont to do, without making any show of the shadow that she felt to have fallen upon her life.

It was, however, tacitly agreed by the ladies of the station to make no difference, according to the example of the Colonel's wife. Mrs. Kirkman had resolved upon that charitable course from the highest motives, but the others were perhaps less elevated in their principles of conduct. Mrs. Hesketh, who was quite a worldly-minded woman, concluded that it would be absurd for one to take any step unless they all did, and that on the whole, whatever were the rights of it, Mary could be no worse than she had been for all the long time they had known her. As for Miss Sorbette, who was strong-minded, she was disposed to consider that the moral courage the Ochterlonys had displayed in putting an end to an unsatisfactory state of affairs merited public appreciation. Little Mrs. Askell, for her part, rushed headlong as soon as she heard of it, which fortunately was not until it was all over, to see her suffering protectress. Perhaps it was at that moment, for the first time, that the ensign's wife felt the full benefit of being a married lady, able to stand up for her friend and stretch a small wing of championship over her. She rushed into Mrs. Ochterlony's presence and arms like a little tempest, and cried and sobbed and uttered inarticulate exclamations on her friend's shoulder, to Mary's great surprise, who thought something had happened to her. Fortunately the little eighteen-year-old matron, after the first incoherence was over, began to find out that Mrs. Ochterlony looked the same as ever, and that nothing tragical could have happened, and so restrained the offer of her own countenance and support, which would have been more humbling to Mary than all the desertion in the world.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Ochterlony, who had regained her serene looks, though not her composed mind; and little Irish Emma, looking at her, was struck with such a sense of her own absurdity and temerity and ridiculous pretensions, that she very nearly broke down again.

"I've been quarrelling with Joe," the quick-witted girl said, with the best grace she could, and added in her mind a secret clause to soften down the fib,—"he is so aggravating; and when I saw my Madonna looking so sweet and so still——"

"Hush!" said Mary "there was no need for crying about that—nor for telling fibs either," she added, with a smile that went to the heart of the ensign's wife. "You see there is nothing the matter with me," Mrs. Ochterlony added; but notwithstanding her perfect composure it was in a harder tone.

"I never expected anything else," said the impetuous little woman; "as if any nonsense could do any harm to you! And I love the Major, and I always have stood up for him; but oh, I should just like for once to box his ears."

"Hush!" said Mary again; and then the need she had of sympathy prompted her for one moment to

descend to the level of the little girl beside her, who was all sympathy and no criticism, which Mary knew to be a kind of friendship wonderfully uncommon in this world. "It did me no harm," she said, feeling a certain relief in dropping her reserve, and making visible the one thing of which they were both thinking, and which had no need of being identified by name. "It did me no harm, and it pleased him. I don't deny that it hurt at the time," Mary added after a little pause, with a smile; "but that is all over now. You do not need to cry over me, my dear."

"I—cry over you," cried the prevaricating Emma, "as if such a thing had ever come into my head; but I *did* feel glad I was a married lady," the little thing added; and then saw her mistake, and blushed and faltered and did not know what to say next. Mrs. Ochterlony knew very well what her young visitor meant, but she took no notice, as was the wisest way. She had steeled herself to all the consequences by this time, and knew she must accustom herself to such allusions and to take no notice of them. But it was hard upon her, who had been so good to the child, to think that little Emma was glad she was a married lady, and could in her turn give a certain countenance. All these sharp, secret, unseen arrows went direct to Mary's heart.

But on the whole the regiment kept its word and made no difference. Mrs. Kirkman called every Wednesday and took Mary with her to the prayer-meeting which she held among the soldiers' wives, and where she said she was having much precious fruit; and was never weary of representing to her companion that she had need of being brought down and humbled, and that for her part she would rejoice in anything which would bring her dear Mary to a more serious way of thinking; which was an expression of feeling perfectly genuine on Mrs. Kirkman's part, though at the same time she felt more and more convinced that Mrs. Ochterlony had been deceiving her, and was not by any means an innocent sufferer. The Colonel's wife was quite sincere in both these beliefs, though it would be hard to say how she reconciled them to each other; but then a woman is not bound to be logical, whether she belongs to the High or Low Church. At the same time she brought Mary sermons to read, with passages marked, which were adapted for both these states of feeling,—some consoling the righteous who were chastened because they were beloved, and some exhorting the sinners who had been long callous and now were beginning to awaken to a sense of their sins. Perhaps Mary, who was not very discriminating in point of sermon-books, read both with equal innocence, not seeing their special application: but she could scarcely be so blind when her friend discoursed at the Mothers' Meeting upon the Scripture Marys, and upon her who wept at the Saviour's feet. Mrs. Ochterlony understood then, and never forgot afterwards, that it was *that* Mary with whom, in the mind of one of her most intimate associates, she had come to be identified. Not the Mary blessed among wome the type of motherhood and purity, but the oth Mary, who was forgiven much because she had mu loved. That night she went home with a swelli heart, wondering over the great injustice of hum ways and dealings, and crying within herself to t Great Spectator who knew all, against the ev thoughts of her neighbours. Was that what th all believed of her, all these women? and yet s had done nothing to deserve it, not so much as by light look, or thought, or word; and it was not if she could defend herself, or convince them their cruelty: for nobody accused her, nobody r proached her—her friends, as they all said, made difference. This was the sudden cloud that car over Mary in the very fairest and best mome of her life.

But as for the Major, he knew nothing about that. It had been done for his peace of mind, ar until the next thing occurred to worry him he w radiant with good-humour and satisfaction. If saw at any time a cloud on his wife's face thought it was because of that approaching nece sity which took the pleasure out of everything ev to himself, for the moment, when he thought of it the necessity of sending Hugh "home." "We sha still have Islay for a few years at least, my darling he would say, in his affectionate way; "and th the baby,"—for there was a baby, which had cor some time after the event which we have ju narrated. That too must have had something to d no doubt, with Mary's low spirits. "He'll get alo famously with Aunt Agatha, and get spoiled, th fellow will," the Major said; "and as for Isla we'll make a man of him." And except at tho moments, when, as we have just said, the though of his little Hugh's approaching departure struc him, Major Ochterlony was as happy and ligh hearted as a man who is very well off in all h domestic concerns, and getting on in his professio and who has a pleasant consciousness of doing h duty to all men and a grateful sense of the merci of God, should be, and naturally is. When tv people are yoked for life together, there is general one of the two who bears the burden, while the oth takes things easy. Sometimes it is the husband, is fit and right, who has the heavy weight on h shoulders; but sometimes, and oftener than peop think, it is the wife. And perhaps this was wh Major Ochterlony was so frisky in his harness, ar the Madonna Mary felt her serenity fall into sadnes and was conscious of going on very slowly ar heavily upon the way of life. Not that he was blame, who was now, as always, the best husband the regiment, or even in the world. Mary wou not for all his fidgets, not for any reward, ha changed him against Colonel Kirkman with h fishy eye, nor against Captain Hesketh's jol countenance, nor for anybody else within h range of vision. He was very far from perfect, ar in utter innocence had given her a wound whi throbbed and bled daily whichever way she turn

herself, and which she would never cease to feel all her life; but still at the same time he stood alone in the world, so far as Mary's heart was concerned: for true love is, of all things on earth, the most pertinacious and unreasonable, let the philosophers say what they will.

And then the baby, for his part, was not like what the other babies had been; he was not a great fellow, like Hugh and Islay; but puny and pitiful and weakly,—a little selfish soul that would leave his mother no rest. She had been content to leave the other boys to Providence and Nature, tending them tenderly, wholesomely, and not too much, and hoping to make men of them some day; but with this baby Mary fell to dreaming, wondering often as he lay in her lap what his future would be. She used to ask herself unconsciously, without knowing why, what his influence might be on the lives of his brothers, who were like and yet so unlike him: though when she roused up she rebuked herself, and thought how much more reasonable it would be to speculate upon Hugh's influence, who was the eldest, or even upon Islay, who had the longest head in the regiment, and looked as if he meant to make some use of it one day. To think of the influence of little weakly Wilfrid coming to be of any permanent importance in the lives of those two strong fellows seemed absurd enough; and yet it was an idea which would come back to her, when she thought without thinking, and escaped as it were into a spontaneous state of mind. The name even was a weak-minded sort of name, and did not please Mary; and all sorts of strange fancies came into her head as she sat with the pitiful little peevish baby, who insisted upon having all her attention, lying awake and fractious upon her wearied knee.

Thus it was that the first important scene of her history came to an end, with thorns which she never dreamed of planted in Mrs. Ochterlony's way, and a still greater and more unthought-of cloud rising slowly upon the broken serenity of her life.

(To be continued.)

MY DERVISH LIFE.

In the evening of the 27th March, 1863, my noble patron, the Turkish ambassador in Teheran, received me at his table for the last time before my departure. It was said (but this, of course, was only to frighten and dissuade me from my adventurous scheme) that I was, on this occasion, for the last time in my life to partake of European fare, served up in European fashion. The elegant dining-room at the hotel of the Embassy was brilliantly illuminated, the best dishes were placed before the guests, the best wines were passed round; they wanted, in short, to send me forth on my arduous journey haunted by recollections of European comforts. My friends sought all that evening to trace in my features some traitorous indications of the excitement within. They were, however, greatly out in their anticipations. In a state of ecstatic enjoyment I lay buried in my silk-velvet arm-chair.

* * * * * *

Twenty-four hours afterwards, in the evening of the 28th March, I was in the middle of my mendicant associates, on my journey to Sari. We had taken refuge in a half-ruined mud hut, named Dagarn. The rain fell in torrents. Tolerably well soaked, we hastened, all of us, to shelter ourselves under the dry roof. The space was small, and it was my destiny this very first evening to find myself in the closest contact with my travelling companions, whose tattered clothes, giving out at no time any very fragrant odours, in their present wet condition emitted a vaporous steam really curious to observe! It was not, then, surprising under such circumstances, that I had little desire to assail the large wooden dish from which the famished Hadjis extracted and devoured their supper, splashing about as they did so with their hands in the common receptacle. Besides, I was at the moment less tormented by the pangs of hunger than exhausted with fatigue and uneasy in my wet dress of rags, to which habit had not yet made me familiar. Huddled together in a ball on the ground, I sought to abandon myself to sleep; but sleep in such confined space was impossible. Now I felt my neighbour's hand, now his head, whirled over me; at another time it was the foot of a *vis-à-vis* which was extended to scratch me behind my ear. With the patience of a Job I had to defend myself against all these offices of questionable amiability. I might even then have contrived to snatch some moments of slumber, had it not been for the snoring dialogue kept up by the Tartars, and more especially for the loud cries of suffering that a Persian mule-driver, afflicted with rheumatism, emitted in his agony.

Finding all attempts to close my eyes fruitless, I extricated myself from the midst of the heap of human beings spread around in chaotic confusion, and set myself upon my legs. The rain continued to fall, and looking out into the deep and troubled obscurity I thought of where I had been twenty-four hours previously, and of the sumptuous parting entertainment at the splendid hotel of the Turkish Embassy. All seemed to me like a dramatic representation of the "King and the Beggar," in which I was myself playing the principal part. The sentiment of reality produced, however, upon me not so bitter an impression, for was I not master of the position? was I not he who had worked this

sudden metamorphosis? had not I myself imposed my fate upon myself?

The task of conquering my own feelings, however hard, did not occupy me more than a few days. With respect to externals, I soon made myself familiar with all the attributes, moveable and immoveable, of the state of Dervish—its filth and other etceteras. The best garment that I had brought with me from Teheran, I presented as a gift to a poor infirm sick Hadji, and this act of beneficence won me the hearts of all. My new uniform consisted of a felt jacket, worn by me without any shirt, close to my skin, and a Djubbe (upper garment)* tied round my loins by a cord. I had enveloped my feet in rags, and covered my head with an immense turban; the latter served me as a parasol by day, and as a bolster by night. Like the rest of the Hadjis, I slung around me a sack by way of cartouche-box, containing a voluminous Koran; and then contemplating myself thus accoutred for grand parade, I felt authorised to cry out proudly, "Verily, I am a beggar born."

The external, the material part of my "disguise," was easy. The moral, the inner part, presented more difficulty than I had contemplated. For many a long year I had had occasion to study the contrast between European and Asiatic modes of existence; the critical position in which I was forced me to be on my guard, and yet I could not help committing many gross blunders. It is not merely in language, features, and dress that essential differences exist between the two races. We Europeans eat, drink, sleep, sit, and stand otherwise than the Orientals,—nay, I might even say, we laugh, cry, and wink differently. These are little points, evident at once to the senses, and still difficult enough of imitation: and yet what is the difficulty of surmounting them, in comparison with the trouble that it costs to metamorphose sentiments and feelings! One is always more excited and observant, and more disposed to play the critic, during journeys than on other occasions of everyday life; it requires an unspeakable effort for an European to conceal the curiosity, wonder, and other emotions which the contemplation of the all-indifferent, the energiless Oriental excites in his mind. The object, however, of the journey of my friends was to reach their homes; my object was simply the journey itself. The peculiarity of my character interested them only in the first moment of approach, theirs on the other hand was an object of continual study to me; certainly the idea never could have occurred to any one amongst them, that my mind was employed upon a twofold task, even when we were jesting and chattering in the most familiar terms of companionship.

Any one who has the smallest practical or theoretical experience of the East will understand how hard it is to adapt oneself to these remarkable idiosyncrasies. The happy result that attended my "disguise" may appear surprising, but still not a subject of extraordinary astonishment, when I lay before the reader the key to the secret in the following observations.

First. Only one of my travelling companions had ever seen Europe or had to do with Europeans: this was Hadji Bilal, who may perhaps have known a few Greeks or Armenians passing for Frenghi. Even Stambul, and the mode of living amongst the Stambuli, were but imperfectly known to them. My transgressions against custom and usage did not pass unobserved, but met with the ready excuse: "Stambul kaidesi sundek iken." "It is the custom at Constantinople." They regarded, therefore, the particular offence as a mere solecism.

Secondly. The consciousness of the imminent danger that threatened me when once beyond the circle of my companions, disposed me to make the greatest sacrifices. I soon was aware of the high value of their friendship, and did everything I could to win it. In spite of my admitted superiority to them from being a Mollah, no one in the Karavan, in purse, clothes, or food, was poorer or worse off than myself. I submitted to all, and was ever ready to render a service or do an obliging act; and as they really all were at bottom straightforward and honest men, I saw at once that they would not fail to protect their friend and fellow-traveller, who was a universal favourite.

Thirdly. And this perhaps may be regarded as the main cause: my poverty and my bodily infirmity beyond dispute were my principal safeguards. Amongst the Turkomans, and especially in Etnek, the Hadjis not being in much respect, I ran considerable risk; but at the current market rate for slaves of inferior class, I was hardly worth more than three ducats—not so valuable, in fact, as a stout ass. I could only be used by private individuals to turn a millstone or take charge of camels: trivial services these, hardly on the one side worth the cost of my maintenance, and on the other not possessing sufficient force of attraction to tempt the superstitious Nomad to commit a sin. Again, in Bokhara the emptiness of my purse was of more help to me than all the learning of Islamism. My character of Mollah and Devotee made me certainly safe from any public attack, but had I been in the possession of visible property, it would not have secured me from the underhand proceedings of secret enemies. Strangers in Bokhara, objects of suspicion, have in other cases excited cupidity by being known to be possessors of money and other articles of value; whereas I was not only a beggar, but an urgent one, from whose importunities all men carefully sought to escape.

Such were the causes which prevented my disguise from having any evil consequences, and made it happily contribute to the ends I had in view. But every one will understand that whilst I was actually occupied with my journey, I was only half conscious of the efficacy of these causes, and so

* This is called Hirkai Dervishan: even the richest Dervishes are bound to wear it over their clothes, in however good a state these may be.

could not place any entire confidence in them. Habit too enables us to endure a life subject even to constant perils: still it is remarkable how long and violent the struggle is which the soul, in its recklessness and its callousness, maintains with the hope of an existence beyond this world. To guard against every event, it was long before I ventured to make a hearty meal at my supper: for I dreaded lest an overloaded stomach should lead to dreams, and dreams to the utterance of foreign European phrases. I laughed at my pusillanimity, and blamed myself, but still I persisted, particularly in the first months, in my ceaseless measures of precaution.

What pain these phantom terrors occasioned me! how they persecuted me, when I sat alone in the immense desert away from the Karavan devouring my unleavened bread, mixed with ashes and charcoal, and washed down with a few mouthfuls of foul-smelling water,—a refreshment that those thoughts would not even allow me to partake of in repose! "All slumber, no eye beholds thee," I said to myself. Yet no: the hills of sand in the distance seemed to me to be spies on the watch to catch me omitting the Bismillah, or breaking or eating my bread in other than right Mohammedan fashion.

Often did it happen, and the remark applies particularly to Khiva, that when I was lying all alone in the dark and closed tent, the cry to prayers reached my ears, and made me spring hurriedly up from my couch, and apply myself to the fatiguing operation of the thirteen Rikaat (genuflexions). At the sixth, seventh, eighth, I said to myself, "Surely it is enough, for no eye beholds thee." Not at all, for I could not divest myself of the idea that prying eyes were regarding me through the crevices, and so I continued until I had conscientiously completed the prescribed number.

Perhaps the expression, "measures of precaution," may be regarded as inappropriate, and my whole proceedings be ascribed to want of courage. Now I will not deny that, seeing with what suspicion I was at first regarded, and in how mild and anarchical a state Central Asia was, I did not feel in any great spirits for my adventure. But this discouragement did not extend beyond the first month of my disguise. In the others, from the moment when I had turned my back upon Bokhara, I was really metamorphosed into a poverty-stricken Dervish, who, as he himself gradually forgot the assumed part that he was playing, ceased to excite suspicion in the minds of others. When I now, in the centre of European civilisation, reflect upon my position at that time, I cannot refrain from laughing at what habit and necessity were capable of making of me in so short a time. That life of Dervish began even to have charms, it procured me many a moment of great enjoyment. Without feeling any especial aptitude to play the part of the Russian Count who, weary of a life spent in saloons, retreated to one of the valleys of Cashmere, I felt often an inner sensation of satisfaction as I warmed myself to my heart's content in some ruin or other sequestered spot by the temperate beams of the autumn sun. And then it is beyond expression sweet to know that one can, without money, position, or business—and yet free from all care, agitation, and exciting impulse—rock oneself to repose in the soft cradle of Oriental indifference and tranquillity!

Of course for us Europeans such enjoyment must be of brief duration; for let but our thoughts flee away towards that remote West that is ever active and ever moving, and the great contrast of the two presents itself to us in the clearest light. European enterprise and Oriental repose are the two problems that occupy the mind: need we do more than glance at those ruins lying everywhere scattered in the East, to see on which side is the true philosophy? Here everything tends to destruction and slavery; there, to prosperity and world-wide dominion!

But these enjoyments of the "state of Dervish" were in my case prevented, by my strong European temperament, from being more than short-lived and transitory. My disguise, however, furnished me with another of a far more elevated description—the enjoyment, I mean, derived by me from being able, as an accomplished Dervish, to hold free and unconstrained intercourse with those strange nations. Was it an innate talent, or a particular predilection for the status, which enabled me soon to outstrip in *Fakirship* even my preceptor in the art? I know not. When in the cities or amongst the Nomads I undertook the part of levying contributions, my friends felt at once assured that I would return with my bags well crammed. Of the tribes of Central Asia the Özbegs, from their straightforward and honest natures, possess hearts most accessible and most easily won. At one house in the vicinity of Khiva, where I spent several days, they tried even forcibly to detain me; nay, even to marry me—at least, the head of the family, representing his daughter, had already made me a declaration of love. The honest, unsuspicious people saw, as they thought, in me a poor Garib (stranger) whom his passion (arman) impelled forth into the wide world, and so they took a real interest in my fortunes. In their opinion the travelling Dervish is a sort of wandering Jew in miniature, in whose ear some spirit abiding within keeps whispering those ominous words, "On, On!" and who can never rest until he has reached the goal prescribed by fate.

This childish simplicity, these characters and manners, which have remained in stereotype there for so many years, one might even say for thousands, have left upon my soul ineffaceable impressions. After being with the Nomads some hours, they often began to converse with me in the most confidential tone of the rearing of cattle or some other subject of domestic economy. A husband would speak of the peculiar qualities that distinguished one of his horses, of the sons of the famous chieftain N. N., of the failure of a pre-

datory expedition undertaken by this or that tribe, &c. The wife would question me whether in my country this year the Rugar (a sort of red root) had a similarly pale colour, whether the camel's hair was there as bad, and so on. How little likely such people were to have any notion of the meaning of an academical mission the reader must easily see, and will as easily divine what was the nature of my answers to each particular question!

However incredible the avowal may appear, I will nevertheless make it openly, that the very extraordinary condition in which I found myself during my time of disguise was far from being attended by as much hardship and fatigue as many Europeans may fancy. At this moment, it is true, I find my health somewhat impaired, and my former acquaintances do not affect to conceal from me that I seem grown much older; but during the journey itself I did not experience the slightest sensation of exhaustion or uneasiness, excepting of course when I was suffering from the torments of thirst. Was it the continued state of excitement that lightened the burden which I had to endure; or was it the ever-fresh, free air of the desert that imparted a giant energy to my stomach, enabling it to assimilate and digest such dough kneaded with sand and ashes as even my camel found too bad to touch? This still remains a riddle to me.

Certain, however, it is, that at this moment, in the midst of the civilised life of Europe, I seem somewhat to miss those active movements of body and soul; and who knows if I shall not in my later years dwell often upon that time when, although covered with rags and having no roof to cover me, I tramped sturdily and of good heart through the steppes of Central Asia!

ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

HYMN TO THE NEW YEAR,

ON ITS BEING "RUNG IN" BY CHURCH BELLS ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

HAIL to the Infant of the Ages! hail!
Shout with the peal that consecrates his birth;
Time's youngest born! we claim thee in the gale
That bears thee on thy sounding wings to earth.

Thou from the womb of far Eternity,
Last of thy brotherhood, hast sprung to light.
Child of the past! hail for thy lineage high!
O, be thy sojourn, as thy advent, bright!

We claim thee, Stranger—claim thee, for His will,
And in His name, whose work are we and thou:
Angels, be near our purpose to fulfil
And stamp the hallowing seal upon thy brow!

By broken vows and penitential tears,
By sins forgiven, by joys and sorrows flown,
By voices of the past, by holy fears,
By trembling hopes, we claim thee for our own.

Young, lusty Infant! bind him as he lies,
Ere the first sunbeam, with a charm of prayer:
Cast flowers of love on his unopened eyes,
And crown with wreaths of hope his fragrant hair.

With wreaths of hope—but such as shall not fade
When *his* brief joys and woes have sank to rest;
With flowers of love,—but let their scents be made
Of airs breathed from the gardens of the blest.

As he on us, so we on him will smile;
All thanks to Him by whom such grace is given;
His face of love shall no true heart beguile,
That takes him, as he comes, a boon from heaven.

Yes, smile on him: yet, smiling, do not tear
The veil that hides him from too keen a gaze;
Scan not the myst'ries of the New-born Year,
Nor pierce, before the time, hope's golden haze.

Raise not his eyelids: tears may lie beneath;
Full quickly he will wake and gaze around.
Ere his closed lips their first faint accents breathe,
Pray that no heart need tremble at their sound.

Pray that no cloud of sin may darken o'er
The dreams that float above his waking eyes;
That, all unstain'd, the Angel Child may soar
With added glories back to Paradise.

Dread Child! ev'n thus thy new-born brother lay
Whose parting sigh still mingles with thy glee;
His race is run, his form is pass'd away;
But Memory speaks in him, as Hope in thee.

She speaks of mercies, gladdening as the light,
Rich as their Giver, free as heav'n above;
Of softened griefs and darken'd hearts made bright,
Of hopes fulfill'd, and life-redeeming love.

She speaks in warning; let her voice be heard,
Her still, small, voice; it may not sound in vain:
Sad tones are mingled in that solemn Word;
Catch the clear accents of her magic strain.

Hath it no sound that tells of guilt or fear?
No evil written on the iron leaf?
No frown upon the brow of Time, no tear
Shed for past sin, more sad than earthly grief?

Onward, still onward! diff'ring, yet the same,
Shall this Year's story but the last repeat?
O! yet, for love, for fear, for hope, for shame,
Guide we in straighter paths our wav'ring feet!

Then come what may of pain, or toil, or woe,
Ev'n lonely sorrow come, and silent fear,
Our earthly Sun shall only set below
To rise in Light on heav'n's Eternal Year.

C. E. PRICHARD.

THE STORY OF JOHN HUSS.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

The story of John Huss, the great Bohemian Reformer, has been often told, and is sufficiently familiar to the student of ecclesiastical history. But it may be doubted whether it has been so well known to ordinary readers, either as it deserves to be, or as that of Luther unquestionably is. This is partly to be ascribed to the remoteness of the age in which he lived,—it is now just 450 years since his martyrdom; partly to the character of the reformation he aimed at, and which did not touch the great doctrinal abuses, the correction of which, after all, was an essential preliminary to any radical reformation, such, in a word, as the Church required, and Luther achieved; partly to the fact that the heroic effort he made was not *successful*, and that his memory has been clouded by the subsequent excesses of his followers; lastly, and above all perhaps, to the circumstance, that the more illustrious name of Luther has eclipsed that of his great predecessor,—in the blaze of whose fame this bright morning star of the Reformation has almost faded from our eyes. For these reasons it may be well to say a little respecting the principal incidents of his life and the more striking traits of his character, in a periodical, which must have many thousands of readers who have not paid much, or, perhaps, any attention to the claims of the great Bohemian to the grateful homage and everlasting remembrance of mankind.

Nor can any who love and revere the name of Luther forget that it was probably due to Huss that Luther was able to do so much; nay, that he lived to do anything. We may say this, not merely because Huss was a pioneer in the same great work; that he shaped many of the stones, and hewed much of the timber, of that Temple he was not permitted to build; that he made an impression on the outworks of the fortress which it was reserved for Luther to storm; not merely because Luther derived some lights, and still greater stimulus, at an early period of his career, from the history and writings of Huss, as is seen clearly in his letters, and in the allusions he made to him at the Leipsic Disputation;* not merely, I say, for these reasons, (in fact, all the "Reformers before the Reformation," as they have been well called, are entitled to some of that praise,) but for a more special reason. In all likelihood, Huss was not simply the precursor of Luther, but literally paid down, in his martyrdom, the ransom of his life. That violation of the imperial safe-conduct which, to the eternal shame of Emperor, Pope, Cardinals, and the whole Council of Constance, involved the death of Huss, was the very thing which probably prevented the like crime in the case of Luther at Worms. Vehemently was Charles V. urged to imitate the conduct of Sigismund, and violate, for the sake of the Church, the safe-conduct granted to Luther; strongly was he plied by the same casuistry, namely, that "no faith was to be kept with heretics;" but Charles replied that "he had no wish to blush like his predecessor Sigismund,"—in allusion to the story of Sigismund's having manifested so much weakness, when Huss alluded to the subject of his safe-conduct, at the Council of Constance. The scandal of that iniquitous transaction of the previous century was Luther's ægis at Worms, and hence he safely quitted that place which he had entered with such dauntless courage in defiance of so many omens of evil. Thus was Huss probably the saviour of Luther—

> Dipped in his fellow's blood
> The living bird went free.

The courage of Luther indeed was as great as though he too had died a martyr. During his whole progress to Worms, whither he went with such inflexible obstinacy against all the remonstrances of his friends and the muttered threats of his enemies, it is evident that he contemplated the too great likelihood of sharing the fate of Huss. The genius and maxims of ecclesiastical policy were unchanged; the terrors of Reformation at least as strong; and the inheritors of the persecuting principles of Constance equally unscrupulous. He would assuredly have died if Charles V. had not been afraid of "blushing."

And as Huss deserves the veneration of posterity, scarcely more for what he did in the cause of Reformation, than for the spell which his name and fate threw around Luther, so his history itself is full of deepest and most tragical interest. In the vast catalogue of martyrs there is hardly a victim whose fate awakens such unmingled admiration for the unflinching fortitude and constancy with which he adhered to what he deemed truth, and suffered for it; or which inspires such vivid, and, indeed, exquisitely painful sympathy, as we read the story. Exposed, single-handed, to the concentrated enmity of the whole Roman Church and hierarchy, as embodied in the cruel Council of Constance,—to Pope and Cardinals, Emperor and Princes; feeling that the whole might of prescription, both of the present and the past, was against him; doubtless often tempted to ask himself, as

* "When I studied at Erfurdt," says Luther, in the edition of the letters of Huss (1537), "I found in the library of the convent, a book entitled *The Sermons of John Huss*. I had a great curiosity to know what doctrines that arch-heretic had propagated. My astonishment was incredible. I could not comprehend why they burnt so great a man, who explained the Scriptures with so much skill and gravity. . . But as his name was held in such abhorrence that I imagined the sky would fall and the sun be darkened if I made honourable mention of him, I shut the book with no little indignation."

Luther sometimes did, and as Huss was still more likely to do in that earlier and darker age, "Whether it was possible that he alone should be right, and all the rest of the world wrong;" troubled with those tremors of heart which such a possibility could not but awaken, he yet held on his way—though darker and darker at every step—undaunted. Such was the mastery which the truth had over him, so gloriously imperious was conscience, so profound his reverence for Scripture, and so resolute was he, like Luther, to yield obedience to that alone, that he was proof alike against shame and ignominy, cajolery and adulation, promises and threats, and at last sealed his testimony by enduring death in the most appalling of all shapes. This last proof of heroism, indeed, many men have given, both before and after him. But very few, if any, ever passed such an ordeal of absolute abandonment to the "cruel mockings" and wrongs of a hostile world, with so majestic a patience as he did. Huss before the Council of Constance is one of the sublimest pictures in the whole gallery of history.

It is not my intention to give a full account of his life; but a slight sketch of its principal events is necessary for comprehending the significance of the closing scenes of it. It will not occupy much space, for the records of his early years are unusually meagre.

He was born about 1370, at Hassinetz, a village of Bohemia, not far from Prague. Huss is the Bohemian name for a "goose," and this furnishes both Huss and his enemies more than once with some rather clumsy pleasantry. It is hard to say whether he or they are more ponderously witty in availing themselves of it; he for the enhancement of his humility, and they as a term of reproach. He was born of lowly but honest parents, who seem to have done all they could for his education.

He was first sent to the school of his native village, and afterwards to another of somewhat higher order, in a neighbouring town. He was noted from his boyhood for the acuteness and vigour of his intellect, and made good in his youth all the promise of his childhood. He was sent to the University of Prague at an early age; and in the dearth of authentic details, writers have garnished this event with some idle traditions. There is an absurd story, for example, which L'Enfant gravely relates from an old author, that "when his mother took him to Prague to enter him at the university, she took a goose and a cake with her as a present to the rector, and that by chance the goose flew away, an accident which the poor woman looked upon as an evil omen, and fell down on her knees to recommend her son to the Divine Protection" (the tutelary "goose," we may suppose, having left its namesake), "and went on her way with great heaviness of heart, that half her oblation to the rector was gone."

"He lived in times," says the same historian, "that were very favourable to the improvement of his various talents," a proposition which it is somewhat difficult to accede to, considering that the shadow of the "dark ages" still lay upon them, and the *crepusculum* of a better time was just beginning to glimmer. But it may be conceded (and this is probably what is meant), that it was a period of literary and intellectual activity as *compared* with the preceding centuries; and his proximity to Prague certainly ensured him the advantages of one of the first universities in Europe.

Of his academic career we know little or nothing, except that it was honourable and successful. Certain dates preserved in the ancient memoir of him by an unknown author, prefixed to the folio edition of his works, inform us that in 1393 he became M. A. and B. D.; three years after was ordained priest, and began to preach; in 1400 was appointed to that function in the chapel of Bethlehem, at Prague, where he became the favourite court preacher of Sophia, the Queen of Wenceslaus. In 1401, he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Divinity and Confessor to the Queen; and some time after, Rector of the University.

In 1405 he had already become famous for his sermons at Bethlehem, preached in *his native tongue*, in which he insisted on forgotten evangelical verities, and inveighed energetically against the corruptions of the Church and the vices of the clergy. It was in the nature of things that this should expose him to the hatred of the Church. He had been equally fearless, indeed, against the vices of the laity; but King Wenceslaus sarcastically told the clergy, it was only when he began to attack similar vices in the Church that he became so obnoxious to them.

He gave great offence, also, to a large portion of the Bohemian clergy by the part he took in the great Papal Schism; strongly advocating the rejection of the claims of Gregory XII.

But his sermons were not the only cause of the fierce hatred which followed him from this time to his death. Strange to say, there were other reasons for the odium attached to him, perhaps as potent, or nearly as potent, as any of his imputed religious errors, though they had nothing to do with religion. Enthusiastically beloved by a large party of his countrymen, there was of course always a large part of the Romish Church, who, for the very same causes, were bitterly opposed to him; but, had he had no other enemies, it is pretty certain he might have remained safe in Bohemia (supposing it had been possible for him to evade the summons to Constance), as Luther in Saxony under the protection of Frederick. Of course, he had the dominant church party also against him, *out* of Bohemia; but their hatred was greatly strengthened by the extraneous causes to which we have just adverted, and which it is necessary to bear in mind in order to understand his true position. The first is, the part he took in asserting certain rights of

his countrymen to a just share in the government of the University of Prague, and by which he exposed himself to the hatred of Germany. The remembrance of that quarrel, in which the Germans were worsted, (and as they alleged, perhaps truly alleged), through the instrumentality of Huss, inspired them with a lifelong hatred of him. Having such important results, the quarrel may justify a few words of explanation.

The University of Prague was founded in the year 1347, by the Emperor Charles IV. It was modelled on the statutes of the universities of chief note in Europe, as Paris and Bologna, where, in questions involving university honours and emoluments, three votes were given to the native, and one vote to the foreign, members. But as, during the infancy of the University of Prague, there was a much larger number of students from various parts of the Germanic Empire than from Bohemia, this proportion was reversed. The consequence was that the university honours and rewards were almost monopolised by the Germans; and, as the native students increased in numbers, this naturally occasioned much chagrin and discontent. They sought to redress this wrong, and were successful, principally through the efforts of Huss and Jerome of Prague. Huss admitted that the provisional management was reasonable enough, as long as the foreign element in the university was so preponderant. But when that was no longer the case, "It is just," said he, "that we should have three votes, and that you Germans should be content with one." The Germans, however, as might be expected, were by no means content. On the contrary, so exasperated were they, that they agreed, should the alteration take place, they would leave the university *en masse*; and, it is further said, resolved that if any were obstinate enough to refuse taking a part in this *exodus*, he should expiate his guilt by the loss of two of his fingers! a curious illustration of the old saying as to the "humanising effects of polite learning," and not less of the strength of national hatred. Be this as it may, the Germans, (who doubtless thought, from their numbers, that their secession would leave the university as "frightful a solitude" as Tertullian says the Roman Empire would have been if all the Christians had gone out of it,) carried out their threat. And if their numbers had been as great as some accounts make them, no doubt the *vacuum* would have been all but complete. But the figures generally given are clearly fabulous, as is indicated by the enormous differences in the several accounts found in different writers. As reported in *L'Enfant*, one writer says the students were 44,000, which is about as probable as that there were at one time 30,000 students at Oxford. Another, a little more modestly, says 40,000; a third computes the roll at 36,000; a fourth comes down to 24,000; Æneas Sylvius reduces it to 5,000, which Count Krasinski thinks may have been the truth, though he hardly assigns any sufficient reason for preferring it to that of other writers who fixed it at 2000! In other words, we know little about the matter.

The secession of the foreign students took place in 1409, and led to the establishment of the University of Leipsic.

The seceding Germans spread and kept alive among their countrymen, a vivid and lasting hatred of Huss, which formed an appreciable element in the grand total of enmities combined against him in the Council of Constance.

It may be as well to add that there was probably also another adventitious cause of hostility to Huss. He was in philosophy a "Realist." Now between the Realists and their opponents, the Nominalists, the disputes were equally unintelligible and interminable, and turned upon refinements of abstraction so extremely subtle that (one would imagine) they could never stir in a single human bosom the faintest breath of passion! But this would be to credit human nature with far more good sense than it can claim. Whatever men can wrangle about, be it the idlest phantasm of the most crazy dreamer, *that* they can also fight about; and indeed often with an energy of passion in inverse proportion to the importance or clearness of the point in dispute. Accordingly, these two metaphysical sects often sought to decide by blows what they could not decide by reason: and shed blood and even sacrificed lives for the question, whether an abstract name (as *man*, for example) represented any one man in particular, or man in general. In short, they made more than one university of Europe a sort of metaphysical Donnybrook, where the combatants fought with about as intelligent understanding of what they were fighting for, and also with as much passion and obstinacy as any Irish "factions" whatsoever. Now it has been surmised that the fact that Huss was a Realist, and consequently hated by the opposite faction of the Nominalists, made him obnoxious to many of his judges at Constance. It is certainly not a little mournful, as well as curious, that in this and other cases, the fortunes of Truth and Humanity should often be imperilled by considerations which have nothing in the world to do with either the one or the other; that a man like John Huss may be made a martyr for religion, in a great measure because national animosities have set two communities by the ears, and opposite sects are blindly engaged in a night-battle about an incomprehensible dogma of metaphysics.*

Another fact which undoubtedly had much more to do with his fate, as really exercising a powerful influence over his theological opinions and exposing him to the rancour of Rome, was his attachment to the writings of Wickliffe. It is an interesting circumstance to Englishmen, that from our remote

* One subtle question, particularly respecting transubstantiation, seems to have been designed to entrap Huss through his Realist creed. It challenged him to maintain the *Universal à parte Rei*, and had like to have given him some trouble.—*L'Enfant*, vol. i. p. 324.

insular seclusion went forth the influence which gave the chief impulse to the Bohemian Reformer. It makes good the quaint words of Fuller in his "Church History of England," when speaking of the posthumous dishonour put on Wickliffe's ashes :—"They were cast into the Swift, a neighbouring brook, running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, then into the Main Ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

But that his doctrine should have been conveyed to Bohemia would have seemed as little likely as that any particle of his dust should reach it, in default of that "seaport on the coast of Bohemia," which Shakspeare has created there in spite of geography. Yet so it was ; and by one of those incidents by which the Providence of God in the course of its ordinary working easily brings the strangest things to pass, and binds the most distant things together. Our Richard the Second's queen was Anne of Bohemia, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV. After her husband's death she returned to Bohemia, and some of her retinue took many of the writings of Wickliffe with them. Certain Bohemians, it is said, had sojourned for some time at Oxford, among whom was Jerome of Prague : while others add, that two English Lollards found their way to Prague, and were entertained for some time at the house of John Huss, and that from them he got to know the works of Wickliffe. However that may be, and whatever the mode, it is certain that he became well acquainted with several of those works, and that they produced a strong effect on his opinions. At his chapel of Bethlehem, he often spoke in terms of eulogy of the great English Reformer, and prayed that when he died his soul might be with that of Wickliffe, wheresoever that might be !

There is a tradition that the two English Wickliffites asked Huss to allow them to paint the hall of his house, and that on his granting the request they depicted, on one side, Christ's lowly entry into Jerusalem, and on the other, in strong contrast with it, a splendid procession of the Pope and his cardinals, in all the pomp and glitter of pontifical pageantry. It is said these pictures excited much curiosity ; that many came to see them, and went away divided in opinion about their *propriety*. But the generality of ecclesiastics understood the pictorial writing of these Wickliffite Mexicans too well, and it is said that the pictures created so much scandal that the Englishmen were compelled to quit Prague.

Whatever the truth of these traditions, it is certain that Wickliffe's writings were extensively circulated at Prague at this time, as we shall presently see from the crusade of the Archbishop of Prague against them. Cochleus tells us that many of the "manuscripts were beautifully written and splendidly embossed and bound—*bullis aureis tegumentisque preciosis ornata.*" This not only shows the justice of Krasinski's remark, that they had been in the possession of wealthy and therefore influential persons, but it also shows how great value was put upon jewels which were enshrined in such costly caskets. Several of the Reformer's writings Huss himself translated into his native tongue, and took measures to circulate them widely in Bohemia and Moravia.

By such proceedings, and especially by his bold invectives against the enormous corruptions of the Church, Huss had formed a considerable party throughout Bohemia intensely desirous of Reform, and disposed to accept him as their leader ; not a little influenced, doubtless, by the fact that he had been the champion of their national rights in the great university quarrel, a circumstance which, though it might operate against him out of Bohemia, vastly strengthened his influence within it.

And now things were ripe for a conflict between Huss and the Church. In 1410 the Archbishop of Prague obtained a bull from the Pope (Alexander V.), authorising him to extirpate heresy in Bohemia, and as a means to that end, to burn the writings of Wickliffe wherever they could be found, and to prohibit preaching except in certain specified buildings, from which "chapels" were excluded ; and therefore, (which was doubtless the real object,) the chapel of Bethlehem, where Huss preached. After much opposition to the bull, it was at last proclaimed.

On March 9th, 1410, Huss was cited before the Archbishop's Court on the charge of heresy. When he, and others similarly charged with possessing portions of the writings of Wickliffe, asked the Archbishop what part of the Reformer's writings were heretical ? they were told that "*all* the writings of that arch-heretic were heretical," and the Archbishop burnt them accordingly wherever he could lay hands on them. At the same time he forbade all preaching in chapels, and thus gagged Huss. The University of Prague protested, but for the present protested in vain, against the violent measures of the Archbishop.

The ferment spread throughout Bohemia, and the country was divided into two great parties, which in many places threatened, and indeed broke, the public peace. This led to a series of struggles between King Wenceslaus and the refractory Archbishop, into which we have not space to enter, but which are amongst not the least memorable or instructive of the contests between the temporal and the spiritual powers during the middle ages. We can only notice them so far as they severally bear on the fate of Huss. The King, indolent and addicted to pleasure, is said to have cared very little about the dispute, if the disputants would but have left him alone ; but if it went on to civil war, he felt that he could not be left alone. Huss also was a favourite with his queen, and to a certain extent with himself. He ordered the Archbishop to indemnify the folks whose books he had so summarily burnt. The prelate refused ; and his estates were sequestrated.—Soon after,

a papal embassy arrived at Prague to announce the election of the infamous John XXIII., afterwards deposed by the Council of Constance. The King thought it was a good opportunity to endeavour to obtain the repeal of the "bull" of John's predecessor, and to secure the restitution of the privileges of the chapel of Bethlehem. But the astute Archbishop sent back, with the embassy, emissaries of his own, who defeated the King's object. They procured the Pope's sanction of the Archbishop's proceedings, and a citation for Huss to appear at Rome to plead to the charges of heresy against him. The King declared that Huss could not go "without peril of his life," which no doubt the Pope and Archbishop knew as well as he, or even better; and refused to let him go. The Pope replied that the appearance of Huss was indispensable, and that the judges to try his cause were already appointed. In short, the banquet was all prepared, and the Pope seemed to say, "Come, for all things are now ready." Thus backed by the papal authority, the Archbishop reiterated the excommunication of Huss, and claimed that his estates should be restored; the King would not comply with the last, and many of the clergy refused to read out the first. Higher and higher soared hawk and falcon, in the hope to gain a vantage point for striking. The Archbishop, nothing daunted, laid the terrors of interdict on Prague. The King retorted with equally vigorous measures; banished many of the clergy who had been conspicuously busy in the execution of the Archbishop's orders; seized (worse than all!) the treasures of the Chapter of Prague, and made the Estates of the Realm pass a law by which it was forbidden to carry certain causes before the ecclesiastical courts. These measures of retaliation touched what was more precious than doctrine, and finished for the present the contest between the temporal and spiritual powers; and the victory thus lay with the former. The Archbishop agreed to submit the controversy to a court of arbitration, which, on 3rd of July, 1411, decided that the Archbishop was "to submit to the King, to revoke his interdict, to cancel the proceedings he had commenced against heresy, and to send to Rome a declaration that in Bohemia there was no heresy." On the other hand, if the Archbishop complied, the King was to restore his estates, and was to bind himself to punish all heresies,—an easy task, since it seems the Archbishop was to declare at the same time that in Bohemia there were none! And so ended this notable passage of arms between the King and his refractory priest.

As the most illustrious of the successors of John Huss (who really achieved in the cause of Reformation, what Huss only attempted, and far more,) miraculously escaped martyrdom, so it is not a little remarkable that Huss's most illustrious predecessor, Wickcliffe, also escaped it. Both he and Luther died in their beds, contrary to all human probability. And so perhaps might Huss, could he have remained in Bohemia, amidst the tens of thousands who loved, and were ever ready to rally round him. He refused, like Luther and Wickliffe, to obey the citation to appear at Rome; no doubt feeling with them that it was not "good for the health" of a Reformer to go there. All seemed to feel as by instinct that, go where they might, to London, or Constance, or Worms, they had better not repair to Rome. Perhaps they felt like the fox in the fable, who declined the invitation to the lion's den, inasmuch as he had observed that the only footsteps in its vicinity were *towards* it, and none *from* it: *nulla vestigia retrorsum*. If (as already said) Huss could have escaped the invitation to Constance—if he had not severed himself from the thousands of zealous and faithful friends among his compatriots,—he might have remained as safe in their protection, as Luther under that of the Elector of Saxony. Luther indeed ran great risks in going to Worms, but still it was within the "fatherland," and he was surrounded by "troops of friends," not to repeat that the very name and fate of Huss probably proved a shield. Huss has been sometimes blamed for his rashness in going to Constance. But, as L'Enfant has shown in his History of the Council, he had little choice in the matter. When he refused to go to Rome, he appealed to a general Council, and pledged himself to appear before it and abide by it; he went not only with the consent of the King of Bohemia, but by his command; and, though like Luther on the way to Worms, he was not without forebodings and misgivings, he yet seemed to be amply fortified by the imperial safe-conduct with which he was furnished. Perhaps we may also say, with Waddington, that he felt not only an "intense conviction of the truth of his doctrines," but confidence also "in the integrity of the Council." He certainly seems to have hoped that he might be able to disabuse it of its impressions against him, and to reply satisfactorily to the charge of heresy. But though hoping the best, he was prepared for the worst, as is seen in that almost prophetic letter of farewell to his friends, written just before his departure for Constance, in which he touchingly says, "Perhaps you will never see me at Prague any more."

It was on the 11th. of October, 1414, that Huss commenced his journey to Constance: all through Bohemia, as was to be expected, his progress was a series of ovations. Nor was he unfavorably received even in Germany itself. At Nuremburg especially, the most flattering attentions were paid him, and he was conducted into the town by a vast concourse of people. He arrived at Constance, November 2nd, 1414. He was still without his safe-conduct; but it came the next day, and was delivered by one of the three Bohemian nobles to whose care King Wenceslaus had committed him. It was couched in the most absolute and unequivocal terms.* No sooner had he arrived in Constance

* It may be seen at large in L'Enfant, vol. i., p. 61. One sentence will suffice:

"Whom we have taken into our protection and safe-

than those intrigues and machinations began which had his destruction for their object, and which were too fatally successful. His enemies, many of them from the party opposed to him in Bohemia, inflamed the minds of the people, spread abroad all sorts of accusations (most of them wholly false), and brought such pressure to bear on the Cardinals—only too willing doubtless to be pressed—that they "promised he should never be set at liberty." His friend, John de Chlum, was summoned to surrender Huss. That noble Bohemian, indignant at this flagrant attempt to elude or infringe the safe-conduct, appealed to the Pope. The Pope was very polite; declared he had nothing to say against Huss, but that he could not control the Cardinals. De Chlum showed the safe-conduct to all the German princes, and to the magistrates of Constance, but without effect. John Huss was put under arrest, and after being confined for a week in the house of one of the Canons of Constance, was consigned on the 6th of December to a dungeon under ground in the Dominican convent. On the news of his imprisonment, the Emperor, still capable of shame at being compelled to palter with his word, and at the insolence of the lieges who thus set his commands at nought, ordered his instant release. The Council paid no more attention to it than to the expostulations of John de Chlum. On his arrival at Constance, finding his orders had not been obeyed, he threatened to leave the Council to itself, and actually set forth. Some of the Cardinals rode after him, overtook him, and to his own eternal shame so successfully plied him with their diabolical casuistry,—the chief articles of which were "That a General Council could deal with a heretic at its pleasure," and that "No man was bound to keep faith with heretics,"—that they persuaded him, January 1st, 1415, to seal his infamy by giving his consent that the Council should take its course unimpeded by him.

Forty-four articles of accusation, all charging Huss with teaching doctrines contrary to those of the Church, were presented. The greater part of these he clearly showed were false; others, misrepresentations or exaggerations of his real opinions; and that the rest were not *heresies* at all, inasmuch as they had never been condemned by Pope or General Council, and were in harmony both with Scripture and reason. But there was one heresy of heresies of which Huss was guilty, which would have made orthodoxy itself heterodox. He did not acknowledge the Pope and the Cardinals, even with the Council to boot, to constitute the Church; and like Luther in the next century, appealed to the Scripture as the ultimate and supreme authority in matters of faith. He accordingly refused throughout the entire struggle to abandon any opinion unless he was confronted by arguments drawn from Holy Writ. There is no doubt that while he held many opinions and practices opposed to the current superstitions, his chief offence was the unsparing and bitter invectives which he had fulminated from the pulpit of Bethlehem and elsewhere, against the corruptions of the Church, and the vices of the clergy. While they talked of heresy, this was in truth his great heresy.

Unconditional submission to the decisions of the Council was demanded of Huss, whether he believed them true or not. A curious, and almost incredible, instance of the implicit faith sometimes demanded of the individual conscience in those days is given in one of the letters of Huss, wherein he mentions one of the many visits made to him in prison, with the view of entrapping, cajoling, or terrifying him into submission. It was no less than a "certain doctor" who tried his rhetoric on this occasion. "He told me that, whatever I did, I ought to submit to the Council; and subjoined 'if the Council were to say that you have only one eye, while in fact you have two, you ought to confess with the Council that so the matter is.' To whom I said, Even if the whole world should tell me so, as long as I have my senses, I could not say this without doing violence to my conscience. And after some more talk, he gave up the point, and acknowledged that he had not given a very good illustration."

On his arrest, he had demanded "the privilege of a public advocate,"—the more necessary, as his bodily infirmities, cruelly aggravated by his imprisonment, made him very unequal to the task imposed upon him. This most reasonable demand was refused. A strong disposition was also evinced to deprive him altogether of a public trial, but this was found to be more than even the iniquity of the Council could compass.

Huss was brought before the Council three times; namely, on the 5th, 7th, and 8th of June, 1415, and each time was treated with the grossest injustice and cruelty. On the first occasion, the MS. of his treatise on the "Church" was presented to him, and he was asked whether the opinions contained in it were his? Huss avowed them, and his readiness to defend them; but also his readiness to retract everything which should be proved contrary to Scripture. Here he distinctly anticipates the Lutheran dilemma propounded at Worms. This was met by the no doubt sincere outcry, that the question was not what the Scriptures said, but whether he would retract doctrines which the Church, as represented by the Council, declared to be erroneous. Huss began to make a confession of his faith. His confession was not wanted, he was told; but simply that he should answer to the questions put to him, of which that one question just mentioned, was the principal, and admitted of but one answer. He again attempted to enter upon an explanation and defence of his opinions, but

guard, and into that of the empire, desiring you, when he comes among you, to receive him well and entertain him kindly, furnishing him with all necessaries for his despatch and security, whether he goes by land or water, without taking anything either from him or his, at coming in or going out, for any sort of duties whatsoever; and to let him freely and securely pass, sojourn, stop, and repass, for the honour and respect of His Imperial Majesty."

was met with rude shouts of derision; and the tumult became so great that Huss was compelled to say (and it was the only thing like rebuke which all his wrongs extorted from him,) that "he had expected more courtesy and moderation from such an assembly." Nevertheless, he defended himself with so much address that he demolished the first charge against him. But fighting thus single-handed (for, as already said, he had been denied an advocate), and in so mortal a struggle, it is no wonder that his strength failed; he was conducted, exhausted and fainting, to his prison. One day of respite was granted to him, when he was again to be brought into the arena like the early martyrs, to face "the lions," or as St. Paul might have said, "to fight with wild beasts at Ephesus."

On the 7th he was accused of holding opinions contrary to the doctrine of transubstantiation, that old and approved test of orthodoxy, and trap for catching heretics; that grim Moloch of superstition, which brought more of the Reformers to the stake than all their other heterodoxies put together. Huss easily refuted this charge, as in fact he never dreamt of questioning this doctrine, any more than did Luther when he began to preach against indulgences. Other charges were brought forward, of which Huss demanded the proof. Instead of giving it, the Council pressed him with the only alternative, absolute submission to its decrees. On this day, the Emperor Sigismund consummated his own shame, by declaring that though he had given Huss a safe-conduct, yet being now informed by the Fathers of the Council that such a document given to a heretic was, *ipso facto*, null and void, he would no longer charge himself with his safety. Well might Huss say with David and with Strafford, "Put not your trust in princes." From that moment he saw his fate; but with that same beautiful patience for which he was distinguished, he began to express his thanks to the Emperor for the protection that had hitherto been granted him.

The last and final hearing, was on June the 8th. The charges were now more specifically those on which (as already said) his "heresies" really depended, namely, the opinions he had so often expressed at Prague, touching the Pope and Cardinals, and the invectives in which he had indulged against the vices of the clergy. He could not deny these charges, and if these could make him guilty, he could not deny his guilt. He might indeed have been willing to apologise for occasional needless intemperance of language, but he could not say that his allegations were false. The one alternative was once more put before him, of unconditional submission to the Council, or to be condemned as a heretic. He in vain implored once more that he might enter into a full exposition of his opinions. He was told that he must retract and abjure the doctrines contained in the forty-four articles, and swear to believe and teach the contrary. Huss then gave the noble answer "that he could not abjure those doctrines which he had never affirmed, and as to others which he did believe, he would not deny the truth against his conscience, until their falsehood was clearly proved to him." Here again he was pleading as Luther pleaded, that nothing can justify a man's saying anything against his conscience.

In vain he was admonished; in vain all sorts of menaces and blandishment were exhausted upon him in turn. He was inflexible; his truly adamantine temper would neither bend nor break. He was taken back to his prison, and as he left the Council, told them, "God must judge between him and them."

At this last appearance before the Council, finding himself brow-beaten and bullied on all hands, and utterly hopeless of obtaining a hearing, in reply to the charges made against him, Huss at last contented himself with reiterating what he had on a previous occasion urged, "a solemn appeal to Christ against the Council." This of course moved only the scorn and derision of this Christian assembly; on which he renewed and justified it. "Behold," he said, "O Christ, how thy Council condemns what Thou hast prescribed and practised. Yes," he continued, turning to the Council, "I have maintained, and still maintain, that there can be no surer appeal than to Jesus Christ; for He can be neither corrupted by bribes, nor deceived by false witnesses, nor cozened by any artifice."

He remained yet a month in his dungeon, and during that time various formulæ of abjuration were proposed to him. Several Cardinals visited him, and plied him with promises and threats by turns. It was still in vain, and on the 1st of July Huss sent to the Council his final resolution, that he neither could nor would abjure any of his opinions until his errors were demonstrated from the Scriptures. His execution was fixed for the 6th of July. But before that hour arrived one other trial, prolonged and ignominious almost beyond example, awaited him. Every ingredient that could add bitterness to that cup was infused into it. This was the public ceremony of his formal degradation. It is not possible to read the account of that scene without wondering at the majestic patience of the man, or without horror and indignation against the perpetrators of the iniquity, and at the system which made such things possible. The only thing that at all mitigates the feeling is contempt for many of the childish forms of spiteful mummery in which their malice embodied itself. He was commanded to assume the priestly vestments; he obeyed. He then ascended a lofty scaffold, prepared for the occasion, and made that remarkable and noble confession to the people: "The Bishops bid me confess that I am in error. If I could comply, with but the loss of the honour of a mortal man, they might perhaps have persuaded me to yield to them. But I stand here, face to face with Almighty God, and I cannot do this without dishonour to Him or without the stings of my own conscience.... How could I lift my eyes to Heaven, how face those

whom I have taught, if I were thus to act? Am I to cast into doubt so many souls by my example?"

He was interrupted, and commanded to descend from the scaffold. The several priestly vestments were then successively taken from him by as many bishops, each of whom, as he took his part of the holy finery, (too holy for John Huss to wear,) addressed the poor victim by some too characteristic speech of orthodox irony or malice. The one who took the chalice from him out-heroded the rest: "O thou accursed Judas," said he, "because thou hast abandoned the council of peace, and conspired with the Jews, we take from thee this cup of salvation." Huss undauntedly replied, "But I trust in God the Father of all, and in our Lord Jesus Christ, for whose name's sake I am suffering all this, that He will not take from me the cup of *His* salvation. On the contrary I have a firm persuasion that I shall drink it to-day in His kingdom." At length came the obliteration of the tonsure, and how to manage this,—that is, (as one may say,) to shave a man already shaved, or rather to unshave him,—not a little puzzled these sacerdotal barbers. One proposed this, and another that. Huss quietly said to the Emperor, "Strange, that though they are all equally cruel, they cannot agree even in their cruelty." At last they decided, (it is said, but it is to be hoped falsely,) to cut with scissors a portion of the scalp. They had now, as they deemed, deprived him of all ecclesiastic symbols of honour and privilege, and nothing remained but to hand him over to the secular arm; but their childish malice suddenly recollected that one thing was still omitted. A large paper cap, painted with grotesque figures of devils, and inscribed with the word "HÆRESIARCHA," was placed on his head. When Huss saw it he said, "Our Lord wore a crown of thorns for my sake, why should not I wear this light, though ignominious cap for His?" The bishops in putting it on said, "We deliver thy body to the flames, and thy soul to the devil." Huss, lifting his eyes, replied, "Into thy hands, O Jesus Christ, I commend my soul which thou hast redeemed."

After this, he was led to the place of execution, just beyond the gate of Gottlieben, where carcases were usually flayed, and where much carrion had been recently strewn about, in order to add to the ignominy of the punishment. On his way, Huss had seen his more immortal part,—his books,—already burning. It only moved a smile, perhaps, at the childishness, perhaps at the futility, of the malice of his enemies. On arriving at the pile, his countenance we are told lighted up with animation. With a loud and clear voice he recited the 31st, and 81st Psalms, and prayed for some time. After one more vain attempt to extract a retractation from him, the fire was lighted. The fuel had only been piled up to his knees, and when burnt down, the upper part of his body was found unconsumed, and hanging on the stake by the chain; the flames were again kindled, and the heart of the refractory heretic having been torn from his body, and beaten and broken with clubs, was separately burnt. But happily, of this supplementary martyrdom, Huss knew nothing. He seems to have been suffocated, rather than burnt, shortly after the fire was kindled, and just after he had uttered with a loud voice his last words, "Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, have mercy on me!"

The ashes were carefully collected and cast into the Rhine, whence, (as Fuller said of those of Wickliffe, cast into the Avon,) they have been carried into the "main ocean," and so are an "emblem of his doctrine, diffused throughout the world."

As the voluminous accounts of martyrdom scarcely present us with any scene that reminds us more strongly of our blessed Lord in the hall of Pilate and amidst the soldiers of Herod: so, there is none in which the example of the great Master has been more completely copied by the disciple. The patience, dignity, and fortitude of a Christian were marvellously displayed in the whole deportment of the martyr. He "partook of the sufferings of Christ" and "the glory of Christ rested on him." It was something wonderful, that, as he was of too high and hardy a spirit to quail under the accumulated wrongs and cruelties of his persecutors, this very spirit did not betray him into momentary passion or irritation: that after being so fiercely chased he did not at last turn on the hunters, and resent, with unseemly defiance, the insufferable indignities heaped upon him. Luther would certainly have raged like a lion in the toils; Huss was led as "a lamb to the slaughter."

But this is only half his praise; he was inflexible as gentle. Neither the open violence of the Council, nor the artful interrogatories with which he was plied in prison; neither threats and intimidations, nor promises and cajolery; nor, what was hardest to resist of all, the earnest importunities of friendly voices, could warp his steadfast spirit. And this inflexibility, conjoined with such meekness and patience, give to the character and conduct of Huss, an air of moral sublimity which the world has rarely seen equalled. Even the page of L'Enfant, the copious chronicler of the Council of Constance, one of the most honest and laborious, but also one of the dullest, of historians, lights up with a glimmer of animation, and is ruffled with something like energy and pathos, when he comes to depict the closing scenes of the life of the great Bohemian Reformer.*

* One of the most touching and noble appeals made to the Reformer is that of John de Chlum; an appeal which, though it must have cost Huss a pang to part with such a friend, must have sounded in his ears, had he needed such a stimulus, like a trumpet. When every hope was lost, and De Chlum was about to separate from the martyr for the last time, he addressed him in these words:—

"My beloved Master,—I am unlettered, and consequently unfit to counsel one so enlightened as you. Nevertheless, if you are secretly conscious of any one of those errors which have been publicly imputed to you, I do entreat you not to feel any shame in retracting it; but if, on the contrary, you are convinced of your innocence, I am so far from advising you to say anything

Thus perished this man, after as terrible and prolonged a fight with the "principalities, and powers of this world," close leagued with those of "darkness," as ever was fought by martyr or confessor;—the more terrible that it was fought by him alone, the first of the long and illustrious procession of martyrs of Reformation who were destined, with "the unresistable might of weakness," (as Milton has it,) "to shake the Powers of Darkness, and scorn the fiery rage of the Old Red Dragon." Huss trod his dark path alone, unsupported by the example of that "cloud of witnesses" who gave courage to his successors: by himself was he to hush the doubts which could not but assail any man who undertook to assert his opinions against the voice of all prescription, armed with all power; and this, too, amidst imprisonment, sickness, "cruel mockings," and every form of wrong. In a word, he drank the cup of martyrdom drop by drop, with every conceivable ingredient of bitterness in it,—involving in all probability, a sum of suffering of which, after all, the last brief fiery agony was the least part. To the deep shadows which often rested on his soul, amidst his prison solitude, there are some touching allusions in his letters; he there speaks of the dark forebodings which troubled him, and of the terrible dreams which sometimes haunted his sleep.*

As we read the tragic story, it is impossible not to feel our indignation kindle against the corrupt Church which burned him, or murmuring with those souls beneath the altar, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

While it is true that John Huss was a pioneer of the Reformation, it is also true that the Reformation he sought was not of doctrine so much as of morals and of government. He pleaded, quite justly, that he was not guilty of the heresies of which his enemies accused him: he was, as already said, burned for very different reasons. He was orthodox on transubstantiation, believed in the intercession of saints, worshipped the Virgin Mother, held by purgatory and prayers for the dead; and, though he thought the cup ought to be given to the laity, did not make even that, (which was the bond and characteristic symbol of his followers,) an essential point. In inveighing against the monstrous evils of the great Schism, against the corruptions in the government of the Church, and the vices of her ministers, he had done little more than many others both before him and after him. Nay, at Constance itself almost equal freedom was used. But, as Waddington justly observes, the offence of Huss consisted in this—that the "Bible," and not the "Church," was the source of his reforming zeal.

It would have been well if the Reformation that Huss contemplated had included dogma; for there could be no effectual reformation without it. Hence chiefly it was that Luther's was more durable and efficacious. Both reformers had their eyes first opened by those moral enormities which most readily struck the sense, and which were the *ne plus ultra* of the recession of the Church from Christian truth. Both spoke with almost equal vehemence against false miracles, indulgences, and the vices of the clergy. But Luther looked further, and saw deeper; and attacked, one after another, those corruptions of doctrine which were the secret roots of the evils in practice. So little force is there in the modern and too favourite notion, that dogma is of little or no consequence, or that one set of dogmas is nearly as good as another! Looking at men *in general*, as are their *convictions*, (supposing these firm and sincere,) such also will be their life, whether good or evil. The superstition which buries truth, and the scepticism which doubts whether there be any, are in the end almost equally pernicious to the morals of mankind; both alike tend to repress all that is noble and magnanimous in our nature. What we find true in politics, is certainly not less true in theology; and we all know what sort of patriot and statesman *he* is likely to prove who believes that it matters not what party-badge he wears or what political creed he professes; who doubts whether it be not wisest to let the world jog on as it will, and to acquiesce in any time-honoured abuse or inveterate corruption which it will give trouble and involve sacrifice to extirpate. But there is this difference in the two cases, that the world will tolerate in theology the character which it is too astute not to abhor in politics.

It is in vain, however, to blame Huss for not going deeper or further. He lived a century before Luther; and neither he nor his contemporaries were prepared in the fifteenth century to receive or act upon views which were feasible only in the sixteenth. But to this high praise he is unquestionably entitled, that he asserted the very same maxim on which Luther justified his resistance at Worms,—the absolute supremacy of conscience, unless its errors be demonstrated by clear proof from what both of them affirmed to be alone the ultimate authority in matters of faith,—the Scripture. Though much more than this is required for a full and consistent system of religious liberty, it was a large instalment of it; and for vindicating so much of the great charter of the "Rights of Conscience," and ratifying it with a martyr's seal, John Huss is entitled to be held in lasting and grateful remembrance.

It has been seen that Huss really penetrated very imperfectly into the evils of Popery. By some, however, the contrary would seem to be assumed;

against your conscience, that I exhort you rather to endure every form of torture than to renounce anything that you hold to be true." Huss replied with tears, that God was his witness, how ready he had ever been, and still was, to retract on oath, and with his whole heart, from the moment he should be convicted of any error *by evidence from Holy Scripture*.

* Especially in letters xxiii, xxxii, *Huss, Oper.* In one, he speaks of a dream in which frightful serpents seemed to be crawling about him.

for he has been represented, not only as the precursor but the prophet of the Reformation; and an appeal has been made to certain medals, (supposed to have been struck contemporaneously with his death, or shortly after it,) inscribed with a prediction that "after a hundred years his oppressors should answer to God and to him—"*Centum revolutis annis Deo respondebitis et mihi.*"

L'Enfant has examined this matter with his usual fullness and fairness, and shown that there is no ground for supposing these medals to be anterior to the Lutheran Reformation, and that there is nothing in any of the acknowledged remains of Huss, which show that he pretended to anything more than merely mortal presages as to the future of the papacy. It is true there are expressions which show that he felt convinced that the evils of the Church were so enormous that a time of Reformation must come; that a tree so rotten must fall. But they only prove that he saw what many a mind between Huss and Luther saw as clearly. Nor is it possible to read many of the satires on the clergy during the middle ages, without being convinced that those who wrote and read them must have divined that a system, the corruptions of which were so notorious, so odious, and so *ridiculed*, could not be very long maintained. It was a probability on which any mind of more than moderate perspicacity might safely speculate; just as we may *now* confidently predict from the present symptoms and position of the Papacy, that it will, within a very short time, perhaps in less than one brief year, be the subject of startling revolutions. There it stands, an anachronism in the world's history; with all its errors stereotyped; stationary amidst progress, and immutable amidst change; showing in the late Encyclical that it does not in the slightest degree recede from aspirations and pretensions to which it is impossible to give effect; regarding all that passes around it with a smile of senile madness; the patron still, so far as it can or dare act upon them, of the very principles which led it to persecute Huss and Luther; the lion still, but an old lion, with teeth broken and claws pared; with the worst possible government of its own, and acting as a universal obstructive (wheresoever it has influence) to the formation of others that are better; giving the world infinite plague, and a source of perpetual difficulty and worry to Europe; with its subject nations more and more divided as to the extent of their allegiance, and as to the measure of the faith to be reposed in its Decrees; while on the other hand, we see it about to be deserted by the secular supports which have so long upheld it, and challenged to try whether it can keep itself from tumbling down. If the French Emperor had studied, for ten years together, how to involve it in difficulties, and perhaps Europe with it, he could not have thought of anything better than his somewhat enigmatical "Convention." Whether fairly carried out with all its appendant conditions, or not, it offers almost equally perilous alternatives to Rome. It is impossible for any man not to presage —as Huss and Luther could in their day—that a time of startling change is at hand.

If we could put faith in what most of us must always be very distrustful of,—the interpretation of *unfulfilled* prophecy, it would be difficult not to be startled by the singular coincidence that the *time* fixed by many interpreters, (and some of them lived long ago,) for the *dénouement* of the great papal drama synchronises with that fixed for carrying out the imperial Convention, namely, the year 1866; for surely it is not easy to imagine the Emperor Napoleon determining his policy by conjectural interpretations of the Apocalypse! It is very certain, not only that some recent interpreters have fixed on that year as being a significant epoch for the Papacy, but that Fleming, more than a hundred and fifty years ago, predicted that *either* 1848 or 1866, according as we read the prophetic year by the Julian calendar, or otherwise, would be thus significant. In point of fact, both periods have been very significant,—the first as heralding the European Revolutions (and amongst them, that at Rome) which led to the occupation of Rome by the French; and the second as signalised by the imperial Convention which is to terminate it. But, as already said, it is impossible not to distrust minute interpretations of *unfulfilled* prophecy. While we hold with Bishop Butler, that it is impossible for any man who compares the history of the world with the prophetic pages of the Bible, not to be struck with the general conformity between them; and, while we may well believe that, as the scroll of the future is read by the light of events, that view will be strongly corroborated, it is difficult to imagine, from the very nature of prophecy, (addressed as it is to a world governed by moral laws, and yet predicting events which are to admit of no possibility of being either accelerated or frustrated,) that it can be otherwise than conjecturally interpreted. He who would pry too closely into unfulfilled prophecy, is like the too curious Athenian, who wished to know "what it was that the philosopher was carrying concealed under his cloak?" "I carry it there," was the reply, "for the very purpose of concealing it." It is much the same with the enigmas of unfulfilled prophecy till the event makes them plain. And if we too importunately inquire as to the future, that may be said to us, which was said to those who asked the Saviour, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power."

Meantime, it does not require any great sagacity to believe that startling changes are coming upon that wonderful fabric which it took so many centuries to compact, and has already taken so many to disintegrate; that, "after the Convention," chaos; and that none need particularly covet to be in Rome in the month of December 1866.

"IT WAS A HARD WINTER."

THE CHILDREN'S CAROLS.

In the forest hamlet there lived a poet, and he laboured with his hands, singing as he laboured. He loved, as all poets must, the earth and the sky, with all their flowers and stars. In his youth he had wandered in the woods, full of love and joy. His spirit had gone up with the lark till he felt breathless with gladness, as if with flight. He had flung himself on a bank beside a tuft of primroses, and kissed them as passionately as other youths kiss the maidens of their choice, and he had lifted up his sweetly-moving lips to heaven, when no one witnessed, as if he would kiss the face of the sky. The mild old man still loved the flowers and the stars, but more than these he loved the children, and gathered them about his knees, and taught them. He taught them to sing sweet songs and merry glees, which some, who were counted wise, called foolish things. He taught them also to sing in church; and the voice of one child was as the voice of an angel, as it rose above all others in "We praise Thee, O God!"

In Advent, when Christmas was at hand, the little scholars met night after night to learn a new song, which no one else should hear till Christmas came; and, indeed, no one seemed to care except the singers who kept the secret.

Christmas came at last, and the children went out to sing the new carol whose words were to open every heart. It was a hard winter, and there was hunger in the hamlet. The children went out to sing, and what the rich gave was to be given to the poor. That was their secret.

First they went to the house of a rich farmer. He was a hard man, and had neither wife nor child. One who should have been his wife had been trodden down in the mire of a great city; and one who was his child had never known a father, and was in God's hand upon the sea.

The fir trees on the bank behind the house did not stir, and every bough of every tree stood still as if frozen while the children sang—

On this blessed eve we sing
  Glad tidings! Glad tidings!
To men of goodwill we bring
  Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

Lo! The Prince of Peace and light
  Lay in a manger:
Wouldst thou have Him here to-night,
  House the poor stranger.

We are children of the Lord,
  Loving each other;
Be thou His, by love restored,
  Father or brother;

Let us in, and let us bring
  Glad tidings! Glad tidings!—
In the dark we pass and sing
  Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

The light glanced out of the long low window, and flickered on the forms of the children as they sang. The one angel-voiced boy singing each line alone, and the others taking it up in chorus. And the man who sat within in the shadow heard the song. His barns were full; his purse was full; but his heart was empty and hard—hard with the fierce hardness of a night of frost. And it grew harder as he listened, and he rose and cursed the children, and took up his staff to go out and beat them, but his arm trembled, and he only cursed. And the children went away, sad and silent.

And after they were gone, a storm, as wild as ever tore the woods, raged in the man's heart, and he knew that his life was barren and desolate, and he cursed the day he was born. There were no glad tidings this Christmas for him.

Then the children came to a poor cottage in the wood, and began again to chant, and no sooner had they begun than the door was opened, and they were welcomed in. Then they made a circle about the father and mother and little ones, and went on:—

He who was the King of kings—
  He and none other—
Came not borne on angels' wings
  To His poor mother.

For He came to weep and smile,
Humble and lowly;
Came to share all pain and toil,
Making them holy.

So we come this night to sing
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!
And to all this house we bring
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

And when the brief song was ended, the mother, with tears in her eyes, kissed her baby, and laid it in its father's arms, and went and took the apples that had baked on the hearth, and gave them to the little singers, who laughed as they burned their fingers, and blew with their breath to cool them. Then, warmed and comforted, they went on, richer in faith at least. The house they left behind was very empty of pleasant things, and the best of their poor supper was gone, but the man and woman there never felt their hearts so full of love before.

And now they came to the ale-house, and there was such a sound of noisy laughter, and rattling, and oaths, that they thought they must pass on, but the full light flashed upon them as the door swung open, and some half-drunken men came out and drove them in to make sport. Then a great noise was made crying "Silence," and at last there was silence, and they sang the verses they had been taught to sing when they came to that house:—

On this blessed eve we sing
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!
Unto sinful men we bring
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

Christ hath pour'd His blood like wine
For all the sinning—
He who came this night divine,
Our Salvation winning.

In our Father's house above
All the lights are burning;
He is waiting full of love
For His sons' returning.

Come away; and let us bring
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!
While with us the angels sing
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

And there was one man whose heart burned, yet he was ashamed to rise up and go away, and he frowned on the fair boy who led the band, and who had the voice of an angel. The boy was thinking of his mother, who would have to wait for her husband's coming, and would tremble when he came,—so he forbore to speak; and the man took a deeper draught to drown the burning at his heart, and the boy went away, with the rest, sighing, though the half-drunken men gave him many pence.

Then they went through a great gate, and up among sweeping lawns silvered with frost and with moonlight. The long line of windows were all dark to-night. They were out—the gay lights that used to be seen for miles when Christmas parties met at the hall. The children crept round, for they had been summoned there, though the house lay in the shadow of death. She who lay dying was their friend. She used to play for them the church organ whose voice had been silent for weeks, and they were met at the door and taken up the stairs, treading softly. And she lay in her bed propped up with pillows, and her eyes were very bright, and her hands very thin. Then the boy with the silver voice sang sweeter than ever before, so that his voice pierced with sweetness like a sharp pain the hearts of all who listened save one, and she clasped her thin hands, and began smiling with the singing, and looking all over light, as if there were lamps under her closed eyelids. They sang—

He who took our mortal life,
This night with crying;
Victor in death's mortal strife,
He holds the dying:

In His arms He holds them fast,
When they are failing!
When the moment comes at last,
Hush'd be our wailing.

For to us on earth they cry,
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!
O grave, where is thy victory!
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

And the children went near, one by one, and kissed the little white hand, and were led away and laden with Christmas gifts for the poor; and she—the dear young saint—lingered a little while in the frosty weather. But it was always Christmas with her, till the "Peace on earth" melted into the Peace of Heaven.

ISA CRAIG.

THE DREADFUL FOUR MINUTES.

THE policy of executing criminals, which at present agitates the minds of a large portion of the thinking community, has long been a subject of great interest to me. I have at different times, I believe, gone as deeply into the question as most men, but without coming to any definite conclusion. It was first forced on my mind by reading Victor Hugo's *Le dernier jour d'un condamné*; for in that admirable work the mental anguish of an unfortunate wretch under sentence of death is painted with such truthfulness, and in such vivid colours, that almost every chapter became indelibly impressed on my imagination. I verily believe I could even now narrate the substance of the book, although at least fifteen years must have passed over my head since I read it. Yet, on the necessity of capital punishment I am still undecided. That no possible good can accrue from legally killing one of our fellow-creatures I admit: still, from a sentiment of humanity, to allow a wretch to live who may have committed a diabolical murder, appears somewhat incongruous and very possibly is adverse to the principles of justice taught us in the Scriptures themselves.

Although the total abolition of the punishment of death remains an undecided point with me, I have always, in common I think with most men of average humanity, been free from doubt as to the obligation of terminating the existence of criminals with the least amount of mental or bodily torture. And a very grave question often arises in my mind, whether the punishment of death by hanging, as practised in England, is not one of gross cruelty. I am perfectly aware that at the very outset I shall have many opponents in my endeavour to prove my opinion to be correct. Our Legislature, I shall be told, is the most humane in the world, and that that very fact itself is a proof against me. To this I answer, that to have a bad opinion of themselves or their government has never been a fault of Englishmen. A fixed opinion of the great humanity of our code of criminal laws has always been a favourite theory with us, even in times when our punishments were far more severe than in the present day. I lately came across a work on the laws of England, by a barrister of the name of Lambard, published in the early part of the reign of James the First. On the subject of capital punishments he calls the attention of the reader to the superior humanity of the English code. "While other nations," he says, "practise many different modes of executing criminals, England confines herself to four—hanging, pressing, burning, and boiling; the two latter," he remarks, "being used, from motives of delicacy, principally for women."

Although in the present day we content ourselves with the first of these modes, it is doubtful whether the criminal is not longer dying with us than in any other country in Europe. The guillotine in France, the garotte in Spain, and even the foreign modes of hanging, deprive the criminal of life instantaneously. But we frequently read in our newspapers that "the prisoner struggled violently," or "in a few minutes life was extinct." Has any one calculated how long those few minutes were to the dying wretch, or what amount and what quality of thought passed through his mind during them? Physiologists will perhaps tell us that his struggles were simply spasmodic and painless; but was his mental torture less on that account? or is it not likely to have been greater? I hold the latter theory, and consider that if his bodily torture had been greater (though God forbid it ever should be so!), his mental sufferings might have been far less.

After reading the above-named work of Victor Hugo's, I determined if possible to discover what is the mental state of a criminal while being executed. I deliberated in what manner I should best make the experiment; and at last I determined to act as assistant to the hangman at an execution, so as to be able to gain as much knowledge as possible of the prisoner's feelings. But to obtain my wish was a far more difficult matter than I had imagined. The authorities rejected my application with, I must say, just disdain. At last I gave up the idea of applying to any but the fountain head.

I soon succeeded in making the acquaintance of the hangman himself, and proposed acting on some occasion as his assistant. At first he refused my request in the most decided manner, till an offer of five sovereigns proved to him that I was actuated solely by philanthropic and scientific motives. It was then arranged that I should assist him at a forthcoming execution at Lewes in Sussex. This case suited me exactly, as the crime of the culprit had shut him out from all personal sympathy on my part, and I should thus be the better able to judge of the results of the punishment. I bade the executioner farewell, promising him I would be in Lewes the day before the execution, whereby I avoided the acceptance of his kind offer of taking me under his protection on the road down. The only advice he gave me was to do myself up "rough," and then nobody would recognise from my appearance that I did not belong to his profession —a compliment I received with far less gratitude than perhaps it merited.

The day previous to the execution at last arrived, and, carpet bag in hand (I had in it a somewhat coarse-looking decent suit of clothes, with a fur cap and a pair of thick common-looking shoes), I proceeded to the Brighton Railway Station. I do not know why, but I had a singular suspicion that the persons who like myself were taking out tickets had some knowledge of the errand I was on. I however endeavoured to drive the thought from my mind, and had placed my money on the desk before the clerk, when somebody standing behind me said,

"There will be an execution to-morrow at Lewes. Shall you go and see it?"

"No," was the answer; "I have no taste for anything of the kind, and I have but little respect for those who have."

This remark, made purely at hazard and without the slightest allusion to me, annoyed me exceedingly. I coloured up, and was leaving the paying-place, when the clerk called out to me, "You have forgotten your change and the ticket, sir."

It was true, I had forgotten both. I took them up hurriedly, omitting even to thank him for his civility, and turned off to the train. I was lucky enough to get into a compartment with only another passenger in it, who fortunately for me slept all the way down.

As the train rolled on I brought my mind to bear on the approaching execution, and the probable behaviour of the prisoner. I particularly dwelt on the time which would elapse after the bolt was drawn before life was extinct, and what amount and quality of thought would pass through his mind in the interim. But I could arrive at no definite conclusion, for no sooner had I succeeded in getting my thoughts in proper train, than some object would pass before me and disturb the current of my reflections. I was for some time fairly puzzled how to carry out my experiment, until at length I remembered that we were approaching Merstham tunnel, where I should be for some time in the dark, without having anything to distract my attention, and thus be able to calculate the amount of thinking of which my mind was capable during the time. I had now to choose a subject for my reflections of such a description as would enable me to come to a just conclusion on the subject. I selected the week's trip I made to Paris with a party of three friends the year before Louis Napoleon was chosen Emperor. We had then enjoyed ourselves greatly, and every circumstance which took place on our journey remained firmly fixed in my memory.

Everything being now satisfactorily arranged, I waited, watch in hand, ready to commence my experiment as soon as we should arrive at the tunnel. The steam whistle announced that we were on the point of entering, and I glanced at my watch. It was exactly a quarter past three, and that moment, in imagination the bolt was withdrawn—and we landed opposite the Custom House at Boulogne.

We walked across the space roped in for the landing of passengers, undergoing the while the criticisms of the well-dressed crowd on each side on our forlorn appearance, for the passage had been a stormy one; we entered the whitewashed waiting room, and afterwards passed through the smaller room, containing its regiment of police and Custom-House officers. Our passports were examined, as well as every little article we held in our hands, and we were then permitted to leave.

We now engaged a coach, and drove off to the railway station, denouncing the absurd French police and Custom-House restrictions. By the time we were fairly seated in the train the miseries of our sea voyage were forgotten, the Custom-House regulations were forgiven, and we were a thoroughly happy party, bent on enjoying ourselves and being at peace with all the world. At Amiens we waited the accustomed twenty minutes, and afterwards proceeded to Paris. I remembered with particular clearness a conversation which took place, shortly after leaving Amiens, respecting the Counts of St. Pol, whose ruined castle is seen in the distance—whether they were English or French, and whether their castle had been within the jurisdiction of the Calais government at the time the English held it, or whether it was in the French territory.

At last we arrived at Paris, and drove to Meurice's, where we chose our apartments. Fortunately we were in time for the table d'hôte. There were but five guests at it, as at that time there were but few English in Paris, and those who were present were mostly wealthy young men with evidently fast tastes. There was one exception, however, and that was a well-dressed gentlemanly man about fifty years of age, a major in the army, of most attractive manners and conversation. All the party seemed well acquainted with each other,

and a perfectly good-fellowship evidently existed between them. After dinner we walked to the Place du Carrousel. The moon was at its full and the night was lovely, and at about ten o'clock we returned to the Hotel thoroughly tired with our day's adventures.

At breakfast the next morning we heard that the troops were to be reviewed by General Cavaignac, in the Champs de Mars. We determined on being present, and after breakfast we strolled leisurely towards the scene of the review. When opposite the Hotel des Invalides we heard loud shouting behind us, and on turning round, we perceived a general with his staff advancing towards us. We stood aside to allow him to pass, and a bystander informed us it was General Cavaignac, then a candidate for the presidency of the republic. As he passed he bowed most courteously to us in return for our salutation, and we continued our way to the review ground.

The whole manœuvres of the review then came clearly and vividly before me, even to the dresses of the troops, but it would be a useless waste of time and space to describe them here. In the afternoon we returned to the hotel, and made our preparations for dinner.

At table we found exactly the same company we had met the day before, with the addition of an army surgeon, a friend of mine, who had arrived in Paris for a few days' pleasure. He had been many years in the army and had seen a great deal of service, and was very much respected by all who knew him. He was apparently slightly acquainted with more than one of the company. Major X——, the senior of the party, spoke to him more than once; but although my friend answered courteously, I could perceive there was a want of cordiality in his manner. The dinner over, Major X—— and his young friends left the table, after having taken a considerable quantity of wine; and my own party wishing to go to the theatre, for which I had but little inclination, I remained with my friend, Dr. Walsh, to talk over old times. As we were alone in the coffee-room, our conversation took a more confidential tone than it would have done had others been present. At last I casually asked him, as he appeared to be acquainted with the gentlemen who had dined with us, who they were.

"They are some young fellows in the army," he replied, "who, under the ciceroneship of Major X——, are on a visit to Paris."

"X—— seems a very gentlemanly intelligent man," I remarked; "so much so that I wonder he would associate so intimately with such a thoughtless set as his companions appear to be—that is, with the exception of the one who sat beside him at table."

"If you knew him better your wonder would cease," said Walsh.

"How so?"

"Simply because he lives upon them, and in good style too. He keeps a brougham and two riding-horses as well, does not owe a shilling in the world, and yet has only his half-pay to rely on."

"He must be a very clever fellow," I said, laughing; "I wish you would give me a leaf out of his book."

"He is certainly a shrewd fellow, but hardly a clever one," said Walsh; "and if I were to give you a leaf out of his book, I am sure you would not only not be grateful for it, but would hold the fellow in as much contempt as I do myself."

"You pique my curiosity, Walsh. Tell me something about him."

"Well, then," said Walsh, "X—— and some dozen like him are a disgrace to our service, War-Office authorities and all included. Only don't say I said so, or you will get me into the black book. The fellow entered a good regiment some twenty years since, by what patronage, for the honour of the service, I will not say. He was a man of but little education, but quick at figures; indeed, I have heard he was formally assistant clerk to an actuary in an insurance office, and in that capacity picked up a somewhat extensive knowledge of the doctrine of probabilities. As soon as he got his commission, he applied this acquirement to short whist and écarté, at which, without much difficulty, he acquired a very considerable amount of skill. Armed with a positive advantage in his favour, he brought his talents to bear in such a manner that he contrived to make a very handsome income out of those less experienced than himself."

"But still," I remarked, "he was always in danger of meeting with others as skilful as himself."

"That in no manner altered his position. He possessed an immense advantage over the great majority of his brother officers, and by continually playing, he was in the end certain to win. The chances he held in his hand were far superior to the probabilities in favour of the tables at Homburg or Baden-Baden, and in his case they were exercised in a far less honourable manner. While at the public gaming-table the probabilities in favour of the bank were openly published, and the profits heavily taxed, he denied holding any advantages, although he possessed chances in his favour quadruple those of the public tables."

"But," I replied, "surely a system of the kind would soon be detected, and the perpetrator shunned by his brother officers."

"There you are in error," said Walsh. "In the first place, it is very difficult to persuade the majority of young cavalry officers that there are any persons in the world sharper than themselves; and, in the second, by far the greater proportion of the young men who join a good regiment are remarkably honourable, utterly above a dirty action themselves, and unwilling to believe in the possibility of a brother officer committing one. The mischief half-a-dozen such scoundrels as X—— are capable of accomplishing is very great. Not only do they in reality win most unfairly, but they imbue into

the minds of their brother officers a love of gambling, which in many cases is never eradicated. The sad instances I have known of young men, who entered the army possessed of every honourable feeling which can adorn a man, falling victims to this vice of gambling, would fill a volume. At the present moment, X—— has a victim in tow. Did you notice that young fellow who sat beside him at dinner? He is a Captain G——, who is now so thoroughly inoculated with a love of gambling, that nothing will cure him. He is the only son of a widow, whose husband was a colonel in the line, who left her with a very limited income. Her son is the idol of her heart, and she has already greatly diminished her small capital by paying his debts. Lately she has paid off every liability he had, and advanced him £200 to start him again in comfort. He left her with the best intentions, intending immediately to join his regiment; but in London he met X——, who persuaded him to accompany him and four or five others on a fortnight's trip to Paris; and I am sure, before the fortnight is terminated, G—— will not have a shilling left of the money his mother with so much difficulty raised for him."

The next morning we visited the gallery of the Louvre. We stayed more than two hours among the pictures, leisurely examining the *chefs d'œuvre* as we went along. Conversations which we had held opposite different pictures came to my memory with great vividness. We afterwards visited the gallery of sculpture, and then amused ourselves in the Palais Royal till it was time to return to dinner.

At dinner we again met the party of officers. X—— was in high spirits, as were the rest, with the exception of Captain G——, who talked but little, and appeared to me to be somewhat melancholy. Nor did he rally during the whole meal, although the quantity of champagne he drank was considerable. One thing I particularly noticed was that although X—— pressed the wine on the others, he drank but very moderately himself. He joked G—— from time to time on his low spirits, and accused him of being in love—a theme which took immensely with the others, till G——showed evident signs of impatience. Good humour, however, was soon restored, and we left the party chatting very amicably together. We determined to pass the evening at the opera.

We hired a fiacre and proceeded to the theatre, where we arrived just in time for the overture to "William Tell," which was as usual admirably played. We were all delighted with the opera, which I had never heard more beautifully sung; and we walked home after the performance.

Next day we went to Versailles. The weather was magnificent, and we enjoyed the ride immensely. After spending a great portion of the day there, we afterwards visited the great and little Trianon, remaining some hours in the gardens, and speculating on the different scenes our guide informed us had there taken place, and visiting the grottos mentioned in Dumas's "Collier de la Reine." We dined that day in one of the restaurants adjoining the park, and afterwards returned to Paris, which we reached long after dark.

On arriving at the hotel, our attention was attracted by some gentlemen who had assembled in the court-yard, and were laughing and talking together in a very noisy manner. We easily recognised X—— and his party, all of whom it was evident had very recently quitted the dinner-table. One of the party alone seemed out of spirits, and that was Captain G——.

"Come with us, G——," said X——.

"Not to-night," he replied, "I shall not go out."

"Nonsense, G——," said another; "what is the matter with you? Come now, be sociable. Besides, X—— wants to give you your revenge for last night's losses."

"No, I have made up my mind; I want to be alone to-night."

"What are you going to do, G——?" said X——.

"Blow my brains out, perhaps," said G——, moodily.

"Well then," said X——, laughing, "you are a most unreasonable fellow if you do it before to-morrow. Come now, don't be silly. We shall have a very merry night of it together, and to-morrow you can do as you please."

After a little more bantering of the same description, G—— gave way, and we saw him go with the others towards X——'s rooms.

On entering the coffee-room I met Walsh, who apparently had been watching X—— and his party.

"That poor young fellow, G——," he said, "is ruined."

"How do you know that?" I inquired.

"By his behaviour, and the high spirits of X——. I am very sorry for his mother, though," he continued, "for a more amiable worthy woman I believe does not exist."

It was somewhat late when I left my room the next morning, for we were all desperately tired with our exertions the day before. Before entering the coffee-room to breakfast, where my party were to meet, I was much struck with the look of mystery on the faces of the servants, and their frequent whispering together. I inquired if anything particular had happened, but they told me they were not aware of anything, although I could easily perceive their answers were not truthful. At that moment Walsh appeared, and I advanced to meet him.

"It's all over with that poor fellow, G——," he said.

"What do you mean!"

"He destroyed himself about half-an-hour since, and they have sent notice of the event to the police. As soon as the commissary arrives, we will go up with him and ascertain how it happened. I sup-

pose I shall have the unenviable task of breaking it to his mother. Poor thing! I believe it will be her death."

At that moment the commissary of police, accompanied by an assistant and a doctor, entered the court-yard, and Walsh and I joined them as they ascended the stairs. When we arrived at G——'s room, the door was unlocked, and we all went in. Poor G—— was stretched on the ground beside his bed, one side of his head having been blown to pieces. Of course life was totally extinct. He had apparently risen from his bed, and partially dressed himself for the purpose of writing a letter to his mother, for on his dressing-table was a sheet of paper, and some pens and ink. All he had written were the words, "My dear mother," when his despair evidently would allow him to go no further. He must then have gone to his portmanteau near his bed, and taken from it his pistols. The one with which he had committed the deed was by his side, and had evidently been very recently fired; the other was in the case, which was open on the ground.

The commissary and his clerk then examined the servants as to their knowledge of the circumstances; a *procès verbal* was drawn up, and the commissary and the doctor quitted the house leaving a police agent in charge of the dead body.

It is hardly necessary to remark that this unfortunate event threw a gloom over us for the remainder of the day. We had no spirits to enjoy any of the sights, and we strolled almost purposeless about the town making a few purchases and at intervals commenting on the sad event of the morning.

The funeral of poor G—— took place the next day in the cemetery of Père La Chaise. Most of the Englishmen in the hotel, including Walsh and myself, attended it. X—— was not present. He said it would only make him feel unhappy if he went, as he really had a great respect for the poor fellow. I saw X—— that morning shortly before the funeral procession left the hotel. If he truly felt sorrow at the death of his friend, he contrived to conceal it in a very skilful manner.

As the cortège proceeded up the centre road of the cemetery, Walsh and I walked side by side conversing on subjects connected with the poor fellow's death. Walsh told me he had obtained a lock of his hair for his mother, and his watch, as well as a pocket Bible she had given him, in which was a somewhat long address to her son written by the old lady herself. From the date, she must have given the book to him when first he joined his regiment, possibly on that very day.

After the funeral, instead of returning to the hotel, Walsh and I walked about the cemetery, he pointing out to me the graves of different celebrated people who where interred there. Those connected with our own profession, I remember, claimed our attention more than any others. Poor Chaupier's struck me particularly, with his bust surmounting it, telling, by the admirable intelligence the sculptor had put into his work, more in favour of the philosopher than any lengthy written memorial could have done. As a conclusion, we visited the graves of Abélard and Héloise whose ancient gothic monument contrasted remarkably with those around it.

Tired at last we took a hackney coach and proceeded to the gallery of the Luxembourg, in which we spent some time examining the pictures and works of art, and occasionally talking of old times when we were students together in Paris, and the change which had since taken place in that capital.

At dinner we met X—— and his friends; but they were far less gay than usual, although nothing like sorrow was visible on the faces of any of the party. One difference I certainly noticed in their behaviour. Two days before X—— took much less champagne than his companions; that day he drank far more than the others, without however its having any visible effect on him. He conversed with his friends occasionally, but not continuously. His efforts appeared rather instigated by a wish to conceal his frame of mind from observation, than any desire to communicate with the others. I had for the first time some feeling of respect for him, or rather the abatement of the sentiment of disgust which I had hitherto felt since Walsh had first given me an insight into his character. He now appeared to have some chagrin on his mind, which showed he was not altogether shut out from feelings of common humanity. But I was speedily undeceived in the favourable opinion I had formed of him. During dinner the conversation turned on poor G——'s suicide. It originated with the youngest man of the party, who spoke on the subject with sympathy and good feeling, and it was then taken up by the others in a like tone, till X—— spoke.

"Well, poor fellow," said he, "I am sorry he has gone, for more reasons than one."

"How so, X——?" said one of the party.

"Because I am a great loser by the affair."

"A loser by G——? Well, I wonder at that," said the speaker with something like an ill-concealed sneer.

"Yes, a loser by him," said X——, somewhat angrily, for he had noticed the tone and manner of the last speaker. "I lose five hundred pounds by his death."

Then observing a look of incredulity on the faces of the others, he placed his hand in his coat pocket, and took from it a pocket-book, which he opened, and showed that it contained five one hundred pound promissory notes, accepted by G——. "Of that amount," said X——, "I shall not in all probability receive one farthing. His travelling things and clothes are to be sold here to-morrow, but I very much suspect they will not realise more than sufficient to pay his hotel bill."

"But he cannot owe much here," said one; "I should have thought that his watch alone, which was an excellent one, was enough for that."

"That is the mysterious part of the affair," said X——; "his watch can nowhere be found."

I looked at Walsh's face. He said nothing, but a very ominous frown was on it, and I augured that a quarrel was brewing.

"But, X——," said a younger man of his party, a cornet of dragoons, "why do you not apply to his mother? I suppose she is a person of respectability and would pay her son's debts, out of regard to his memory."

"Not she; I have been looking over some of her letters to him, and she speaks in them of your humble servant in no very amiable manner, I can assure you."

"Try her at any rate, X——."

"Hang the hag!" said X——. "No, I shall write the whole off my books as a bad debt," and so saying he filled his glass with wine.

As soon as he had done drinking, Walsh said to him: "Major X——, I know poor G——'s mother well, and I believe a more amiable, excellent woman never lived. Oblige me by retracting the expression you made use of. You would not have done so had you known it, I am sure."

"I am not the man," said X——, "to retract an expression under compulsion from any one."

"I did not put it in that light," said Walsh. "It was simply to show you that you made the observation in error. She is an intimate friend of Mr. Gordon's mother," indicating a young gentleman who sat on X——'s right, "and I ask him if your designation is a just one."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Gordon, who had hitherto paid but little attention to the conversation. "If she is the Mrs. G—— my mother is acquainted with, I willingly back your statement, doctor. The lady I mean is the widow of a colonel."

"The same," said Walsh.

"I willingly retract the expression I made use of, Gordon," said X——. "I should be sorry, indeed, to say one disrespectful word concerning any friend of your mother's."

"You spoke also of his watch," said Walsh. "As I knew it was a present to him from his mother, I have taken charge——"

The train now dashed from the darkness of the tunnel into broad daylight, and I glanced at my watch. The time was seventeen minutes past three, I had been in the tunnel no more than two minutes, little more than half the average time a culprit is dying under Mr. Calcraft's hands!

It will doubtless be objected, that it would be impossible for the quantity of thought which it has taken so many pages to describe, to have passed through my mind in the space of two minutes. But I have stated only the fact. It should be remembered, that the reminiscence of any scene or act is not brought to the mind in words, but by that rapid intelligence we obtain in picture reading. For example, when gazing at Horace Vernet's magnificent picture in the Luxembourg, of the massacre of the Mamelukes, a scene is presented to us in an instant, which it would have taken pages to describe. The stern abstracted look of the pasha, the apparent indifference of the old minister beside him,—the manner in which, at the same time, he clasps his sabre sheath till the muscles of his hand stand out like cords of iron. The anxious expression of the black slave,—the smoke from the firing below—the brilliancy even of the jewels on the pasha's dagger, all are read and understood in a moment. In like manner the various scenes I have narrated passed across my mind with equal vividness and rapidity; and so far from having exaggerated the measure of thought which rushed through my brain, I have greatly under-stated it.

And must not the same phenomenon occur to a culprit when dying under the hands of the hangman? Or, from the peculiarity of his position, would not his thoughts flow with still greater rapidity? and of what a description must they be? Scenes long past—crimes he may have committed and not repented of—fear that the next moment he may stand before the great Judge of Heaven and earth, all press themselves on him. Even to the last moment this must continue, for the nearer his end approaches the more desperate must be the efforts of the mind to preserve its dominion, feeling but too strongly that the longer he thinks the longer is the terrible moment of his death postponed.

I would now candidly ask our rulers whether some steps ought not to be taken to abridge the terrible mental torture of the dying criminal, and whether we are justified in continuing our present method of execution? A short time since a man was hanged at Leeds or Sheffield, who it was stated was twenty minutes in dying. True it was afterwards attempted to be explained that this was an exaggeration; but the explanation was of the most clumsy description. Let it be granted that the poor wretch was only half that time in dying, and what must have been the state of his mind during it? Would it be possible for the ingenuity of a sensation novel-writer to invent anything more terrible?

To return to my experiment. After leaving the tunnel I felt as great a disgust at the idea of being present at the execution as I had felt curiosity before entering it. I resolved to show my friend Mr. Calcraft a clean pair of heels. This resolution I carried into effect, leaving him to find another assistant as he best could. The question of capital punishment I leave to wiser heads than mine; but I trust the reader will admit that we are totally inexcusable in not taking means to abridge as much as possible the sufferings of the criminal at the time of his execution.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

DISTINGUISHED SETTLERS FROM ABROAD.

COULD the illustrious author of the "Atlantis" revisit this earth, he would behold in Regent's Park that vision of his sagacious mind—the "tryal place for beasts and fishes," realised beyond his utmost hopes. In his day the fauna of the world was but little known, the great continents of the new world little unexplored, and the mighty group of islands in the Southern Ocean were wholly undreamed of. The whole of Africa, with the exception of Egypt and its northern coast, was equally a *terra incognita*—that mighty land of savage beasts and of animal life in its thousand forms. The zoology of Lord Bacon's days may be likened to the contents of a shilling Noah's Ark, as compared with the infinite variety of living things with which the science is now familiar, and the rarer varieties of which are now to be seen in a beautiful garden within a mile and a half of Regent Street. Indeed, the travelling menagerie of our younger days, in which a few typical animals of the more ferocious and terrible kind alone were to be found, constituted the principal knowledge the public possessed of the fauna of the globe. Now scarcely a day passes without finding these gardens enriched by some entirely new animal, or some rare variety of a well-known species. Here, caged and brought close within our vision, we have become familiar with their habits, and have learned to unlearn many of those marvellous travellers' tales we once so implicitly believed.

Here, too, is a "tryal place for beasts and fishes;" we have settled many matters which were once in doubt and obscurity. The Zoological Society indeed started into existence with a purely philosophical aim, such as "broad-browed Verulam" would have approved; but of late years the necessity of providing funds has led to a system of starring each season with some rare and strange animal. Yet, on the whole, it cannot be said that the Society has forgotten the demands of science, or that it has neglected its opportunities as compared with other nations.

In other countries we see features in their Zoological Gardens that we may copy with advantage. For instance, the fish-house at Hamburg is on a far nobler scale than our own. The walls are purely aquatic, and the spectator sees the denizens of the ocean and the lake surrounding him on all sides, and sporting about as he would see them supposing he were submerged in the deep, and quietly inspecting them with his eyes open. At Antwerp, again, instead of the miserable cage in which the royal Eagles are confined in our garden, not much bigger, comparatively speaking, than the wire cover with which we protect our viands from the flies, there is a magnificent aviary of great height, in which the noble bird can at least air its wings; whilst at Cologne, the Bear dens are not mere pits, as with us, but splendid establishments, were Bruin is not obliged to live in the bottom of a well. And lastly, at Paris, the wild Sheep and Goats have splendid paddocks, filled with rock-work, on which the animals can be seen in their more picturesque movements when climbing or jumping; just such a place, in fact, as our own "great Cats" should have, if the promoters of the gardens were wise in their generation. Yet, on the whole, there can be no question that our own garden is by far the finest collection of beasts, and the arrangements are better than can be found in any other country.

No collection of animals in the world is for one moment, indeed, comparable with that to be found in Regent's Park; and if the Society has failed in its scheme of acclimatization, which was promised on its establishment, it has done so because Nature proved too strong for it. Another society has taken upon itself the duty of following out the plan where the Society has left off, and it remains to be seen if their labours will be any more successful—at all events, we wish them all success in their useful labours.

In these pages we wish to speak of the more recent arrivals from distant parts, and to note the more curious characteristics of the living things contained in these grounds with which the public are not perhaps very familiar. The more educated of the visitors are no longer satisfied, like children, with merely observing the form of the living creature: they are anxious to know something of its habits—to see, if possible, its instincts exercised (under such favourable conditions as can be afforded) as they are in a state of nature; and in many cases the director of the gardens has been able to satisfy these desires. Let us instance the Beaver lodge.

The original structure, as it stood a twelvemonth ago, seemed but a heap of mud, and nothing more; but to those only moderately versed in natural history, it presented a sight never before witnessed in this country, or in Europe, since the extinction of the Beaver from its rivers—the dwelling-place of the animal reared by its own sagacious labours, as in a state of nature. For a long time the male Beaver lived here a melancholy recluse; and when a female arrived, he showed such a savage spirit towards her, that it was thought best to separate their paddocks by a fencing. "Absence lends enchantment to the view," says the poet; and as the two animals watched and sniffed at each other through the palings, the lord and master seemed to have come to a better state of mind with respect to his future mate—at all events, one night the female took a very decided step to renew the acquaintance, by burrowing under the dividing railing, and presenting herself to her mate in the most unreserved manner. This proceeding, altogether contrary to the usual usages of courtship, was decidedly successful, and they lived for some time happily together.

The commencement of the first lodge, or hut-building operation, was inaugurated by Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent of the gardens, who placed in the paddock an old box, mouth downward, with one end knocked out. The Beavers at once took to this shelter, and commenced piling upon it and around it the puddled clay with which they had been supplied, in one corner of their enclosure. Of course the reader expects to be told about the wondrous dexterity with which they plastered the work with their tails; in truth, they did nothing of the kind, and all the stories about the animal using his tail as a trowel are pure myths, caused doubtless by the apparent applicability of that appendage to such a purpose. It is a rudder, and nothing more, to assist the animal in directing its course in the water, and is perfectly useless at plasterer's work. We regret to have to demolish a favourite notion respecting this rodent, but the truth must be told. But to return, however, to the Beaver's method of constructing his lodge. The clay, moistened with the little running stream close at hand, was carried by his fore paws, and dabbed on the roof he was making over the box; this process of daubing and puddling was alternated by carefully placing branches across and athwart the mudwork, interlacing the former, and then filling up the interstices with the puddled clay, making, in short, a kind of wattle and dabwork such as we find used in the construction of the cottages in Devonshire. With a recollection

Beavers' Lodge.

of his habits in some distant Canadian forest, where the Beavers, acting in association, speedily clear acres of ground of fine forest timber by the splendid action of their adze-like teeth, he commenced gnawing at an old piece of tough ash trunk left for his use. This trunk, eight inches in diameter, he nearly gnawed through with his powerful incisors in an hour and a-quarter, and he would have entirely detached it from the large bowl at its foot, but that it was rescued by the superintendent, and placed within an iron railing immediately in front of his lodge, as a trophy of his style of timber-felling, where it remained for some time, until it was removed to the new lodge. The tools with which they work are the two upper incisors, and they cut off chips with a crisp noise like that made by a ship carpenter with his adze. All the large pieces he was allowed to carry away to the lodge, he took and placed on the work where it required strengthening. The astonishing vigour of these animals may be estimated when we say that he rolled from one side of the enclosure to another a log of wood weighing half-a-hundredweight. Working away at all hours, at last the box was covered with a large mound composed of sticks, small trees, and mud, which must have weighed many tons weight, and which could not have been less than eight or ten feet at its base, and at least six feet high. The entrance to the lodge was as cunningly contrived as it would have been in the animal's native wilds: a hole was gnawed away at the back of the box, and in the earth behind a deep cavity was excavated, from which a shaft was run into the dam of water in front of the lodge. The water of course found its level, and flooded the excavation. From the back side of the excavation a gallery was now driven, which led up to the sleeping-

place in the upper part of the mound. Here the bed was made where the pair bred about twelve months ago, a circumstance which was unknown to the superintendent until one morning the young one was seen through some air-holes at the top of the lodge.

The habit visitors have of feeding the animals, in the instance of the Beavers ended unfortunately. The male animal and its little one died, as the superintendent believes, of too much bread. In their native state they feed mainly on willow bark; but their bread diet, combined with the want of exercise consequent upon their enforced confinement, led to over-fatness, which produced disease, and ultimately carried them off. The superintendent probably thinking that the melancholy associations connected with the old lodge would be better broken by change of scene, removed the mourning widow to a new habitation which was partially constructed for her. In the midst of a circular pond, a well of masonry, some eight feet deep, was constructed, quite waterproof, into which sticks, broken up small, were rammed tight; on the top of this, an old box was placed, and the Beaver transferred to it. She speedily gnawed a hole in the bottom of the box as before, and burrowed into the bed of sticks, making two or three chambers and methods of ingress and egress. The box she covered over with earth and soil, as in the old house, binding the mound with large willow branches. But it is clear she pines to range a-field, for at the present moment she has cunningly conveyed sods to the corner of the railed-in enclosure nearest to the canal, clearly with the intention of getting over and escaping; the recollection of her escapade with her mate some time ago, when she managed to get into the canal, and remained swimming about there for several days, until captured by one of the bargemen and returned to the Gardens, no doubt still haunting her.

Walking along the gravel walk thronged with holiday people, one feels not a little startled at finding one's self within thirty feet of a Beaver lodge, and its inmate busy at work upon it, apparently as unconscious of being watched as though it was in the depths of some Canadian forest.

What lessons on natural history even this poor captive pent up here teaches us, which we should never realise from reading the books of the best naturalists. Here we see nature herself at work, which is more than many of our naturalists themselves have done. We bring savage life within our ken, and watch it as leisurely as the microscopist bringing to sight hitherto invisible animalculæ with his powerful lens. Twenty years ago the demand for the skins of the Beaver on the part of our hat manufacturers was so enormous, that the animal was threatened with extinction by the hunters. Of late years, however, silk has taken the place of Beaver in this manufacture, consequently the poor animal is not quite so disturbed as of old.

Not far from the Beaver lodge are located the Cashmere Goats, which afford the soft, silky hair of which the famed Cashmere shawls are made. These animals seem in excellent condition. If the gentleman, grateful for past favours, as he passes the lodge of the rodent, takes off his Beaver to the inmates, the lady, as an acknowledgment for her costly Cashmere, may salute these little Goats, whose ragged-looking but precious coats—more precious, indeed, than the fabled golden fleeces of antiquity—have contributed towards her adornment.

A male and female Rhinoceros, in addition to the old female which has been here for so many years, have lately been purchased. It is hoped they will breed, a hope also which extends towards the Hippopotami. The old female Rhinoceros has for years been labouring under a great infirmity of temper, so much so that for the safety of the keeper the corners of her den have been partitioned off and provided with staircases, to afford a means of escape for him when she attempts to attack him, which she often does. A few years since, in her rage, she attempted to tear up the paving-stones with her mouth, and in doing so put her jaw out, and it was months before she recovered the use of it, after most assiduous nursing.

These pachydermatous animals, sleepy and heavy as they look, are subject to seizures of frenzied rage of a most fearful kind. The old Hippopotamus some years ago nearly pulled down the iron railing running on one side of his enclosure, because he saw a workman who appeared to be his special aversion walking along it. Poor fellow, he has ceased to be the great star he was in the Great Exhibition year of 1851, when he cleared 10,000*l.* for the Society, and indeed did much to bring the Gardens into notoriety.

The Indian Elephant we are all familiar with crowned with his bouquet of smiling children swaying too and fro in his howdah; but the African variety of this sagacious beast is now for the first time represented in this Garden. There are two of these animals: one about nine years of age, and a tiny baby elephant of two years, that has not yet cut its milk teeth. A glance at these animals at once shows that they are a distinct species from the Indian specimen we see shuffling along with his living load outside. The head of the African Elephant is much smaller; the forehead, instead of rising up in a rounded ridge over the eyes, retreats; the ears, on the other hand, are much larger, shaped almost like the shape of a kite, and folded flat on the top of the head. The orifice of the trunk, again, is very different; instead of possessing only one prehensile lip on the upper side, the African Elephant's proboscis opens like the mouth of a snake, with two distinct lips, upper and under. Its feet, again, are of a more oval form than those of its Indian congener. These differences of the two species are even more marked than that existing between the African and the Asiatic Lion. Whilst touching upon the larger mammalia, we must not forget to notice the rich collection of Bears now in the possession of the

Society. The fine old specimens have died off—Prince Menschikoff, to wit, who must have boiled down into many hundredweights of prime grease; also the fine black fellow, that consumed such an infinity of cakes in the pit; but several new kinds have been added. The Japanese Bears, for instance, queer little fellows, that amuse the children by their trick of turning a summersault every time they arrive at the end of their cage; and the very droll-looking Malayan Bears, smooth-haired creatures, with heads more like bull-dogs than any Bears we have ever seen. The baby European Brown Bear, on the other hand, has a quaint, innocent-looking face, not unlike the little mouse-like physiognomies of Sir Joshua Reynolds's children.

There has been a great mortality in the reptile-house. The huge Pythons have died, but they have been replaced; not so, unfortunately, that curious animal the Cameleon. When alone, he refused to change his coat of ashen grey, but it was observed that when he was removed to fresh quarters he generally put on the tinge of colour of the place in which he was. The rapid change of colour for which he is traditionally famous was not observed whilst he was in the possession of the Society. Such is the power of association in our ideas received in early life, that a Cameleon without his attendant disputants, such as we read of in the old "Speakers," does not seem a Cameleon at all, and the grey little fellow who kept so still upon the branch, seemed to us an impostor.

In the adjoining room, where the Sloths are located, a strange little visitor from South America has lately been placed—the Armadillo. This singular creature, in its living cuirass, attracts attention by the extreme rapidity with which it runs about its cage, and the legs being almost entirely hidden by the covering shell of the body, its method of progression reminds the spectator of the mechanical mice we see in the toy-shops. But without the aid of the keeper we miss the most curious habit the beast has, of rolling itself into a ball on the least fright or apprehension of shock. We happened to have the attention of this worthy, who took the creature out for us when thus curled up with fear, and certainly its appearance was most extraordinary—the wedge-like head and tail fitting into each other as closely as a mortice and tennon joint. In fact, the ball was so perfect that you might have played cricket with it; and by no effort could an enemy obtain an entrance into its perfectly fitting globe-like shell. In this habit of defence it resembles the Hedgehog and Woodlouse of our own land. Who does not remember the line in Tom Hood's "Haunted House"—

> The woodlouse dropp'd, and roll'd into a ball,
> Touch'd by an impulse occult or mechanic.

It is a peculiarity of most of the curiosities in these Gardens, that the public never see them. The Apteryx, a nocturnal bird from New Zealand, located in the Ostrich house, is never seen unless she is specially routed out from her den for a moment for inspection, when she presents the appearance of a bunch of feathers, supported on spindle legs, which would allow the bird to topple over, were they not supplemented by a long bill, which rests upon the ground, and acts as a kind of supporting walking-stick. The olfactory nerves are situated near the extremity of the beak, and with this it probes the ground, scenting the worms upon which it feeds, far below the surface. The great interest of this bird consists in the fact that it is the last living representative of which we have any knowledge, of a gigantic race of wingless birds that once existed in New Zealand. The visitor to the Museum of the College of Surgeons may have noticed the shank bones and the eggs of one of these birds, which must have been from twelve to fourteen feet in height, and an account of which has been given to the world by Professor Owen. It is asserted, indeed, that whalers whilst ashore in the more secluded part of the middle island, have seen and been scared by this gigantic bird, which they term "the fireman."

It would really seem as though nature had determined to construct a group of animals in Australia and the adjacent islands on a plan entirely different from that she employed in the old world; what an odd-looking animal, for instance, is the Ursine Dasyure, a marsupial, whose den adjoins those of the Kangaroos. This animal and the Tasmanian Thylacine are both most destructive to the Sheep, and are hunted to death, as the Wolf was in our own land, consequently they are becoming rarer every year. The Ursine Dasyure, as its name implies, belongs to the Bear tribe, but it undoubtedly more resembles a gigantic Mouse, with large and delicate ears. This beast walks with a very odd motion of its hind legs, which arises from paralysis, and it is a singular fact that the same disease killed a former Dasyure in these Gardens. The stock-holders give it the name of the "Devil," in consequence of the devastations it commits among their flocks, and its determined method of showing fight when attacked, being a match for a powerful sheep dog. We must confess its size does not seem to warrant such an assertion, but its bite is, we hear, very vicious and severe.

The Tasmanian Thylacine is a very different animal; it is called the Tasmanian Wolf, not from any resemblance to that animal, but, we suppose, because it is so destructive to the Sheep. In its movements it is more like those of the Cat tribe, and, moreover, its coat has a greater resemblance to that of an Ocelot, than that of a Wolf; its supple and pliant action resembling the former animal very exactly. The shape of its head has that peculiar blunt appearance which so many of the animals possess in the Australian group. Although a most remorseless war is kept up against this animal, yet such is its agility, bounding as it does up heights of from ten to twelve feet, that it bids fair to hold its ground for many years in the rocky glens

of Tasmania, where it is found. There are some splendid specimens of Kangaroos in the adjoining shed, and they have nearly all bred freely since they have been in their present quarters. Mr. Gould, the distinguished naturalist, dwells upon the excellence of Kangaroo meat for the table, and recommends its introduction into our English parks in the midland and southern counties. But the Kangaroo has a very ugly habit of using its powerful hind quarters when angry, and his claws are so sharp, that he can with facility rip open a man, a contingency for which the best Kangaroo steak in the world would not afford any compensation. English parks would be turned into zoological gardens without the protection of cages and keepers, if all the animals we may be able to acclimatise were turned into them. The Wapiti Deer, for instance, would breed, no doubt, freely enough, if allowed to range our parks, but it is scarcely necessary to say that at rutting time they would be exceedingly dangerous occupants of our home parks. Those who have seen the anger of these splendid Deer at such seasons when any person goes near their inclosure, must admit that our parks with such occupants would be extremely dangerous to walk in. The vigour with which they charge the iron railings of their inclosure when any stranger approaches is "a caution," to use an American phrase, which

Ursine Dasyure, and Tasmanian Thylacine

we should not neglect. The Sambur Deer, which is highly recommended as a park ornament, is also very dangerous at times, one indeed nearly killed Lord Hill's son in a park where some of them had been located. We question much if the Highlands of Scotland would be suitable even for the hardy Wapiti Deer, knowing as we do that they are accustomed to a cold dry climate, such as Canada. At all events, if we could acclimatise these Deer, or any of the fourteen varieties in these gardens which are said to be capable of living in our island, they would be only articles of luxury, and would in no way contribute towards the food of the people.

The south side of the gardens, where the Llamas of old used to be accommodated, is now devoted to the fine collection of Cranes and Waterfowl: yet it seems to us that some of this space might be apportioned to the larger carnivora with advantage. The Lions and Tigers, except at feeding-time, seem now to be very unattractive, and this, we feel certain, is purely attributable to the manner in which they are cooped up in their narrow dens. It is positively painful to watch these noble beasts pace up and down their narrow inclosures and fret against the bars, whilst there is so much room which might be appropriated to their use. It has long been in contemplation to sand over a certain area as an exercising ground for the "great Cats," and we feel certain that if the Society were to do this, it would afford a public sensation which would be highly remunerative. We know nothing of the Lion or the Tiger as we now see them; the supple action of the Leopard is lost in his cage, where he is now confined more cruelly than is a lark. A quarter of an acre well palisaded, into which these animals could be turned at intervals, would prove an immense attraction to the public, who seem to have lost their faith in the king of the forest and his congeners.

A very curious bird, the Talegalla, or Brush Turkey, is now located in the south-western part of the gardens, which is quite secluded from the public

eye, and consequently they know nothing about it. Yet in its habits it is one of the most singular of the feathered tribe the Society have in their Gardens. Of course this odd bird is an Australian; and of course it sets about the serious business of life in a manner totally different to that pursued by all other birds. It hatches its young, not by the warmth of its body, as is the ordinary method of incubation, but constructs a natural eccaleobion, by heaping together a mound of vegetable matter, in which it deposits its eggs, waiting patiently for the fermentive process to hatch them. Their eggs are at least four inches long, of an oblong form, not unlike, either in texture or form, an Alligator's eggs. The mound is scraped up by the male bird to a height of five or six feet; and then the eggs, which often amount to three dozen, are placed among the heated mass in a ring at regular intervals, with their smaller ends pointing downwards, at least eighteen inches below the surface. Lest the temperature of the fermenting heap should become too great, the male bird is constantly on the watch, giving them air when the weather is hot at least twice in the day, and at all times keeping open a circular aperture in the centre of the mound, to prevent any constant increase of the temperature. The birds, when hatched, lie still in the heap until the third day, when they are capable of strong flight; indeed, one of the young ones being frightened on the third day, on one occasion, at once mounted on the wing, and forced its way through the strong iron netting which covers the inclosure. Of the large number of eggs this bird lays, but three or four ever come to maturity. That the heated mound has some peculiar influence in hatching the birds, which other means will not accomplish, is proved by the fact that the common hen, which hatches the eggs of the swan, equally large with those of the Brush Turkey, cannot bring the young forth; neither can the artificial eccaleobion, which is so successful with the eggs of all other birds. These facts go to prove that there is some condition of heat which the fermentive process is alone capable of producing. The very small number of eggs hatched out in this country is attributable to the nature of the litter composing the heap. In Australia the grasses and vegetable matter are of a highly succulent nature, calculated to ferment and produce a much greater heat than the dry hay and other litter with which they are provided here.

There are at present three pairs of these birds in the enclosure appropriated to them, and they have made three huge heaps of litter, which are filled with eggs, but they have come to nothing. Mr. Bartlett, fancying that the absence of rain during the past season may possibly have prevented the fermentive process going on, and consequently that there was a deficiency of heat necessary to hatch the young, had one nest that was covered over regularly watered, but nothing came of it, and it is now ascertained that all the eggs are hopelessly addled.

The Monkey-house lately opened is a very great improvement upon the old one, the ventilation of which was so abominable that ladies were forced to avoid it. The present house is indeed a splendid conservatory, built entirely of iron and glass, and as light as day. The active Monkeys are no longer caged against the walls, but are located in the middle of the apartment, a perfect gymnasium fitted up with all the apparatus that even humanity could demand. That the building is intended literally as a conservatory as well as a Monkey-house, may be gathered from the creeping plants that are already making their way up the walls, and which will speedily cover the whole building. At present a profusion of potted flowers shed a perfume which keeps down the insufferable Monkey odour; but we fear a mixed perfume will by-and-by arise that will puzzle the nose. There is plenty of ventilation, however, and ample space, so we need not fear a return to the abominations of the old house. In the early days of that building it was heated by hot-air pipes, which so dried the atmosphere that the Monkeys died in large numbers. This was remedied by adopting an open fireplace, which answered admirably. We perceive that hot-water pipes are used in the new house, which are to be occasionally watered on the outside to afford moisture to the air. The plants will also exhale a certain moisture, which will correct the tendency of hot iron to burn the air. The new Monkey-house is not so thickly inhabited as the old one, but the inmates are more rare. In consequence of being perpetually teazed by visitors, many of the old fellows had become so spiteful that it was thought best to dispose of them. We wonder if these ill-conditioned brutes have fallen into the hands of the monkey boys, and are thus brought into still nearer contact with the public in quiet suburban districts? Some of the rare Monkeys and Lemurs are caged against the walls—the Capuchin, with his intelligent little face and beautiful brown and black fur, and the Squirrel Monkey, are both located here.

One of the latest arrivals in the Gardens is the Frugiverous Bat, a very singular creature, with a Fox-like head, and long black leathern wings, stretched upon an arm, at the end of which is a sharp claw, which it uses to climb with. The feet have five finger-like extremities, and by means of these claws and feet it crawls up the wires of its cage with great rapidity. It hangs suspended, head downwards, from a branch at night, folded about with its sombre wings. In India these Bats sometimes, with their numbers, blacken the trees as they roost at night, and when disturbed the whir of their wings is quite terrifying.

One of the large central compartments in the middle of the building has been appropriated for the use of the new Orang. A male and female came alive, but the male died, and now his widow is obliged to bear her bereavement as best she can, which she manages to do pretty well, being plentifully consoled with nuts. It is not a full-grown

animal, but it appears to be in good health. It uses its hands and moves about in a slow deliberate manner. It now refreshes itself by some solemn exercise with the trapèze; or again, feeling a little cold, it returns to its house, entering in an erect posture, and pulling out a horse-rug, deliberately places it shawl-ways over its shoulders. Then again, the grand self-possessed way in which it slowly cracks nuts in the presence of a gaping crowd, sufficient to flurry the calmest man, must be envied by the self-conscious, nervous, human young monkeys who contemplate it with wonder from the other side of the iron netting.

A couple of Chimpanzees have lately been added to the collection—certainly a more human-looking beast than the Orang.

High over head—as a bust of Hercules may appropriately be placed in some gymnasium or stadium—a bronze bust of the terrible Gorilla looks down upon the little Monkeys, and for all we know, they

The Aye Aye.

look up at it in fear and wonder as their great king and master.

The grand curiosity of the Gardens at the present moment is contained within a closed box close at hand, labelled "The Aye Aye." This strange animal is from that unknown land, Madagascar. Its habits are strictly nocturnal, therefore it is never seen by the public unless the keeper opens its cage and takes it from its retirement. The Aye Aye is allied to the Lemur tribe, but with some singular differences. No living specimen of this animal has ever before been in Europe, and so little is known about it, that there is a grand dispute as to the food it eats in a natural state, and its method of procuring it. Professor Owen has theorised upon the matter, and drawn certain conclusions from its form and organization. It is distinguished by very large ears, and by long curved claws on the extremities, one of which is of a hooked nature. The Professor thinks the animal feeds upon grubs, the presence of which inside woody matter it is enabled to ascertain by means of its largely developed aural appendages—its ears being, in fact, out of all proportion to the rest of its body. When a grub is detected by sound, its teeth cut into the rind, and with its sharp claw it hooks the worm out. This is a purely theoretical view on the part of the Professor, for no one has ever seen the animal conduct itself in this way. On the other hand, Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent of the Gardens, who has taken the trouble to sit up for a fortnight with the animal, in order to watch its habits, asserts that it lives upon the juices of plants; that he has watched it gnaw the succulent food put into its cage, and that it persistently refuses to eat

the meal worm, which he never knew any animal living on grubs yet refuse. So the matter stands at present.

The western aviary contains some small birds which have attracted some attention, and which are new to the British public. At its south-east corner, the male Satin Bower Bird, which is now pretty well known to metropolitans, still survives, but as a disconsolate widower. The playing Bower looks very desolate, and we hope it will not be long before a fresh companion is procured for it. In the corner of the aviary apportioned to it, the visitor will see a collection of broom twigs, which may not attract his attention looking casually, but if he observes closely, he will perceive that they form a portion of some regular construction; not a nest, certainly, for the twigs are not placed in a circle, as they would be in such a piece of bird architecture, but rather in the form of a tunnel open at the top. The twigs are bent in the form of a ship's ribs by the bird, and then the ends are stuck firmly into the ground. They are placed thickly together in a line with each other, having their concave sides opposite, and extending some foot and a-half or two feet. Thus a bower is formed, which the male bird ornaments with bright parrot's feathers, such as are to be found plentifully in Australia, bits of glass, cloth, or any other odd scrap containing colour which the bird can pick up. It is known as a regular thief by the natives, who always search "the bower" in case they have lost anything, just as we search a magpie's nest under similar circumstances. In this bower, or playing-place, in the mating season, the male bird paces to and fro with the most ridiculous action, putting on all the airs of a gallant in order to attract its mate. This is speedily done, and then the pair run in and out of the bower, just as our dancers perform the galop,—this manœuvre looks ridiculous enough, but if we knew all things, we do not doubt there is some wise purpose even in this "pretty fooling." The Grass Parakeets, which are so plentifully distributed over the Australian continent, is well represented here. It is as hardy as it is beautiful, and it is confidently asserted that it is living in England in a state of nature.

The Wonga Wonga Pigeon is another bird that deserves the attention of the public, as its introduction into this country as a domestic bird has been spoken of as very probable by the Acclimatization Society. In size it is much larger than our common pigeon, and its flesh, we are informed, is far superior in flavour and whiteness to anything of the same tribe that we are acquainted with.

The Victoria Crowned Pigeon may also be seen here, a very beautiful bird, and well adapted by its habits to adorn the aviaries of this country. In contrast to these handsome specimens of the birds of the late discovered land, are the Laughing Kingfishers. The English Kingfisher possesses no beauty of form, but its brilliant colours redeem it. The Laughing Kingfishers of Australia, as big as pigeons, are still more ugly in form than the British variety, and are of an ugly drab colour marked with black. These birds are particularly large. They are, without doubt, powerful fishers, but they are anything but songsters; indeed, their note or chatter is very discordant, and when they all break out together, the noise is really horrid. But there is a very great rarity here which no casual visitor would ever discover—the Tooth-billed Pigeon, or the little Dodo. It is a shabby-looking little bird, and only derives its importance from its curious beak, which allies it to that extinct bird the Dodo of the Mauritius,—the loss of which all ornithologists mourn with a grief that will not be comforted. There is no other example of this bird in Europe; it must therefore be inspected with all the curiosity of a Queen Anne's farthing.

Let us pass over to the fish-house, and inspect the bright little birds which flash about like gems in the pretty enclosure. Mr. Bartlett has composed this little bit of "framed nature," with the eye of an artist. It is now nearly two years since this inclosure at the end of the fish-house was constructed, but we have seen no notice taken of the clever effect it produces. The end of the fish-house has been fitted up as a little living picture of a river-side scene, with its appropriate feathered inhabitants. The oblong space is open to the sky, an iron netting only intervening. The back of this space is filled up with the bark of the silver beech and other trees, broken into ledges, on which ferns grow and luxuriate, and in the recesses of which the birds breed. The light falling as it does, is reflected with great brilliancy, and the mosses and verdure give the picture a complete air of nature. In the bottom of the inclosure is a pool swarming with fish, and margined here and there with sand; it is, in fact, a little piece of some bright river-side caught and caged, and exhibited to the public behind plate-glass. As we looked the Dab Chicks swam merrily about in the pool, and a Kingfisher, like a brilliant flashing jewel, fled past, skimmed the water, and returned to his perch with a glistening little silver fish in its beak; he swallowed it, and fished again, but this time his prey was too big for him, it wriggled vigorously; in vain he held it by the tail, and banged its head against a stone—it would not die, and eventually fell into the water, where it was fast recovering, when a Dab Chick swimming by, espied it, and gobbled it up. A "cheap tripper" up from the country watched this little episode for a moment, then he burst out, "Well, I've a lived where kingfishers be all my life, and never seed such a sight as that; who'd a thought o' coming to Lunnon to see such as that." Beside the Kingfishers and the Dab Chicks, there are Water Wagtails, the little Grebe, and Pied Grallina, an Australian water bird, something like a Magpie, only more delicately formed; it is exhibited here for the first time. Of the zoophytes quietly feeding or throwing out their orange and white tentacles, a writer in this journal has lately afforded an admirable account. The fish, caged as it were in

slices of the ocean and the river, we are sorry to find, are not doing as well as might be wished; there are very many dead, and those that survive look but sickly, if we except the young Salmon which have been hatched under the care of Mr. Frank Buckland, and which seem merry and vigorous, and afford a good prospect of ending this sublunary state in the best of all possible manners—on a dinner napkin.

In perambulating the gardens, the visitor cannot help observing the great advance that has been made in grouping animals of the same class together. The Antelope-shed now contains a splendid collection of the rarer animals of that order which travellers in South Africa have lately made known to us. The Hartebeest, a very rare animal, the Springbok, the Leché, another rare Antelope, and the Gnu, are all familiar to us by the volumes of Gordon Cumming, and Sir Cornwallis Harris. Close to the Antelope-house is the Zebra-house, in which there are some new arrivals. Here we find an admirable representation of the Horse tribe. Few persons will fail to be struck with the noble appearance of the Kiang, or Wild Ass of Tibet, which stands at least fifteen hands high. The Wild Ass of Kutch, and of Assyria, and the noble Burchill Zebra, should be seen, as few persons know to what perfection of form the wild varieties of our own dull beast attains in his native wilds. The cattle-shed is equally curious, containing specimens of the genus Bos, the Brahmin cattle with their mild moonful eyes, and the Yac of Tibet, so overborne with its long fleece-like hair as to hide its legs, and make it look like a hobby-horse; its

The Fish House.

young one, on the other hand, is covered with a soft curly coat, which makes it look like a well-washed and combed poodle dog. Not far off is the American Bison, the very essence of clumsiness. Those who have not been abroad, will be struck with the grand proportions of the Tuscany and Piedmontese cattle presented to the Society by the King of Italy.

In the space which lies between the new Monkey-house and the Crane-paddock is the Whale-pond, awaiting the coming Whale. At present a Sturgeon some three feet long occupies the pond, but it is hoped that at least a Porpoise will take up its quarters here before long, if not one of the smaller species of Whales, one of which has been exhibited in the pond of the New York Gardens for some time. Several Porpoises have been placed here at different times, but they have never lived more than one month. This mortality, according to the superintendent of the gardens, is not attributable to the want of salt water, but to the diseased condition in which they are caught, the very fact of their being captured testifying to their feeble condition, and to their being beaten in-shore by their healthy companions. That sea water is not imperatively required by animals living in it, is proved by the fine condition of the two Seals, which have now lived in their pond some four years, with only the addition to it of a little rock salt. The Sturgeon, a fish that lives in both salt and fresh water, seems quite content with the latter, as the one in the pond has been there for one year, and is flourishing and growing. The Seals have not arrived at the perfection of training which an animal of the same class has attained to at Boston, United States, which turns a barrel organ and plays a tune, but they are very tame, and they seem to suffer no dyspepsia from their daily meal of 10lb. of whiting—rather expensive provender at this season in London.

Whilst in the vicinity of the Whale-pond, we must not fail to visit the Swine-house, where there has been a new arrival from the Andeman Islands of a most curious Masked Hog. This animal is supposed to have come originally from Japan, and certainly its singular countenance, completely masked by folds of skin, and its limbs covered with warty knobs, we have seen more than once represented in those

grotesque carvings in ivory for which the Japanese are so famous.

The loud chattering of the Australian Kingfisher, which is so invariably heard towards the dusk of the evening that it is known at home by the name of the settler's clock, warns us that we must take our leave of these deeply interesting gardens.

As we go out through the upper park gate, the Sparrows hopping about remind us that whilst we are trying to bring in strange animals and birds from abroad to adorn our landscapes, please the eye, and add to our cuisine, these humble little grey birds are now introduced with tremendous applause by the inhabitants of Victoria, and the fact that many of them have been seen near the railway station in that city is chronicled in the papers with as much gusto as would have been the discovery of a rich placer there. Who would think that the unsentimental Englishman abroad would fall into such raptures about a bird for the destruction of which the farmers in the old country are still offering a reward of a farthing a head?

ANDREW WYNTER.

HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND.

"EVERY good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." All gifts so characterised, and so derived, must be worth having, worth keeping, and worth enjoying. This is as true of the temporal as of the spiritual favours which we receive from the hand of God. Whatever He has bestowed upon man to supply his necessities, to promote his comfort, or to yield him pleasure, not only may be, but ought to be, used for the purpose for which it is given. "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving." "He giveth richly all things to enjoy." In fact, earthly good is invested with a spiritual character, and becomes a spiritual blessing, when it is recognised as the gift of God; and this can only be when a Divine intention of benevolence towards the possessor is felt to be fulfilled in his distinct perception of the special benefit conferred. On the other hand, the value of earthly good is increased, and the satisfaction and delight which it is in its nature to afford greatly enhanced, by the consideration that it comes from God, that our possession of it is due to his will, and our enjoyment of it in accordance with his will. These are the sentiments of the author of the book of Ecclesiastes, expressed in language which has been sometimes misrepresented as if teaching the religion of mere secularism: "It is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labour that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him: for it is his portion. Every man also to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labour; this is the gift of God" (v. 18, 19). Life and health may be placed at the head of all God's earthly gifts to man. The first is universal; the second is more common than almost any other. Without the first no other is possible, without the second neither the first nor hardly any other can be enjoyed in perfection. They are blessings for our own use and advantage, and talents by which we are enabled to serve God, and benefit society; blessings, also, in the possession of which we may become more and more blessed, talents which may be improved to the continual increase of our usefulness in the service of God, and in our vocation and ministry among men. And as we instinctively seek means for the protection of life when endangered, and the restoration of health when lost or impaired, so, in the exercise of the reason and foresight with which we are endowed, if we can discover means for the prolongation of life, and the preservation of health, it is manifestly right, and our duty, to employ them. Whether long life be really desirable is a question which has often been debated, and often decided in the negative. Scripture may be appealed to on both sides; yet, undeniably, Scripture represents "length of days" as a blessing. There can be no difference of opinion, however, on the subject of health. Notwithstanding the admitted and very remarkable fact that many seem to find satisfaction in being accounted invalids, and take pains to convince themselves, as well as others, that they are subject to serious or frequent infirmities, it is certain that all without exception really desire health, and cordially agree in the sentiment that it is one of the greatest blessings of Providence.

At the same time it must be acknowledged that health is not estimated at its full value by the majority of those who possess it. The reason is, doubtless, that it is their normal and habitual condition, and one which they share with most of those with whom they are daily conversant. Such is the weakness, or perverseness, of human nature. Ordinary and universal blessings are slighted in comparison with some peculiar advantages, or possessions, which are objects of our desires, or subjects of our pride; while yet the former are in reality, and also in our own judgment when we consider the matter, infinitely more valuable than the latter. That which is essential to the content and comfort of every day of our lives, to our capability and freedom of action, would, beyond all question, be preferred by every one of us, if we were allowed our choice, to whatever may minister to our gratification incidentally, or occasionally, even in the highest degree. Health is undeniably a more precious gift than riches, or honours, or power; for who would exchange it for either of these the chief objects of human ambition? A man would rather retain

health, or recover it, than achieve any grand success upon which the heart is set, and the attainment of which may have appeared to him to be the perfection of earthly bliss. We, of course, leave out of consideration those cases, happily numerous, in which a noble nature would freely sacrifice not only health, but life itself, for the promotion of some good cause, or on the generous impulse of friendship, or gratitude, or love.

Other examples of ordinary and general blessings which are of superlative and acknowledged value, and yet are held in slight practical appreciation, may be found in the peace, and liberty, universally, and for so long a period, enjoyed by the inhabitants of our native land. Peace, in the sense of immunity from the actual presence of war, has been our inheritance for many generations. And our civil and religious liberty is such as has never been attained by any other nation, nor by our own until the present age. And to these national blessings we owe that security of property and life, and that sense of such security, which constitute a large portion of our domestic and personal happiness. And yet how often do we reflect upon our interest in them as a substantial permanent good? By how many persons are they habitually apprehended as a subject of congratulation and thanksgiving, and a compensation for the trials, disappointments and vexations of daily life?

It is a very trite observation that we learn the true value of any blessing by its loss. Happily, no such opportunity has been afforded us of arriving at a proper estimate of the benefits of peace and liberty. By contrast, indeed, we may approximate to it. A visit to the scenes of recent warfare in Schleswig, or Virginia, would improve our appreciation of peace; and a conversation with the subjects of the Russian or French empire, or of a German principality, or with the citizens of an American republic, if they would reveal to us their experience and their sentiments, would deepen our sense of the advantage of liberty. But we have, perhaps, all of us, been enabled, in a greater or less degree, to understand the comforts of health by the privation of them during a season of sickness. It needs but a fit of the toothache to make any one of us sensible of the actual blessedness of freedom from pain. And to the invalid enfeebled by disease, or to one who is disabled or detained in inactivity by some local affection or accident, how enviable appears the mere power of moving freely from place to place, and pursuing the ordinary business of the day, without hindrance from suffering or weakness. It is remarkable, however, how soon these effects pass away, and how health when restored becomes again a matter of no consideration, and is enjoyed without the consciousness of enjoyment.

Health, it has been said, is common. More than nine-tenths of our population, probably, are in good health for more than nine-tenths of their lives. The fact cannot but appear surprising to any one who reflects for a while on the numerous circumstances by which health is everywhere, and in every instance, endangered. If we glance through a general treatise on medicine, or the report of a Sanitary Commission, we must be painfully impressed with the multitude and variety of diseases to which our species is liable, and of the active causes of disease which are prevalent in all manner of localities, employments, and conditions of life and action. Opening a newspaper, we are struck with the diversified forms of accident by which injuries to the person are occasioned. The perusal of a book on anatomy or surgery, or an hour's attendance at a lecture on the human frame, is enough to possess the unprofessional mind with an alarming sense of the frailty of our whole structure, and especially of its most important and vital organs. The natural effect of the contemplation of the innumerable tendons, ligaments, valves, ducts, fibres, tissues, and whatever other classes there may be of the constituents of our organisation, is to make one almost afraid to walk, or run, much more to jump, or climb, and renders it incomprehensible how one survives a cough or a sneeze. And since it is undeniably true that the lesion or derangement of any portion of this delicate mechanism must cause pain or disease, and may cause death, the protracted continuance of health and life really becomes a marvel and a mystery—

> "Strange that a harp of thousand strings
> Should keep in tune so long."

But, common as health is in spite of the numberless risks to which it is in all cases exposed, it might be much more common. It is impaired and destroyed perhaps as frequently by men's own acts, as by causes independent of themselves, and beyond their control. Vice, self-indulgence, and folly, will account for a large proportion of occasional or chronic disease. And many of the dangers by which health is threatened would be either removed or greatly diminished by the exercise of prudence and common sense, and the practical use of so much knowledge of sanitary principles as all may easily acquire. The following observations on the means of preserving and improving health are offered in the hope of promoting the consideration of various details of the whole economy of health by a large circle of readers, rather than with any pretension of increasing the information already possessed by them upon the subject. In this matter, as in others of equal or greater importance, it is not by the presentation of new truth to the mind, but by securing its attention to acknowledged truth, that the most satisfactory results are to be obtained.

It is proposed to make some inquiry into the health of the mind as well as the body. The outward and visible must, in order of discussion, take precedence of the inward and spiritual; for the body is more patent and accessible to investigation than the mind; it asserts a prior and more peremptory

claim upon our notice in our personal experience; and the condition, action, and treatment of the mind will be most conveniently represented by illustrations, as they must necessarily be spoken of in terms, taken from the corresponding circumstances of the body.

The principal components of the human frame will naturally indicate and classify the topics for consideration in dealing with the subject of bodily health. The body may be roughly described as an organisation of bones and muscles, permeated by blood, covered with skin, and containing a breathing and digestive apparatus. A healthy condition of the bones, muscles, and blood, may be said, in general terms, to be chiefly or appropriately promoted by exercise; of the skin, by cleanliness; of the breathing organs, by sufficiency and purity of air; of the digestion, by food taken in due quantity, of good quality, and at right seasons. Each of these means for the preservation of health, however, produces its beneficial effects not only upon those parts of the system with which we have especially connected it, but more or less directly upon all the others.

Our attention is first due to the main process by which life and strength are constantly maintained—the support and nourishment of our whole material constitution by the ministry of the stomach in receiving and digesting food. If this be thought too ignoble an organ to be honoured with our primary notice, let it assert its own claims to precedence in the language supplied to it by Shakspeare in his version of the famous apologue of Menenius Agrippa preserved by Livy:—

"True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the storehouse and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran."

Coriolanus, Act i., sc. 1.

Man is omnivorous. It is clearly indicated by the structure of his teeth that he is intended to feed upon both flesh, and fruits or vegetables; and an examination of his capabilities for digestion, both mechanical and chemical, confirms the evidence of the teeth. The first general inference to be drawn from this fact is, that a mixed diet must be good for us, as being in conformity with our animal nature. A diet consisting of meat alone, or of vegetable substances alone, does not duly exercise the functions with which our bodies are endowed for the purpose of their sustentation. We may apply the general principle thus obtained to the first question which meets us—the nutrition of early infancy. Before the human infant has teeth, it cannot receive solid food, of either animal or vegetable character. But it is capable of receiving and profiting by mixed diet even at that period. The nourishment provided by nature in the mother's milk is undoubtedly to be relied upon chiefly for its sustenance. Yet it will be found advantageous to employ, almost from the first, the lighter kinds of farinaceous food. It is often matter of surprise that the offspring of a healthy mother, or the foster child of a healthy nurse, enjoying an abundance and rich supply of its first aliment, does not thrive, or is affected by various disturbances of the digestive organs; and, as often, that an infant whose mother, from feebleness, or peculiarity of constitution, cannot adequately minister to its necessities, grows rapidly, and is hearty and strong. The reason is that, in the former case, the child has been too long restricted to one, although the best kind of nourishment, and that, in the latter, a salutary change and mixture of diet has improved the appetite and relish for food, and variously exercised the powers of digestion.

During the early years of childhood, and before the first teeth, or at any rate the incisors, have been displaced by their permanent successors, it is not desirable to give children much animal food. Their bill of fare may be abundant, diversified, and attractive, without including in it meat, which they neither will nor can sufficiently masticate; for meat being, of necessity, always prepared for their use in small morsels, is invariably swallowed as soon as taken into the mouth, and must, therefore, prove a frequent cause of pain and sickness. The different kinds of grain, of native and foreign growth, variously prepared, milk, vegetables—and of these, such as afford edible roots and stems, rather than leaves—should form the staple of human food from the weaning of the infant to the eighth or ninth year. Among the poor, bread is too uniformly the principal article of diet for children of this age. The chief objection to this is want of variety; but the bread itself is often bad in quality, from the mixture of improper materials, or from unskilfulness in its manufacture—imperfect kneading, or baking. It is much to be desired that oatmeal and rice should be more freely used than at present for the food of children. They would be found profitable in every sense, being cheap, wholesome, and nutritious. The Highlander's breakfast of oatmeal porridge would be a more substantial and digestible meal than several slices of bread and butter; and, with the addition of a little treacle, would be to most children's taste far more palatable. A similar use of treacle might be made in the preparation of rice, both for breakfast and for dinner; and indeed would form a desirable corrective to the effect of rice upon many infantile constitutions. Milk, and sugar, or treacle, should enter largely into the composition of children's food. And a little calculation would enable the poorest to procure them in suffi-

cient quantity by a diminution in their expenditure for bread.

It is most important in the physical nurture of children that their meals should be at regular hours, and with no long intervals. But there is no worse practice than that which is too prevalent, especially among the poor, of giving children small portions of food between meals, or whenever they choose to ask, or, after much asking, to get rid of their importunity. It has a bad moral effect, encouraging them to give way to every impulse of appetite, and to think much and often of eating; and so renders them gluttonous. And it has a bad physical effect, inducing in the stomach a habit of perpetual craving, or keeping it in a state of perpetual repletion. Again, not only regularity of mealtimes, but comfort and good order at meals, will conduce in a great degree to the due and satisfactory enjoyment, and hence good digestion, of food. Hurry, confusion, general talking and clamour, chiding and quarreling, too often witnessed at the dinner-table of a disorderly family, must injuriously interfere with the processes of mastication and deglutition, and, consequently, with that of digestion. Indeed, such is the close connection of our mental and corporeal faculties, that these circumstances do, of themselves, immediately tend to impede digestion. It is a well-known fact that fear, anger, vexation, anxiety, felt at the time of eating, prevent the proper decoction of food by the stomach; and so, to a certain extent, must all other perturbations of the mind. The observance of this rule is of course as necessary for adults as children; but since the passions of children are more easily excited, and less regarded, and their stomachs more delicate for the most part than those of their elders, they are the chief sufferers by its neglect.

Bread, the staff of life, claims the first consideration among the staple materials of our food. Bread should be home-made; and every cook, and every one who has to cook, should know how to make it. The family is thus secured against the evils arising from unwholesome ingredients, introduced by the unscrupulousness of trade, to improve the appearance, or the profit, of a loaf. The finest wheat-flour, ground from the pure grain, produces the bread most in esteem, on account of its whiteness and closeness of texture, and it is doubtless excellent food, and very nutritious. But, if much bread is consumed, a more digestible, and therefore more nutritious article of diet, is provided by the coarser kind of flour, or a copious mixture of bran with the finer. The brown bread thus manufactured is generally popular; it has more taste than that made from the pure flour, and is, of course, much cheaper. Other ingredients may also be employed with similar advantage in making bread. Potatoes, in due proportion, and, still better, rice, will combine with wheat-flour to form a capital loaf, of good consistency and agreeable flavour, and retaining its moistness longer than that made of flour alone. By the use of these substances, especially the latter, the cost of bread in a large household will be very greatly diminished, at no sacrifice of its wholesome or palatable qualities.

The various kinds of butcher's meat, and of poultry and fish, commonly used for the principal meal of the day, differ much, no doubt, among themselves in wholesomeness and nutritiveness. But, always supposing the meat in a proper state for human food, the greatest difference in these respects is made by the cooking. Bad cooking renders a large proportion of the food consumed in this country indigestible; while good cooking would extract nourishment and enjoyment from much which is generally rejected as insipid or injurious. Many simple rules for the right preparation of food, especially animal food, rules for the most ordinary operations—boiling, roasting, baking, and frying—are either unknown to most of our cooks and housewives, or are wilfully and scornfully rejected by them as crotchets and whims of unpractical persons, meddling with what they cannot be expected to understand. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the late M. Soyer, supported by his professional reputation, a considerable amount of knowledge on these subjects has been of late years disseminated, and cheap manuals, containing manifold and useful instruction on the art and practice of cooking, conveyed in intelligible language, are now received with less prejudice than formerly, and are gradually producing an influence upon our domestic cookery which it may be hoped will extend, in due time, to our labouring population. One favourable result of the movement headed, if not originated, by that distinguished *chef* has been the multiplication of soups, and the more extensive diffusion of tastes for dishes of that class. Abundance of materials, animal and vegetable, is available for food, and capable of yielding much nourishment, or of imparting flavour and zest to a meal, if introduced into soup, which hitherto have either been never purchased, or, if forming a necessary part of a purchase, wasted, or deliberately thrown away. The value of soup for improving, augmenting, and economising the dietary of a poor family is much better understood on the Continent. In most French cottages the *pot-au-feu* is kept continually simmering, and ready to receive scraps of all kinds, which otherwise could not be converted into food. Many years ago the writer remarked, in the hearing of a person well acquainted with France, upon a subject much discussed of late—the paucity of small birds in that country. He explained it by saying that when a French peasant hears of a bird within a few fields of his cottage, he goes out and snares him, and puts him into the soup-pot. It is the same with almost everything else at all edible that can be caught, killed, or gathered. The same observing person also stated that, during the war with France, many French prisoners were on parole in a city in the Midland Counties near his residence, and having but a small allowance made

them for their maintenance, and nothing to do, they were accustomed to sally forth every morning into the neighbouring fields and woods, and to return laden with an abundance of herbs, and other wild products of the country, which made savoury and wholesome additions to their *potage*, but which the English peasantry of the locality never dreamed of employing for food. It would hardly be safe to recommend to our agricultural poor, in their present ignorance of practical botany, to make free use of wild herbs; it is certainly not desirable that they should be encouraged in the extensive destruction of wild birds. And perhaps, upon the whole, they are better supplied with provisions than the corresponding class in most foreign lands. But many a cottage might furnish a more plentiful, and more nourishing, and more acceptable meal than at present to its hungry inmates by the free use of vegetable-forms, broths and soups, in the great variety of common vegetables, easily grown, or procurable, and of scrap meat, which butchers would be generally glad to dispose of at a nominal price.

Edible vegetable-forms of one kind or another—roots, stems, leaves, flowers, fruit, or seeds—are so abundantly provided by the teeming earth, in almost every climate and soil, that it is evident they are intended to supply a very considerable proportion of the food of man. They differ much as to their nutritive qualities, but all have their uses; and many which are not very palatable or profitable by themselves, however dressed, become agreeable additions to various compounds, chiefly of the soup kind. A few rough experiments will soon instruct the unprofessional caterer for a household how to employ them. Fruits also may, with the greatest advantage, be liberally introduced, both raw and cooked, as portions of regular meals. There can be no doubt that all vegetables and fruits that are commonly eaten have special properties which render them individually beneficial, in some particular manner, to our corporeal system. The rule for availing ourselves fully of this provision made in them for our benefit is to use them in moderation, in combination with other food, and in season. It may reasonably be inferred from numerous analogies that, in its season of maturity, every product of the earth intended for our consumption is in itself really wholesome, and is then especially adapted to the state and requirements of the body, in some or other of its organs or functions. As the medicinal or sanitary plants, whatever other purposes they may serve, are evidently designed to be correctives, each of some particular abnormal condition of our organisation, so, probably, the alimentary and salutary plants are, exactly at the times when they are presented to us by nature, precisely the vegetable food most conducive to the maintenance of health. If the restoratives are efficacious by reason of their relation to certain states of disease, we may fairly suppose that the nutritives and preservatives produce their beneficial effects in virtue of their relation to certain phases of the state of health. And, obviously, it is most probable that these phases should occur at the season when the plants attain that development which renders them suitable for our food. But, without any deep analysis of its principle, the maxim will commend itself to most as founded upon common sense, that whatever food has a season is good for us at that season. Hence, instead of debarring ourselves from various vegetable productions when most plentiful and most inviting, from the notion that they are the cause or the promoters of seasonal distempers, we shall act most wisely and naturally in allowing ourselves the free use of them, in due proportion to other food, and always with careful consideration of the existing state of the bodily health, and of the idiosyncrasies of the individual constitution. Perhaps we may go farther, and say that, when any article of food is in season, the supply of which is naturally profuse, it would be generally for our benefit to give it a preponderance in our daily diet. During the prevalence of Asiatic cholera in 1832, people were so possessed with the conviction that vegetable food was likely to produce or predispose to the disease, that there was scarcely any sale in the great London markets for the principal productions of the season. The market-gardeners of London and its vicinity not only procured and published the testimony of all the most eminent medical practitioners of the day in favour of the proper use of their commodities, but also put forth statistics, of undeniable authenticity, which proved that the families of the labourers in the market-gardens, who were necessarily large consumers of whatever vegetables were in season, and in fact lived chiefly upon them, enjoyed in a remarkable degree immunity from the destructive epidemic.

The maxim of greatest importance in reference to the materials of human food is—mixture and variety; a maxim founded, as has been stated, upon man's omnivorous nature. Animal and vegetable substances, soups and solid meat, fish, flesh, and fowl, in combination, or succession, ought, if due advantage is to be taken of the health-sustaining element in food, to form the dietary of every household. And this would be practicable to a great extent, even amongst the lowest class of our population, if a few simple principles of domestic economy, and domestic cookery, were but understood and believed in. The poor, when ill, have great faith in a "change of medicine;" they would in numberless cases have less occasion for changes of medicine if they would study change of food. And others far above them might profit by the same practice. An illustration of the too common indifference to sameness of diet, and the mischiefs arising from it, was offered in the hearing of the writer some years since by a gentleman of the medical profession, one of a party of tourists who spent a very pleasant evening together in intellectual conversation at an inn in the Highlands. A person, he told us, had applied to him, or a friend

of his, for advice, who was evidently labouring under a species of atrophy, the symptons being those which often indicate scarcity or poverty of food. On inquiring into his habits of life, it was found that he had daily business in London, which detained him in the city from morning to night, and that he invariably dined at a chop-house, on mutton-chops. On Sundays, his dinner, being left to the discretion of his landlady, was generally the same dish. The consequence was that he lost all appetite, his food ceased to nourish him, and in fact, said our informant, he was "starving upon mutton." A judicious and gradual alteration in his dinner fare restored him to health.

The question of the proper and most salutary beverage of man has been warmly discussed during the last quarter of a century; and many have, much to their own benefit and that of society at large, pronounced in favour of water. In the earlier stages of human life, water is unquestionably the best drink at meals, for the purpose of quenching thirst. But universal instinct has availed itself of the provision of nature for the production of stimulating liquors from the fruits of the earth by the process of fermentation. And it is not easy to refute the argument arising from this instinct, and provision, in favour of the general and moderate use of such liquors. It may be said that they are intended to be medicinal and not alimentary; but if they are medicinal, they are so, at least those of them the supply of which is most copious, by their preservative and preventive, rather than by their sanitary character. They act immediately upon the nervous and digestive systems, and upon the circulation; and, when not taken in excess of quantity or strength, act, in the majority of cases, beneficially.

When the corporeal structure of man is fully developed, and exercises its functions for the daily purposes of life, there appears to be, in all but the most excitable temperaments, a chronic tendency to inertia, or imperfect action, in various organs, of which the alcoholic stimulants are the most ready and sure correctives. And there are constantly recurring occasions of partial exhaustion, or lassitude, through excitement or labour, when the internal powers, nervous and digestive, require for their restoration a stimulus more active and diffusive than is supplied by any preparation of animal or vegetable food; when, in fact, such a stimulus is necessary in order that the system may derive real and full advantage from the food. Used with due regard to quantity, time, and circumstances, fermented liquors are salutary to most, necessary to a great many, and, at some seasons and periods of life, perhaps to all. But let it be carefully observed, that excess in these liquors is detrimental to both the nervous and digestive powers; and that, indeed, diluents of any kind, taken in large draughts at meals, are unfavourable to the decoction of food in the stomach, and tend to weaken that organ.

The caution just given applies to those very popular infusions—tea and coffee—which form so large a proportion of the beverage of the English people. It is now generally admitted that, if not in themselves nutritive, they are conducive to nutrition, and that their elements, called theine and cafeine, have properties which justify the abundant use which is made of them, and the high estimation in which they are held. There is no better preparation for a day of hard work, bodily or mental, than a cup or two of moderately strong tea; and no more agreeable and wholesome restorative after fatigue. But the good effects of tea, and of coffee as well, are in countless instances neutralised, and bad effects produced, by the immoderate quantity which is imbibed at breakfast and tea time; the consequence of this over-indulgence being often chronic dyspepsia.

Still worse results follow from the pernicious habit of drinking these liquids very hot. "Did you ever," said an eminent medical practitioner to one whom he was warning against the acknowledged practice,—"Did you ever take notice of the palm of a washer-woman's hand—pale, sodden, flabby, wrinkled; such will be the state of the inner lining of your stomach if you are constantly pouring hot tea into it. And you may easily understand how incapable it must then become of performing its functions."

It is most important to health that the daily meals should be taken at suitable times, and with regularity. Breakfast should not be delayed long after rising. Many hours have elapsed since the last meal, and sleep has promoted digestion, so that very soon a sensation of emptiness and craving for food is usually experienced; and these demands of nature ought to be satisfied. Work of any kind continued for some time in such circumstances is found to be exhausting. Persons who rise early, and cannot conveniently obtain their full morning meal for two or three hours, would do well to secure the provision of some slight refreshment of a light and simple kind, to be taken before they address themselves to the first duties of the day. They will ensure a better appetite for the more substantial breakfast, and derive greater benefit from it, than if they come to it with feelings of faintness and languor, which are the effects of too long a fast. For the same reason, there should not be long intervals between the meals, nor should the principal meal be taken late in the day. The digestive organs partake of the weariness and reduction of power which the rest of the body experiences after the lapse of many hours of wakefulness and activity, and if then required to exercise their functions upon abundance of solid food, cannot perform their work satisfactorily. On the other hand, about midway between rising and going to bed, a moderate amount of labour and exercise has created an appetite without producing lassitude, and at this point the powers require sustentation and re-inforcement for the remaining

moiety of the day's work. So that the natural time for dinner would appear to vary with the habits of life between the hours of twelve and three. As was urged in the case of children, plenty of time should be given to this meal; the food taken slowly, in small morsels, and ample use made of the teeth before swallowing. And, if practicable, a considerable period of rest for body and mind should be secured between dining and returning to the ordinary duties and labours of the day. The almost invariable habit of the lower animals to remain quiet, and generally asleep, after a full meal, is some evidence in favour of this recommendation. The dyspeptic condition of many of our operatives in town and country is clearly traceable to the necessity of hurrying from work to dinner, and from dinner to work, in consequence of living at a considerable distance from the place of employment. Hence the great importance of the establishment of dining-houses in every quarter of our large towns, which may be reached in a few minutes by the mechanic or labourer whose work lies far from home, so that he may be able to devote the latter part of his dinner hour to quiet talk, or quiet reading, to a nap of forty winks, or a gentle saunter. And the farm servant, or the navvy, who is employed at a distance of a mile or two from his cottage, would derive more nourishment and refreshment from the dinner which he has brought with him, or has had brought to him, and after eating which he can rest for half an hour, than from a meal more wholesome in itself, and better prepared, and enjoyed at the family board, but which he must hastily despatch, and rise from it the moment he has swallowed the last mouthful, and walk rapidly back to the resumption of his laborious occupation.

W. F. WILKINSON.

(To be continued.)

ON THE ENFORCED PAUSES OF LIFE.

It seems that in old Scandinavia there were trolls, or lubber dwarfs, who were always busy; who *never* knew what it was to repose. A country fellow—as I remember the story, which I quote upon the strength of a child's recollection—employed one of these trolls to assist him in stealing a quantity of wheat from another countryman's barn. "Take a little more, Mr. Troll, take a little more," says the thief, "by-and-by you shall have some rest." So the troll takes a little more, saying, however, "Rest, rest! What is rest?" Off they go, the pair of them, carrying heavy loads of the stolen goods. When they are at a safe distance from the scene of their theft, they sit down for a rest. "Oh," says the troll, "if I had only known how good rest is, I would have brought away the entire barn!"

Most of us know how good rest is, and are ready enough to take it, though not always when we need it: on the other hand, it is sometimes forced upon us in a way that teaches more than one lesson. We find, in the compelled pauses of our lives, that the world can do without us, and that it is a good thing to be occasionally cut off from it. How nice it is to *let* alone; how nice to *be* let alone!

Nearly all forms of travelling give us some degree of this kind of feeling. Not, of course, riding in an omnibus, for there is no telling whom you may meet in it; but in some degree riding in a cab, and in a considerable degree, riding on the railway for any distance. In a cab you may lean back so that nobody can see you; and you may shut your eyes upon the hard faces, and squalid dresses, and filthy gutters, and frowsy corners of the streets. Nobody is likely to stop the carriage,—and nobody *can* stop a train! So that, unless you have unpleasant fellow-travellers, you are comfortably shut up from the rest of the world, with a delicious sensation that there is no drawbridge. It is an old remark that, from a similar point of view, a sea-voyage is delightful. Nobody can knock at the door. If you are ill, nobody can look in, to condole; and how delightful *that* is sometimes—to escape being reminded that you are not well! On the other hand, you have your own delicious incapacities. You cannot knock at anybody else's door. If something nasty occurs to you, you cannot write it, and post it to a friend—who would be vexed by it. A masterly inactivity is forced upon you. Your whole being lies fallow. Ceasing to plague and to be plagued; knowing that the great world gets on without your fretting and fuming about it; and yet retaining a keen sense of your own vitality,—oh, it must be a pleasant situation. A keen sense of your own vitality you *must* have, for the mind puts forth an immense fresh elasticity of power in the presence of vast suggestive spaces, and magnificent sights and sounds, such as are round it on the great deep: and yet there is rest, and a triumphant immunity.

The forced repose which accompanies very severe illness, or confinement to the house on a wet day, or the recovery from a swoon, brings with it something of the same soothing effect. In the midst of a heavy personal trouble, or a serious enterprise, which seems to demand the most strenuous effort on your own part, you are suddenly stricken with illness. The oars drop from your hands, and the boat—does it stop? No, thank God, it pulls through, it gets safely past the rapids, and you have to reflect, amid the fretfulness of returning health, what a useless, unimportant fellow you are. Or again. For days past you have been earnestly working your affairs up to a certain point for a certain day, "sharp." Perhaps you have even fixed the hour at

which a particular iron shall be hot, and shall be struck by your energetic hand. On that day it comes on to rain, thunder, and lighten so furiously that all the world stays indoors, and you, not being quite well, feel that you must. The next day, you go out with the intention of taking up the broken thread and working it into your scheme, but find that the course of events has superseded your ingenious activity, and your efforts are not required. Not unfrequently the new turn which things have taken is felicitous, but let it be clearly understood that this does not condemn your activity, or show that it could have been spared. It may not *appear* to have any connection with the result, but you and I do not know quite everything, and there may be a real though invisible connection between things the most remote.

Taking care not to draw the false moral from anything of this kind that happens in our lives, we may yet draw the right one. How much have we all suffered, as some French epigrammatist says, in rhyme, from evils that never occurred! How exaggerated are some of our strivings! Napoleon, as we have all read, used to leave his letters unopened for days, and then find with cynical joy, on breaking their seals at last, that the majority had answered themselves. Of course this might and would happen in more ways than one. For instance, the poor sick man's letter, begging the loan of a sovereign to buy food with, has clearly answered itself, if at the end of a week you find the sick man is dead and are quite sure the widow will not come to ask you for a sovereign towards the funeral expenses. But, in the majority of the instances in which the letters no longer want answering, it is pretty certainly because the writers were over-urgent about things which have arranged themselves without interference. The fact is, we get upon inclined planes in our little affairs, and become heated with the "wind of our own speed," and then of course we exaggerate the consequence of our own efforts, and of what others can do for us. But we must not allow this sort of reflection upon life to suggest the foolish and wicked paradox that indifference stands as good a chance as energy. Nobody who loves the truth ever pushes this suggestion beyond a joke. Drunkards and fools do escape strange pitfalls, and do fall into the laps of easy fortunes: but the very surprise the thing occasions is enough to indicate its place in the classification of events.

Scarcely anything in life is so sweet to me as the repose of Sunday—the soothing suggestions of its devouter offices, its silence, its calm, its immunities. Defoe, when he was in difficulties, was called the Sunday gentleman, because he only went abroad upon the day on which bailiffs had no power; but others, not in difficulties, may be permitted to rejoice in the certainty of being let alone on Sundays. For my part, I have never, since I can recollect at all, awoke on a Sunday morning without a sense of triumph in the quiet hours that were before me. Sunday was always the day on which I rose early, in order to have as much as possible of its peace and sweetness. It is still the same with me. No postman comes to-day, with his double knock. No butcher rings the bell for orders. No carts go clattering through the streets. Even the doctor seems to find less to do. And now, in these soft, unfretted moments, causes of irritation seem less than they did yesterday: we pause upon the momentous step: the bent bow of half-angry energy is relaxed: the mist of passion has time to thin away a little: we come to the end of the gentle day with a pang, and go to bed with a regretful thought that to-morrow is Monday. I say *we*, feeling sure that my own experience cannot be solitary—but it *is* mine, and much more keenly mine than the pen can tell you. The influence of an enforced pause in clearing the mind may be great. How often does it happen that we fail to see because we look too hard. We *look at* the picture, or the landscape; we attack it, so to speak, with our eyes; and we miss the beauty of it. But another day, when we are a little relaxed in our will, the landscape or the picture is permitted to look at us, and the calm receptivity of a languor, enforced it may be by illness, takes in the loveliness we missed when we were at pains to see.

These things are commonplaces of human experience, and to speak of them is not to teach, but to recite what is known. Not less familiar, and not less interesting as a topic of meditation, is the importance of placing a solid block of oblivion, if possible, between any great shock of pain or disappointment, and our next effort. True or not, that is a good story which relates how some one, suddenly overthrown and baffled in his career, told his valet to give him forty drops of laudanum, and let him sleep till he awoke of his own accord. That sounds very like suicide; but the truth is, if short enforced pauses could always be secured, the temptation to suicide would be removed. Believe it who please, I do not believe that the science of anæsthetics is even in its infancy, as yet. Not opium nor chloroform, not poppies nor mandragora, not drowsy syrups; but something, something has yet to be won from the secrets of the borderland upon which Psychology and Physiology knock their heads together in the twilight. It is, doubtless, a most shy and recondite something. The mesmerist, the hypnotist, and the magician have not hit it. Nor did that celebrated gentleman, an Indian officer I think, who had acquired the knack of stopping the beating of his own heart, and at last performed the experiment once too often. But when, upon my pronouncing the exquisite word *anodyne*, some rude fellow speaks of ether on lump-sugar, or an opium pill, I own I feel a little insulted. I did once begin a recipe—*Take equal quantities of rippling water, true love, falling rose-leaves, firm faith, sweet music, swan's down*—ah! I shall never finish it till some enforced pause in my affairs gives me the requisite leisure. But that

so beautiful a word as *anodyne* must have an equivalent in fact and nature, is so highly probable that one cannot easily relinquish all hope of finding it. Can it lie concealed in the crypt which hides the squared circle, the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life? There *was* a charm—but Merlin told it to Vivien in Broceliande! There *was* a charm—but it was a charm to waken, and not to soothe; so she awoke, and went across the hills with him, leaving the story of her slumber to fascinate the sweet poet:—

"Well, were it not a pleasant thing
To fall asleep with all one's friends;
To pass with all our social ties
To silence from the paths of men;
And every hundred years to rise,
And leave the world, and sleep again,
To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars,
And wake on science grown to more,
On secrets of the brain, the stars,
As wild as aught of fairy-lore;
And all that else the years will show,
The Poet-forms of stronger hours,
The vast Republics that may grow,
The Federations and the Powers; . . .
So sleeping, so aroused from sleep
Thro' sunny decads new and strange,
Or gay quinquenniads, we would reap
The flower and quintessence of change."

There is a too-daring luxury in all this! There is an excess of certainty about it; and yet a terror of uncertainty. As for me, I should never sleep if I knew I was wound up, like an alarum, to wake at a given time. On the other hand, there might be a mistake: the prince might never find his way to the palace. No: my anodyne must be something far simpler. It must be uncertain in the duration of its effects, but it must not last longer than while one might stay in an easy-chair, or in bed, with decency, and without exciting the coroner to hold an inquest. As for sleeping a century, or five centuries—a "gay quinquenniad"—it seems absurd to go to bed for that: one ought to have a proper vault in a cemetery. Let us, as Sydney Smith said, take short views. Nathaniel Hawthorne maintained that what the world at present needed was a nap; and that moderate expression just hits off the purpose for which I want somebody to discover an anodyne. In the meanwhile, I am not always thankful to those who, in their anxiety to "save time," are skilful in shortening the enforced pauses of life. I am by no means always desirous to make a journey short; on the contrary, I often wish it to last as long as possible; and as for Sunday—if anybody could succeed in turning the one which will dawn to-morrow into a sabbatic year, I should thank him with every pulse of my being.

THE COVERT.

THE eagle beats his way
Strong-winged through the burning blue:
All through the heat of the day
In the covert the wood-doves coo.
Take the wings of the dove, my soul!
Take the wings of the dove!
For the sun is not thy goal,
But the secret place of love.

Close to the earth and near,
And hidden among the flowers,
By the brink of the brooklet clear,
The dove in her covert cowers.
Take the wings of the dove, my soul!
Take the wings of the dove!
For the sun is not thy goal,
But the secret place of love.

Flee not afar, my soul!
Flee not afar for rest!
The tumult may round thee roll,
Yet the dove be in thy breast.
Take the wings of the dove, my soul!
Take the wings of the dove!
For the sun is not thy goal,
But the resting-place of love.

A.

Drawn by J. Wolf.] [Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

"IN THE COVERT THE WOOD-DOVES COO."

A VISIT TO THE CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO.

HALF-WAY down the Eastern shore of the Adriatic, reaching almost to within a stone's-throw of the sea, but cut off from it by narrow strips of Austrian and Turkish territory, lies the little principality of Montenegro. Four centuries ago, when Serbia and Bosnia were overrun by the Turkish armies, the sterile mountains of this principality received the refugees, who preferred independence with poverty rather than submission to the Sultan. For four centuries these people have cultivated the narrow valleys running up between the ranges of the mountains which give name to their territory and every available patch of land which lies on the slopes of the limestone hills, with their rifles slung at their backs, and have had to contend in perpetual warfare with their invaders. Once or twice their home has been swept over by the hordes of the Ottoman; but this has been but for a moment, and the substantial result of their heroism has been the preservation of that independence, to secure which they exchanged the more fertile plains of Albania and Serbia for the Black Mountains. The name of their principality, Montenegro in the Venetian dialect, Karadag in Turkish, and Tschernagora in the language of the people themselves, means the dark, or black mountains, a name said to have been given to this chaos of mountains because of the foliage with which they were formerly covered. Other derivations are suggested, but this, on the whole, appears to be the most probable one. Amongst the whole Serbian people, Montenegro is regarded as the cradle of the race. As, then, I had lately rambled over the greater part of the principality of Serbia, I determined when at Trieste, on my way home from Belgrade, to accept the pressing invitation of one of the Montenegrin senators, whom I had met in Serbia, and to visit him in his mountain home.

I left Trieste on Tuesday, July the 25th, in the *Australia*, a commodious steamer, with excellent accommodation, and a most agreeable captain. It is the custom of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers to stay for some hours at Zara, Sebenico, Spalato, and Ragusa, so that passengers are able to explore these ancient cities of Dalmatia. It was not, therefore, until Friday evening that I reached Cattaro, which is situated at the foot of the pass leading into Montenegro. Having found an hotel, arrangements were made for my departure on the following morning for Cettignè, the capital of Montenegro. At five o'clock in the morning I rose to prepare for my journey, but it was fully a quarter to seven before I had got clear of the tiny streets of this tiny city—for it has its bishop—which is built on the narrow strip of level land interposed between the mountains of Montenegro and the waters of the Bocca di Cattaro. As I looked upwards I caught sight of a number of sharply defined zig-zag lines on the face of the cliffs, along which lies the road into the principality. From the streets of the city the pass appears by no means formidable. Indeed, the cliffs on the opposite side of the Bocca appear much higher. It is only when all that is at first visible of the road has been traversed that the real height of the pass into Montenegro is evident. As I mounted, I had to thread my way with care between files of mules and small ponies laden with wood and vegetables for the Cattaro market. The women who accompanied these animals, and sometimes, but more rarely, the men also, were almost as heavily burdened as the animals themselves. More usually the men were to be seen seated on jutting pieces of the rock, chatting or joking with the passers-by and smoking their morning pipe at their ease, whilst women old and young staggered down with their burdens. This early and excessive toil robs the Montenegrin women of their beauty, so that with them there appears but little interval between girlhood and ill-favoured old age. But this toil, often necessary, has another and more injurious effect than the loss of good looks. It has hitherto defeated the attempts of the present Prince and his predecessor to induce the Montenegrin parents to send their girls to school, and thus give them the opportunity of acquiring the simplest rudiments of learning. After I had mounted some five or six hundred feet of the ascent, the road passed almost close under the walls of a huge Venetian fortress, now useless and deserted. Passing this, the road still ascends, until leaving the fortress I looked down upon it, as in the distance it seemed to touch the houses in Cattaro, instead of being some hundred feet above it. And now my horse stood still from fatigue; so giving him up to the care of my attendants, a closely-clipped Bosniac and two active Montenegrins, I resolved to mount the rest of the pass on foot.

After nearly three hours of toil, partly on foot and partly on horseback, I reached the top of the pass, and was able to look down upon everything within sight. The view was one which will not be soon forgotten. Below me lay the Bocca di Cattaro, smooth as glass, and reflecting as clearly as in a mirror, the towers and white-fronted houses which rise far above the margin of the sea. Every mountain and ravine, every pathway winding to the top of the ridge opposite to me, every village or town, every vineyard and oliveyard, was sharply defined in the clear atmosphere, and the whole tract of country seemed more like a raised map than solid earth and deep sea. Turning from the road which I had passed over, I was now able to look inland, and the sight in this direction, though totally different from that behind me, was not less striking. I seemed to be looking on a turbulent sea of grey limestone, an ocean of rolling boulders and petrified breakers. The silent sterility was appalling.

At the first view there appeared no signs of inhabitants. As I rode on, however, I caught sight of pieces of cultivated land, and at length I pulled up my horse at a road-side hotel, consisting of two rooms, one wholly and the other partially cut out of the solid rock. Sheltering himself from the heat of the day under a rude covering of boughs, was seated the young lad who was the keeper of this frontier inn, busied at the moment of our arrival with skinning a sheep, the heart and liver of which hung dangling in front by way of a sign. On the bench by his side lay an imperfect, well-thumbed, and badly-greased volume of Serbian songs. After a glass of raki for each of my companions, and a tumbler of water for myself, we again mounted. Half an hour afterwards, during which the heat of the day had considerably increased, we arrived at the village of Tregosh, one of three villages which lie close together, and I there obtained my first glimpse of real Montenegrin life. Here I found half a dozen villagers, lads and old men, busily shooting at a mark, whilst one of the company kept a score of the shots fired. The houses here, and throughout Montenegro, resemble Irish or Highland cottages; indeed, I have seen some hardly as comfortable in the neighbourhood of Largs and elsewhere along the borders of Loch Lomond. And now I had again to dismount, for my Serbian companion suffered greatly from the heat of the weather. In front of one of the houses—I may call it an eating-house—we unpacked a small parcel of provisions which we had brought from Cattaro. After eating a morsel of ham and drinking a glass of cold clear water, I walked out to examine the village and the country around. Our little restaurant consisted of four small rooms, all in front, and two on each storey. In one of the upper rooms was the kitchen, the floor of which was made of slabs of stone, supported on a frame of beech timber. The hearth was simply a square hole of some two feet diameter, sunk about six inches below the rest of the floor. The smoke filled the room, until it managed to escape through the proper hole in the roof. The other room on this floor was the sleeping apartment, holding three beds. Next door to the restaurant was a shop—at least I judged it to be a shop from the scales and one or two parcels of goods which I saw there. In one part of the house, which consisted of only one room, dinner was preparing, and a pot of kitchen herbs, brussels sprouts, and kale, was simmering on the fire. Whilst looking round in this shop, a little girl came in, evidently on an accustomed errand, with a handkerchief of eggs for sale, which she was offering from door to door.

This village or collection of houses is the birth-place of the present Prince of Montenegro, the seat of the powerful family of Petrovitch. The houses are all built with a due care not to encroach on the small portion of land which admits of cultivation, and are therefore set down without any regard to order or appearance. Here, as in most other parts of Montenegro, as I afterwards found, are signs of progress and improvement. The little cottages, with their one long room divided, and often imperfectly divided, between the family of the owner and the cattle which it possesses, are giving way to houses which have a storey above the ground floor: whilst rough thatch is fast disappearing in favour of red tiles. In front of the houses lie little patches of garden ground, not trim and four-square, but of such shape as the rocky ground permits. Here I found potatoes, white and scarlet runners, melons, radishes, cabbage, maize, and capsicum, with a piece or two of horse-radish. The church lies about a stone's cast out of the centre of the village, and in front of the houses and facing the road is a school-house in progress. This is of hewn stone. After a rest of about three-quarters of an hour we again mounted our horses and pursued our journey. So rough was the ground that our horses slipped at every step on the hard polished limestone, so that it was necessary to keep one's eye upon the path; indeed, with all our care, we were absolutely compelled to dismount at times, as some of the descents were dangerously steep. We now passed through a chaos of limestone. Where, however, the rains of ages and the decay of the pine and beech woods have formed a soil out of the disintegrated rock and vegetable mould, the hollows are carefully cultivated. The fields thus formed are not only irregular in shape, but are often so small that I passed corn-fields twenty feet by twelve, and potato grounds less than six feet square. Such a spectacle of industry in the face of difficulties it would not be easy to parallel. Unlike Serbia, where the potato is rarely found, in Montenegro it is a staple article of food for all classes of the people, and is exported to Dalmatia, Albania, and to other parts of Turkey. Skirting our path at intervals were juniper bushes and wild fruit trees, beech and oak scrub, whilst wild thyme, wild mint of various kinds, wild sage, and several other wild shrubs and flowers, springing from the midst of the stones over which we were scrambling, made the grey rocks gay with variegated colours. Then, after mounting for some time, we reached the highest point of our journey, and caught a distinct but distant view of the great Albanian lake, which forms part of the southern boundary of Montenegro, and in the foreground a plain girdled with jagged mountains, looking like the crater of a huge extinct volcano. On this plain, the most sterile and sandy of the small plains of Montenegro, stands Cettignè, the tiny capital of this small principality, the residence of the Prince, the abode of some of the chief inhabitants of Montenegro, and the place where the senate holds its meetings. Though the absolute distance from Cattaro is not great, yet the road is so rugged, and the journey consequently takes so long a time, that it was fully one o'clock before I reached the small inn where I was to stay for the two or three days during which I intended to remain at Cettignè.

Cettignè is, I suppose, the smallest capital city in

the world. The last Prince was very desirous of removing the seat of government from the sandy sterile plain in which it stands, and to build a small city on the banks of the Zetta. The nearness, however, of this to the Turkish frontier, and the danger of such a position, has hitherto prevented the Court from removing from Cettignè. The city consists of two small streets, standing at right angles to each other, one or two scattered cottages, and the convent—the residence of the successive Prince-Bishops who, for nearly two hundred years, governed this principality. The street in which my inn was situated consisted of some five-and-twenty or thirty houses, exactly resembling those in a Highland village in Scotland; the central houses having each a storey above the ground floor, the houses at each end of the street having only apartments on the ground. The windows of my room in this little inn commanded the street, which is at right angles with the sole remaining street. This second street is composed of three or four houses of one storey, the rest are but cabins; some of which are tiled, the rest thatched. The larger houses are tenanted by three or four of the senators during their stay at the capital. One, which is distinguished by almost a pretence of a balcony, is the residence of the vice-president of the senate, whenever he may be at Cettignè. Near this is the royal printing office, consisting of one room on the ground floor some twenty feet square, in which all the printing for the whole of Montenegro is executed. This house has apartments above for the very intelligent priest and poet, who is the superintendent. As the language of this mountain principality is the same, with the exception of slight dialectic differences, as that which is spoken throughout Serbia, and the mother language of many millions of people in Dalmatia, Slavonia, Serbia, and Hungary, the printing presses of Belgrade, Agram, Pesth, and Trieste supply most of the literary wants of the Montenegrins. The books printed at Cettignè, though few in number, however, are very creditably executed. They consist mostly of small collections of Serbian poetry, the Cettignè Almanack, containing the Directory or list of officers in Church and State, and various educational books. Opposite the printing-office stands an unfinished palace, of moderate dimensions, of one storey—the ground-floor, however, being thrown up so as almost to give the house the appearance of having two storeys. This building is in the style of houses in Germany, and has external Venetian blinds. It is intended for the residence of the Princess Darinka, the widow of the late Prince Danilo. At the end of this street, which stands at the junction with the only other street, is a small triangular piece of green, on which is a small oil lamp only lighted on very dark nights, a plane-tree, and a well, round which two or three women, with baskets of fruit, eggs, and vegetables, are seated on most days. At the other end of the street is another plane-tree, under the shadow of which the Prince dispenses justice, and idlers hold their daily court for gossip. On the green near this lie—for they are mostly dismounted—some eight or nine pieces of artillery of all dimensions and ages, the trophies of past wars with the Turks.

At present the hotel accommodation of the metropolis of Montenegro is but scanty, and a fastidious traveller would hardly reconcile himself to the apartments and fare to which he would have to submit during his stay at Cettignè. As, however, the hospitalities of the palace are freely rendered to all persons coming with a recommendation, and a large hotel is at this moment nearly finished, future travellers may safely reckon on finding a supply of all their wants and such attention as they will receive in most German towns.

Soon after my arrival at Cettignè, I received an invitation to the palace. This is a long building of one storey—that is to say, one above the ground-floor apartments—standing on one side of a quadrangle, the other three sides being formed by walls enclosing a small slip of green lawn. The lower apartments are occupied by the attendants of the palace, or used as domestic offices. The upper rooms are the residence of the Prince, his wife and child; his father—Mirko—and mother; two cousins; and the Princess Darinka, widow of the late Prince Danilo. On being shown by the attendant into a room furnished in the English drawing-room style, a young man of four-and-twenty came forward, and, introducing himself in French as "le Prince de Montenegro," welcomed me to his palace and principality. Prince Nicholas is handsome in person, frank and pleasing in manners, and possesses all the bearing of a true Christian gentleman. I speak of the impression which he left upon my mind in the first interview—an impression which was deepened and confirmed by subsequent acquaintance. This first interview was necessarily short, as it was almost time for dinner, to which I received an invitation. When we assembled in the drawing-room after dinner, I was introduced to the Princess Helena, the wife of the Prince, and to the Princess Darinka. The former Princess has been married about four years, but is not yet nineteen. A decided beauty, with dark flashing eyes, long nose, and sharply cut chin: her health, however, is apparently indifferent. The Prince's mother was also present, a grave-looking Montenegrin dame, without pretension, and with the bearing of the wife of a superior substantial farmer. Let not the reader suppose from this that I mean to imply that her manners were rustic, least of all that they were in the slightest degree vulgar. The Serbian race is remarkable for its freedom from pretentiousness or vulgarity. The Prince-mother is the wife of a landed proprietor of Montenegro, and doubtless at home superintends her maidens and overlooks them, if she does not assist them, in their agricultural tasks. The Princess Darinka, the widow of Prince Danilo, the uncle and predecesssor of the reigning Prince, is not yet eight and twenty years old. Her manners are very pleasing, and her reading

is extensive. She speaks good English, French, German, and, of course, Serb—perhaps other languages. She is a very thoughtful, clever woman, who is devoting herself, at great self-denial, to the improvement of people with whom she can have, from the absence of intellectual society, but little sympathy. The dinner would have caused no remark in any city in Europe; it was simple in character, with a slight dash of Orientalism. There was soup, with good river fish; after which the first dish was a chicken served in rice. Beef, with potatoes and uncooked ham, followed; then, after other dishes, a good salad, roast fowl, preserved cherries, and rice-pudding. When this was over, those who smoked—the Prince, a young Austrian officer from the garrison at Cattaro, a Russian captain engaged in making a survey of Montenegro for the Prince, and an officer of the Serbian army who had accompanied me—retired to an apartment apart from the ladies: a piece of civilisation which I had not met with in Germany.

The dress of the women throughout Montenegro varies but slightly, and, as no distinction of ranks exists, the only difference between the garments of the rich and the poorer classes consists in the superior fineness of the materials used, or in the quantity and quality of the ornaments. Their dress is simply a long flowing white *camicia* girdled by a black sash. Black and white are the national colours of the Montenegrins. Some of the women wear a heavy leathern girdle set with three or four rows of large cornelian stones, sometimes fastened in front by a massive antique silver clasp. A simple piece of black cloth is in addition worn on the head by the elder matrons. This was the dress worn by the Prince-mother at the dinner-table.

The sandy plain on which Cettignè stands is shut in on all sides by precipitous rocks. On the eastern side of the plain the little city is placed at the foot of the hills which bound the sandy level on that side. The convent, indeed, is situated on the abrupt ascent of the rocks themselves. Immediately behind this rises a round and partially-ruined tower, which, until last year, served the same purpose as the old tower at the foot of London Bridge and Temple Bar in more recent times. Here the Montenegrins placed the heads of their enemies slain in their various battles with the Turks. This custom, however, has been swept away by the influence of the late Prince Danilo; and the tower is, and for some time has been, as bare of skulls as our own civic gate. It was with some difficulty that the Prince persuaded them to abandon the practice of cutting off the heads of those of their enemies whom they had slain in battle; but so effectual were his commands and dissuasions that, in the late war with the Turks, more than six hundred prisoners were kept at Cettignè until the termination of hostilities, and then sent to the camp of Omar Pasha. This is but one out of many instances which might be cited to show the power which Prince Danilo had obtained over his subjects and the purposes for which his influence was exerted.

Next morning, Sunday, I went to church at the time the Liturgy is celebrated, and after the service was shown the coffin of the Vladika (or bishop) Peter the First, who died in 1830 and was buried in the church. His memory is greatly venerated by all the Montenegrins, who have canonized him by acclamation, and he is invariably spoken of as "the holy Peter." This church is modern, and was built in place of the dilapidated building which stood on the same spot, as a thank-offering to God, by Prince Danilo and the Princess Darinka on their marriage. It is small, though sufficient for all the inhabitants of Cettignè. After examining the church and being shown the body of the Vladika, I looked into the school-rooms adjoining. One of these is for infants, the other for older boys. For a long time this was the only school in the principality; now, however, there are several others, and school-houses are being built in two or three other places in Montenegro. I could only look at the school-rooms and examine the books used by the scholars, as it was vacation time. Adjoining to the school-room were the apartments of the Bishop Hilarion, and the Archimandrite, on whom I called a day or two afterwards. When I arrived at Cettignè the bishop was absent, being engaged in consecrating a church some miles distant. Having seen the church and schools, I went to make a call upon Mirko, the father of the reigning Prince, and the *beau ideal* of Montenegrin chivalry. Bold, fiery, and of dauntless courage, his exploits are a favourite theme for Montenegrin gossips, and as he adds to skill as a commander of men very considerable poetic powers, his songs and ballads are very popular amongst the Serbs, not only of Montenegro, but also among those of Serbia, Dalmatia, and Bosnia. In a subsequent visit which I made to the Archimandrite he gave me a volume of the poems of Mirko, printed at the royal printing press. Mirko is President of the Senate and the first subject of his son the Prince. When his brother, Prince Danilo, was assassinated, he acquiesced in the nomination of his son to the vacant seat of power. He lives at the palace together with almost all the relatives of the Prince. This is in accordance with a patriarchal custom of Montenegro. The possessions of a man belong at his death to all his children, who usually continue to live together, and who share, not the land, but the productions of the land, which is held by them in common. Any child has a right to sever his inheritance and to separate himself from the rest; this however is not usual. A Montenegrin thus explained this custom to me, "With us the bad divide the land and live apart; the good keep the land undivided and live together." Where this is accepted as an axiom, of course "the good" predominate; and in houses of only two large rooms I often found three generations living together, and brothers with their wives and large families dwelling harmoniously in the same apartment.

But in speaking of the metropolis of Montenegro

I must not pass over unnoticed the senate-house and the senators of the principality. Although for the trial of offenders charged with great crimes the senators meet within doors and have the assistance of a secretary to make a record of the cause, yet in ordinary cases this is not resorted to. The senate-house is, as the Prince's secretary jocosely remarked to me, the largest in Europe, and indeed in the world. All ordinary assemblies, whether for counsel or for the trial of civil and criminal causes, are held under the plane-tree in front of the palace, the heavens its roof and the horizon its boundaries, if indeed it has any. The Sunday evening after my arrival, I strolled out of my lodgings about six o'clock, and found a court of justice then sitting. The Prince was seated on a low wooden stool under the shade of the tree, whilst around him were ranged all the senators who happened to be in Cettignè, conspicuous amongst whom was his father Mirko. A few attendants with their rifles stood outside the circle of the senators, intermingled with a group of listeners, amongst the most interested of whom I may reckon myself. In the middle of the circle stood the plaintiff and defendant. The case was a disputed debt of a few piastres. Both spoke at once, and their pleadings were racy enough to elicit a joke or two from the Prince, and laughter from the spectators. In the midst of the examination of the two parties to the suit—the only witnesses who appeared on this occasion—the horses were brought out for the use of the Prince in his customary afternoon's ride. Thereupon he soon summed up and gave judgment, apparently to the satisfaction of both parties, though evidently more to the satisfaction of one than of the other; since, though both came forward and kissed his hand, the successful suitor kissed the hem of his coat also. It was a very patriarchal scene, and such, I suppose, as might have been witnessed in the Highlands of Scotland little more than a century ago. The Prince told me afterwards that only trifling causes were thus disposed of, such in fact as required not so much the discrimination of a judge as the intervention of an arbitrator. The senators who assist the Prince, or who hear in the same unceremonious manner trifling complaints, and who are his council to advise with him on the most serious questions of home or foreign policy, are sixteen in number, and are nominated by the Prince at the recommendation of the people. These senators each receive the primitive salary of ten hundred florins, about 20*l.* per annum. As I have already mentioned, the Prince's father is president of this senate. After my visit to him I called on the vice-president, and then on two of the other senators. In doing so I was ushered up or at least walked up stairs, which in two cases out of the three had no balustrades, into rooms which—I describe one—contained a bed, a chest of drawers, a table, a pier-glass, two cane-bottomed chairs, an arm-chair, a sofa, two painted trunks, and a German stove. On the walls hung a picture of a saint with silver facing of the usual Byzantine or Russian type, large photographs, an engraved portrait of the late Emperor Nicholas, a splendid sabre, two or three pistols, a rifle, and a dress or two of Montenegrin manufacture, in fact the Court dress of the host. The senator, who was in his shirt-sleeves, helped me to raki, his son brought me a glass of water and cut up a fragrant melon, whilst I examined his library, which consisted of Millot's Universal History translated into Serbian, some religious works, and four or five collections of Montenegrin and other Serbian songs. There was no servant to be seen, but then we were not waited upon by the women, as we should have been in Serbia. For this is a custom derived from the Turk, and as Montenegro has never been held by the Turks long enough to introduce the customs of the East, female attendance will be found less often at least in Montenegro than in Serbia. I don't mean to say that a Montenegrin woman does not wait on her husband's guests, but that she does so far less frequently than women in the neighbouring provinces.

I arrived at Cettignè, as I have already mentioned, on Saturday afternoon. In the course of my interview with Prince Nicholas he remarked that no doubt I was fatigued and should like to rest for a day or two. As my journey had been too easy for fatigue—four days on the Adriatic, which at that time of year had hardly a ripple on its surface—I replied that I was quite ready to set off next day, not remembering the next day was Sunday. The Prince quietly reminded me of this, and I of course apologised for my forgetfulness. Sunday throughout Montenegro is a real day of rest, and Prince Nicholas is anxious to preserve it for the purpose for which it has been set apart. One instance of his anxiety on this score will at the same time give a picture of the perfect obedience which the people render him. The market-day at Podgaritza, a town in Albania close to the Montenegrin frontier, had for some time past been held on Sunday. As this market was almost exclusively supplied by the Montenegrin peasants and by the Albanian Christians, Prince Nicholas a few months before my visit proposed to the Turkish Pasha in whose government the town is situated, that the day for the market should be changed. This the Pasha, seeing no reason, and not caring to humour what he looked upon as an unreasonable Christian prejudice, declined to do. Prince Nicholas urged it again, and his request was again civilly but firmly rejected by the Turkish officer. The Prince then notified his intention of forbidding any Montenegrins to attend the Sunday market. The Pasha was unmoved, and answered that though the Prince might forbid their attendance, he knew the Montenegrins well enough to predict that they would not lose their trade because of the Prince's wish. As his request had been thus useless, Prince Nicholas issued directions to all his subjects to abstain from visiting the market at Podgaritza. Sunday came, and the usual Turkish buyers came also, and one Montenegrin peasant, who finding

himself alone in his disobedience, stole back ashamed without offering his goods for sale. The Pasha having had this convincing proof of the earnestness of the Prince, and of the ready obedience of the Montenegrins to their ruler, was compelled to accede to the Prince's wishes, and the market for the last six months has been held on Wednesday, and is, as I witnessed, well attended by both sellers and buyers.

One of the great objects of attraction in Montenegro is the summit of the Lovchen mountain. To the lover of the picturesque the view from the top is the finest, as it is also the most extensive in the whole principality: to the Montenegrin it has another charm; it is the burial-place of the late Vladika, Peter the Second, great-uncle to the reigning Prince, and the last bishop who united in his person the civil and ecclesiastical power over Montenegro. Having arranged over night to visit this shrine, I got up at five o'clock in the morning, and by half-past five was in the saddle and on my way to the Lovchen, accompanied by M. Vaclick, the secretary of the Prince, and Captain Zegar, of the Austrian army. For the first half-hour of the journey our way lay across the sandy plain of Cettignè; at the end of that time we began to mount over a road which was a perfect chaos of stone, over which I left it to my horse to pick his way as he chose, satisfied that my reason was not equal to his sagacity in this matter. A road certainly there was, but one on which no constructive skill had ever been exerted. When I looked at it, all at once the thought flashed across my mind that the couplet of the Irish road-overseer in the Highlands was after all very sensible. The appropriateness of the words was so great that I could not drive the jingle out of my head:—

> "If you'd seen these roads before they were made,
> You'd have held up your hands and have bless'd General Wade."

Here certainly were the roads, but as yet wholly unmade; so that another generation of Montenegrins may have reason, like their brother mountaineers, to bless some future road-maker who will do for them what the luckless Hanoverian general did for the Highlands of Scotland. After about three hours' scramble over the boulders which strewed our path, past hazel hedges and through beech scrub and fern brake, up precipitous heights, along dangerously narrow ridges of rock, and down into sunless ravines, we reached the foot of the mountain which we were to climb. Our path now was across a limestone ledge, which at a distance looked as though it had been ploughed up by some gigantic plough, probably in the pre-historic age. A precipitous descent on one side, and a sharp slope on the other, without vegetation of any kind, compelled us to be cautious. At length we dismounted at the base of the precipitous height in which the mountain terminates. Rude stairs, partly worn by the course of time, and in part cut for this purpose, lead to the top of the ascent on which stands the small mortuary chapel which is the object of so many pilgrimages to Montenegro. This chapel was built by the Vladika, Peter the Second, and contained the tomb in which he left directions that he should be buried. When his death took place, his nephew and successor Danilo was absent in Vienna; and on his return he found, to his regret, that the difficulty of the ascent, and probably the wish that the body of their revered chief should rest in the midst of the people over whom he had ruled with so much advantage to them, had led the Montenegrins to disregard his wishes, and to inter his body at Cettignè. As a law inexorable as that of the Medes and Persians prohibits the removal or the disturbing in any way of a body until it has been buried five years, Prince Danilo was unable to carry out the wishes of the Vladika for that length of time. When, however, the five years had expired, the body was removed from Cettignè to its present resting-place at the top of the Lovchen. The chapel is a very simple one, and though built only in 1845 is, from defects in its construction, already partially in ruins. It consists of a vaulted dome surmounting a round chapel of some twelve feet diameter, with a small recess or sanctuary at the east end. In this is a small altar. There is no iconostasis or furniture of any kind. The tomb occupies the whole south side of the chapel, and from its size recalls the memory of the gigantic stature of the Vladika who lies buried within. The part of the mountain on which it stands seems intended as the base for some such building as this, for after rising gradually and at a moderate angle, the top of the Lovchen consists of a small rugged plateau resting on a precipitous base above the rest of the mountain, and apparently placed on it, rather than itself forming a part of the mountain. In fact it resembles a gigantic pedestal. This is the part which we found it necessary to ascend on our feet. This pedestaled top is entirely destitute of vegetation, except that some few tufts of long coarse grass, and a wild thorn or two springing from the fissures of the rock, are found there. But however difficult and fatiguing the ascent, and however sterile the top, all is forgotten in the singular but magnificent view which bursts upon the sight of the traveller as he stands beside the chapel-tomb. The eye then roams over the tops of the mountains of Montenegro without seeing the plains which lie between their ridges or getting a glimpse of the crater-like hollows which are to be found on almost all the heights. Grey in its silent sterility, the spectator seems to be looking down upon a stony sea, in which, without hyperbole, the waves may be said to be running mountains high. The woods of stunted oak and beech, which clothe with a scanty robe the sides of the mountains, are lost to the sight; and the few traces of vegetation which may be seen appear like floating sea-weed on the surface of the ocean. On one side the view embraces, as in a panorama, the

whole of Montenegro, several ranges of mountains in Bosnia, great part of the Herzegovine, the large lake of Skodra in Albania, and the adjacent plain veined with the silvery streams of water which fall into the lake. On another side is the Bocca di Cattaro, with every feature of its varied shore sharply defined; and beyond this the dark Adriatic, on the bosom of which can be seen the snowy sails of its merchant vessels, and the smoke of passing steamers. This is the general aspect of the scene. By going, however, to the edge of the precipice and looking down upon the country immediately below, the traveller gets a totally different view. He then sees not only solitary homesteads, but villages and fertile fields, and the bottom between the limestone ridge on the top of which he is standing and the opposite mountains alive with flocks of sheep and goats, and with men and women busied with the tillage of their fields. And now, when we had examined this singular scene, our attendants, whose number, by accessions from the farm-cottages which we had visited, had swelled to eight, brought us a pail of new milk, and a large lump of frozen snow from some caverns at the foot of the Lovchen. This, with the aid of provisions brought with us from Cettignè, some bottles of good Montenegrin wine, ham, cold chicken, and excellent cheese, supplied us with a meal, for which the long journey and the clear mountain air had duly prepared us. Then came the invariable mid-day slumber, or at least rest, our attendants skilfully availing themselves of projecting pieces of the rock, and thus finding shelter from the blaze of the noonday sun. At three o'clock we scrambled down to the point where we had left our horses, and, sometimes on horseback and sometimes on foot, as the nature of the ground compelled, we reached the base of the mountain,—it would be a misnomer to say that we reached the plain, as the low ground was nearly as rough as we had found the sides of the mountain in the course of our descent. On reaching the bottom we were invited to rest at the house of one of our attendants, and to eat roasted eggs and more ham, which for compliment's sake we did. This enabled me for the first time to see a labourer's cottage. It consisted of one room built with stone without cement, the floor being the bare earth. When I entered, cooking was going on, and for a time the smoke, which escaped on all sides, prevented me from seeing anything. When I was accustomed to this I found two little children, half naked, crawling on the floor and trying to get away from the stranger. Children generally in Montenegro dread strangers. Besides these two children, my host had the care of two belonging to a brother killed in the recent war with the Turks, and also the mother of these children, so that there was no room to spare in the cottage; but then in this climate there is for the greater part of the year the "out-of-doors," which is of unlimited dimensions. The little patches of corn, potatoes, and other vegetables in front of this cottage were, like similar pieces of ground throughout Montenegro, very clean; indeed, not a weed was to be seen. What the people of Serbia have no notion of—namely, the value of manure and the necessity of keeping the ground free from weeds—the Montenegrins generally seem to understand thoroughly. These little fields are usually fenced in with walls of uncemented stones. Behind the house was a good-sized pig-sty, and farther away some beehives. The little niece of my host was watching a goat and a few sheep, and preventing them from wandering into the potato-garden; and the bowl of milk which was placed before me indicated the possession of cows, though I saw no signs of them. After resting, and doing justice to the hospitality of our attendant, we again mounted, and reached Cettignè at seven o'clock in the evening.

The next day, Tuesday, was the feast day of St. Elias, a great holiday in Montenegro. I remained therefore at Cettignè for the morning services, and to see the Bishop and Archimandrite, who had now returned from the consecration of the church. After that agreeable visit to these ecclesiastics, who manifested the most lively desire to be informed on matters concerning the English Church, and who showed the most large-hearted appreciation of our Church, I left Cettignè accompanied by M. Vaclick, who had been one of my companions in my visit to the Lovchen mountain, and who kindly consented to go with me on the journey I proposed to take to the ruins of the Roman station at Dioclea and to the monasteries of Chelja and Ostrug.

WILLIAM DENTON.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA."

"THERE shall be no more sea:"
So spake the Prophet of the golden lips,
Whose vision, clear and free,
Saw the far depths of that Apocalypse.

From each cavernous deep,
Where storms come not, and tempest wave is dumb,
The forms of them that sleep
Shall rise undying when the Judge shall come!

And then, its history o'er,
The great wide sea shall flee and pass away,
And many a golden shore,
Long hidden, greet the bright, eternal day.

"No sea!" .... And will the earth
Lose his loved bride, with all her countless smiles?
Shall that diviner birth
Destroy the beauty of her myriad isles?

Shall that rich voice of praise,
Wide Ocean's anthem echoing to her Lord—
That hymn of ancient days,
A thousand parts all met in sweet accord—

Shall that be heard no more?
Shall all the beauty, all the glory flee?
Shall the new earth's rich store
Lack the bright marvels of th' encircling sea?

No! Far as man may dream
The wondrous glory yet to be reveal'd,
Still on the eye shall gleam
The emerald waters as a crystal field;

Still on the golden isles
The brightness of the Lord of light shall shine,
And still the countless smiles
Illume the face of that clear hyaline.

Only the drear expanse
Of waters barren, stormy, fathomless,
Shall meet no more our glance—
Shall leave the new-born earth our souls to bless.

No more the treacherous wave
Shall whelm poor wanderers in the homeless deep—
The dark and lonely grave
Where thousand shipwreck'd souls have slept their sleep.

No more the billows wild
Shall hurl white breakers on the rock-bound coast;
By mightiest spell beguiled,
Slumbers each form of all the monster host.

Leviathan is tamed
Who scorn'd the waters in their pride of strength;
And now no more is named
Where once he measured all his monstrous length.

But still the ear shall greet
The music of the ever-rippling wave,
And where the waters meet,
The crystal tide the palm-girt shore shall lave.

Crown'd high with amaranth grove,
The hills shall rise by man and angels trod;
The ocean of His love
Shall still make glad the city of our God.

When Eden's bowers were green
We knew not how the four great rivers wound
Those glorious fields between,
Or circling took their wide majestic round

To lands renown'd of old—
Cush, Asshur, Havilah, whence came the spice,
The onyx, and the gold—
Yet water'd still the groves of Paradise.

We know not how the light
Shall flow when neither sun nor moon shall shine,
And yet no shade of night
Shall mar the glory of the blaze divine.

We know not how the streams
Of those great rivers shall flow wide and free,
And yet the Prophet's dreams
Proclaim aloud, "There shall be no more sea."

We know not . . . but the veil
Which hides it from our sight shall one day lift,
And, where in vision pale
As yet the darkness and the storm-clouds drift,

God shall make all things new,
And shoreless sea shall join with sealess shore;
And cleansèd eyes shall view
Might, wisdom, mercy, met for evermore. E. H. P.

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN PALESTINE WHEN CHRIST APPEARED, AND HOW HE DEALT WITH IT.

OLD books on Jewish antiquities tell us all about the "sects" into which the Jews were divided in the time of our Lord—their rise, their opinions, their usages, and so forth. These facts are very useful, but they leave much unexplained. If you want to know, for example, whether and how far the modes of religious thinking then prevalent were analogous to those of modern times, and admit of being brought to any common test with them, you will get small satisfaction from such books. Yet without this, how can we estimate, to any practical purpose, our Lord's manner of dealing with them? Of what great consequence is it to me to know that He sympathised with this and inveighed against that, unless I know whether those things are still extant or are out of date? What is it that lends its charm to the modern way of treating secular history, but the critical spirit in which every fact is investigated and the life-like way in which those springs of thought and action which are familiar to us all are seen working to the production of certain results? Even so, the secret of success in the treatment of the Evangelic History lies in the power to reproduce and to vivify it, and he who can bring his readers or hearers into the midst of its wondrous scenes will rivet and enchain them. So true is this, that even those who distort and misrepresent it are greedily read by thousands, not merely for the fascinations which genius has succeeded in throwing around the false image, but in no small degree because they have hit upon the right mode of treatment; making their readers feel a human interest in the image which they have drawn—imparting to it the glow of historic life. And if we believe that the most glorious Reality that ever entered into human history was He who is the Subject of the Gospel History, should it not be our joy to put ourselves alongside of it? and as we look at the various phases of religious life with which our Lord came in contact, and on which He let fall the light of his sympathy or aversion, should we not take some pains to discover whether the great characteristics which He dealt with have not their counterparts in modern religious life—the difference lying in accidents rather than in essence?

"Sects," in the modern sense of that term—standing apart from each other in ecclesiastical fellowship and worshipping in a state of religious separation—there were none among the Jews. Their Religion was Divine, and the whole nation was at all periods of their history alive to the fact that it was so. All were in full communion (as we should say) with the Church of their fathers and with one another. They differed only in their modes of thought, particularly the principles on which the Scriptures were to be interpreted, and in the observance or non-observance of certain practices arising out of these; each party feeling itself, in social sympathies and intimacies, thoroughly at home only with those of their own school—but that was all.

To state the religious opinions of these parties in detail, or to sketch their history, is not the purpose of this paper. Our first object is to mark the progress and formation of the three great schools of religious thought among the Jews, and even this only in so far as to bring out their enduring characteristics. When this has been done it will be easy to see how in dealing with them our Lord was addressing Himself to no extinct parties, but to phases of religious life as alive now, in their essential characteristics, as ever.

The leading phases of thought and life were the following:—The TRADITIONAL, standing in the *Pharisees;* the RATIONALISTIC, represented in the *Sadducees;* the ASCETIC, to which belonged the *Essenes*, who, although they have no place in the New Testament, must not be quite overlooked in mapping out the primary tendencies of religious thought and feeling among the Jews; lastly, BIBLICAL FAITH AND EXPECTATION, in *as many as hungered and thirsted after righteousness, waiting for the kingdom of God.*

By far the most wide-spread, active, and influential of these was the *traditional*, which, though it stood represented in the Pharisees of our Lord's time, is far from being out of date. Let but true religion have its settled abode in any region long enough to subdue to itself the general mind, and give to its thought and feeling a colouring of its own, and we shall find it in more or less vigour. It

begins in reverence for Divine truth and for those Oracles of God in which it lies. The very feet of them that preach us the gospel of peace are beautiful for their message' sake; the outward channels through which flows so much periodically that is precious in religious experience become dear to the heart; and forms and usages originating, it may be, in temporary circumstances and quite unessential, acquire sacredness from the hallowed associations which they awaken. As time advances, particular views of truth and interpretations of Scripture, with the very modes of expressing them, forms of religious life and usages of various sorts, are regarded with reverence apart from their intrinsic claims to approval; and, simply because they have so long obtained as to command the general acquiescence of the devout, come to be identified with true religion. At length this religious conservatism issues in the consolidation of a system more or less complex, extending to the regulation of the mechanical details of religious life, and the use of an approved phraseology as the only proper vehicle of strict orthodoxy; and the Divine and the human crystallizing into settled and sacred regard, the very ground of religion, under a Divine Revelation—"Thus saith the Lord"—is insensibly shifted out, to make way for "the precepts of men;" the healthy independence, freedom, and vigour of the mind in religion are impaired; and a crouching spirit of subjection to human authority is engendered. To remonstrate, however mildly, against this confounding of the human with the Divine—boldly to separate the two, and, while holding tenaciously to that which is God's, to disown the human admixture, in the spirit of the prophet's question, "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord"—is to incur the charge of treason against religion itself, which to put down is to do God service.

How was this state of things developed and displayed among the Jews? The great festivals which brought them in a body thrice a-year to Jerusalem were a bond of religious as well as political and social union immensely strong. Very hallowed were these religious gatherings, and the feelings of every devout Israelite were such as these—"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go up into the House of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Thither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand." In such a frame of mind the ministers of the sanctuary would be "very highly esteemed for their work's sake;" and the more devout the worshipper was the more fervently would he uplift the prayer, "Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and let thy saints shout aloud for joy." On their return from the festivals, as they gathered with their families around some prophet or Levite in their neighbourhood, their reverence for such instructors would be nourished; and even where there was little in their personal character to merit it, their superior position and intelligence would secure for them considerable influence, of which the ambitious would not be slow to avail themselves. The captivity, while it cured them effectually of idolatrous tendencies, made them yearn the more after the stately services of which they had so long been deprived, and intensified the delight with which they were renewed on their return. The people, whose instruction in the law had been so sadly neglected in a foreign land, had now to depend more than ever on their official guides, of whom it was said "The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth: for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts" (Mal. ii. 7). But even before the last of the post-Babylonian prophets disappeared from the stage, the spirit of genuine religion had died down in priest and people alike; form took the place of life at once in teachers and taught, and sanctimonious hypocrisy had began to reign. From that time it is easy to see how religious duties would be reduced to the observance of a set of mechanical rules; how traditional maxims would come to be erected into authoritative laws and invested with the sanctions of religion; and how the Divine requirements—themselves burdensome—would be gradually overlaid by human prescriptions, some of which we know were childish enough; and how ill all this would prepare the chosen people for that expansion of the kingdom of God, committed to them, which under the wing of Immanuel was to make it a House of Prayer for all nations.

This deterioration of the chosen people had a chance of being arrested, when the wicked attempt of Antiochus Epiphanes to crush their Religion roused the whole nation under the Maccabees, reinvigorating its piety and its patriotism at once, and after a struggle of six-and-twenty years led to the re-establishment of their independence and the full restoration of their religious services, a century and a half before Christ. But, strange to say, this very change opened the way, as would appear, for that which of all others constituted the worst feature of Pharisaic traditionalism. Not only was the ancient Faith endeared to the nation by the struggle which it had cost them to retain it; but since the doctrine of a future state—and even of the resurrection of the body—had been the grand support of the heroic sufferers for religion during the conflict, it diffused itself over the nation, after the war of independence, as a fixed tenet of their Faith as it had never been held before. When their teachers, however, sought to keep this truth alive among the people, after the necessity which had driven them to it had ceased, they were tempted to supply the lack of direct Scripture proof of it, especially in the primal portion of the Pentateuch, by calling in the aid of oral tradition; and when once this principle was systematically admitted, it seems to have grown rapidly into an elaborate system, embracing not only all that was to be believed, but all that was to be done in civil and social life, as well as religion. And, to give this the authority which

they felt it wanted, it was traced back to Moses himself, who was said to have received along with the written law an oral interpretation of it on Mount Sinai, direct from heaven.* As a necessary accompaniment of so elaborate a system, there would be required a body of learned students and expounders of it; and just in proportion as the people were drawn within the subtle network of a Directory for almost every act of life, would the ecclesiastics who presided over it acquire dominion over their conscience, and bring them into mental bondage.

Before considering the aspects in which this body of ecclesiastics appear in the Gospel History, it will be necessary to glance at the rise, position, and characteristics of the only other party with whom the New Testament has to do—the Sadducees—whom we have designated the *rationalistic* school.

The Maccabean family, who were of the priestly line, having got into their hands after the war of independence the whole regal as well as sacerdotal power of the nation, there gradually arose an aristocratic class, to which the wealthy naturally attached themselves. In process of time a marked style of religious thought characterised this class, sharply distinguishing them from the Pharisees. They refused to recognise the oral law, and, as an anti-traditional school, professed subjection only to the written Word; not that they valued even it more than the other party, but because it left them greater freedom of religious thought. On the subject of the Resurrection, and even of a Future State, when pressed with the absence of explicit proof, especially in the Pentateuch, they seem tacitly to have accepted the consequence, and, with the *nonchalance* of men not over-burdened with religious convictions and impressions, to have not only repudiated the doctrine of a material resurrection, but looked on the whole subject of a future state, and of an invisible world of "angel and spirit," as belonging to the region of at least doubtful speculation. Such a *negative* school of religious thought, as it could spring only from an unspiritual tone of mind, would increasingly beget it. So that if the Pharisees resiled from and were irritated by teaching fatal to their whole traditional system, the Sadducees, bringing it to a standard of purely secular judgment, would reject it with cold scepticism.

In what proportion would these two classes likely be found when our Lord appeared? As the Sadducees would draw to themselves the most of the upper classes, and all who affected freedom of thought in matters of religion, so all the more devoutly disposed, the great body of the poorer and less educated classes, and as many as were of a strongly conservative turn of mind, would range themselves on the side of the Pharisees. Further, as the oral law, from its elaborate and complex character, would require "scribes and lawyers" to master and write it out, to explain and, with the chief priests who held to it, to see to the observance of it, a cloud of minor ecclesiastics would come to cover the land; the people would be brought under complete bondage to them; the consciousness of the power they wielded would dispose them to carry their heads high; and as their influence depended on the estimation they were held in as the guardians of religion, we might expect them to make up in show what they wanted in the substance of religion. The Sadducees, on the other hand, despising this sort of thing, and requiring no "inferior clergy" (as one might say) to bolster up a system in which they did not believe; but, professing to deem the Divine Law able enough to take care of itself, would be by much the more limited body, but would pride themselves on being the more select and enlightened class. At the same time, naturally desiring to stand well with their nation, they would probably conform to any ceremonies and observances which were popular and did not interfere too much with their liberty—and all the more from the want of depth in their whole religious character.

Now this is precisely the state of things, in all respects, that existed in Palestine in our Lord's time, with both the Pharisees and the Sadducees. The number of "scribes" of the Pharisaic party was such, that they seem to turn up everywhere and on all occasions; while the abject bondage of the mass of the people to this Pharisaic party reveals itself ever and anon. As for the Sadducees, while they present themselves but seldom to the reader of the Gospel History, not a trace is to be found of their having any popular following, of their courting popular favour, or having for their object to proselytise. In fact, the free-thinking liberty which they took to themselves was all they appeared to value; and, provided this were allowed them, they seemed willing to let the Pharisees cast the network of their spiritual influence over the people as they pleased. And have we not seen this state of things reappearing, though in different forms, within the Christian pale? In the Church of Rome, both before the Reformation and since, the sacerdotal caste has, like a cloud, covered all the territories where it is dominant; the network of a vast traditional system, of equal sacredness with that of the written Word, they have with infinite subtlety cast around the great mass of the people, including all the more devout and conservative even of the educated classes; and, as a natural consequence, spiritual bondage characterises all the religion thus produced. But as the human mind resents such treatment, even in religion, there have ever been found, even within the pale of the Church of Rome, those who claimed, or at least took, the liberty of thinking for themselves. Some of these sought only liberty to protest against unscriptural

* One may smile at so prodigious an assumption, in the total absence of historic proof; but it is scarcely six years since a French grand-rabbi published a learned work to show that in no other way can the facts be accounted for.

errors and abuses; but this availed them nothing against the charge of being traitors therein to religion itself. The effect of this was that the cowardly, such as poor Erasmus, alarmed at the storm themselves had raised, were fain to creep back into their shell and die in peace with the Church, as it was called; while others, heroically standing out, got their eyes opened to the evil which lay at the root of all—the mixing up of man's authority with that of God, and, like Luther and other heroes, achieved the Reformation. But there was and is a class who, without any firm faith in the positive verities of Scripture, exercised their liberty of thought in all matters religious, and constituted a speculative, rationalistic party. This free-thinking class—consisting of the less devout and more secular yet reflecting order of minds—exercise an influence much beyond their numbers; but it is not a proselytising influence. Not that they are indifferent to public opinion. On the contrary, rather than stand alone and incur general obloquy, they go along with others in outward profession and worship. But *latitude of religious thought* is what they really care about, and under cover of this there is often a latent scepticism even as to the fundamentals of all religion. Nor do we need to go to the Church of Rome for these Pharisaic and Sadducean forms of religious thought. What a spirit of traditionalism has eaten into most Protestant Churches; a sacredness having gathered around the minutest features of their Church-government, as if it were in every particular Divine; around forms and usages not essentially better than others, but hallowed by long usage; and even around particular views of Divine truth and interpretations of Scripture and modes of expression, until they have come to be identified with the truth itself: insomuch that they would hardly be recognised as truth at all if arrayed in a different dress, and the attempt to change the dress is regarded as an insidious attack on all that is vital.

But it is time to observe how our Lord dealt with these rival schools of thought among the Jews of His day. Some of the facts are so striking and pregnant with instruction, that it will suffice to advert to these, leaving others alone.

Even before our Lord came upon the stage of His public work, His forerunner had held up both of the leading parties as alike *poisoning the religious principles of the nation*. "When he saw (to his amazement) the Pharisees and the Sadducees (alike) come to his baptism, he said unto them, O viper-brood, who hath prompted *you* to flee from the wrath to come?"* Antagonistic though they were in principles and in temper alike, they were both exercising a deadly influence on the public mind: the *Pharisees*, because they came in between the soul and God in all matters of faith and practice, lording it over and enslaving the conscience; the *Sadducees*, because they shook themselves, and as many as they infected with their spirit, loose from the authority even of Scripture itself, whenever it came in collision with what they deemed reasonable. The one so swathed the Scripture in the bands of their own traditional system as to all but deprive it of the breath of life: the other not only tore off these bandages, but subjected its authoritative dictates to the criticism of their own reason, which found much in them to question, and some things positively to deny. Which now, of these, was the more inimical to the spiritual interests of the people? One fact, now to be mentioned, will best answer this question.

Of all the accessions to the standard of Christ while here on earth, and to that of His apostles afterwards, we have no evidence that so much as one came from the ranks of the Sadducees. The high-priest Caiaphas, and Annas his father-in-law, who took the lead in the condemnation of our Lord, belonged to this party, as we are expressly told (Acts v. 17); and if they were virulent then against the spiritual religion taught by our Lord and His lofty supernatural claims, much more virulent were they when His resurrection was proclaimed by the apostles as attesting all His claims, believed by thousands in Jerusalem itself, and attested by fresh miracles before their own eyes. Thus—contrary to what one might expect, it was the more sceptical school who, *when they had the power*, proved the most active enemies of the Lord and His apostles. They could put up with Pharisaism and even conform to its usages in many things, provided it put up with their latitudinarianism. The traditionalism of the Pharisees, being essentially a human thing and inherently weak, they could afford to tolerate, claiming only the liberty of regarding it with indifference. But supernatural claims, such as our Lord and His apostles advanced, and demands such as they made on every man to surrender himself, body and soul, to these new views, left them no longer free to think on religion according to their own notions of what was reasonable, and live as circumstances might direct. It was too strait a gate for them to enter, and too narrow a way for them to walk in. So they deemed it necessary, in self-defence, to put it down, and did their poor best with that view.

In entire contrast with these, *all* the cases of sincere and "anxious inquirers" among the rulers belonged to the Pharisaic class. *Nicodemus* is the first and most notable of these—"a man of the Pharisees, a ruler of the Jews." That his companion in the burial of our Lord—Joseph of Arimathea—was of the same class we may reasonably conclude, because while a "counsellor," as Nicodemus was, his discipleship was, like Nicodemus's, "secret, for fear of the Jews;" because he is described as "a good man and a just," terms descriptive of the stricter and more honest class (compare Acts xxii. 12); and because it is said of him that he was one of the "waiters for the kingdom of God," a phrase not at all applicable to the Sad-

* Γεννήματα ἐχιδνῶν τίς ὑπέδειξεν, κ. τ. λ.—Matt. iii. 7; Luke iii. 7.

ducean notions of religion. So much for the beginning and end of our Lord's public life. Towards the middle of it we have "a certain *scribe* saying to Him, Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," and the answer shows that the spontaneous outburst of admiration and attachment to Christ only wanted the depth and reality which would endure the privations of discipleship. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."* The Pharisee with whom Jesus dined, when the woman that was a sinner stood weeping behind Him, seems to have been actuated by an honest enough desire to study His claims; though, not wishing to commit himself, he treated his guest with a coldness which He felt it necessary to remark on. The case of the rich young ruler, who was so anxious about eternal life that he came and knelt before our Lord in the highway and questioned Him about it, does not look like a Sadducean state of mind. In a word, it was "one of the scribes" who, when he asked our Lord in Jerusalem, within a few days of his death, which was the first commandment of all, and received that sublime answer, "The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," &c., "and the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: there is none other commandment greater than these,"—made this candid reply, "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and there is none other but He, and to love Him with all the heart . . and his neighbour as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And it is of this Pharisaic scribe that it is added, "And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly" (or intelligently), "He said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God"—language which we believe He would never have applied to a lax-thinking Sadducee.

To us this opens up matter for solemn reflection with respect to the same two schools of religious thought in our own day. Those who sit upon the Scriptures in a rationalistic spirit of negative and sceptical criticism, not simply asking what they say, but whether even what they do say is not to be accommodated to more reasonable and general principles of religion—are in a far less hopeful state, or, as our Lord would express it, much further from the kingdom of God, than those who even overlay the Scriptures with a load of human traditions, provided they be sincere and open to conviction. Look at Luther, drawn into a cloister under the strong force of unenlightened but deep alarm about his eternal salvation, spending hours in fasting and mortifications, sweeping the floors and begging from door to door at the bidding of his monastic superiors, and ascending the *Santa Scala* at Rome on his knees. Look at Francis Lambert, of Avignon, who did the same, and Bucer, and many of the chief Reformers, who issued from monastic establishments to become the leaders of a movement bringing peace to the conscience through the blood of the cross, breaking every yoke, and letting the oppressed go free. These trophies of the Reformation were the spoils of a traditional system, from whose meshes they with difficulty, and after many a hard struggle, at length escaped. But, on the other hand, what trophies of the rationalistic school of thought adorned the ranks of the Reformation? None that we remember. Not but that men more or less shaken in their faith of the Bible and Christianity itself would find it reassured and recovered when they beheld with what heroism it could inspire the delicate female and the humble artisan, as well as the cultivated student. But what we have said of that *class* of speculative and rationalistic thinkers will, we believe, commend itself to impartial readers; and if so, it is surely a serious thing for as many of that class as are found amongst ourselves, and who seem to be rather on the increase. So long as we sincerely and devoutly cling to what is God's, and along with this to much as His which is not so, all we need is better light, and docility enough to take it in. But when once we have allowed ourselves to sit in judgment on the contents of the Scriptures themselves, we have assumed *a disloyal attitude*, and until we are cured of that, whatever we believe is believed on wrong grounds, the foundations of positive belief are already sapped, and the mind, escaping out of one objective position after another, is in danger of settling down into a Christianity emptied of everything definite on which the heart can repose and hope be built—a cheerless negation.

This greater "nearness to the kingdom of God" in the sincere and earnest Pharisee than that of the Sadducee, is very strikingly expressed by our Lord Himself within a few days of His death; and what gives to this testimony peculiar weight is, that it forms the introduction to His most systematic and vehement denunciation of that very class—as if to preclude, at the outset, the natural inference that there was nothing but unmixed evil to be found among them. "Then spake Jesus to the crowd," gathered about the Temple buildings, "and to His disciples, saying, *The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat.* All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works, for they say and do not" (Matt. xxiii. 1—3). Beyond all doubt this must be regarded as a testimony to the scrupulous fidelity with which they preserved the Scriptures as a sacred Deposit, and inculcated the faith of their fundamental verities. So much so, that it looks like an imprimatur on their whole teaching, and a warning only against their own inconsistent conduct. That it was not so intended, is evident from His emphatic denunciations elsewhere even of their teaching, and may be gathered from the sequel of this very discourse. Yet it must have been intended to cover a good

* Matt. viii. 19, 20.

deal; and in our view, what it was intended to express was just that feature of the Pharisaic school which we have been dwelling on—their tenacious adherence to the written Word as Divine and all-authoritative. In reasoning with them and even in denouncing them, He had a *purchase*, so to speak, which was in a great measure wanting in His dealings with the Sadducees. They had *common ground*, and that was such a mighty advantage that He constantly availed himself of it. And it was the very success with which He wielded this weapon of Scripture, to which both gave implicit reverence, that stung the Pharisees to the quick. With the Sadducees—on the one occasion on which they deigned to enter the lists with Him—His procedure was very notable; and we are not sure that sufficient attention has been called to it. They seem to have enjoyed the dexterity with which He had outwitted the "spies" whom the Pharisees had sent forth to "entangle Him in His talk," and bethought them of some ingenious puzzle about the Resurrection by which they in their turn might put that doctrine to a ludicrous test. So, referring to one peculiar feature of the Mosaic marriage law, they asked Him, how, in the resurrection, a woman, who by that law had been the wife of seven husbands, would stand related to them—a question which lets us into the unspiritual, superficial, and frivolous character of their whole religion. Our Lord's answer is exceedingly beautiful, but peculiar in its cast. First,—"Ye do err, *not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God;*" where the slight hold which the Scripture had upon their faith, and their superficial knowledge of it, are both indicated; and indeed they both go together. As to "the power of God," their ignorance of that is the most noticeable point in His charge against them. For what is it that lies at the root of all difficulty about the supernatural, but a reluctance to recognise "the power of God?" Men who live and think in a region of naturalism, even though they cannot quite shake off the faith of the Scriptures, sit very loose to whatever therein is of the unseen and supernatural, either explaining it away or virtually disbelieving it. With such minds what is wanted is, such *an overpowering sense of God's superiority to His own works* that whatever changes on them He designs to effect they shall see to be infinitely easy to His own "power." Now this was what the Sadducees as a class wanted, and this want is the bane of the sceptical mind in general.* How striking is it to find that in the one instance in which they brought their religious principles under the notice of our Lord, they displayed their negative and sceptical character, with respect to the future life; and that in replying to them our Lord begins by holding it forth as the vice of their whole way of thinking, that neither "the Scriptures," which reveal the Divine intentions with respect to the future life, nor "the power of God" to make them good, had ever penetrated their minds, else all their difficulties had been overpowered.

But why, you may ask, since the Pharisees were on so much safer ground than the Sadducees, did our Lord come into such constant and deadly conflict with the one, and hardly at all with the other? Why did the Pharisees combine so early, systematically, and perseveringly to put Him down? while it was not until He stood on trial before the Sanhedrim, that the Sadducean members of that supreme court, perceiving that His claims were as subversive of their views as of their rivals', joined heartily with them in pronouncing Him "guilty of death." The answer to these questions, though not difficult, is very instructive.

What were the objects of our Lord's public ministry? To breathe life into the letter of the Scriptures, and sweep away the traditional rubbish which had gathered around the fundamental and enduring principles of religion therein contained; to encourage and draw around Him as many as hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and were looking for redemption; and to prepare the way for such an expansion of the kingdom of God as should make it fit to overshadow and bless the whole earth. Now this, though totally uncongenial to the Sadducean type of thought, would hardly ever bring Him into direct collision with its adherents. Theirs, in fact, was rather *a mode of thinking*—speculative, latitudinarian, negative—than any positive, objective, distinctive dogmas tenaciously clung to. They clung indeed to nothing but the *liberty to question the positive dogmas of others.* 'The liberty of the will,' for example, was a great point with them, but it was more in resistance to the predestinarianism of the Pharisees than as a dogma of their own; and when Josephus tells us that they spoke of the duty and dignity of disregarding all incentives to virtue drawn from the hope or fear of future rewards or punishments, and how virtue should be held to be its own best reward, one easily sees that their minds, so far from resting in positive dogmas, retreated out of them, and that their religious views, so far as they had any, were provisional and speculative rather than fixed and definite. As there was no solidity in them, one wonders not that they had no permanency; and the fact that *after the first century of the Christian era they are, as a body, unknown to history*—the Pharisaic party alone existing among the Jews—ought to be marked, as showing the religious death which lurks within the folds of a negative and sceptical turn of mind. The triumphs of Christianity, as an incarnation and resurrection of positive Divine truth, swallowed up, like the rod of Moses, the rods of those Sadducean magicians;

* The rest of our Lord's answer to the Sadducees gives a beautiful glimpse—nothing more—of what the resurrection will *not* be, but inferentially of its positive character, and an argument for the resurrection from the Pentateuch; not because the Sadducees disowned the other Scriptures, but because they themselves had just appealed to the Pentateuch against the resurrection, and because this was regarded by every class as the fontal portion of all Scripture.

and those Jews who declined to enter the Christian pale were driven, in self defence, to rally around the positive dogmas of the Pharisaic school, with all its traditions, as their only effectual bulwark against the inroads of the new Faith.

How different from this evanescence of Sadduceanism was the hard front which the well-compacted system of Pharisaism presented to our Lord from first to last! As jealous conservators of the Scriptures, to the minutest jot and tittle, the sincere lovers of the oracles of God naturally rallied around them, though only to have the eternal truths which they embodied enervated and nullified by their traditions. The sanctity which they assumed as "the most straitest sect of their religion," attracted to them all the devout and earnest in the land, but only to be scandalised by the hollowness of their pretensions, as a body, or to become themselves familiarised with a religion of empty forms, and while inwardly sighing at first for the balm in Gilead, which only one Physician had to give them, at length to cease to sigh for it when they failed to find it. In short, their self-righteousness, their spiritual pride, their hypocrisy, their avarice, their heartless usage of the poor on religious pretexts, and that hatred of spiritual religion which made them early and ever growingly feel that either they must rid themselves of Him or be themselves swept away; all this presented such a bristling front of point-blank opposition to all that our Lord came to teach, that none can fail to see what a huge task He undertook who came to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.

And how did He proceed to it? With a simplicity and spirituality, a breadth and power, a loftiness and authority never before known, did He proclaim wherever He went the eternal verities of all true religion, as these were embodied in the Old Testament; in a style never assumed by mortal before did He invite all the weary and heavy laden to come under His own capacious wing, assuring them they should there find rest to their souls. But that was not all. For ever and anon He exposed the utter heartlessness of the Pharisaic religion, and withering as well as very explicit were many of these exposures. Near the outset of his ministry, in his Sermon on the Mount, He said before a vast audience collected from all parts of the land, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of God." About the middle of His ministry, after one of the most scorching exposures of their detestable traditions (Mark vii.), when told that the Pharisees were galled at His invectives against them, He replied, "Every plant which My heaveuly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up; let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." And at the close of His ministry, He wound up one of the most awful denunciations of their hypocrisy as a body with words which are enough to make the ears of every one that heareth them to tingle: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" He knew the consequences of such plain speaking, but he had counted the cost. The men of whom He spake were those who, when He had raised Lazarus from the dead, instead of being overpowered by such stupendous evidence of His claims exposed to their very senses, "sought to put Lazarus also to death," that they might stifle this testimony too. As nothing, therefore, could make the smallest impression upon them, He would speak out their real character in all its unrelieved blackness, and let them do their worst as they were already preparing to do.

We have no space left for adverting to the only remaining "sect," the Essenes, whom we set down as the representatives of the ASCETIC principle in religion. But there is, perhaps, no loss. For though theirs was certainly one of the phases of religious life existing among the Jews when Christ appeared, He had no opportunity of "dealing" with it at all. They lived in seclusion, shunning the society of their brethren, that they might neither be polluted by their ways nor interfered with in the observance of their peculiar mode of life. Celibacy was the rule among them, marriage the exception, and only for the weaker and inferior class. They did not join with others either in public worship or in the sacrificial services of the Temple. *They*, therefore, might be regarded as a "sect" in the modern sense of the term; and yet even to them it would not strictly apply. For they neither excommunicated others nor were themselves excommunicated. In fact, they stood in nearly the same relation to their outside brethren that the monastic orders do to the secular priests and ordinary members of the Church of Rome.* And their principles are only interesting for the purposes of this paper, as showing that while the traditional and the rationalistic phases of religious life were its dominating features, the ascetic was there too; and as it appears to date from about the time of the Maccabees, we thus see that all the characteristics of religious life now existing were in full vigour, though under very different conditions among the Jews when Christ appeared.

Nor have we been able to overtake the one thoroughly satisfactory state of mind and feeling which our Lord found existing among the Jews of His day—that BIBLICAL FAITH AND EXPECTATION which held properly of no existing school, though they would

* Dr. Ginsburg, of Liverpool, in a learned paper on "The History and Doctrines of the Essenes," lately read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of that city, endeavours to identify the teaching of our Lord with that of the Essenes (though purged of their extremes), and even goes the length of affirming that He "Himself belonged to this holy brotherhood!" To us the asceticism of the Essenes appears, even from the learned author's own account of them, to be totally opposed to some of the most characteristic features of the Christian character, as delineated by our Lord.

outwardly attach themselves to the Pharisaic body. Divinely quickened and continually nourished by the oracles of God and the other "means of grace," that Biblical faith would be efficacious to overcome the world, to beget hungerings and thirstings after righteousness—to repel, as by a spiritual instinct, what was deadly in Pharisaic teaching, and to draw its subjects insensibly to Him who was alone able to speak to their hearts and heal all their spiritual maladies. Such souls it was "meat" to our Lord to welcome and cheer; He bore with their prejudices, and met their difficulties, not breaking the bruised reed nor quenching the smoking flax. And though some of these, perhaps not a few, would dread to cast in their lot with Him in the days of His flesh, there can hardly be a doubt that of the thousands who came trooping into the infant Church, after the Pentecostal descent of the Spirit had thrown such a flood of light on His claims, a goodly number were not far from the kingdom even before that, and wanted only that to ripen them into full discipleship.

What, now, is the conclusion of this whole matter? First, when once implicit and childlike faith in the testimony of God expressed in the Scriptures—as a supernatural communication of the Divine mind and will—is sapped and mined in any soul, and a spirit of distrustful, naturalistic criticism has taken its place; faith, in the biblical sense of that term—taking God at His word and so overcoming the world—is impossible; and nothing remains but a feeble, fluctuating, speculative, provisional, and inoperative acquiescence in Christianity, and, at length, only a sentimental religiousness, stripped of every positive, objective belief. Such is the Sadducean type of religious thought. With so fluctuating and intangible a thing our Lord never went out of His way to grapple (as He did often with Pharisaism), nor did He ever volunteer an allusion to it. He left it to disappear—as in fact it did—under the bright beams of positive, transparent truth, enshrined in His own incarnate Person, risen from the dead and alive for evermore. Nor shall *we* successfully meet the same type of thought, which in our own day is poisoning the religious atmosphere, but by holding forth in assured faith and living power the Story of the Cross, and the positive truths embodied in the risen Saviour; before which the clouds of what is called "free thought"—which just means freedom to sit loose to every positive, objective belief—will assuredly vanish. Secondly, as Pharisaic *traditionalism* had not in it an atom of scepticism as to the Scriptures themselves, and their great fundamental verities, but gave itself forthwith much earnest zeal as the proper guardian of both—by which it rallied around it nearly all who trembled at the word of the Lord—it was a thousand times more formidable than the rival way of thinking. As it all but crushed out the life of Divine truth by the human traditions in which they held it fast bound, and made use of religious observances as a cloak for its own hypocrisies and a stepping-stone to its own aggrandisement, it became necessary to deal with it unsparingly, asserting the majesty and sacredness of revealed truth, in defiance of every human addition, proclaiming the emptiness of all mere forms, and the sole reality of inward, living, spiritual religion, and pronouncing the doom of even the most venerable and cherished system which could not abide and would not rejoice in the beams of the Sun of righteousness, now risen on this dark world. And who can fail to find here the only reliable materials for successfully grappling with the corresponding traditionalism of our own day, not only as it exists in so gigantic and concrete a form in the Church of Rome, but as it has more or less encrusted itself around the Protestant Churches, until the human has come to be confounded with the Divine, and people can hardly recognise the latter when stripped of the former. "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord. Let God be true and every man a liar." Thirdly, not only is *asceticism* in full vigour in the Church of Rome, but, like an intoxicating wine, it is dimming the vision and shaking the steps of some of the most cultivated and elegant minds in the High section of the Church of England. Thus every ancient phase of religious life thrives still. One thing alone will kill it—the liberty and love of a pardoned child walking before a reconciled Father in the assurance of His love, and yielding a manly, entire, and "reasonable" subjection to Him, in that newness of life which Christ Himself exemplified and taught. Finally, if all the preceding phases of religious life are as alive now as of old, we rejoice to be able to add that that *Biblical faith and expectation* which, when Christ came, found in Him all its salvation and all its desire, not only exists in our own day, but is far more widely diffused, and in character more intelligent, more lively, and more influential than it has been for many a long period. It is true that rationalistic scepticism is making frightful inroads upon our men of "modern thought;" that Popery is making converts of some in the highest classes of society, multiplying its machinery, and cherishing high hopes of the recovery of this Protestant island to its former allegiance to the man of the triple crown; and that some sickly people are making up their minds to a total, though temporary, triumph both of infidelity and of popery over western Christendom. But let us only, in simple faith and living power, hold up Him who came to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound; let us but hold forth to all the weary and heavy-laden that Wing which is able to enfold them everyone; let us arise and shake ourselves from the dust, put on our beautiful garments, in His name rejoicing all the day and in His righteousness exalted; and, with the Spirit poured upon us from on high, we shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one, ready for the worst that may come, and overcoming the world.

DAVID BROWN.

"THE CHILD IS QUITE WELL, HUGH."

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

EVERYTHING went on well enough at the station for some time after the great occurrence which counted for so much in Mrs. Ochterlony's life; and the Major was very peaceable, for him, and nothing but trifling matters being in his way to move him, had fewer fidgets than usual. To be sure he was put out now and then by something the Colonel said or did, or by Hesketh's well-off-ness, which had come to the length of a moral peculiarity, and was trying to a man; but these little disturbances fizzed themselves out, and got done with without troubling anybody much. There was a lull, and most people were surprised at it, and disposed to think that something must be the matter with the Major; but there was nothing the matter. Probably it occurred to him now and then that his last great fidget had rather gone a step too far—but this is mere conjecture, for he certainly never said so. And then, after a while, he began to play, as it were, with the next grand object of uneasiness which was to distract his existence. This was the sending "home" of little Hugh. It was not that he did not feel to the utmost the blank this event would cause in the house, and the dreadful tug at his heart, and the difference it would make to Mary. But at the same time it was a thing that had to be done, and Major Ochterlony hoped his feelings would never make him fail in his duty. He used to feel Hugh's head if it was hot, and look at his tongue at all sorts of untimely moments, which Mary knew meant nothing, but yet which made her thrill and tremble to her heart; and then he would shake his own head, and look sad. "I would give him a little quinine, my dear," he would say; and then Mary, out of her very alarm and pain, would turn upon him.

"Why should I give him quinine? It is time enough when he shows signs of wanting it. The child is quite well, Hugh." But there was a certain quiver in Mrs. Ochterlony's voice which the Major could not and did not mistake.

"Oh yes, he is quite well," he would reply; "come and let me feel if you have any flesh on your bones, old fellow. He is awfully thin, Mary. I don't think he would weigh half so much as he did a year ago if you were to try. I don't want to alarm you, my dear; but we must do it sooner or later, and in a thing that is so important for the child, we must not think of ourselves," said Major Ochterlony; and then again he laid his hand with that doubting, experimenting look upon his boy's brow, to feel "if there was any fever," as he said.

"He is quite well," said Mary, who felt as if she were going distracted while this pantomime went on. "You do frighten me, though you don't mean it; but I *know* he is quite well."

"Oh yes," said Major Ochterlony, with a sigh; and he kissed his little boy solemnly, and set him down as if things were in a very bad way; "he is quite well. But I have seen when five or six hours have changed all that," he added with a still more profound sigh, and got up as if he could not bear further consideration of the subject, and went out and strolled into somebody's quarters, where Mary did not see how lighthearted he was half an hour after, quite naturally, because he had poured out his uneasiness, and a little more, and got quite rid of it, leaving her with the arrow sticking in her heart. No wonder that Mrs. Kirkman, who came in as the Major went out, said that even a very experienced Christian would have found it trying. As for Mary, when she woke up in the middle of the night, which little peevish Wilfrid gave her plenty of occasion to do, she used to steal off as soon as she had quieted that baby-tyrant, and look at her eldest boy in his little bed, and put her soft hand on his head and stoop over him to listen to his breathing. And sometimes she persuaded herself that his forehead *was* hot, which it was quite likely to be, and got no more sleep that night; though as for the Major he was a capital sleeper. And then somehow it was not so easy as it had been to conclude that it was only his way; for after his way had once brought about such consequences as in that re-marriage which Mary felt a positive physical pain in remembering, it was no longer to be taken lightly. The consequence was, that Mrs. Ochterlony wound herself up and summoned all her courage and wrote to Aunt Agatha, though she thought it best, until she had an answer, to say nothing about it; and she began to look over all little Hugh's wardrobe, to make and mend and consider within herself what warm things she could get him for the termination of that inevitable voyage, and to think what might happen before she had these little things of his in her care again—how they would wear out and be replenished and his mother have no hand in it—and how he would get on without her. She used to make pictures of the little forlorn fellow on shipboard, and how he would cry himself to sleep, till the tears came dropping on her needle and rusted it; and then would try to think how good Aunt Agatha would be to him, but was not to say comforted by that—not so much as she ought to have been. There was nothing in the least remarkable in all this, but only what a great many people have to go through, and what Mrs. Ochterlony no doubt would go through with courage when the inevitable moment came. It was the looking forward to and rehearsing it, and the Major's awful suggestions, and the constant dread of feeling little Hugh's head hot or his

tongue white, and thinking it was her fault—this was what made it so hard upon Mary; though Major Ochterlony never meant to alarm her, as anybody might see.

"I think he should certainly go home," Mrs. Kirkman said. "It is a trial, but it is one of the trials that will work for good. I don't like to blame you, Mary, but I have always thought your children were a temptation to you; oh, take care!—if you were to make idols of them——"

"I don't make idols of them," said Mrs. Ochterlony, hastily; and then she added, with an effort of self-control which stopped even the rising colour on her cheek, "You know I don't agree with you about these things." She did not agree with Mrs. Kirkman; and yet to tell the truth, where so much is concerned, it is a little hard for a woman not to stop short, however convinced she may be, and think that, after all, the opinion which would make an end of her best hopes and her surest confidence may be true.

"I know you don't agree with me," said the Colonel's wife, sitting down with a sigh. "Oh, Mary, if you only knew how much I would give to see you taking these things to heart—to see you not almost, but altogether such as I am," she added, with solemn pathos. "If you would but remember that these blessings are only lent us—that we don't know what day or hour they may be taken back again——"

All this Mary listened to with a rising of nature in her heart against it, and yet with that wavering behind,—What if it might be true?

"Don't speak to me so," she said. "You always make me think that something is going to happen. As if God grudged us our little happiness. Don't talk of lending and taking back again. If *He* is not a cheerful giver, who can be?" For she was carried away by her feelings, and was not quite sure what she was saying—and at the same time, it comes so much easier to human nature to think that God grudges and takes back again, and is not a cheerful giver. As for Mrs. Kirkman, she thought it sinful so much as to imagine anything of the kind.

"It grieves me to hear you speak in that loose sort of latitudinarian way," she said; "oh, my dear Mary, if you could only see how much need you have to be brought low. When one cross is not enough, another comes—and I feel that you are not going to be let alone. This trial, if you take it in a right spirit, may have the most blessed consequences. It must be to keep you from making an idol of him, my dear—for if he takes up your heart from better things——"

What could Mary say? She stopped in her work to give her hands an impatient wring together, by way of expressing somehow in secret to herself the impatience with which she listened. Yet, perhaps, after all, it might be true. Perhaps God was not such a Father as He, the supreme and all-loving, whom her own motherhood shadowed forth in Mary's heart, but such a one as those old pedant fathers, who took away pleasures and reclaimed gifts, for discipline's sake. Perhaps—for when a heart has everything most dear to it at stake, it has such a miserable inclination to believe the worst of Him who leaves his explanation to the end,—Mary thought perhaps it might be true, and that God her Father might be lying in wait for her somewhere to crush her to the ground for having too much pleasure in his gift,—which was the state of mind which her friend, who was at the bottom of her heart a good woman, would have liked to bring about.

"I think it is simply because we are in India," said Mrs. Ochterlony, recovering herself; "it is one of the conditions of our lot. It is a very hard condition, but of course we have to bear it. I think, for my part, that God, instead of doing it to punish me, is sorry for me, and that He would mend it and spare us if something else did not make it necessary. But perhaps it is you who are right," she added, faltering again, and wondering if it was wrong to believe that God, in a wonderful supreme way, must be acting, somehow as in a blind ineffective way, she, a mother, would do to her children. But happily her companion was not aware of that profane thought. And then, Mrs. Hesketh had come in, who looked at the question from entirely a different point of view.

"We have all got to do it, you know," said that comfortable woman, "whether we idolize them or not. I don't see what that has to do with it; but then I never do understand *you*. The great thing is, if you have somebody nice to send them to. One's mother is a great comfort for that; but then there is one's husband's friends to think about. I am not sure, for my own part, that a good school is not the best. *That* can't offend anybody, you know; neither your own people nor *his;* and then they can go all round in the holidays. Mine have all got on famously," said Mrs. Hesketh; and nobody who looked at her could have thought anything else. Though, indeed, Mrs. Hesketh's well-off-ness was not nearly so disagreeable or offensive to other people as her husband's, who had his balance at his banker's written on his face; whereas in her case it was only evident that she was on the best of terms with her milliner and her jeweller, and all her tradespeople, and never had any trouble with her bills. Mary sat between the woman who had no children, and who thought she made idols of her boys—and the woman who had quantities of children and saw no reason why anybody should be much put out of their way about them; and neither the one nor the other knew what she meant, any more than she perhaps knew exactly what they meant, though, as was natural, that latter idea did not much strike her. And the sole strengthening which Mrs. Ochterlony drew from this talk, was a resolution never to say anything more about it; to keep what she was thinking of to herself, and shut another door in her heart, which, after all, is a process which has to be pretty often repeated as one goes through the world.

"But Mary has no friends—no *female* friends, poor thing. It is so sad for a girl when that happens, and accounts for so many things," the colonel's wife said, dropping the lids over her eyes, and with an imperceptible shake of her head, which brought the little chapel and the scene of her second marriage in a moment before Mary's indignant eyes; "but there is one good even in that, for it gives greater ground for faith; when we have nothing and nobody to cling to——"

"We were talking of the children," Mrs. Hesketh broke in calmly. "If I were you I should keep Hugh until Islay was old enough to go with him. They are such companions to each other, you know, and two children don't cost much more than one. If I were you, Mary, I would send the two together. I always did it with mine. And I am sure you have somebody that will take care of them; one always has somebody in one's eye; and as for female friends——"

Mary stopped short the profanity which doubtless her comfortable visitor was about to utter on this subject. "I have only female friends," she said, with a natural touch of sharpness in her voice. "I have an old aunt and a sister who are my nearest relatives—and it is there Hugh is going," for the prick of offence had been good for her nerves, and strung them up.

"Then I can't see what you have to be anxious about," said Mrs. Hesketh; "some people always make a fuss about things happening to children; why should anything happen to them? mine have had everything, I think, that children can have, and never been a bit the worse; and though it makes one uncomfortable at the time to think of their being ill, and so far away if anything should happen, still, if you know they are in good hands, and that everything is done that can be done—— And then, one never hears till the worst is over," said the well-off woman, drawing her lace shawl round her. "Good-by, Mary, and don't fret; there is nothing that is not made worse by fretting about it; I never do, for my part."

Mrs. Kirkman threw a glance of pathetic import out of the corners of her down-dropped eyes at the large departing skirts of Mary's other visitor. The colonel's wife was one of the people who always stay last, and her friends generally cut their visits short when they encountered her, with a knowledge of this peculiarity, and at the same time an awful sense of something that would be said when they had withdrawn. "Not that I care for what she says," Mrs. Hesketh murmured to herself as she went out, "and Mary ought to know better at least;" but at the same time, society at the station, though it was quite used to it, did not like to think of the sigh, and the tender, bitter lamentations which would be made over them when they took their leave. Mrs. Hesketh was not sensitive, but she could not help feeling a little aggrieved, and wondering what special view of her evil ways her regimental superior would take this time—for in so limited a community, everybody knew about everybody, and any little faults one might have were not likely to be hid.

Mrs. Kirkman had risen too, and when Mary came back from the door the colonel's wife came and sat down beside her on the sofa, and took Mrs. Ochterlony's hand. "She would be very nice, if she only took a little thought about the one thing needful," said Mrs. Kirkman, with her usual sigh. "What does it matter about all the rest? Oh, Mary, if we could only choose the good part which cannot be taken away from us!"

"But surely we all try, a little, after that," said Mary. "She is a kind woman, and very good to the poor. And how can we tell what her thoughts are? I don't think we ever understand each other's thoughts."

"I never pretend to understand. I judge according to the Scripture rule," said Mrs. Kirkman; "you are too charitable, Mary; and too often, you know, charity only means laxness. Oh, I cannot tell you how those people are all laid upon my soul! Colonel Kirkman being the principal officer, you know, and so little real Christian work to be expected from Mr. Churchill, the responsibility is terrible. I feel sometimes as if I must die under it. If their blood should be demanded at my hands!"

"But surely God must care a little about them Himself," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "Don't you think so? I cannot think that He has left it all upon you——"

"Dear Mary, if you would but give me the comfort of thinking I had been of use to *you*," said Mrs. Kirkman, pressing Mary's hand. And when she went away she believed that she had done her duty by Mrs. Ochterlony at least; and felt that perhaps, as a brand snatched from the burning, this woman, who was so wrapped up in regard for the world and idolatry of her children, might still be brought into a better state. From this it will be seen that the painful impression made by the marriage had a little faded out of the mind of the station. It was there, waiting any chance moment or circumstance that might bring the name of the Madonna Mary into question; but in the meantime, for the convenience of ordinary life, it had been dropped. It was a nuisance to keep up a sort of shadowy censure which never came to anything, and by tacit consent the thing had dropped. For it was a very small community, and if any one had to be tabooed, the taboo must have been complete and crushing, and nobody had the courage for that. And so gradually the cloudiness passed away like a breath on a mirror, and Mary to all appearance was among them as she had been before. Only no sort of compromise could really obliterate the fact from anybody's recollection or above all from her own mind.

And Mary went back to little Hugh's wardrobe when her visitors were gone, with that sense of having shut another door in her heart which has already been mentioned. It is so natural to open

all the doors and leave all the chambers open to the day; but when people walk up to the threshold and look in and turn blank looks of surprise or sad looks of disapproval upon you, what is to be done but to shut the door? Mrs. Ochterlony thought as most people do, that it was almost incredible that her neighbours did not understand what she meant; and she thought too, like an inexperienced woman, that this was an accident of the station, and that elsewhere other people knew better, which was a very fortunate thought, and did her good. And so she continued to put the little things in order, and felt half angry when she saw the Major come in, and knew beforehand that he was going to resume his pantomime with little Hugh, and to try if his head was hot and look at his tongue. If his tongue turned out to be white and his head feverish, then Mary knew that he would think it was her fault, and began to long for Aunt Agatha's letter, which she had been fearing, and which might be looked for by the next mail.

As for the Major, he came home with the air of a man who has hit upon a new trouble. His wife saw it before he had been five minutes in the house. She saw it in his eyes, which sought her and retired from her in their significant restless way, as if studying how to begin. In former days Mrs. Ochterlony, when she saw this, used to help her husband out; but recently she had had no heart for that, and he was left unaided to make a beginning for himself. She took no notice of his fidgeting, nor of the researches he made all about the room and all the things he put out of their places. She could wait until he informed her what it was. But Mary felt a little nervous until such time as her husband had seated himself opposite her and begun to pull her working things about and to take up little Hugh's linen blouses which she had been setting in order. Then the Major heaved a demonstrative sigh. He meant to be asked what it meant, and even gave a glance up at her from the corner of his eye to see if she remarked it, but Mary was hard-hearted and would take no notice. He had to take all the trouble himself.

"He will want warmer things when he goes home," said the Major. "You must write to Aunt Agatha about that, Mary. I have been thinking a great deal about his going home. I don't know how I shall get on without him, nor you either, my darling; but it is for his good. How old is Islay?" Major Ochterlony added with a little abruptness: and then his wife knew what it was.

"Islay is not quite three," said Mary, quietly, as if the question was of no importance; but for all that her heart began to jump and beat against her breast.

"Three! and so big for his age," said the guilty Major, labouring with his secret meaning. "I don't want to vex you, Mary, my love, but I was thinking perhaps when Hugh went—It comes to about the same thing, you see—the little beggar would be dreadfully solitary by himself, and I don't see that it would make any difference to Aunt Agatha——"

"It would make a difference to *me*," said Mary. "Oh, Hugh, don't be so cruel to me. I cannot let him go so young. If Hugh must go, it may be for *his* good—but not for Islay's, who is only a baby. He would not know us or have any recollection of us. Don't make me send both of my boys away."

"You would still have the baby," said the Major. "My darling, I am not going to do anything without your consent. Islay looked dreadfully feverish the other day, you know. I told you so; and as I was coming home I met Mrs. Hesketh——"

"You took *her* advice about it," said Mary, with a little bitterness. As for the Major, he set his Mary a whole heaven above such a woman as Mrs. Hesketh, and yet he *had* taken her advice about it, and it irritated him a little to perceive his wife's tone of reproach.

"If I listened to her advice it was because she is a very sensible woman," said Major Ochterlony. "You are so heedless, my dear. When your children's health is ruined, you know, that is not the time to send them home. We ought to do it now, while they are quite well; though indeed I thought Islay very feverish the other night," he added, getting up again in his restless way. And then the Major was struck with compunction when he saw Mary bending down over her work, and remembered how constantly she was there, working for them, and how much more trouble those children cost her than they ever could cost him. "My love," he said, coming up to her and laying his hand caressingly upon her bent head, "my bonnie Mary! you did not think I meant that you cared less for them or what was for their good, than I do? It will be a terrible trial; but then, if it is for their good and our own peace of mind——"

"God help me," said Mary, who was a little beside herself. "I don't think you will leave me any peace of mind. You will drive me to do what I think wrong, or, if I don't do it, you will make me think that everything that happens is my fault. You don't mean it, but you are cruel, Hugh."

"I am sure I don't mean it," said the Major, who, as usual, had had his say out; "and when you come to think—— but we will say no more about it to-night. Give me your book, and I will read to you for an hour or two. It is a comfort to come in to you and get a little peace. And after all, my love, Mrs. Hesketh means well, and she's a very sensible woman. I don't like Hesketh, but there's not a word to say against her. They are all very kind and friendly. We are in great luck in our regiment. Is this your mark where you left off? Don't let us say anything more about it, Mary, for to-night."

"No," said Mrs. Ochterlony, with a sigh; but she knew in her heart that the Major would begin to feel Islay's head, if it was hot, and look at his tongue, as he had done to Hugh's, and drive her

out of her senses. And that most likely when she had come to an end of her powers, she would be beaten and give in at the last. But they said no more about it that night; and the Major got so interested in the book that he sat all the evening reading, and Mary got very well on with her work. Major Ochterlony was so interested that he even forgot to look as if he thought the children feverish when they came to say good night, which was the most wonderful relief to his wife. If thoughts came into her head while she trimmed Hugh's little blouses, of another little three-year-old traveller tottering by his brother's side, and going away on the stormy dangerous sea, she kept them to herself. It did not seem to her as if she could outlive the separation, nor how she could permit a ship so richly freighted to sail away into the dark distance and the terrible storms; and yet she knew that she must outlive it, and that it must happen, if not now, yet at least some time. It is the condition of existence for the English sojourners in India. And what was she more than another, that any one should think there was any special hardship in her case?

CHAPTER VII.

THE next mail was an important one in many ways. It was to bring Aunt Agatha's letter about little Hugh, and it did bring something which had still more effect upon the Ochterlony peace of mind. The Major, as has been already said, was not a man to be greatly excited by the arrival of the mail. All his close and pressing interests were at present concentrated in the station. His married sisters wrote to him now and then, and he was very glad to get their letters, and to hear when a new niece or nephew arrived, which was the general burden of these epistles. Sometimes it was a death, and Major Ochterlony was sorry; but neither the joy nor the sorrow disturbed him much. For he was far away, and he was tolerably happy himself, and could bear with equanimity the vicissitudes in the lot of his friends. But this time the letter which arrived was of a different description. It was from his brother, the head of the house—who was a little of an invalid and a good deal of a dilettante, and gave the Major no nephews or nieces, being indeed a confirmed bachelor of the most hopeless kind. He was a man who never wrote letters, so that the communication was a little startling. And yet there was nothing very particular in it. Something had occurred to make Mr. Ochterlony think of his brother, and the consequence was that he had drawn his writing things to his hand and written a few kind words, with a sense of having done something meritorious to himself and deeply gratifying to Hugh. He sent his love to Mary, and hoped the little fellow was all right who was, he supposed, to carry on the family honours—"if there are any family honours," the Squire had said, not without an agreeable sense that there was something in his last paper on the "Coins of Agrippa," that the Numismatic Society would not willingly let die. This was the innocent morsel of correspondence which had come to the Major's hand. Mary was sitting by with the baby on her lap while he read it, and busy with a very different kind of communication. She was reading Aunt Agatha's letter which she had been dreading and wishing for, and her heart was growing sick over the innocent flutter of expectation and kindness and delight which was in it. Every assurance of the joy she would feel in seeing little Hugh, and the care she would take of him, which the simple-minded writer sent to be a comfort to Mary, came upon the mother's unreasonable mind like a kind of injury. To think that anybody could be happy about an occurrence that would be so terrible to her; to think anybody could have the bad taste to say that they looked with impatience for the moment that to Mary would be like dying! She was unhinged, and for the first time perhaps in her life her nerves were thoroughly out of order, and she was unreasonable to the bottom of her heart; and when she came to her young sister's gay announcement of what for *her* part she would do for her little nephew's education, and how she had been studying the subject ever since Mary's letter arrived, Mrs. Ochterlony felt as if she could have beaten the girl, and was ready to cry with wretchedness and irritation and despair. All these details served somehow to fix it, though she knew it had been fixed before. They told her the little room Hugh should have, and the old maid who would take care of him; and how he should play in the garden, and learn his lessons in Aunt Agatha's parlour, and all those details which would be sweet to Mary when her boy was actually there. But at present they made his going away so real, that they were very bitter to her, and she had to draw the astonished child away from his play and take hold of him and keep him by her, to feel quite sure that he was still here, and not in the little North-country cottage which she knew so well. But this was an arrangement which did not please the baby, who liked to have his mother all to himself, and pushed Hugh away, and kicked and screamed at him lustily. Thus it was an agitated little group upon which the Major looked down as he turned from his brother's pleasant letter. He was in a very pleasant frame of mind himself, and was excessively entertained by the self-assertion of little Wilfred on his mother's knee.

"He is a plucky little soul though he is so small," said Major Ochterlony; "but Willy, my boy, there's precious little for you of the grandeurs of the family. It is from Francis, my dear. It's very surprising, you know, but still it's true. And he sends you his love. You know I always said that there was a great deal of good in Francis; he is not a demonstrative man—but still, when you get at it, he has a warm heart. I am sure he would be a good friend to you, Mary, if ever——"

"I hope I shall never need him to be a good friend to me," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "He is your brother, Hugh, but you know we never got on."

It was a perfectly correct statement of fact, but yet perhaps Mary would not have made it, had she not been so much disturbed by Aunt Agatha's letter. She was almost disposed to persuade herself for that moment that she had not got on with Aunt Agatha, which was a moral impossibility. As for the Major, he took no notice of his wife's little ill-tempered unenthusiastic speech.

"You will be pleased when you read it," he said. "He talks of Hugh quite plainly as the heir of Earlston. I can't help being pleased. I wonder what kind of Squire the little beggar will make: but we shall not live to see that—or at least, *I* shan't," the Major went on, and he looked at his boy with a wistful look which Mary used to think of afterwards. As for little Hugh, he was very indifferent, and not much more conscious of the affection near home than of the inheritance far off. Major Ochterlony stood by the side of Mary's chair, and he had it in his heart to give her a little lesson upon her unbelief and want of confidence in him, who was always acting for the very best, and who thought much more of her interests than of his own.

"My darling," he said, in that coaxing tone which Mary knew so well, "I don't mean to blame you. It was a bad thing to make you do; and you might have thought me cruel and too precise. But only see now how important it was to be exact about our marriage—*too* exact even. If Hugh should come into the estate——"

Here Major Ochterlony stopped short all at once, without any apparent reason. He had still his brother's letter in his hand, and was standing by Mary's side; and nobody had come in, and nothing had happened. But all at once, like a flash of lightning, something of which he had never thought before had entered his mind. He stopped short, and said "Good God!" low to himself, though he was not a man who used profane expressions. His face changed as a summer day changes when the wind seizes it like a ghost, and covers its heaven with clouds. So great was the shock he had received, that he made no attempt to hide it, but stood gazing at Mary, appealing to her out of the midst of his sudden trouble. "Good God!" he said. His eyes went in a piteous way from little Hugh, who knew nothing about it, to his mother, who was at present the chief sufferer. Was it possible that instead of helping he had done his best to dishonour Hugh? It was so new an idea to him, that he looked helplessly into Mary's eyes to see if it was true. And she, for her part, had nothing to say to him. She gave a little tremulous cry which did but echo his own exclamation, and pitifully held out her hand to her husband. Yes; it was true. Between them they had sown thorns in their boy's path, and thrown doubt on his name, and brought humiliation and uncertainty into his future life. Major Ochterlony dropped into a chair by his wife's side, and covered his face with her hand. He was struck dumb, by his discovery. It was only she who had seen it all long ago—to whom no sudden revelation could come—who had been suffering, even angrily and bitterly, but who was now altogether subdued and conscious only of a common calamity; who was the only one capable of speech or thought.

"Hugh, it is done now," said Mary; "perhaps it may never do him any harm. We are in India, a long way from all our friends. They know what took place in Scotland, but they can't know what happened here."

The Major only replied once more, "Good God!" Perhaps he was not thinking so much of Hugh as of the failure he had himself made. To think he should have landed in the most apparent folly by way of being wise—that perhaps was the immediate sting. But as for Mrs. Ochterlony, her heart was full of her little boy who was going away from her, and her husband's horror and dismay seemed only natural. She had to withdraw her hand from him, for the tyrant baby did not approve of any other claim upon her attention, but she caressed his stooping head as she did so. "Oh, Hugh, let us hope things will turn out better than we think," she said, with her heart overflowing in her eyes; and the soft tears fell on Wilfrid's little frock as she soothed and consoled him. Little Hugh for his part had been startled in the midst of his play, and had come forward to see what was going on. He was not particularly interested, it is true, but still he rather wanted to know what it was all about. And when the pugnacious baby saw his brother he returned to the conflict. It was his baby efforts with hands and feet to thrust Hugh away which roused the Major. He got up and took a walk about the room, sighing heavily. "When you saw what was involved, why did you let me do it, Mary?" he said, amid his sighs. That was all the advantage his wife had from his discovery. He was still walking about the room and sighing, when the baby went to sleep, and Hugh left the room; and then to be sure the father and mother were alone.

"*That* never came into my head," Major Ochterlony said, drawing a chair again to Mary's side. "When you saw the danger why did you not tell me? I thought it was only because you did not like it. And then, on the other side, if anything happened to me—— Why did you let me do it when you saw that?" said the Major, almost angrily. And he drew another long impatient sigh.

"Perhaps it will do no harm, after all," said Mary, who felt herself suddenly put upon her defence.

"Harm! it is sure to do harm," said the Major. "It is as good as saying we were never married till now. Good heavens! to think you should have seen all that, and yet let me do it. We may have ruined him, for all we know. And the question is, what's to be done? Perhaps I should write to Francis, and tell him that I thought it best for your sake, in case anything happened to me—— and as it was merely a matter of form, I don't

see that Churchill could have any hesitation in striking it out of the register——"

"Oh, Hugh, let it alone now," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "It is done, and we cannot undo it. Let us only be quiet and make no more commotion. People may forget it, perhaps, if we forget it."

"Forget it!" the Major said, and sighed. He shook his head, and at the same time he looked with a certain tender patronage on Mary. "You may forget it, my dear, and I hope you will," he said, with a magnanimous pathos; "but it is too much to expect that I should forget what may have such important results. I feel sure I ought to let Francis know. I daresay he could advise us what would be best. It is a very kind letter," said the Major; and he sighed, and gave Mary Mr. Ochterlony's brief and unimportant note with an air of resigned yet hopeless affliction, which half irritated her and half awoke those possibilities of laughter which come "when there is little laughing in one's head," as we say in Scotland. She could have laughed, and she could have stormed at him; and yet in the midst of all she felt a poignant sense of contrast, and knew that it was she and not he who would really suffer—as it was he and not she who was in fault.

While Mary read Mr. Ochterlony's letter, lulling now and then with a soft movement the baby on her knee, the Major at the other side got attracted after a while by the pretty picture of the sleeping child, and began at length to forego his sighing and to smooth out the long white drapery that lay over Mary's dress. He was thinking no harm, the tender-hearted man. He looked at little Wilfrid's small waxen face pillowed on his mother's arm—so much smaller and feebler than Hugh and Islay had been, the great, gallant fellows—and his heart was touched by his little child. "My little man! *you* are all right, at least," said the inconsiderate father. He said it to himself, and thought, if he thought at all on the subject, that Mary, who was reading his brother's letter, did not hear him. And when Mrs. Ochterlony gave that cry which roused all the house and brought everybody trooping to the door, in the full idea that it must be a cobra at least, the Major jumped up to his feet as much startled as any of them, and looked down to the floor and cried, "Where?—what is it?" with as little an idea of what was the matter as the ayah who grinned and gazed in the distance. When he saw that instead of indicating somewhere a reptile intruder, Mary had dropped the letter and fallen into a weak outburst of tears, the Major was confounded. He sent the servants away, and took his wife in his arms and held her fast. "What is it, my love?" said the Major. "Are you ill? For Heaven's sake tell me what it is; my poor darling, my bonnie Mary!" This was how he soothed her, without the most distant idea what was the matter, or what had made her cry out. And when Mary came to herself, she did not explain very clearly. She said to herself that it was no use making him unhappy by the fantastical horror which had come into her mind with his words, or indeed had been already lurking there. And, poor soul, she was better when she had had her cry out and had given over little Wilfrid, woke up by the sound, to his nurse's hands. She said, "Never mind me, Hugh; I am nervous, I suppose;" and cried on his shoulder as he never remembered her to have cried, except for very serious griefs. And when at last he had made her lie down, which was the Major's favourite panacea for all female ills of body or mind, and had covered her over, and patted and caressed and kissed her, Major Ochterlony went out with a troubled mind. It could not be anything in Francis's letter, which was a model of brotherly correctness, that had vexed or excited her: and then he began to think that for some time past her nerves had not been what they used to be. The idea disturbed him greatly, as may be supposed; for the thought of Mary ailing and weakly, or perhaps ill and in danger, was one which had never yet entered his mind. The first thing he thought of was to go and have a talk with Sorbette, who ought to know, if he was good for anything, what it was.

"I am sure I don't know in the least what is the matter," the Major said. "She is not ill, you know. This morning she looked as well as ever she did, and then all at once gave a cry and burst into tears. It is so unlike Mary."

"It is very unlike her," said the doctor. "Perhaps you were saying something that upset her nerves."

"Nerves!" said the Major, with calm pride. "My dear fellow, you know that Mary has no nerves; she never was one of that sort of women. To tell the truth, I don't think she has ever been quite herself since that stupid business, you know."

"What stupid business?" said Mr. Sorbette.

"Oh, you know—the marriage, to be sure. A man looks very silly afterwards," said the Major with candour, "when he lets himself be carried away by his feelings. She ought not to have consented when that was her idea. I would give a hundred pounds I had not been so foolish. I don't think she has ever been quite herself since."

The doctor had opened *de grands yeux*. He looked at his companion as if he could not believe his ears. "Of course you would never have taken such an unusual step if there had not been good reason for it," he ventured to say—which was rather a hazardous speech; for the Major might have divined its actual meaning, and then things would have gone badly with Mr. Sorbette. But, as it happened, Major Ochterlony was far too much occupied to pay attention to anybody's meaning except his own.

"Yes, there was good reason," he said. "She lost her marriage 'lines,' you know; and all our witnesses are dead. I thought she might perhaps find herself in a disagreeable position if anything happened to me."

As he spoke, the doctor regarded him with surprise so profound as to be half sublime—surprise and a perplexity and doubt wonderful to behold. Was this a story the Major had made up, or was it perhaps after all the certain truth? It was just what he had said at first; but the first time it was stated with more warmth, and did not produce the same effect. Mr. Sorbette respected Mrs. Ochterlony to the bottom of his heart; but still he had shaken his head, and said, "There was no accounting for those things." And now he did not know what to make of it: whether to believe in the innocence of the couple, or to think the Major had made up a story—which, to be sure, would be by much the greatest miracle of all.

"If that was the case, I think it would have been better to let well alone," said the doctor. "That is what I would have done had it been me."

"Then why did not you tell me so?" said Major Ochterlony. "I asked you before; and what you all said to me was, 'If that's the case, best to repeat it at once.' Good Lord! to think how little one can rely upon one's friends when one asks their advice. But in the meantime the question is about Mary. I wish you'd go and see her and give her something—a tonic, you know, or something strengthening. I think I'll step over and see Churchill, and get him to strike that unfortunate piece of nonsense out of the register. As it was only a piece of form, I should think he would do it; and if it is *that* that ails her, it would do her good."

"If I were you, I'd let well alone," said the doctor; but he said it low, and he was putting on his hat as he spoke, and went off immediately to see his patient. Even if curiosity and surprise had not been in operation, he would still probably have hastened to Madonna Mary. For the regiment loved her in its heart, and the loss of her fair serene presence would have made a terrible gap at the station. "We must not let her be ill if we can help it," Mr. Sorbette said to himself; and then he made a private reflection about that ass Ochterlony and his fidgets. But yet, notwithstanding all his faults, the Major was not an ass. On thinking it over again, he decided not to go to Churchill with that little request about the register; and he felt more and more, the more he reflected upon it, how hard it was that in a moment of real emergency a man should be able to put so little dependence upon his friends. Even Mary had let him do it, though she had seen how dangerous and impolitic it was; and all the others had let him do it: for certainly it was not without asking advice that he had taken what the doctor called so unusual a step. Major Ochterlony felt as he took this into consideration that he was an injured man. What was the good of being on intimate terms with so many people, if not one of them could give him the real counsel of a friend when he wanted it? And even Mary had let him do it! The thought of such a strange dereliction of duty on the part of everybody connected with him went to the Major's heart.

As for Mary, it would be a little difficult to express her feelings. She got up as soon as her husband was gone, and threw off the light covering he had put over her so carefully, and went back to her work; for to lie still in a darkened room was not a remedy in which she put any faith. And to tell the truth, poor Mary's heart was eased a little, perhaps physically, by her tears, which had done her good, and by the other incidents of the evening, which had thrown down as it were the separation between her and her husband, and taken away the one rankling and aching wound she had. Now that he saw that he had done wrong—now that he was aware that it was a wrong step he had taken—a certain remnant of bitterness which had been lurking in a corner of Mary's heart came all to nothing and died down in a moment. As soon as he was himself awakened to it, Mary forgot her own wound and every evil thought she had ever had, in her sorrow for him. She remembered his look of dismay, his dead silence, his unusual exclamation; and she said, "poor Hugh!" in her heart, and was ready to condone his worst faults. *Otherwise*, as Mrs. Ochterlony said to herself, he had scarcely a fault that anybody could point out. He was the kindest, the most true and tender! Everybody acknowledged that he was the best husband in the regiment, and which of them could stand beside him, even in an inferior place? Not Colonel Kirkman, who might have been a petrified Colonel out of the Drift (if there were Colonels in those days), for any particular internal evidence to the contrary; nor Captain Hesketh, who was so well off; nor any half dozen of the other officers. This was the state of mind in which Mrs. Ochterlony was when the doctor called. And he found her quite well, and thought her an unaccountable woman, and shrugged his shoulders, and wondered what the Major would take into his head next. "He said it was on the nerves, as the poor women call it," said the doctor. "I should like to know what he means by making game of people—as if I had as much time to talk nonsense as he has: but I thought, to be sure, when he said that, that it was a cock-and-bull story. I ought to know something about your nerves."

"He was quite right," said Mrs. Ochterlony; and she smiled and took hold of the great trouble that was approaching her and made a buckler of it for her husband. "My nerves were very much upset. You know we have to make up our minds to send Hugh home."

And as she spoke she looked up at Mr. Sorbette with eyes brimming over with two great tears—real tears, Heaven knows, which came but too readily to back out her sacred plea. The doctor recoiled before them as if somebody had levelled a pistol at him; for he was a man that could not bear to see women crying, as he said—or to see anybody in distress, which was a true statement of the case.

"There—there," he said, "don't excite yourself. What is the good of thinking about it? Everybody has to do it, and the monkeys get on as well as possible. Look here, pack up all this work and trash, and amuse yourself. Why don't you go out more and take a little relaxation? You had better send over to my sister for a novel; or if there's nothing else for it, get the baby. Don't sit working and driving yourself crazy here."

So that was all Mr. Sorbette could do in the case; and a wonderfully puzzled doctor he was as he went back to his quarters, and took the first opportunity of telling his sister that she was all wrong about the Ochterlonys, and he always knew she was. "As if a man could know anything about it," Miss Sorbette said. And in the meantime the Major went home, and was very tender of Mary, and petted and watched over her as if she had had a real illness. Though, after all, the question why she had let him do so, was often nearly on his lips, as it was always in his heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT Mrs. Ochterlony had to do after this was to write to Aunt Agatha settling everything about little Hugh, which was by no means an easy thing to do, especially since the matter had been complicated by that most unnecessary suggestion about Islay which Mrs. Hesketh had thought proper to make; as if she, who had a grown-up daughter to be her companion, and swarms of children, so many as almost to pass the bounds of possible recollection, could know anything about how it felt to send off one's entire family, leaving only a baby behind; but then that is so often the way with those well-off people who have never had anything happen to them. Mary had to write that if all was well, and they could find "an opportunity," probably Hugh would be sent by the next mail but one; for she succeeded in persuading herself and the Major that sooner than that it would be impossible to have his things ready. "You do not say anything about Islay, my dear," said the Major, when he read the letter, "and you must see that for the child's sake——"

"Oh, Hugh, what difference can it make?" said Mrs. Ochterlony, with conscious sophistry. "If she can take one child, she can take two. It is not like a man—" But whether it was Islay or Aunt Agatha who was not like a man, Mary did not explain; and she went on with her preparations with a desperate trust in circumstances, such as women are often driven to. Something might happen to preserve to her yet for a little while longer her three-year-old boy. Hugh was past hoping for, but it seemed to her now that she would accept with gratitude, as a mitigated calamity, the separation from one which had seemed so terrible to her at first. As for the Major, he adhered to the idea with a tenacity unusual to him. He even came and superintended her at her work-table, and asked continually, How about Islay? if all these things were for Hugh?—which was a question that called forth all the power of sophistry and equivocation which Mrs. Ochterlony possessed to answer. But still she put a certain trust in circumstances that something might still happen to save Islay—and indeed something did happen, though far, very far, from being as Mary wished.

The Major in the meantime had done his best to shake himself free from the alarm and dismay indirectly produced in his mind by his brother's letter. He had gone to Mr. Churchill after all, but found it impracticable to get the entry blotted out of the register, notwithstanding his assurance that it was simply a matter of form. Mr. Churchill had no doubt on that point, but he could not alter the record, though he condoled with the sufferer. "I cannot think how you all could let me do it," the Major said. "A man may be excused for taking the alarm if he is persuaded that his wife will get into trouble when he is gone, for want of a formality; but how all of you, with cool heads and no excitement to take away your judgment——"

"Who persuaded you?" said the clergyman, with a little dismay.

"Well, you know Kirkman said that things looked very bad in Scotland when the marriage lines were lost. How could I tell? he is Scotch and he ought to know. And then to think of Mary in trouble, and perhaps losing her little provision if anything happened to me. It was enough to make a man do anything foolish; but how all of you who know better should have let me do it——"

"My dear Major," said Mr. Churchill, mildly, "I don't think you are a man to be kept from doing anything when your heart is set upon it;—and then you were in such a hurry——"

"Ah, yes," said Major Ochterlony, with a deep sigh; "and nobody, that I can remember, ever suggested to me to wait a little. That's what it is, Churchill; to have so many friends, and not one among them who would take the trouble to tell a man he was wrong."

"Major Ochterlony," said the clergyman, a little stiffly, "you forget that I said everything I could say to convince you. Of course I did not know all the circumstances—but I hope I shall always have courage enough, when I think so, to tell any man he is in the wrong."

"My dear fellow, I did not mean you," said the Major, with another sigh; and perhaps it was with a similar statement that the conversation always concluded when Major Ochterlony confided to any special individual of his daily associates, this general condemnation of his friends, of which he made as little a secret as he had made of his re-marriage. The station knew as well after that, that Major Ochterlony was greatly disturbed about the "unusual step" he had taken, and was afraid it might be bad for little Hugh's future prospects, as it had been aware beforehand of the wonderful event itself. And naturally there was a great deal of discussion on the subject. There were some people who con-

tented themselves with thinking, like the doctor, that Ochterlony was an ass with his fidgets; while there were others who thought he was "deep," and was trying, as they said, to do away with the bad impression. The former class were men and the latter were women, but it was by no means all the women who thought so. Not to speak of the younger class like poor little Mrs. Askell, there were at least two of the most important voices at the station which did not declare themselves. Mrs. Kirkman shook her head, and hoped that however it turned out it might be for all their good, and above all might convince Mary of the error of her ways; and Mrs. Hesketh thought everybody made a great deal too much fuss about it, and begged the public in general to let the Ochterlonys alone. But the fact was, that so far as the ordinary members of society were concerned, the Major's new agitation revived the gossip that had nearly died out, and set it all afloat again. It had been dying away under the mingled influences of time and the non-action of the leading ladies, and Mrs. Ochterlony's serene demeanor, which forbade the idea of evil. But when it was thus started again the second time it was less likely to be made an end of. Mary, however, was as unconscious of the renewed commotion as if she had been a thousand miles away. The bitterness had gone out of her heart, and she had half begun to think as the Major did, that he was an injured man, and that it was her fault and his friends' fault; and then she was occupied with something still more important, and could not go back to the old pain, from which she had suffered enough. Thus it was with her in those troubled, but yet, as she afterwards thought, happy days; when she was very miserable sometimes and very glad—when she had a great deal, as people said, to put up with, a great deal to forgive, and many a thing of which she did not herself approve, to excuse, and justify to others; this was her condition, and she had at the same time before her the dreadful probability of a separation from both of her children, the certainty of separation and a long, dangerous voyage for one of them, and sat and worked to this end day after day with a sense of what at the moment seemed exquisite wretchedness. But yet, thinking over it afterwards and looking back upon it, it seemed to Mary as if those were happy days.

The time was coming very near when Hugh (as Mrs. Ochterlony said) or the children (as the Major was accustomed to say) were going home: when all at once, without any preparation, very startling news came to the station. One of the little local rebellions that are always taking place in India had broken out somewhere, and a strong detachment of the regiment was to be sent immediately to quell it. Major Ochterlony came home that day a little excited by the news, and still more by the certainty that it was he who must take the command. He was excited because he was a soldier at heart, and liked, kind man as he was, to see something doing; and because active service was more hopeful and exhilarating and profitable than reposing at the station, where there was no danger and very little to do. "I don't venture to hope that the rogues will show fight," he said cheerfully; "so there is no need to be anxious, Mary: and you can keep the boys with you till I come back—that is only fair," he said, in his exultation. As for Mary, the announcement took all the colour out of her cheeks, and drove both Hugh and Islay out of her mind. He had seen service enough, it is true, since they were married, to habituate her to that sort of thing; and she had made, on the whole, a very good soldier's wife, bearing her anxiety in silence, and keeping a brave front to the world. But perhaps Mr. Sorbette was right when he thought her nerves were upset. So many things all coming together may have been too much for her. When she heard of this she broke down altogether, and felt a cold thrill of terror go through her from her head to her heart, or from her heart to her head, which perhaps would be the most just expression: but she dared not say a word to her husband to deter or discourage him. When he saw the two tears that sprang into her eyes, and the sudden paleness that came over her face, he kissed her, all flushed and smiling as he was, and said: "Now, don't be silly, Mary. Don't forget you are a soldier's wife." There was not a touch of despondency or foreboding about him; and what could she say who knew, had there been ever so much foreboding, that his duty was the thing to be thought of, and not anybody's feelings? Her cheek did not regain its colour all that day, but she kept it to herself, and forgot even about little Hugh's reprieve. The children were dear, but their father was dearer, or at least so it seemed at that moment. Perhaps if the lives of the little ones had been threatened, the Major's expedition might have bulked smaller—for the heart can hold only one overwhelming emotion at a time. But the affair was urgent, and Mary did not have very much time left to her to think of it. Almost before she had realised what it was, the drums had beat, and the brisk music of the band—that music that people called exhilarating—had roused all the station, and the measured march of the men had sounded past as if they were all treading upon her heart. The Major kissed his little boys in their beds, for it was, to be sure, unnaturally early, as everything is in India: and he had made his wife promise to go and lie down, and take care of herself, when he was gone. "Have the baby, and don't think any more of me than you can help, and take care of my boys. We shall be back sooner than you want us," the Major had said, as he took tender leave of his "bonnie Mary." And for her part she stood as long as she could see them, with her two white lips pressed tight together, waving her hand to her soldier till he was gone and out of sight. And then she obeyed him, and lay down and covered her head and sobbed to herself in the growing light, as the big blazing sun began to touch the horizon.

She was sick with pain and terror, and she could not tell why. She had watched him go away before, and had hailed him coming back again, and had known him in hotter conflict than this could be, and wounded, and yet he had taken no great harm. But all that did her little good now: perhaps because her nerves were weaker than usual, from the repeated shocks she had had to bear.

And it was to be expected that Mrs. Kirkman would come to see her, to console her that morning, and put the worst thoughts into her head. But before even Mrs. Kirkman, little Emma Askell came rushing in, with her baby and a bundle, and threw herself at Mary's feet. The Ensign had gone to the wars, and it was the first experience of such a kind that had fallen to the lot of his little baby-wife; and naturally her anxiety told more distinctly upon her than it did upon Mary's ripe soul and frame. The poor little thing was white and cold and shivering, notwithstanding the blazing Indian day that began to lift itself over their heads. She fell down at Mary's feet, forgetting all about the beetles and scorpions which were the horror of her ordinary existence, and clasped her knees, and held Mrs. Ochterlony fast, grasping the bundle and the little waxen baby at the same time in the other arm.

"Do you think they will ever come back?" said poor little Emma. "Oh, Mrs. Ochterlony, tell me. I can bear it if you will tell me the worst. If anything were to happen to Charlie, and me not with him! I never, never, never can live until the news comes. Oh, tell me, do you think they will ever come back?"

"If I did not think they would come back, do you think I could take it so quietly?" said Mary; and she smiled as best she could, and lifted up the poor little girl, and took from her the baby and the bundle, which seemed all one, so closely were they held. Mrs. Ochterlony had deep eyes, which did not show when she had been crying; and she was not young enough to cry in thunder showers, as Emma Askell at eighteen might still be permitted to do; and the very sight of her soothed the young creature's heart. "You know you are a soldier's wife," Mary said; "I think I was as bad as you are the first time the Major left me—but we all get used to it after a few years."

"And he came back?" said Emma, doing all she could to choke a sob.

"He must have come back, or I should not have parted with him this morning," said Mrs. Ochterlony, who had need of all her own strength just at that moment. "Let us see in the meantime what this bundle is, and why you have brought poor baby out in her night-gown. And what a jewel she is to sleep! When my little Willy gets disturbed," said Mary, with a sigh, "he gives none of us any rest. I will make up a bed for her here on the sofa; and now tell me what this bundle is for, and why you have rushed out half dressed. We'll talk about *them* presently. Tell me first about yourself."

Upon which Emma hung her pretty little head, and began to fold a hem upon her damp handkerchief, and did not know how to explain herself. "Don't be angry with me," she said. "Oh, my Madonna, let me come and stay with you!—that was what I meant; I can't stay there by myself—and I will nurse Willy, and do your hair and help sewing. I don't mind what I do. Oh, Mrs. Ochterlony, don't send me away! I should die if I was alone. And as for baby, she never troubles anybody. She is so good. I will be your little servant and wait upon you like a slave, if you will only let me stay."

It would be vain to say that Mrs. Ochterlony was pleased by this appeal, for she was herself in a very critical state of mind, full of fears that she could give no reason for, and a hundred fantastic pains which she would fain have hidden from human sight. She had been taking a little comfort in the thought of the solitude, the freedom from visitors and disturbance, that she might safely reckon on, and in which she thought her mind might perhaps recover a little; and this young creature's society was not specially agreeable to her. But she was touched by the looks of the forlorn girl, and could no more have sent her away than she could repress the little movement of impatience and half disgust that rose in her heart. She was not capable of giving her any effusive welcome; but she kissed poor little Emma, and put the bundle beside the baby on the sofa, and accepted her visitor without saying anything about it. Perhaps it did her no harm: though she felt by moments as if her impatient longing to be alone and silent, and free to think her own thoughts, would break out in spite of all her self-control. But little Mrs. Askell never suspected the existence of any such emotions. She thought, on the contrary, that it was because Mary was used to it that she took it so quietly, and wondered whether *she* would ever get used to it. Perhaps, on the whole, Emma hoped not. She thought to herself that Mrs. Ochterlony, who was so little disturbed by the parting, would not feel the joy of the return half so much as she should; and on these terms she preferred to take the despair along with the joy. But under the shadow of Mary's matronly presence the little thing cheered up, and got back her courage. After she had been comforted with tea, and had fully realised her position as Mrs. Ochterlony's visitor, Emma's spirits rose. She was half or quarter Irish, as has been already mentioned, and behaved herself accordingly. She recollected her despair, it is true, in the midst of a game with Hugh and Islay, and cried a little, but soon comforted herself with the thought that at that moment her Charlie could be in no danger. "They'll be stopping somewhere for breakfast by a well, and camping all about, and they can't get any harm there," said Emma: and thus she kept on chattering all day. If she had chattered only, and been content with chattering, it would have been comparatively easy work; but

then she was one of those people who require answers, and will be spoken to. And Mary had to listen and reply, and give her opinion where they would be now, and when, at the very earliest, they might be expected back. With such a discipline to undergo, it may be thought a supererogation to bring Mrs. Kirkman in upon her that same morning with her handkerchief in her hand, prepared, if it was necessary, to weep with Mary. But still it is the case that Mrs. Kirkman did come, as might have been expected; and to pass over conversation so edifying as hers, would, under such circumstances, be almost a crime.

"My dear Mary," Mrs. Kirkman said when she came in, "I am so glad to see you up and making an effort: it is so much better than giving way. We must accept these trials as something sent us for our good. I am sure the Major has all our prayers for his safe return. Oh, Mary, do you not remember what I said to you—that God, I was sure, was not going to leave you alone?"

"I never thought He would leave me alone," said Mrs. Ochterlony; but certainly, though it was a right enough sentiment, it was not uttered in a right tone of voice.

"He will not rest till you see your duty more clearly," said her visitor; "if it were not for that, why should He have sent you so many things one after another? It is far better and more blessed than if he had made you happy and comfortable as the carnal heart desires. But I did not see you had any one with you," said Mrs. Kirkman, stopping short at the sight of Emma, who had just come into the room.

"Poor child, she was frightened and unhappy, and came to me this morning," said Mary. "She will stay with me—till—they come home."

"Let us say, *if* they come home," said Mrs. Kirkman, solemnly. "I never like to be too certain. We know when they go forth, but who can tell when they will come back? That is in God's hands."

At this speech Emma fell trembling and shivering again, and begged Mrs. Kirkman to tell her the worst, and cried out that she could bear it. She thought of nothing but her Charlie, as was natural, and that the Colonel's wife had already heard some bad news. And Mrs. Kirkman thought of nothing but improving the occasion; and both of them were equally indifferent and indeed unaware of the cold shudder which went through Mary, and the awful foreboding that closed down upon her, putting out the sunshine. It was a little safeguard to her to support the shivering girl who already half believed herself a widow, and to take up the challenge of the spiritual teacher who felt herself responsible for their souls.

"Do not make Emma think something is wrong," she said. "It is so easy to make a young creature wretched with a word. If the Colonel had been with them, it might have been different. But it is easy just now for you to frighten us. I am sure you do not mean it." And then Mary had to whisper in the young wife's ear, "She knows nothing about them—it is only her way," which was a thing very easily said to Emma, but very difficult to establish herself upon in her own heart.

And then Mrs. Hesketh came in to join the party.

"So they are gone," the new comer said. "What a way little Emma is in, to be sure. Is it the first time he has ever left you, my dear? and I daresay they have been saying something dreadful to frighten you. It is a great shame to let girls marry so young. I have been reckoning," said the easy-minded woman, whose husband was also of the party, "how long they are likely to be. If they get to Amberabad, say to-morrow, and if there is nothing very serious, and all goes well, you know, they might be back here on Saturday—and we had an engagement for Saturday," Mrs. Hesketh said. Her voice was quite easy and pleasant, as it always was; but nevertheless, Mary knew that if she had not felt excited, she would not have paid such an early morning visit, and that even her confident calculation about the return proved she was in a little anxiety about it. The fact was, that none of them were quite at their ease, except Mrs. Kirkman, who, having no personal interest in the matter, was quite equal to taking a very gloomy view of affairs.

"How can any one think of such vanities at such a moment?" Mrs. Kirkman said. "Oh, if I only could convince you, my dear friends. None of us can tell what sort of engagement they may have before next Saturday—perhaps the most solemn engagement ever given to man. Don't let misfortune find you in this unprepared state of mind. There is nothing on earth so solemn as seeing soldiers go away. You may think of the band and all that, but for me, I always seem to hear a voice saying, 'Prepare to meet your God.'"

To be sure the Colonel was in command of the station and was safe at home, and his wife could speculate calmly upon the probable fate of the detachment. But as for the three women who were listening to her, it was not so easy for them. There was a dreadful pause, for nobody could contradict such a speech; and poor little Emma dropped down sobbing on the floor; and the colour forsook even Mrs. Hesketh's comely cheek; and as for Mary, though she could not well be paler, her heart seemed to contract and shrink within her; and none of them had the courage to say anything. Naturally Mrs. Hesketh, with whom it was a principle not to fret, was the first to recover her voice.

"After all, though it's always an anxious time, I don't see any particular reason we have to be uneasy," she said. "Hesketh told me he felt sure they would give in at once. It may be very true all you say, but at the same time we may be reasonable, you know, and not take fright when there is no cause for it. Don't cry, Emma, you

little goose; you'll have him back again in two or three days, all right."

And after awhile the anxious little assembly broke up, and Mrs. Hesketh, who though she was very liberal in her way, was not much given to personal charities, went to see some of the soldiers' wives, who, poor souls, would have been just as anxious if they had had the time for it, and gave them the best advice about their children, and promised tea and sugar if they would come to fetch it, and old frocks, in which she was always rich; and these women were so ungrateful as to like her visit better than that of the Colonel's wife, who carried them always on her heart and did them a great deal of good, and never confined herself to kindnesses of impulse. And little Emma Askell cried herself to sleep sitting on the floor, notwithstanding the beetles, reposing her pretty face flushed with weeping and her swollen eyes upon the sofa, where Mary sat and watched over her. Mrs. Hesketh got a little ease out of her visit to the soldiers' wives, and Emma forgot her troubles in sleep; but no sort of relief came to Mary, who reasoned with herself all day long without being able to deliver herself from the pressure of the deadly cold hand that seemed to have been laid upon her heart.

CHAPTER IX.

And Mary's forebodings came true. Though it was so unlikely, and indeed seemed so unreasonable to everybody who knew about such expeditions, instead of bringing back his men victorious, it was the men, all drooping and discouraged, who carried back the brave and tender Major, covered over with the flag he had died for. The whole station was overcast with mourning when that melancholy procession came back. Mr. Churchill, who met them coming in, hurried back with his heart swelling up into his throat to prepare Mrs. Ochterlony for what was coming; but Mary was the only creature at the station who did not need to be prepared. She knew it was going to be so when she saw him go away. She felt in her heart that this was to be the end of it from the moment when he first told her of the expedition on which he was ordered. And when she saw poor Mr. Churchill's face, from which he had vainly tried to banish the traces of the horrible shock he had just received, she saw that the blow had fallen. She came up to him and took hold of his hands, and said, "I know what it is;" and almost felt, in the strange and terrible excitement of the moment, as if she were sorry for him who felt it so much.

This was how it was, and all the station was struck with mourning. A chance bullet, which most likely had been fired without any purpose at all, had done its appointed office in Major Ochterlony's brave, tender, honest bosom. Though he had been foolish enough by times, nobody now thought of that to his disadvantage. Rather, if anything, it surrounded him with a more affectionate regret. A dozen wise men might have perished and not left such a gap behind them as the Major did, who had been good to everybody in his restless way, and given a great deal of trouble, and made up for it, as only a man with a good heart and natural gift of friendliness could do. He had worried his men many a time as the Colonel never did, for example: but then, to Major Ochterlony they were men and fine fellows, while they were only machines, like himself, to Colonel Kirkman; and more than one critic in regimentals was known to say with a sigh, "If it had only been the Colonel." But it was only the fated man who had been so over careful about his wife's fate in case anything happened to him. Young Askell came by stealth like a robber to take his little wife out of the house where Mary was not capable any longer of her society; and Captain Hesketh too had come back all safe—all of them except the one: and the women in their minds stood round Mary in a kind of hushed circle, looking with an awful fellow-feeling and almost self-reproach at the widowhood which might have, but had not, fallen upon themselves. It was no fault of theirs that she had to bear the cross for all of them as it were; and yet their hearts ached over her, as if somehow they had purchased their own exemption at her expense. When the first dark moment, during which nobody saw the Madonna Mary—a sweet title, which had come back to all their lips in the hour of trouble—was over, they took turns to be with her, those grieved and compunctious women—compunctious not so much because at one time in thought they had done her wrong, as because now they were happy and she was sorrowful. And thus passed over a time that cannot be described in a book, or at least in such a book as this. Mary had to separate herself, with still the bloom of her life unimpaired, from all the fair company of matrons round her; to put the widow's veil over the golden reflections in her hair, and the faint colour that came faintly back to her cheek by imprescriptible right of her health and comparative youth, and to go away out of the high-road of life where she had been wayfaring in trouble and in happiness, to one of those humble by-ways where the feeble and broken take shelter. Heaven knows she did not think of that. All that she thought of was her dead soldier who had gone away in the bloom of *his* days to the unknown darkness which God alone knows the secrets of, who had left all his comrades uninjured and at peace behind him, and had himself been the only one to answer for that enterprise with his life. It is strange to see this wonderful selection going on in the world, even when one has no immediate part in it; but stranger, far stranger, to wake up from one's musings and feel all at once that it is one's-self whom God has laid his hand upon for this stern purpose. The wounded creature may writhe upon the sword, but it is of no use; and again as ever, those who are not wounded—those perhaps for whose instruction the spectacle is made—draw round in a hushed circle and look on.

Mary Ochterlony was a dutiful woman, obedient and submissive to God's will; and she gave no occasion to that circle of spectators to break up the hush and awe of natural sympathy and criticise her how she bore it. But after a while she came to perceive, what everybody comes to perceive who has been in such a position, that the sympathy had changed its character. That was natural too. How a man bears death and suffering of body, has long been one of the favourite objects of primitive human curiosity; and to see how anguish and sorrow affect the mind is a study as exciting and still more interesting. It was this that roused Mrs. Ochterlony out of her first stupor, and made her decide so soon as she did upon her journey home.

All these events had passed in so short a time, that there were many people who on waking up in the morning and recollecting that Mary and her children were going next day, could scarcely realise that the fact was possible, or that it could be true about the Major, who had so fully intended sending his little boys home by that same mail. But it is on the whole astonishing how soon and how calmly a death is accepted by the general community; and even the people who asked themselves could this change really have happened in so short a time, took pains an hour or two after to make up little parcels for friends at home which Mary was to carry; bits of Oriental embroidery and filagree ornaments, and little portraits of the children, and other trifles that were not important enough to warrant an Overland parcel, or big enough to go by the Cape. Mary was very kind in that way, they all said. She accepted all kinds of commissions, perhaps without knowing very well what she was doing, and promised to go and see people whom she had no likelihood of ever going to see: the truth was, that she heard and saw and understood only partially, sometimes rousing up for a moment and catching one word or one little incident with the intensest distinctness, and then relapsing back again into herself. She did not quite make out what Emma Askell was saying the last time her little friend came to see her. Mary was packing her boys' things at the moment, and much occupied with a host of cares, and what she heard was only a stream of talk, broken with the occasional burden which came in like a chorus, "when you see mamma."

"When I see mamma?" said Mary, with a little surprise.

"Dear Mrs. Ochterlony, you said you would perhaps go to see her—in St. John's Wood," said Emma, with tears of vexation in her eyes; "you know I told you all about it. The Laburnums, Acacia Road. And she will be so glad to see you. I explained it all, and you said you would go. I told her how kind you had been to me, and how you let me stay with you when I was so anxious about Charlie. Oh, dear Mrs. Ochterlony, forgive me! I did not mean to bring it back to your mind."

"No," said Mary, with a kind of forlorn amusement. It seemed so strange, almost droll, that they should think any of their poor little passing words would bring that back to her which was never once out of her mind, nor other than the centre of all her thoughts. "I must have been dreaming when I said so, Emma; but if I have promised, I will try to go—I have nothing to do in London, you know—I am going to the North-country, among my own people," which was an easier form of expression than to say, as they all did, that she was going home.

"But everybody goes to London," insisted Emma; and it was only when Mr. Churchill came in, also with a little packet, that the ensign's wife was silenced. Mr. Churchill's parcel was for his mother who lived in Yorkshire, naturally, as Mrs. Ochterlony was going to the North, quite in her way. But the clergyman, for his part, had something more important to say. When Mrs. Askell was gone, he stopped Mary in her packing to speak to her seriously as he said, "You will forgive me and feel for me, I know," he said. "It is about your second marriage, Mrs. Ochterlony."

"Don't speak of it—oh, don't speak of it," Mary said, with an imploring tone that went to his heart.

"But I ought to speak of it—if you can bear it," said Mr. Churchill, "and I know for the boys' sake that you can bear everything. I have brought an extract from the register, if you would like to have it; and I have added below——"

"Mr. Churchill, you are very kind, but I don't want ever to think of that," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "I don't want to recollect now that such a thing ever took place—I wish all record of it would disappear from the face of the earth. Afterwards he thought the same," she said, hurriedly. Meanwhile Mr. Churchill stood with the paper half drawn from his pocket-book, watching the changes of her face.

"It shall be as you like," he said, slowly, "but only as I have written below——If you change your mind, you have only to write to me, my dear Mrs. Ochterlony—if I stay here—and I am sure I don't know if I shall stay here; but in case I don't, you can always learn where I am, from my mother at that address."

"Do you think you will not stay here?" said Mary, whose heart was not so much absorbed in her own sorrows that she could not feel for the dismayed desponding mind that made itself apparent in the poor clergyman's voice.

"I don't know," he said, in the dreary tones of a man who has little choice, "with our large family, and my wife's poor health——I shall miss you dreadfully—both of you: you can't think how cheery and hearty he always was—and that to a down-hearted man like me——"

And then Mary sat down and cried. It went to her heart and dispersed all her heaviness and stupor, and opened the great sealed fountains. And Mr. Churchill once more felt the climbing sorrow in his throat, and said in broken words, "Don't cry—

God will take care of you. He knows why He has done it, though we don't; and He has given his own word to be a father to the boys."

That was all the poor priest could find it in his heart to say—but it was better than a sermon—and he went away with the extract from the register still in his pocket-book and tears in his eyes; while for her part Mary finished her packing with a heart relieved by her tears. Ah, how cheery and hearty he had been, how kind to the down-hearted man; how different the stagnant quietness now from that cheerful commotion he used to make, and all the restless life about him; and then his favourite words seemed to come up about and surround her, flitting in the air with a sensation between acute torture and a dull happiness. His bonnie Mary! It was not any vanity on Mary's part that made her think above all of that name. Thus she did her packing and got ready for her voyage, and took the good people's commissions without knowing very well to what it was that she pledged herself; and it was the same mail—"the mail after next"—by which she had written to Aunt Agatha that Hugh was to be sent home.

They would all have come to see her off if they could have ventured to do it that last morning: but the men prevented it, who are good for something now and then in such cases. As it was, however, Mrs. Kirkman and Mrs. Hesketh and Emma Askell were there, and poor sick Mrs. Churchill, who had stolen from her bed in her dressing-gown to kiss Mary for the last time. "Oh, my dear, if it had been me—oh, if it had only been me!—and you would all have been so good to the poor children," sobbed the poor clergyman's ailing wife. Yet it was not her, but the strong, brave, cheery Major, the prop and pillar of a house. As for Mrs. Kirkman, there never was a better proof that she was, as we have so often said, in spite of her talk, a good woman, than the fact that she could only cry helplessly over Mary, and had not a word to say. She had thought and prayed that God would not leave her friend alone, but she had not meant Him to go so far as this; and her heart ached and fluttered at the terrible notion that perhaps *she* had something to do with the striking of this terrible blow. Mrs. Hesketh for her part packed every sort of dainties for the children in a basket, and strapped on a bundle of portable toys to amuse them on the journey to one of Mrs. Ochterlony's boxes. "You will be glad of them before you get there," said the experienced woman, who had once made the journey with half-a-dozen, as she said, and knew what it was. And then one or two of the men were walking about outside in an accidental sort of way, to have a last look of Mary. It was considered a very great thing among them all when the doctor, who hated to see people in trouble, and disapproved of crying on principle, made up his mind to go in and shake hands with Mrs. Ochterlony; but it was not *that* he went for, but to look at the baby, and give Mary a little case "with some sal volatile and so forth, and the quantities marked," he said, "not that you are one to want sal volatile. The little shaver there will be all right as soon as you get to England. Good-bye. Take care of yourself." And he wrung her hand and bolted out again like a flash of lightning. He said afterwards that the only sensible thing he knew of his sister, was that she did not go; and that the sight of all those women crying was enough to give a man a sunstroke, not to speak of the servants and the soldiers' wives who were howling at the back of the house.

Oh, what a change it was in so short a time, to go out of the Indian home, which had been a true home, with Mr. Churchill to take care of her and her poor babies, and set her face to the cold far-away world of her youth which she had forgotten, and which everybody called home by a kind of mockery; and where was Hugh, who had always taken such care of his own? Mary did not cry as people call crying, but now and then, two great big hot tears rolled out of the bitter fountain that was full to overflowing, and fell scalding on her hands, and gave her a momentary sense of physical relief. Almost all the ladies of the station were ill after it all the day; but Mary could not afford to be ill; and Mr. Churchill was very kind, and went with her through all the first part of her journey over the cross roads, until she had come into the trunk road, where there was no more difficulty. He was very, very kind, and she was very grateful; but yet perhaps when you have had some one of your very own to do everything for you, who was not kind but did it by nature, it is better to take to doing it yourself *after*, than have even the best of friends to do it for kindness' sake. This was what Mary felt when the good man had gone sadly back to his sick wife and his uncertain lot. It was a kind of relief to her to be all alone, entirely alone with her children, for the Ayah, to be sure, did not count—and to have everything to do; and this was how they came down mournfully to the sea-board, and to the big town which filled Hugh and Islay with childish enjoyment, and Mary bade an everlasting farewell to her life, to all that she had actually known as life—and got to sea, to go, as they said, home.

It would be quite useless for our purpose to go over the details of the voyage, which was like other voyages, bad and good by turns. When she was at sea, Mrs. Ochterlony had a little leisure, and felt ill and weak and overworn, and was the better for it after. It took her mind for the moment off that unmeasured contemplation of her sorrow which is the soul of grief, and her spirit got a little strength in the interval of repose. She had been twelve years in India, and from eighteen to thirty is a wonderful leap in a life. She did not know how she was to find the things and the people of whom she had a girl's innocent recollection. Nor how they, who had not changed, would appear to her changed eyes. Her own people were very kind, like everybody. Mary found a letter at Gibraltar from her brother-in-law, Francis, full of sympathy

and friendly offers. He asked her to come to Earlston with her boys to see if they could not get on together. "Perhaps it might not do, but it would be worth a trial," Mr. Ochterlony sensibly said; and there was even a chance that Aunt Agatha, who was to have met Hugh at Southampton, would come to meet her widowed niece, who might be supposed to stand still more in need of her good offices. Though indeed this was rather an addition to Mary's cares; for she thought the moment of landing would be bitter enough of itself, without the pain of meeting with some one who belonged to her, and yet did not belong to her, and who had doubtless grown as much out of the Aunt Agatha of old as she had grown out of the little Mary. When Mrs. Ochterlony left the North-country, Aunt Agatha had been a middle-aged maiden lady, still pretty, though a little faded, with light hair growing gray, which makes a woman's countenance, already on the decline, more faded still, and does not bring out the tints as dark hair in the same powdery condition sometimes does. And at that time she was still occupied by a thought of possibilities which people who knew Agatha Seton from the time she was sixteen had decided at that early period to be impossible. No doubt twelve years had changed this—and it must have made a still greater change upon the little sister whom Mary had known only at six years old, and who was now eighteen, the age she had herself been when she married; a grown-up young woman, and of a character more decided than Mary's had ever been.

A little stir of reviving life awoke in her, when the weary journey was over, and the steamboat at length had reached Southampton, to go up to the deck and look from beneath the heavy penthouse of her widow's veil at the strangers who were coming—to see, as she said to herself, with a throb at her heart, if there was anybody she knew. Aunt Agatha was not rich, and it was a long journey, and perhaps she had not come. Mary stood on the crowded deck, a little apart, with Hugh and Islay on each side of her, and the baby in his nurse's arms—a group such as is often seen on these decks—all clad with loss and mourning coming "home" to a country in which perhaps they have no longer any home. Nobody came to claim Mrs. Ochterlony as she stood among her little children. She thought she would have been glad of it, but when it came to the moment—when she saw the cold unknown shore and the strange country, and not a Christian soul to say welcome, poor Mary's heart sank. She sat down, for her strength was failing her, and drew Hugh and Islay close to her, to keep her from breaking down altogether. And it was just at that moment that the brightest of young faces peered down under her veil and looked doubtfully, anxiously at her, and called out impatiently, "Aunt Agatha!" to some one at the other side, without speaking to Mary. Mrs. Ochterlony did not hear this new-comer's equally impatient demand: "Is it Mary? Are those the children?" for she had dropped her sick head upon a soft old breast, and had an old fresh sweet faded face bent down upon her, lovely with love and age and a pure heart. "Cry, my dear love, cry, it will do you good," was all that Aunt Agatha said. And she cried, too, with good will, and yet did not know whether it was for sorrow or joy. This was how Mary, coming back to a fashion of existence which she knew not, was taken home.

(To be continued.)

THE ENDS OF LIFE.

Up to the time at which I write (it is necessary to be cautious in these rapid days) I believe no one has ever succeeded in producing a blue dahlia. Supposing some one were to become fanatical—*fanaticus*, or possessed—upon the subject, and give up his time and energies to the production of a blue dahlia, heroically casting away common pleasures and common gains, what should we think of him?

There was a witness before a Committee of the House of Commons who, being asked if he knew anything of drainage matters, replied, with indignation, "I should think I *ought* to know, for I've given my mind to sewers night and day for fifty years." Even supposing the malodorous devotion of this person had brought him profit, the world would praise him; having made up its mind that the study of the sewage question is within the circle of philanthropic labour.

Yet it is not always easy to determine when the energetic pursuit of any of the Ends of Life, common or uncommon, is praiseworthy. There must always remain over, when moral criticism has done its best, a large number of cases in which we can only trust our instincts (as we call them) to decide for us; and a large, perhaps a larger number, in which no decision at all can be come to. It is particularly disagreeable to the ill-trained mind to be told that it cannot "settle" anything; but, after all, it is scarcely possible to increase knowledge without increasing sorrow; though, to be sure, increase of *mis*knowledge constantly increases self-satisfaction and uncharitable positiveness.

The whole question of the Ends of Life is, in truth, one of extreme difficulty. All the received commonplaces about ambition, wealth, fame, and the rest, break down under the pressure of conscientious analysis. You must read *between* the lines to make sense of them at all; and, even when they have become intelligible, you are stopped in

the application of them to individual cases by the total impossibility of seeing into the individual soul. Let us, by degrees, endeavour to make our way through the intricacies of the subject. And let us begin by finding out where the difficulty is. We all know Paley said his great trouble as a teacher at college was to make his class understand the *difficulty* he wished to explain to them—the solution people take to easily enough, for the most part.

When a railway king has exploded before all the world, there is no scruple, on any hand, in repudiating and condemning him. Nor am I going to rest in the cynical commonplace about success, which is basely false as to its spirit, however plausibly supported. But suppose a commonplace man, with no particular character, to have set himself the task of achieving fortune, and to have succeeded, what have the commonplaces to say to him? Chiefly, that his ambition was an unworthy one, and that quite irrespectively of any use to which he puts the money he has acquired.

But now take a case like that of the late Mr. Samuel Budgett, of Bristol, who is held up in memoirs as a model man. It is quite plain that he belonged, as far as the ostensible aim of his life was concerned, to the same type as any railway king you like to name. He was a good man, measured by whatever standard is likely to be brought into court; but his speciality was the instinct of *getting* —that desire to possess, and to accumulate, which is the basis of the merchant-character. Supposing our railway king to be honest, there is no *radical* difference between him and Mr. Budgett of Bristol. They are both, by instinct and practice, getters and accumulators of material wealth; and the same commonplaces apply to both.

But with what sort of application? When I was a little fellow, a man was going on, in my presence, with these commonplaces, and pouring great contempt on "the wealth, and science, and wisdom of the world." I greatly angered him by saying, "Then, Mr. S——, what do you wear that Macintosh for?" Shortly afterwards he showed, with apparent pleasure, some new china which he had been buying. Once more I attacked him, and asked him how he could consistently take pleasure in what came from the potteries in which so much of the "wealth and science of this world" was sunk. The end of it was that I was turned out of the room crying, but utterly unable to see what wrong I had done, till an aged dependent of the household, to whom I flew for comfort, said: "My dear, you take people at a nonplush so, and they don't like it." But surely the way to get at the truth upon any subject whatever is to take the question "at a nonplush," if you can. We are all interested in promoting unmercifulness of *that* description, and may as well make this one of our opportunities.

One of the Ends of Life that is talked about with [illegible]h glibness by people who do not care to see [illegible] that their words stand for precise ideas, is *ambition*. Usually, I suppose, ambition means love of power. This is a matter upon which I have no sympathetic feeling to guide me; but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that there have been, and still are, and (it is said) always will be, men who like to rule,—who find their highest pleasure in controlling the wills of others. The instinct of the genuine statesman must be a case in point; and, partly so, the instinct of the conqueror. But the latter is a very complex case, for the soldier may become a conqueror by the mere force of circumstances, without making conquest (of territory) his aim. The taste for statesmanship, too, may be a very different thing, as it exists in different natures. We all remember the passage in "In Memoriam," in which the singer expresses his certainty that his friend would have chosen for himself the career of the statesman—"a life in civic action warm." But nobody supposes that the motives of Arthur Hallam would have been the same as those of Bonaparte, or even those of Pitt, Walpole, or Warren Hastings. The items that would go to make up the character of the model statesman are not difficult of enumeration:—the love of "combinations;" knowledge of human nature; delight in human sympathy; the desire to employ the knowledge and catch the delight by dealing with masses rather than individuals; physical and moral courage; a fine conscience; a kind heart; a vivid will; a persuasive wit,—and so forth. A man with these characteristics will naturally gravitate towards statesmanship as a *carrière;* and any design that, in that consequence, he takes deeply to heart, will become to him an End of Life. It is quite clear that he may (conceivably) exercise his natural function without having the love of power at all—except as a means of doing good. It is also conceivable that the love of dealing with masses of human interests may carry into statesmanship men who have neither love of power in any selfish sense, nor yet love of doing good. There are people who take to politics just as others take to farming, or pigeon-fancying; and who are, in so doing, neither moral nor immoral, so far as the spirit is concerned in which they act.

In the same way,—to go back for a moment, *not* without a logical purpose,—there are men who take to mercantile pursuits with as little "motive" as others take to cultivating tulips: they like active social intercourse; they enjoy the cross-play of brain which is necessary in the exchange of commodities; and they find an instinctive pleasure in *getting*—even though they spend directly what they gain. I have known several men who have been great gainers and great spendthrifts at the same time. I have in my eye, while writing these lines, a gentleman whose genius for exchange might have made a Baring or a Rothschild of him, if he had not spent fortunes as fast as he made them. Then, again, he makes them as fast as he spends them: he does it instinctively; just as a beaver will build [illegible] its dam as often as you knock it down. The

winning of the money is, in and for itself, an end, without the least regard to keeping it or getting rid of it.*

The question of love of power, pure and simple, is not, for me, an easy one. Certainly it exists: it is one of the most powerful of common motives; and, where it is exercised to the injury of others, there is no difficulty felt about condemning it. But, no doubt, persons exist who feel as blind, as *un*moral a pleasure, in controlling the conduct of their fellow-creatures, as a squirrel in turning his wheel, or a magpie in hiding a spoon. All that can be said about such cases is, that the pleasure is a dangerous one, and needs more, not less, than some others, to be enjoyed in the light of conscience, because it bears directly and immediately on one's relations with other people.

Strictly speaking, there is *no* object of human pursuit which can be made absolutely *un*moral. I do not want to fall into trivialities of illustration, but there is no use in a principle which will not bear extreme weights, and survive being "taken at a nonplush." Supposing, then, that a man could produce a blue dahlia in absolute isolation from all other human ends and interests, he could not escape the law which, sooner or later, takes up everything into the sphere of right or wrong. His blue dahlia would produce *some* result, in which *some* human being would be concerned at *some* time. We all know what the little desert flower said to Mungo Park, whose eyes were perhaps the first and the last that ever beheld it. But we can push the matter beyond even the blue dahlia. Call up in imagination the intentness of labour with which the prehistoric savage whittled away at his flint arrow-head, or stone necklace, the production of the proper article being to him as much an ideal as the dome of St. Peter's to Michael Angelo, Fonthill to Beckford, or the suppression of Bornese piracy to Rajah Brooke. And then remember how the poor silly "unmoral" arrow-head turns up to-day, and finds itself mingled with the highest and the deepest of human thoughts and feelings. One need not push this: obviously the most indifferent tail in one of Cuyp's cows might have remote threads of moral relation.

Looking at the subject broadly, we may be content with saying that the purposes of God are worked out by every individual human creature following his special bent, under two limitations:—(1.) He must not permit his own ardours to make him unsubmissive to such disappointments as, coming after he has done his best, must be treated by him as discipline: and (2.) he must not deprive others of their rights. These are positive, primordial limitations, without which no pursuit can be called *innocent*. That is all. But, of course, it is an *ignoble* life which is wholly taken up with energetic effort for which nothing more can be said than that it is just beyond the pale of damnatory criticism. There is a vast difference between the man who gives his days and nights to blue dahlias, and the man who gives his days and nights to seeking a cure for consumption. The blue-dahlia man must be tolerated; not only because we have no *right* to interfere with the thing that does not hurt us,—no right to try to compel a fellow-creature to our ideal of goodness,—but for another reason, which may be thus stated:—The displeasure excited in our minds by the blue-dahlia man comes of our seeing that he has not sufficient intensity of nature to place him in *voluntary* harmony with the *Morale* which interpenetrates all things, whether we will or no. If we interfere by compulsion, we not only cannot tell what *injury* we shall do in so violating an elementary postulate of duty, but, also, we may (and sometimes do) cross the track of the laws by which that *Morale* works out its own ends without consulting us. God, in his heaven, says,—"All shall be moral, and your folly, as well as your wrath, shall praise Me." And so it befalls. Alchemy, then Chemistry. But there is more behind. For who knows what object of pursuit is trivial and what is not? The production of a blue dahlia, or a pigeon that can be drawn through a wedding-ring, or a pictorial history of the world in tent-stitch? Very likely. But what would have been the consequence, if it had been in the power of parents, teachers, rulers, and popular sentiment, to enforce its frequent command —*Put away that nonsense and do something useful?* How many young people have been told by their parents that prose, and poetry, and painting, and mathematics, were nonsense, and bidden to put away the book; the pen, the pencil, and yet have afterwards become kings of thought and benefactors in art! How many great discoverers have been scouted for the uselessness of their pursuits! How many martyrs, prophets, sages, philanthropists, have had the ends for which they lived treated as if those ends were of as little account as a blue dahlia!

So, then, we perceive that the human race would be an infinite loser if it could forcibly put down all strenuous effort of which it did not see the value—an infinite loser of direct, ponderable, estimable, practical results. But is that all? By no means; it would lose in another way: for unjust compulsion is destructive of moral power in the compelled, whatever may be the point to which the compulsion is directed. And here we are approaching a very interesting part of the subject.

You have heard of Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot potter. You know of his struggles, for many, many years of poverty and sorrow, to discover the enamel. You know he made furnace-fuel of the chairs, the tables, the house-flooring. Domestic trouble did not stop him:—his children died (six of them); his wife complained and scolded; the neighbours abused him. His trade he pursued only by fit and starts, when the needs of the home compel"

* On the other hand (one may notice by the way), there are men who are very careful in keeping money who have no tact in getting it.

him; he sweated at his furnace till the garters used to slide off his dwindled legs. All men condemned him, and tried to make him give up. It is the way of the world, you know! But, in spite of what people say with their tongues, in spite of the gossip of society, men and women cannot help having, at the bottoms of their souls, a little spark of sympathy with heroic effort. The meanest of them may be, at times, quickened into a suspicion that there is more in the case than they quite see. Whatever wrong there was in the noble persistence of Job, the *wrath* of God was kindled, not against him, but against the friends who had misunderstood and slandered him—as well as impeached, by the implications of their blunders, the whole spirit of the Divine policy. Human beings mostly stop at talk in cases of unintelligible heroism—and Palissy went on with his furnace-work. "My credit was taken away from me, and I was regarded as a madman. Under these scandals I pined away, and slipped with bowed head through the streets, like a man put to shame. I was in debt in several places, and had two children at nurse, unable to pay the nurses. Men said, 'It is right for him to die of hunger, seeing he left off following his trade.' But when I had dwelt with my regrets a little, because there was no one who had pity upon me, I said to my soul, 'Wherefore art thou saddened? Labour now, and the defamers will live to be ashamed.'" . . . . Yes, you all know that marvellous story, and how, at the last, Palissy won, and the defamers were at least silenced by the successes in which the struggle ended. But many of us have paused on the dreadful crisis of the narrative, to ask, Was Palissy right, to go on at such a cost?

Well, the majority of readers have probably stifled the question: many of them being reconciled to the story of the struggle by the splendour of the success; and many more by the constancy and courage of the Christian martyr in the sequel of his troubled life.

First, about the success. It did not, of course, alter the moral quality of what went before. But the fact that "the passionate patience of genius" *does* so often meet its reward, even in this life, must be taken as God's "answer out of the whirlwind" that there is in that passionate patience an element which He approves. The success which sometimes follows the passionate patience of the genius which is crime, may have in it the same accent of approval *for that element*, while it may become the means of chastisement, too.

What, then, is that element?

The answer lies near at hand. That element is the last analysis of conscience. It is the very pinnacle upon which every human soul meets, or some day *must* meet, God. Christianised, it makes the Christian martyr. In any case it makes the martyr, or the hero. It is the "point of honour" kindled in the fire of eternal ideas to a peak that lays its shining spire close under the very footstool of the Throne. Though it is I *will* towards men, it is I *must* towards Heaven. It is that last obedience of the soul which the world cannot but call defiance. It is the battle of the human spirit to redeem its hostages of self-denial, saying as it smites or bleeds, "Father of souls! You have so made me that the integrity of my very being stands impawned upon honourable persistence in this effort—not on success, for that, O Father, is in Your choice—but in keeping, so far as my will is concerned, the line of march, the orbit of movement upon which Your forming hand first set me."

It is so difficult for any outsider to judge positively when a man's soul can and does find itself in such a position with regard to any of the ends of life, that criticism is idle. It seemed very obvious, no doubt, for the friends of Palissy to say to him, "Go back to your trade, make your home comfortable, and give up the enamel." But Palissy might have replied, "You speak in the dark. My design has become impacted into my very soul. To give it up would be such moral disorganization to me that I *could* not work at my trade,—or exist at all, in fact. If Heaven by any extraneous action snatches the thread of my labour out of my hand, I shall know it, and shall resign myself; but if I give up whilst I have a hope of success, I am a coward—I sink—I perish—I die,—and it is idle to talk of working to a man who is dead." It is, no doubt, very difficult to get the average human being to understand this. The majority of people have no points of honour, and, indeed, no conscience, except towards persons. Enthusiasm they do not understand—though they are ready enough to take the benefit of anything that enthusiasm does for them. How many years did Collingwood spend at sea, without seeing his wife and family? The world applauded, and called that duty; but there was no reason whatever, except that enthusiasm of loyal courage which is the highest quality of a fighting-man, against Collingwood handing over his sword to another, and coming home. Who shall judge him? Who shall judge Palissy? Who shall judge even poor Haydon, the painter, a much less man (probably) than either the Huguenot potter or the British admiral?

Nobody can possibly determine for another which out of all possible ends of life shall be to him his innermost point of honour, or how he shall deal with it. Let us, for a moment, use an illustration from a much lower class of facts. If a pugilist became convinced, in the middle of a fight, that it was wrong to go on, he would be bound to stop at once. But, supposing him *not* convinced, he would be a coward to give in till he was compelled, and if he did so, must lose his self-respect and become morally degraded. I have written thus far upon the principle of making every illustration advance the argument by a step, and have not used the last example in vain. Why do we not accord the same honours to the prize-fighter as to the heroic soldier? Because the former, taking up his position gratui-

tously, injures another as well as runs his own risk, for gain and for applause. The test by which we judge of the quality of a man's enthusiasm in ordinary cases may help us in cases less common:—Is the end held dear by him for its own sake, or for some purpose of personal enjoyment which he might, conceivably, secure by aiming at some *other* end? and again, Are the means by which he pursues his end such as, in themselves, under any conditions, must injure other people? If Palissy had aimed, *through* the enamel, at wealth and title for himself, or been *careless* of others in following out that aim, we should have had no difficulty in pronouncing him base. But it was not so. His enthusiasm was the enthusiasm of the artist, of the lover of the perfect in every form; what injury (if any) accrued, from his efforts, to others, was incident to the pursuit under unhappy circumstances, and not essential to it: and, lastly, since his moral integrity was bound up in persistence, he would have done them no less an injury than that of incapacitating and destroying himself if he had relinquished his struggles. It does not follow that any man should part with his freedom of will as to pausing in any pursuit whatever—that is madness, and may be crime. When the unhappy prince is confronted by the messenger from the other world, beckoning him on, he shakes off his interfering friends, as poor Palissy did.

—— "Unhand me, gentlemen!
By heav'n, I'll make a corpse of him that lets me!
Lead on—I'll follow thee!"

And he follows. But yet, when he thinks he has gone as far as is wise, he challenges the ghostly fate to declare his message—

"Speak *now*—I'll go no farther"—

and his conduct, if it could be translated into a formula, would make the exact rule for every case in which personal enthusiasms seem to conflict with other things over which conscience claims to have authority. But outsiders must always lack one necessary element for dealing with such difficulties—*the ghost will not speak to them, but only to him to whom it is sent.*

Thus, we have, in reality, travelled over the subject. To make anything whatever an end of life at the cost of the *rights** of others is morally wrong. To do so merely for personal pleasure is ignoble, though it may not be criminal. To do so without submission to the Divine will is profane. To do so when others cannot see anything good in the end, may often be the most sacred of duties, and a most imperative call for self-sacrifice. It is no man's right to judge Ulysses when he leaves Telemachus to do "his work," and, bidding his men "smite the sounding furrows," is off and away again into the sunset sea. Palissy the potter was Palissy the martyr, too; and the world cannot yet dispense, for *its* ends, with the

—— "equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and *not to yield*."

At the risk of saying over again in another shape what has been already said, I must add a word about that kind and degree of success which, under the name of Respectability, is now made, especially in books† for adolescent reading, such an overshadowing End of Life. To the average mind, respectability will long continue to be a *symbol* of worth, and the cases where the two things are disjoined will be held exceptional. So long as respectability keeps its place in the mind as a symbol only, it may, for default of a better, be an End of Life with the multitude—subject to the same limitations as any other. In point of fact it *is* such an end with the enormous majority of our fellow-creatures; and to it is sacrificed quite as much as any artist in the world ever sacrificed to his enamel or other ideal. Daily we see it prove too strong for charity, for principle, for natural affection—which surely indicates that the sign has slipped away from the thing signified a little. The question then is, Cannot we dispense with a literature for boys which, making great pretensions to purity and even piety of tone, introduces them to the Cardinal Virtues—as caryatides to a dome of stuccoed respectability, all holding trays-full of visiting cards, and all carrying cheque-books?

A HIGHLAND ROMANCE.

THE famous Doctor, weary of Mayfair,
Its golden pavements and its perfumed air,
Its well-dress'd ladies clustering at his door
With whims and vapours in sufficient store,
Whom he must soothe with ever-patient ear,—
(Those oft dread most who have least cause for fear!)
This Doctor,—weary likewise of the press
Of dire disease and genuine distress

* I emphasize the word *rights*, because people are apt to confound rights with pleasures. We are always bound to consult the rights of others, but not always their pleasures or wishes.

† The reference here is, of course, to the dozens of manuals for boys about "Men who have Got On," and the like.

Which, if he may not cure, he must beguile
By that most gentle magic of his smile;
Weary of crowded meetings, learned words,
Popular triumphs, critical awards,
Repute that loves to raise a daily tax
Of pamphlets, medals, parchments seal'd with wax,—
Left London just when sultry dog-days wane,
Lock'd in his cupboard his gold-headed cane,
And fled for refuge to the Scottish moor.
Far from the painful calls of rich or poor,
There might he hope to see the fair sunrise
Broaden upon the verge of peaceful skies;
There might he shoot, and fish, and sketch at ease,
Or even, if so minded, climb the trees,
(For he was young and agile, though so great!)
With no one to object his place and state.

One trusty friend he took, of mutual mind,
Two small portmanteaux all their goods enshrined;
Their breeks were pepper and salt, their caps were grey,
Stout were their boots, their coats were cut away;
Their shapely legs in leathern gaiters cased,
Their button-holes with sprigs of heather graced;
Pipes in their mouths, and in their hearts a sense
That London smoked five hundred miles from thence!
Oh happy couple! men without a care!
Who that had seen him with that jaunty air
Had known that famous Doctor of Mayfair!

The nearest village was a Highland nest,
The wildest nook in Scotland's hills confest.
Three times a week a man on horseback rode
Across the moorland to their lone abode,
And brought the letters due from day to day,
(Unless perchance he dropp'd them by the way,)
Brought sundry papers, dusty, torn, or wet,
A *Punch* perchance, or the *Pall Mall Gazette;*
Half of the *Times*, the leaders stray'd or lost,
Or Mayfair's oracle, the *Morning Post.*
The Doctor read them: who so blithe as he,
Stretch'd on the heather blossoms lazily
After a day of grouse? his friend, beside,
O'er a peat fire their moorland supper fried;
A handy man was he; nicknamed in sport
The Brief Authority of Garden Court!

The hour was six, but in that northern sky
The wakeful sun with radiant beam rode high.
The patient Doctor eyed that genial fire,
And long'd for supper with a keen desire,
Then lightly roved his eye (no eye-glass in it)
Adown the stream, to wile the hungry minute.

What did he see! Help me, O Painter's art!
And to my pen some dainty tints impart!
He saw,—a maiden with a kindly face,
And figure strong with Amazonian grace,
Blue-eyed and yellow-hair'd, like Scotland's own,
A plaid about her patient shoulders thrown,
Who pick'd with bare white feet her cautious way,
Across the stream where shallowest eddies play,

Bearing another girl, who faintly clung—
Whose listless head athwart her shoulder hung—
But tenderly with knotted scarves secured,
That this strange pilgrimage might be endured,
Unharm'd, unwearied! And behind these two
Another lassie trudged, with eyes as blue
And hair as yellow;—in her arms a load
Wrapp'd in a cloth. The three pursued their road
Over the heather, to the very spot
Where our two friends, supper and fire forgot,
Stared in amazement; and the Doctor saith,
"By Jove! Three Witches! Really—like Macbeth!"

The foremost girl advanced; untied with care
Her tremulous burden, and with modest air,
But much determination, fix'd her eyes
Upon the Doctor, silent in surprise;
Quoth she, "Guid Sir, my sister's vera ill."
Here the blue eyes with pleading moisture fill:
"We heard that ye were here, and a' the day
I've carried Mary a lang weary way.
Ye'll cure her, Sir? We winna grudge yer fees,
But pay ye honestly;—Jean's brought a cheese!"

The Doctor laugh'd, almost the Doctor cried,
The Brief Authority as vainly tried
To hide a rising moisture; both the men
Laugh'd and then cough'd, then cough'd and laugh'd again;
And, Nature of her simple tribute cheated,
Said to the girls, politely, "Pray be seated."

Be sure that famous man of far renown,
That grave physician hight of London Town,
Gave all his thought, his care, his timely store
Of travelling drugs; no Princess had had more!
Housed in a cottage with a Highland wife,
Mary was tended into vigorous life,
And when at length they saw her blithe and well,
The sisters' joy what English tongue can tell!
Who could translate their vivid mountain mood,
Or sonorous flow of Highland gratitude!
All three had dreams of wonderful portent,—
Titles and honours with his future blent,
Mysterious hints of bliss they held in store,—
To wed the daughter of Macallum More!
(They did not know he had a charming wife!)
And dine from golden plates throughout his life!
And when at last the fair procession went
Over the brawling river, homeward bent,
Their snooded locks were lightly backwards blown,
Like some young group cut in immortal stone
On the fair surface of a Grecian frieze—
The Doctor—stay'd behind;—and ate the Cheese!

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND A CENTURY AGO.

By HENRY ALFORD, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

The subject of this paper was brought to my notice in the following manner. Being in Paris in 1862, I was looking at the bookstalls on the quais bordering the Seine, when my attention was attracted by a 12mo book in four well-bound volumes lettered on the back "Londres," offered for the low price of 60*c.*, or 6*d.*, a volume. On looking into it, I found it was an account of a visit to London in the year 1765, and, from the specimens which met my eye, appeared to be written in a lively and interesting style. I paid my 2*s.*, and carried off my book. I may mention that when I was at Paris this spring, I saw the same book offered for 40*c.* (4*d.*) the volume. On examining the title-page, I found that the work was anonymous. Nor, on reading further, did I find any clue given to the name or quality of the author. He evidently was a man of education, and moved, as the expression is, in the best society. There was throughout the book not only an affectation of wit, which was but too apparent, but much real humour. A genuine wish to take things aright and to search into manners and character seemed quaintly blended with a habit of blundering and a want of sober judgment. The writer, whoever he was, must have been a curious specimen of a highly-educated capricious Frenchman.

In my puzzle, I wrote to that most useful periodical, *Notes and Queries*, and obtained an immediate answer. The "great unknown" was a Mons. Pierre Jean Grosley, born at Troyes, in Champagne, in 1715. He was originally intended for the Church, but ultimately, by the advice of a friend, changed to the bar. Having, however, a large private fortune bequeathed him by an uncle (half of which, it should be stated to his credit, he presented to his sister), he preferred the life of a *dilettante* and antiquary, travelling very much, and spending a great deal of his time every year at Paris, where he was intimate with all the great literary men of the day. He was an eccentric character, and of remarkable personal appearance: having a very long neck, an unusually small round head, piercing gray-green eyes, and a complexion so pallid that he gave himself the nickname of "Extreme Unction." Knowing these personal traits, we shall be the less surprised by-and-by to find that he did not escape disagreeable notice in the streets of London. He appears to have been but six weeks in England: but, if so, he certainly made very good use of his time and his eyes. His ears were not of much use to him, for he was totally ignorant of our language. His information was picked up entirely from those who could speak French. He died, we are told, in 1785, being then an Associate of the French Academy, and a Member of the Royal Society of London. His works are numerous, including several volumes of travels, and several on the antiquities and history of his native city.

M. Grosley crossed from Boulogne to Dover, Thursday, April 11, 1765. He found the Channel, which, he says, during the time before and after the equinox is in a "*tourmente perpetuelle*," covered with vessels of all nations, just let loose on the cessation of this turbulent weather. The sea still ran high, and our author, as well as a landsman could in such a situation, contemplated the lively spectacle, as his ship lay at anchor for three hours waiting for the tide to get into Dover harbour. Multitudes of French boats were in the same case, and entered Dover together: four being wrecked in the process. The vessel which conveyed M. Grosley, and was occupied in carrying wines in bottle to the bonded warehouses at Dover, was more fortunate. The custom-house officers were very much to our author's liking. On landing he saw two men approach him who looked like beggars. They had the manner, he says, of their condition, which in England is the basest and vilest of all conditions. They humbly requested permission to examine his trunk, which they half opened, and then retired with all humility, without putting their hands into his pockets, or his *sac de nuit*.

He describes Dover as inhabited entirely by sailors, fishermen, and innkeepers. The circumstances under which he arrived had brought thither an immense concourse of foreigners, more than the inns could hold, or the public carriages and post-chaises could carry away. He could get nothing to eat except by going himself into the kitchen and taking the beefsteaks from the gridiron: and he was knocked up at 3 A.M. to give up his bed to another man, who had been waiting half the night for it. In his explorations of the town, he saw nothing to remark, except the enormous size and absurd decorations of the signs of the inns, which bestrode the streets like so many triumphal arches. He was unable to discover in the whole town any place of worship, either Catholic or Protestant. This of course was the fault of his own observation, seeing that the old Norman church of St. Mary's must have been then just what it is now. He saw post-chaises going off, driven by little boys of twelve or thirteen, and was told that they made excellent postillions. He relates one particular before leaving Dover, which is worth quoting. During the passage, he had made common cause with a party consisting of an English lady resident at Boulogne, her agreeable daughter, and a tall old Irishman calling himself an officer. This last undertook to pay the captain for the four; but when our friend came, too late, to make inquiries at Dover, he found that he had paid twice the real fare. He says he mentions this only to observe that, to the honour of the English, it was the

only attempt made to cheat him during his whole visit.

And now behold our traveller leaving Dover for London. The quantity of passengers crowded at Dover was, he says, the excuse for breaking an invariable law of the English police, that no public vehicle should travel on a Sunday. He, with seven others, filled two carriages, drawn by six horses each, and called "Original Machines," or "Flying Coaches," doing the seventy-two miles in one day, and at the fare of one guinea. The servants paid half this, and rode outside, on the top, or on the box, which held three. A vast magazine beneath the box held the luggage, for which each paid separately.

"The coachmen," he says, "whom we changed as often as we changed horses, were big men of good condition, and with good coats on their backs. When they were about to start, or were quickening the pace of their horses, I heard a noise as if a stick were being held against the spokes of a wheel in motion. I found out, afterwards, that it is the custom of the English coachmen to start and to quicken their horses by stamping in a sort of measured time on their foot-board. The whip is as seldom in their hands as a lady's fan in winter, and their horses hardly ever feel it."

Our Sunday travellers seem to have excited considerable attention along the road. On account of the day, they found no preparations for receiving them at the inns; but M. Grosley flatters himself that for this reason they also found none of the "gentlemen of the road," or highwaymen, who usually abounded on this route. Of these, the only specimens they saw were attached to gibbets here and there along the road: where, he says, they figure in perukes, and clothed from top to toe.

One curious inconvenience resulted from the Sunday journey, which throws some light from another side on the Sabbath observance of those days. Between Canterbury and Rochester, the inhabitants of a village on the road had chosen this day, when there would be nothing travelling, to transport a windmill from the left hand side of the way to a more advantageous position on the right. The body of these windmills, he says, was like a cage of wood lifted to a great height in order to catch the wind above the trees with which this part of the country is covered. This particular one was conical in form, about thirty feet high by twelve to fifteen in diameter. It was being moved along by twenty or thirty men, some pulling by ropes, others pushing behind, in a deep-cut part of the road, which it entirely filled. As it had some distance yet to traverse, the delay to our travellers was considerable. All alighted and lent a hand. After a quarter of an hour's work, they got it to a place where the cutting was not so deep, and then by ropes passed round the two coaches they drew them up over the bank, which they had lowered by working with pickaxes: and so got away. All the French present, he says, laughed "à gorge deployée" at this adventure: "but it made no impression on the phlegmatic English; old and young, they consulted long and gravely together how to get us on, they all put their hands to the work, and when it was done resumed their own with as much seriousness as if transporting windmills had been the business of their lives." A curious Sunday group this on the road between Canterbury and Rochester. I think we may flatter ourselves, at all events, that we understand engineering, and perhaps Sundays too, a little better in our day.

I am afraid the men of Kent must have been a very dull lot a century ago. "At Canterbury," says M. Grosley, "where we arrived very early in the day, I at once saw that I was no longer in France. A big man, who was just out of his bed, came forward into a kind of glazed lantern which was over his door" (a bow window, I suppose), "and there stood all the while we were changing horses, which process was considerably prolonged by our not being expected. All this time, this big man in his dressing-gown and velvet cap looked at us with his arms crossed, without changing his position, without winking, with an air of *tristesse* which is only seen in France on the faces of people coming from the funeral of their best friends. The same air was observable in the little boys and girls, who, in order to contemplate us at their ease, fixed themselves in the middle of the street, with the same immovable aspect in their arms, legs, eyes, and every feature of their physiognomy."

Our author has another story to tell of Canterbury, and rather a curious one. "I was shown," he says, "at Canterbury the house which once was the inn where M. the Duke of Nivernois, when he came to England to negotiate peace, was treated as an enemy. For his supper, and that of his suite, which consisted of but few, the innkeeper charged him forty to fifty guineas, and the duke paid them. The innkeeper had indiscreetly boasted of this piece of extortion, and the noblesse of Canterbury and the province of Kent, who were in the habit of holding their sessions every month at this inn, petitioned the duke to demand restitution. The duke having absolutely refused, the Kentish gentlemen charged themselves in the name of the nation with the punishment of the extortion, which they carried out as follows:—they met together and agreed not to hold their sessions any more at this inn, nor to patronise it in any way. Their resolution being announced in the public journals, the English who passed through Canterbury made it a point of honour to do the same. The innkeeper in consequence was ruined and sold up in six months." I may add, that this circumstance still remains in the traditions of Canterbury. The inn was the old Red Lion, which once stood where now Guildhall Street debouches into High Street. The peace which the Duke de Nivernois came over to negotiate was the famous treaty of Paris in 1763, by which Canada was ceded to England. So that any persons of seventy years of age might have heard the story from their parents.

M. Grosley goes on to tell us that Canterbury has nothing remarkable except its metropolitan church, "built in the same style, at the same time, and perhaps by the same workmen, as the cathedral at Rouen." "Its form," he adds, "is that of an archiepiscopal cross: *i.e.* to say, it has two transepts which intersect its length: a refinement of Gothic whose effect is neither grand nor agreeable." He speaks of the woods which he traversed on his route, and states that he was told they belonged to the Archbishop and to the chapter of Canterbury: and describes a great number of commons covered with brushwood and gorse. Hearing that these commons were free to the poor, he concludes from their neglected state that there can be but few poor in these parts. The road was very good the whole way, and he notices the elevated footpath which ran by the side of it, marked off by white posts to guide the drivers of carriages. In places where the road is too narrow to admit of this *trottoir*, he says that the proprietors of the neighbouring fields are obliged to give it a passage through their land: and where it is interrupted by the strong green hedges, communication is given by means of hurdles about four feet in height. "These hurdles or stiles are crossed by a process of half climbing, half jumping, which the peasant girls, being trained to it by habit, perform with as much grace as speed."

It is curious to see such common details of our ordinary life dwelt upon in print. Yet matters like these are precisely those which to this day constitute, to an observant eye, the difference between our island and the Continent. M. Grosley, who always, right or wrong, finds a reason for everything he sees, proceeds to account for this remarkable attention shown for foot-passengers. It arises, he says, from three causes:—1. The extraordinary value which is set, by the English, upon human life; which causes them to sacrifice to its preservation many considerations of interest and convenience:—2. The fact, that in England, the laws are not all made and carried out by people who ride in carriages:—3. The extreme speed at which the English vehicles drive in the country (contrary, he says, to their practice in the towns), never stopping to avoid running over and maiming foot-passengers.

He saw very few farms or cottages thatched; almost all were tiled, and well appointed: and the waggoners, who presided, armed with their long whips, over the sturdy well-fed teams, had good cloth coats and substantial well-cleaned boots. All this appearance of prosperity he accounts for by observing that in England the welfare of the people is left to the people themselves, not interfered with and marred by the state.

Our traveller is full of admiration at the verdure of the banks of the Thames, and the bustling commerce of vessels which he saw on its bosom. He also praises highly the English inns as compared with those in France. These inns, he says, abounded in the towns and villages on the road; they were a little dear, to be sure: but in them the English lord might be as well served as at home, and better than in most of the private mansions in France.

And now we have spoken of most of the subjects of local interest noticed by our traveller, and find him arrived in London. It was about sunset as he crossed Westminster Bridge. The lamps were already lit, and the immense *trottoirs* covered with dense crowds. It was a spectacle which, he says, Paris might present also, if its best quarters were not frequented more by the equipages of the rich than by the people. We may remember that thirty years after this, the rich and the people in Paris rather suddenly changed places, by a concussion, the echoes of which have not yet ceased to vibrate.

He was lodged with a family in Leicester Fields, near to Westminster. His host was the royal cook, and charged him a guinea and a half a week for two first-floor rooms. The family was French; a matter of some consequence to M. Grosley, who knew but two words of English, "very good" and "very well." These words enabled him sometimes to appear interested, he tells us, throughout long conversations, but did not enable him to derive much profit from them.

The day but one after his arrival, when he had duly examined his map, he set out on foot, and explored through Oxford Street, Holborn, and thence by the Strand to St. Paul's and the Exchange; returning by the Tower, over London Bridge, and so by Southwark back to Westminster. This took him the whole day; and another such day among the quarters lately built on the north-west of the Thames completed, he says, his acquaintance with the whole of London.

We may well ask, what was London a hundred years ago?—in April and May, 1765? I will cull my description from different parts of M. Grosley's book, and from the map prefixed to it.

First, for extent. The south side of the Thames was for the most part still country. The ill-built town of Southwark (which he tells us must be pronounced *Sudric*), consisting of two streets only, and inhabited by tanners and dyers, was all that bounded London to the south. The rest consisted of lanes and rural beer-shops; but houses of a better sort were springing up here and there, and bid fair soon to cover the ground. The Five Fields lay open, where Belgravia now clusters its palaces. On the north, Marylebone Lane still meandered between green hedges; and our author tells us that if building went on at the present rate, London would soon extend to *Maribonne*, a village founded by the French refugees, and at that day composed of drinking-shops. These latter are, perhaps, the only noticeable feature which has subsisted to our time. At the time of our author's visit, there were but two bridges connecting London north and south of the Thames; a third was building, over the name of which the two political parties were disputing; the admirers of Mr. Pitt (the elder, afterwards Lord Chatham) wishing it to be called Pitt Bridge; his

opponents, Blackfriars Bridge. It would seem from the result, that the majority was against him.

On the state of the streets, M. Grosley gives us some curious information. The largest and finest, he says, such as the Strand, Cheapside, Holborn, &c., would be impassable, were it not that they have for the accommodation of foot passengers, pavements on both sides four or five feet wide, and in order to communicate from one side of the street to the other, little paths raised, so as to throw off the wet, above the level of the street, and paved with very large stones selected for this purpose. "It may be easily imagined how inconvenient the frequent recurrence of these cross paths is for carriages. In the best part of the Strand, near the church of St. Clement's, I saw, the whole time of my stay in London, the middle of the street filled with a liquid and filthy mud, three or four inches deep: mud of which the splashing covered the passengers from head to foot, and plastered the whole lower story of the houses which are exposed to them. In consequence, every morning the apprentices are employed in washing the fronts of their shops to remove yesterday's plastering of mud. The English brave this state of things with their wigs of dark-red bristles, thin and curled, their brown stockings, and their long blue frock-coats cut like dressing-gowns."

What strange figures our ancestors must have been! It would be worth something to see, if it were just for a minute, the pavement by St. Clement's, near Mr. W. H. Smith's great railway book warehouse, and the office of the *Illustrated News*, peopled with such passengers. "To understand how constant these splashings are," continues our traveller, "it suffices to be told, that the pavé in London is formed of great boulders, just in the state in which they come from the quarry; these boulders, almost round, have neither base, nor head, nor tail: they roll and tumble about unceasingly on a bottom which is nothing but a mass of long-deposited mud. Granite pavement comes from the extremities of the kingdom, and is one of the dearest things imported into London. There is a story current, that Louis XIV. offered Charles II. granite enough to pave his capital, on condition that the English king would give him enough for his royal palaces of that beautiful gravel which the English use for their garden paths, and which, well beaten, hardens like a floor." Still, at this time they knew the use of granite pavement. It was already laid down in Parliament Street and part of Pall Mall, and they were beginning the Strand. These two granite-paved streets, he says, were dry in May, a time when all the rest of the city was buried under seas of mud. It was quite impossible to go through London in a carriage without both the windows up, on account of the splashing of this mud. The paviours used no rammers, but the office of these was performed by the heavy waggons, which were compelled by law to have their wheels six inches in breadth. In spite of the number and weight of these waggons, there never was any obstruction in the streets, because both sides went in close files, which were never interrupted. But how, we may ask, in case any carriage wanted to stop, or to turn? Each of these files was regulated as to speed by the slowest and heaviest vehicle in it, and the best-appointed equipage in London was obliged to be bumped about and kept back, though it might have never so much reason to press forward. "However," he adds, "the English have none of that hurry to arrive at their journey's end, which we see in other nations. They take into account all these delays in calculating the time requisite for their journey, and submit to them with the greatest resignation." Certainly we may say that a hundred years has wonderfully altered the English character. In the present day, it is just the business-like wish to get to the journey's end without hindrance, which distinguishes them among other nations. It is the French and Germans who interpose half-an-hour's delay before the journey in getting luggage weighed, and all kinds of unnecessary nonsense, and half-an-hour's more delay in getting away after arriving, from the ridiculous octroi regulations; and it is the English of all people who submit most reluctantly to these hindrances.

Our author dedicates a chapter to "*New London.*" Here, as elsewhere, he says some curious things: as, *e.g.*, that the parish of St. Giles, which in the time of Pope and Swift was nothing but a collection of small shops, was in 1765 an assemblage of palaces and great houses for the most wealthy. It is difficult to conceive how this can have been at any time, unless indeed he counted St. George's, Bloomsbury, in the parish of St. Giles. In the year after he was writing, he says, Oxford Street would see its shops converted into palaces. M. Grosley describes minutely the plan on which the houses in the new quarters of London are built: the underground kitchen, the areas, the contrivance for putting down the coals by lifting a stone in the pavement. Before each door there rose from the area railings an iron arch, or two iron pillars, carrying two lamps, which were lit sometimes half-an-hour before sunset, and thus enabled each house to contribute to the lighting of the streets. From this, he says, resulted a very pretty effect, accompanied by two inconveniences: first, that these being the only street lights, the foot-passengers only were benefited by them, and the middle of the way, especially in the wider streets, was left dark: and secondly, that it was impossible for passers-by to escape the oil which dropped while the lamps were being trimmed, and sometimes even worse than this. He saw a head broken by the lamp itself falling on a foot-passenger. However, he says, the affair passed very good-naturedly on the part of the wounded man, who received most courteously the apologies of the lamplighter.

Consistently with the care taken for the accommodation of the people, he notices that all the public buildings, sacred as well as secular, bore clocks with conspicuous faces, to save people

the trouble and expense of carrying watches. Of course the *squares* attract his attention, being a feature unknown to foreign towns, with their "*boulingrins*" (bowling-greens) or piece of water in the middle.

New London is quite as bad as the old, in respect of mud. The soil on which it is built being rich meadow land, and almost without slope, all the dirt lodges; and in spite of drains cut to carry the surface water into the river, in spite of the most rigid laws against throwing water into the street, in spite of large tumbrils employed all day in carting away the mud, even the finest streets, at the time of his visit, were mere canals of this liquid.

Of course the smoke comes in for its share of description. This enormous cloud, he says, hanging in a heavy and moist atmosphere, wraps London like a cloak; it is very rarely pierced by the sun: and these few escapes of a sunbeam or two into the midst of their darkness the Londoners call "*glorious dai.*" He is amused at the way in which the taste of the English for *la promenade* carries them through this Egyptian darkness. On the 26th of April, St. James's Park was enveloped in smoke, fog, and rain, so that nothing could be seen at four paces off. Yet it was full of fashionable promenaders, who were his study and admiration all day long. London, he says, is continually liable to showers of ink from the carbonic particles which the smoke carries up with it, and as it is not the fashion to carry the French umbrella of oil-skin, the consequence is an immense preponderance of dyers' and scourers' shops, to clean and renew people's clothes. The buildings again, St. Paul's and Somerset House, though built of white Portland stone, look as if built of coal; and have their stones disintegrated like rusty metal. He dilates on the injury done by the smoke to furniture, and especially to books; the binding of which, in the best libraries, is in a state which could hardly be worse, if they had been exposed for years on the bookstalls in the quais of Paris. And he winds up this part of his subject by remarking, that if London goes on increasing as it was then increasing, the inhabitants will have to make up their minds to do without the sun altogether. Certainly, as to this part of his remarks, we must own that he has truth on his side. The consequence which he predicted has very nearly happened. We have come now to a state of things in which the Houses of Parliament, not yet thirty years old, are blackened and eaten away by the smoke: and in which one's approach to London on a lovely cloudless day is marked by mist and darkness, increasing till it is impossible to tell whether the sun is shining or not. It is truly a disgrace to our science, or our legislation, or to our national character,—or to all,—that this state of things has not been long ago put an end to.

Then we have a chapter on the London police, which excited our traveller's undisguised astonishment. No spies, no bureaux of information, no soldiers here and there and everywhere: only a few venerable old gentlemen tottering through the streets with lanterns crying out the hour and the weather, and useful to call people who were going on early journeys: no control in the theatres; even in the famous O.P. riots, the authorities observing a strict neutrality: no censorship over the press: the ministers and principal men even caricatured in the shop windows. He tells a story how Lord Molesworth, on returning from his post as ambassador at Copenhagen, had published an unfavourable and caustic account of the court of Denmark. On this the King of Denmark, who was on very intimate terms with King William, sent to demand that the writer should be compelled to make public reparation, or should be delivered up to the Danish authorities. When the Danish minister had his audience to make the demand, King William replied, "I would advise you not to let this demand be known: its only result will be to bring out a new edition of Lord Molesworth's book, and to ensure its sale."

Our friend has also a chapter on combats, which seem certainly to have been frequent enough in London in his days, resulting from the exaggerated freedom of the person, and the indifference of the police. With his learning as an antiquary, and his philosophical turn, he traces these single combats down from chivalrous times: tells how Henry VIII. and Francis I. wrestled after the meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and the French king gave the English a tremendous fall: then, coming to modern times, relates a conversation he had with an Eton boy, who characteristically defended the practice; then describes some scenes which he had witnessed himself. He saw a street fight between a man and a woman, lasting for five or six rounds, the chief feature of which was that the woman had on her left arm a child of between one and two years old, who, so far from crying, did not even wink, and seemed to take very quietly the lesson which it would have one day to practise.

"The police," he says, "never interfere with a man redressing an insult, nor is such a one called to account by the law, though he inflict severe injuries, or even death, upon the offender."

"Still," he continues, "murder is with the English the greatest of crimes: and it is most rare even to find highwaymen committing it. And when once the fury of the national revolutions has passed, not only are the lives of those on the defeated side spared, but they continue in their position, and enjoy their rights."

He gives as instances Richard Cromwell, and Fairfax, and the other chiefs of the anti-regal party; and says he saw at court the lady of a peer, to whom it was regarded rather as an honour than a reproach, that she was the great-grand-daughter of Cromwell. What follows I will give in M. Grosley's own words:—

"And so the city of London, denuded, as I have observed, of troops, of guard, of surveillance of every kind, inhabited by unarmed people (for no

one carries a sword, except doctors, who are always clothed in black,—and officers when in uniform), reduced during the night to the custody of old men without arms, is guarded only by the commandment of God, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and by the laws against murder, which are as severe as they are rigidly observed, without distinction of rank or person. It may be that the law has influenced the national character, or it may be that the national character aids and facilitates the exact observation of the law: but of all the great cities of Europe, London is the only one where assassination and murder are unknown." Then, after stating that he has proved this by his own experience, taking by preference at night the darkest and least considerable lanes and passages, he proceeds:—"In a word, the people of London, though high-spirited and quick-handed, are by nature a good-tempered and humane people, even in the lowest ranks. This is especially shown by their care to prevent those *fracas* which are almost inevitable in the perpetual flux and reflux of vehicles, in the most crowded and often very narrow streets. If, in spite of the care of the drivers and the waggoners to prevent it, any collision does occur, their prompt disposition to turn out of the way, to draw back, to open a path, to give their hand in case help is wanted, keeps these collisions from degenerating into the frequently fatal *fracas* which are so common in Paris. Let us add, to the honour of the London coachmen, that 400 carriages which I have seen at Ranelagh gardens together, draw up in line and cross and recross one another, and are always ready at the first call, without guards or any one to look after the arrangement. At the public fêtes, at any ceremonies which attract a crowd, however great, children, and persons of small stature, are sure to meet with every attention: all are eager to open a passage for them, and even to lift them up that they may see better. The avenues and gates of the place where the fête is given are guarded by men armed not with guns, partisans, or halberds, but with great hollow sticks" (*i.e.*, I suppose, canes), "which if used, which is very rare, make a great noise, and do very little harm to any one."

With regard to the poor of London, our author makes the surprising assertion, that virtually there are none: the poor-rate (which he describes as cheerfully paid, especially by the lowest class, who regard it as a provision for their families after them) having abolished destitution and beggary. The working classes, he says, are well fed and well clothed. He mentions that in crossing the river he had often had boatmen in silk stockings. In fact, we all seem to have been in a state of enviable happiness in this Elysian fifth year of George III., when we were honoured by M. Grosley's visit. Now and then, however, symptoms peep out that he had not gone quite as deep as he might have done into the real condition of the people. He tells us that a peer ventured to say in Parliament, that the dearness of provisions was owing not so much to their scarcity as to the abundance of money; and that the speech occasioned serious riots up and down the country. The prices which he quotes as then generally prevailing in London are, with a few exceptions, somewhat below our present ones:—Bread, 2½*d.* to 3*d.* a pound (this would be dear, being 10*d.* to 1*s.* the 4lb. loaf): meat in general, 4½*d.* a pound, but the choicer pieces 8*d.* and 9*d.*: butter, 1*s.* 0½*d.* a pound: bacon, 10*d.*: candles, 7½*d.*: a milch cow, 12 to 15 guineas: which last was also the rent of an acre of land near London.

I pass rapidly his notices of the English provisions. Our bread he praises, adding that we were the first to use yeast from beer instead of leaven, and that the practice still encountered great opposition in France. The small quantity of bread eaten by us, and the thinness of the slices of bread-and-butter, are noticed. This last, he says, does as much honour to the sharpness of the knife, as to the adroitness of the cutter. It surprises us to read that he thought the London milk and cream perfection: evidently we had not begun a century ago to breed cows with iron tails, which so generally furnish the metropolitan dairies in our days.

He devotes a whole chapter to "cleanliness." And here he seems in a bewilderment of admiration. No town in Holland can be kept cleaner than London, in spite of fog, and smoke, and mud. All is scrubbing and polishing all day long. Furniture, crockery, door-steps, door-handles, all rubbed and brightened incessantly. Even the houses where lodgings are to let, furnished with a line of carpet up the stairs to keep off the mud on one's boots from the wood-work: even the rooms themselves covered with similar carpets, so rarely found in France: no dogs prowling about streets and churches. True, he adds, this cleanliness is a matter of necessity, not of luxury as at Paris: for in London, life would be intolerable without it.

Next he comes to speak of our servants, on whom he bestows unqualified praise. He saw, at the studio of a sculptor, a chimney-piece beautifully and elaborately carved. He asked the sculptor whether he was not afraid to commit such delicate work to the tender mercies of domestics? The sculptor answered, that he had no such fear; in fact, that their treatment would rather benefit than injure his work. "In a word," he continues, "the exactitude of the servants is equal to the punctuality of their masters: who generally follow, in their daily lives, an invariable order. Every servant of the citizens of London is simply and solidly clad, and insolence is unknown in every rank of this order of persons. The maids of the '*petite bourgeoisie*' and the *femmes de chambre* of the noblesse, follow their ladies in the streets and public promenades: and their dress is such, that unless you have a personal acquaintance with the mistress, you cannot distinguish her from the maid. The assiduity, the attention, the toil, the punctuality, which the English expect from their servants, cause wages to be very high." A great French maid at M.

Grosley's lodgings, who could do nothing but wash, dust, and scour, had six guineas a year, besides a guinea for her tea. The wages of a cook were twenty guineas. And the profits of servants from other sources at least doubled their wages. Every time that his landlady's sister came to tea, she fee'd the maid: and M. Grosley was obliged to do the same, wherever he dined. A Scotch nobleman had set his face against this practice, and had organised a society to put it down. On dining with him, our friend was requested to abstain from feeing the butler, who accordingly did not appear in mendicant attitude when he left the door. It is somewhat singular that in our time the Duke of Sutherland should have begun a crusade against the practice, certainly infinitely worse, of dishonest tradesmen making dishonest butlers an allowance out of their masters' bills.

Our author also takes the rents of London houses into consideration. Here the difference between his time and ours is remarkable. Rents which he accounts excessively high, would now be ridiculously low. The house where he lodged was, he tells us, three stories high, had fourteen feet in frontage and sixty in depth, and let for thirty-eight guineas: to this were added two more for poor-rate, three for window-tax, street-sweepers, and watchmen, and one for water. Concerning this last, he mentions a fact, interesting in the history of the steam-engine. "The water," he says, "which is not good, comes from the Thames, from which it is lifted by pumps. Of these pumps the first was invented and placed at the foot of London Bridge in the reign of Elizabeth, by a German. Afterwards improved by a French refugee named Savari, it was described by Desaguilliar, and was applied by a French physician to the freshening of sea-water. The Count Heronville also used it for the drainage which he undertook some years ago in the neighbourhood of Dunkirk. *The steam of water, lifted and rarefied by boiling, is the power which drives this machine:* a power of which the force would be incomprehensible had not one seen the effect with one's eyes."

Now the first notice of steam power which I find in ordinary books of reference, is that of Savary's steam-pump in the year 1698. Of this prior existence of one erected by a German in the reign of Elizabeth, a hundred years before, I can see no mention. It is possible that our author may be mistaken in supposing that *steam power* was used before Savary. Previous to his time the pump may have existed there, but may have been otherwise worked.

It is worthy of notice, that James Watt's invention, separating the condensing vessel from the cylinder, which is the real birth of the steam-engine, dates from this very year of which we are treating, viz., 1765.

M. Grosley gives a short account of the London parks. St. James's Park seems in his time to have been the worst kept. "In the part nearest Westminster," he says, "it is nature in a brute state, being nothing but a meadow irregularly intersected and watered by ditches, and planted with willows and poplars scattered without plan. Both here and in the part which is the rendezvous of the court, the '*boulingrins*' are covered with cows, left to themselves, grazing or drinking or ruminating, some standing, others lying down: a circumstance giving to these promenades an air of life which banishes solitude, even when few people are present. When they are filled with company, it unites under one *coup d'œil* the crowd, the luxury, and the splendour of a city as wealthy as it is populous, in the most piquant contrast with rural simplicity.

"Quite in keeping with this simplicity, most of these cows, at noon and in the evening, come up to the gate by which the park communicates with Whitehall. Tied by a cord to the railings, at the edge of the *boulingrin* nearest the gate, they furnish their milk to the passers-by, which, milked on the spot, is served with true English cleanliness in large tea-cups at a halfpenny each."

This again is curious. Many of my readers are, I dare say, aware that this custom is yet to be traced in the three or four cows tied to the railings at the corner of St. James's Park next Whitehall, and milked by the keepers of the ginger-bread stalls.

I must hurry on: being very near the end of my space, and not yet half through M. Grosley's first volume.

The *people* of London, he says, astonished him even more than the city. First he speaks of the *canaille*,—the chairmen, porters, sailors, and beggars found evermore in the streets. These, he says, are the most insolent rabble imaginable. The French are the chief objects of their insults and raillery: but the respectable English passengers are by no means free. Ask the way of them: if it is to the right, they direct you to the left, or pass you on from one to another of their comrades. These politenesses are seasoned with the most atrocious insults. You need not enter into conversation with them; it is quite enough to pass within their reach. "My own French air, notwithstanding the simplicity of my attire, ensured me at every corner of the street whole litanies of abuse, among which I sneaked along, thanking Heaven that I did not understand English. The *kyrie* of these litanies was '*French dog*,' and worse. To answer them, would have been to get involved in a row, and my curiosity did not carry me so far. . . . . The late Marshal Saxe had an affair with a scavenger, which ended in a '*tour de main*,' amidst the applause of all the spectators. He stood and received the charge of his scavenger, seized him by the nape of the neck, and hurled him through the air, so aiming that he fell in the middle of his cart, which was filled to the brim with liquid mud."

M. Grosley was walking one day at Chelsea with an English friend, "when," he says, "twenty Thames bargees, leaving their work, ranged themselves in a line, and assailed my friend, in honour of me, with all the horrible things which the English tongue

can furnish, relieving one another in turn, like bachelors of arts sustaining a thesis. At the third relay of this abuse, my friend stopped and shouted to them that their compliments were no doubt the most polite in the world, but that, unfortunately, he was deaf, and I did not understand a word of English, and so they were merely firing against a wall. This rejoinder quieted them: they burst out laughing and returned to their work.

"The day but one after my arrival, my servant had an awkward proof how far this *canaille* will go in maltreatment of Frenchmen, real or apparent. He had followed the crowd to Tyburn, where three scoundrels were to be hanged, of whom two were father and son. The sight was over, and he was returning by the '*grande rue d'Oxford*' with the *débris* of the crowd who had assisted at the execution, when he was assailed by two or three blackguards; and very speedily, the crowd having gathered round, he became sport for them. Jack Ketch himself" (whom our author almost managed to conceal from me under the name of "*Sir Jaquett, maître des hautes œuvres*") "took part in the badinage, and hit the victim a blow on the shoulder. They began to pull him about by the skirts of his coat, and by the queues of his wig: when, by good fortune, he was espied by three Grenadiers of the French Guard, who, having deserted, and passed the Channel, were drinking in a pothouse within view. Taking up any weapons which came in their way, they made a sudden charge on the crowd, laying about the ears of every one in their reach, and got off their countryman, first to the pothouse, and then to my lodgings. Seven or eight campaigns which he had served with an officer of gendarmerie, and a year which he had passed in travelling through Italy, had not hardened him enough to reconcile him to encounter a second scene of this kind. The effect upon him was prodigious. Shutting himself up in the house, and not daring to put his nose outside the door, he passed a whole fortnight swearing at England and the English. Robust and vigorous as he was, and with some knowledge of the language and the country, he might have got brilliantly out of his scrape, by proposing a personal combat with the one of his assailants who might seem to him the weakest: and his victory would have got him the honour of being applauded, and even carried in triumph, by the very men who combined against him. This is the first law of this kind of combat: a law to which the English are faithful in the midst of the fire of battle. The vanquished will always find in the English, generous conquerors; which seems to prove, against Hobbes, that in the natural state, a state to which these London street fights closely approximate, the man who by circumstances is savage and cruel, is at heart good and generous."

Our author sets against all this brutality of the street rabble in London, the uniform and remarkable politeness and kindness of the gentry, the bourgeoisie, and even the most insignificant shopkeepers. If he asked the way of any of these, he found every one ready not only to tell him, but to go with him and show him. "Having," he says, "some one to find in Oxford Street, I presented his address at the first shop I came to; there came out a young man in silk stockings, with a very good coat, and his apron round his waist. When he had satisfied himself that I was the kind of man for him to be followed by, he made me a sign to follow him, and began to run before me. During the course, which was from one end of the street to the other, *i.e.* a good quarter of a league, I got ready a shilling, which I presented to him on reaching my destination: but he rejected it with indignation: and seizing my hand, which he shook vigorously, he thanked me for the pleasure which I had been the means of giving him. I met him on a subsequent occasion in the Tabernacle of the Methodists."

"By the way," continues M. Grosley, "this taking a man by the arm and shaking it almost to dislocate the shoulder, is one of the greatest signs of friendship which the English can show when they meet you. All is done with the greatest coolness: the features have no expression: the whole soul passes in the arm which shakes you. This shaking by the hand stands instead of our French compliments, obeisances, and embraces: a kind of coin not current in England. I found the same attention in all the public and private assemblies to which I had the honour to be admitted. In the Houses of Lords and Commons, a foreigner may, without offence, avail himself at hazard of any one who understands his language, and he will find that a point is made of answering all his inquiries. At the first sitting introductory to the trial of Lord Byron, I found myself placed in the middle of a family as amiable as it was distinguished. The men, the ladies, the young people, all were eager to satisfy my curiosity as to the different parts of the grand spectacle, to explain to me what was said, to tell me the origin of the most remarkable formalities, and at last to make me partake of the refreshments which the length of the session made it necessary to provide. At the visit of the King to the House of Lords, one of the Lord Bishops, at the door where I entered, offered himself as my interpreter, and courteously performed the office during the whole ceremony. At the meetings of the courts of King's Bench and Exchequer at Westminster, I placed myself among the barristers, and spoke French to my two neighbours. If one or other of them did not understand me, he rose up and put in his place one of his comrades, who, understanding my language, explained to me all that was said and done.

"In the theatres, I had the same resources. Every one who did not understand me was eager to look for and to bring to me some one who did: and my kind interpreter, often provided with a small flask of wine, never drank without afterwards presenting it to me. I drank too, because, having refused in the first instance, I was informed

by my friend that such refusal was a breach of the laws of English politeness.

"It should be mentioned that these attentions and kindnesses are devoid of any of those demonstrations which accompany them in France. If an Englishman, not understanding me, went to find an interpreter, he rose and left me with an air rather of anger than of the politeness he was showing me: and I never saw him again.

"I found these attentions and kindnesses in every shop, great or small. The shopkeeper introduced to me his son or his daughter, who often served as my guide after having served as my interpreter. For some years past all the little schools in London have taught French as well as English: and, before long, French will be the language of the English by choice, as it was by necessity under the Norman kings."

It is quite time to bring this paper to a close. In doing so, I may say, that I have hitherto selected from the first volume only out of the four. M. Grosley's remarks extend over almost every part of our English life and institutions. The national melancholy and pride, the practice of toleration, the Anglican Church and the sects, science, arts, politics, colonies, and a dozen other subjects of interest, occupy the other volumes, and may perhaps, if opportunity should offer, furnish us with materials for another paper.

Meantime, we ought not to part without one or two observations on what we have heard. We have been witnessing a strange state of things, considering that it was existing during the lifetime of many with whom we ourselves have spoken. My own grandmother, who partly brought me up, might, as a child of five years old, have been one of the family who paid M. Grosley such kind attention in Westminster Hall.

Never perhaps has the world seen a century in which the conveniences and facilities of life have as rapidly advanced. During a busy day in London not long since, having my mind full of this book, I could not help putting myself into M. Grosley's place and viewing things with his eyes. What would he have thought of our least and worst streets now, better paved and cared for than the best and widest then? What of the order and quiet of our pavements,—no single combats, no insults to foreigners, no boisterous *canaille?* What would have seemed to him these tall slim men in dark blue with their queer helmets, looking like Greek warriors dipped in ink, standing immovable in places of resort, or marching like automatons, swinging their arms in measure? *Quelle espèce de voiture*, think you, would he have pronounced this Hansom cab, which is bowling me so pleasantly along to the Victoria Station? And the Victoria Station itself? Wonder of wonders! what would he have thought, or dreamed in his swoon of bewilderment, when its gigantic palace and its dragons vomiting steam smote his distended eyes? And the result of all this sputter—the breakfast in London and dinner in Paris the same day—could in his time only have been found set down in books of giants and fairies.

But to pass to the other side of the balance,—some few things seem to have been better then than they are now. A foreigner *only once cheated* during six weeks in England—could that be said in our day? These cheerful and delicate attentions which our friend met with from all ranks above the lowest, I am afraid could not be ensured to him now. We have become a far busier people: we lead two or three lives in one: the mere byplay of an active Englishman now would have been a fatiguing employment for one of the leisurely *bas-de-soie* men of those days: and as a consequence we have become more jealous of intrusion, and less prodigal of our services to strangers. Our shopmen have no time to accompany a chance Frenchman from Tottenham Court Road to the Marble Arch: and with the want of time has come in also, I fear, want of courtesy. We have transferred all these devoirs to the police, who, it must be confessed, perform them admirably.

Then as I read the chapter on English servants, I own it felt to me like a bit of the torments of Tantalus in the realms below. Many reasons might be given why our domestics are not now what they were then: the chief among them being, I believe, the ever-widening distance between master and man, mistress and maid, which has severed that confidential intercourse which then lingered in English households, and has destroyed their paternal character: producing hauteur and want of sympathy in masters and mistresses, and restlessness and want of attachment on the part of the servants.

Let us bear away the conviction that if, as it is natural we should, we have improved on our grandfathers and grandmothers in *almost* everything, there yet are a few matters in which they were better than we are. At the same time, let us not forget the wise advice, "Say not thou; Why were the former times better than these? for thou inquirest not wisely concerning this thing."

Each age has its advantages, and, inseparably interwoven with them, its disadvantages also. We must be men of our time. All undue admiration, and all imitation, of other days, is ridiculous, and aims beside the mark. He lives most usefully who lives up to the standard, and imbued with the ideas, of his own age: advancing it onward, by appreciating its good: and ameliorating it, by avoiding, and gently correcting, its evil.

HOMEWARD.

By THE EDITOR.

I.—FROM BEYROUT TO SMYRNA.

"The girls are at the tow rope!" So the sailors say when their vessel springs homeward over the waves. But both girls and boys, with their mother, and a larger family in my parish, were at my tow rope, or at my paddles, when the Austrian Lloyd's steamer began to roll in a heavy swell in the roads of Beyrout, and beat the waves as she turned her prow to the north.

Not without the emotions which the vivid remembrance of a short but glorious season of travel awaken, did we see the coast of Syria and the peaks of Lebanon become more and more dim, until the substance of "uplands prodigal with oil"—with field and forest, and the scattered white villas along the steeps, embowered in foliage, connecting the busy commercial town and the country seats of its merchants with the villages and mountain haunts of Druse and Maronite—was lost in masses of shadow relieved against the sky. These soon passed into cloud-land, and the blue expanse of heaven finally descended like a crystal dome, and ere the morrow's morn shut them out for ever from our sight.

The cabin was so hot and muggy, with port-holes shut because of the heavy swell, and with every state-room a hospital, that for the first time in my life I could not rise above the influences of the stifling atmosphere and the creaking ship in which every bit of timber and wainscoting seemed to be going off in a ceaseless round of small explosions. So I lay on the deck with my plaid—the beloved friend of many a journey—and other wrappers over me. I gazed on the magnificent stars above, among which the ship's mast-head was ever and anon describing arcs as the vessel rose and fell; heard more and more indistinctly the wash and hiss of the restless sea; felt less and less the pulse of the engines and beat of the paddles, until I slept as sound as the cabin "companion" beside me. The washing of the decks at early morn awoke me. My plaid was saturated with dew. But I felt refreshed from breathing the pure air; and a cup of coffee elevated me so as to be able to enjoy once more the shoreless sea with its crisp waves, and the glowing eastern sky, and the prospect of a pleasant voyage Homeward.

We arrived next day at Cyprus and landed at Larnaka. We had no time to visit anything of peculiar interest, except what was personal to myself, for I found here an old friend, and a true son of the Scotch manse, Mr. Lang. He was ginning cotton, and seemed very hopeful of greatly extending the cultivation and export of the plant. Cyprus is an island famous for its fertility. It has extensive and rich inland as well as seaboard plains, almost smooth as lakes, surrounded by high sheltering hills and mountains. Locusts are often a scourge here as elsewhere in the East, and I presume they do not make cotton an exception to their merciless attacks on vegetation.

The sail along the coast of this noble island is very beautiful and interesting, but to me it had but one kind of associations—those connected with the spread of Christianity by the Apostle Paul within its borders, and the names of those humble but immortal men who were natives of the place and disciples of Christ. We remembered how Paul, on his first visit to Cyprus, had travelled from Salamis to the east of Larnaka, in sight of those hills, along the whole island for a hundred miles, until he reached old Paphos on the sea coast, and beneath the shadow of Olympus, which towered above us, glowing in the golden hues of sunset, as we sailed along the shore. And we recalled that deeply interesting moment in the history of the Church, when for the first time he came into direct antagonism with Heathendom, and was opposed, in the presence of Sergius Paulus, the Roman governor, by Elymas the sorcerer; and how, as Peter had worked but one miracle of righteous punishment, in the case of the liars Ananias and Sapphira, so Paul worked but one of the same destructive but less severe kind, on Elymas, visiting him with blindness for a season; and how the governor Paulus was converted—Saul from that day, and possibly for that reason, changing his name to Paul. Nor could we forget that this island was the birthplace of Barnabas the son of consolation—such a man being a great gift to a sorrowing world. Cyprus also furnished Mnason, "an old disciple," and was among the first spots beyond Palestine to receive the Gospel. It thus became linked in our associations with the Holy Land, and reflected a few beams of that light which shines o'er all its hills and valleys.

The weather was glorious, and there was no seasickness on board, but perfect health, and a disposition on the part of the passengers—English, American, and German—to make one another happy. At times like this there is no such rest to be found upon earth as is found upon the sea. Our captain was a Dalmatian. He was full of humour, and made himself as agreeable as possible. One day after dinner he tried to give us just impressions of the various nationalities with whom we might probably have dealings in our journey, and epitomised his information in the following table of wickedness:—"One Armenian = two Greeks; one Greek = two Jews; and all liars." The poor Jew had, in the captain's opinion, the best of it, which is not often the case.

We dropped our anchor during the night in the

THE TRIOPIAN PROMONTORY, WITH THE RUINS OF CNIDUS.

harbour of Rhodes. Unquestionably one of the most interesting places which I have ever visited is this Rhodes. This small island—let those of my readers who know all about it and its knights skip my sketch—is illustrious chiefly from the fact of its once having been the home, the fortress, and the scene of the imperishable conflicts of its "knights." These knights originally belonged to the Hospital of St. John in Jerusalem. After being driven from Acre by the victories of the Saracens, they remained a short time in Cyprus, and then, with the Pope's cordial consent, suddenly attacked Rhodes (1310), at that time belonging to the Greek empire, and held it for two centuries almost as an independent kingdom, with half-a-dozen other islands of considerable size in its neighbourhood, and had even territory on the mainland of Asia Minor—the ancient Halicarnassus, the modern Budrun, having been under their rule. These knights were in a certain sense an ecclesiastical body. They were a military order of the Church of Rome. Christianity in those days (and in those days only?) was not recognised sufficiently as a living power or principle which like leaven should pervade the daily life of every man; so that whether he was a soldier or a sailor, a sovereign or a servant, on the bench or at the bar, a minister in the pulpit or a merchant behind the counter, in every place in which God in his providence placed him, he should adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour; he should let his light, strong or feeble, shine before man—and let his salt, whatever its quantity, if pungent and savoury in its quality, preserve all with whom it came into contact from corruption. Still good men and women, or those who professed to be such by loving "the Church" in its visible and corporate capacity as represented by the then only existing visible society, whose head was in Rome, were enlisted and divided into different regiments, and clothed in the uniform of the Church—whether as nuns, monks, friars (black, white, or grey), or as military knights—each to fight for the one end of defending and advancing the Church against the assaults of the devil, the world, and the flesh. The idea of such organisations was, to say the least of it, very noble, and perhaps in those days was necessary for the protection of the weak against the strong, and to ensure the union which is power. It manifests enormous pride and ingratitude in us, who live in a brighter day—which Roman Catholics, as Reformers thank God, have gained for us—and who receive innumerable benefits derived from such organisations, which did their work in their time, to hold them up as evidences of mere ignorance.

Let us not thus talk of the brave old knights of St. John! As well sneer at their armour because we have Armstrong guns. Alas! many a selfish coward who would fly from any real battle and shut his eyes in fear if he fired a pistol in it, now presumes to despise men who counted not their lives dear to them if they could only save Europe from the furious attacks and apparently irresistible power of the Moslem. Those knights of Rhodes were brave, self-sacrificing men, who consecrated such peculiar gifts as God had given to them,—the strong muscles in their arms, the undaunted look of their eye, the brave lion hearts which beat equably under their cuirasses, the noble blood which flowed in their veins, the glory derived from a heroic ancestry, the honour, the fame, the love of life,—all to the Church which they loved, and the Saviour whom they professed to believe in and to adore. With holy ceremonies, which to us have little meaning and less power, they bent before the cross in many a hoary cathedral, and, amidst the gleam of tapers, the sweet voices of responding choristers, the rites performed by white-robed priests and venerable bishops, and under vows that ever after sounded in their ears whether in the silence of their distant island, or amidst the storm or shouts of battle, they laid their swords on the high altar and gave themselves unto death to battle for the faith. Oh, that their chivalry, with its generosity, its courtesy, its spiritual self-sacrifice, would but descend on us who have a more precious gift to answer for, in a fuller knowledge of the will of God!

With warmest sympathies I landed at Rhodes, where those old heroes, like sea kings, from every part of Christendom, had built to themselves a city, not large but wonderfully compact and beautiful—with its great towers and high walls, with fosse and rampart, drawbridge and portcullis, all to resist and beat back in the Levant, as the very Thermopylæ of Christendom, the turbaned savage, who with his scimetar was rushing like a fierce tiger of lust and ambition to destroy the religion and civilization of Europe.

In spite of the destroying hands of Time and of Turk—and, still more, of earthquakes, that respect neither bond nor free—much remains of the old defences, testifying to their original grandeur. The noble old tower of St. Nicholas flanks the entrance of the harbour, and seems built to defy both Time and Turk. It was built by the Grand Master De Naillac in 1400. In three great square massive storeys, with a turret overhanging at each angle of the parapet, and above an octagonal lantern reached by an outside stair, it rises 150 feet above the harbour. Then comes the Arab tower, with strong battlements on every side; while within the town one ever and anon encounters walls like rocks, ditches broad and deep, gateways worthy of a king's palace, and everywhere memorials of taste and culture.

The whole past became alive—as if we awoke the old knights from a trance, with dim eyes, ragged garments, long beards, rusty armour, and decayed memories—when we walked up the famous "street of the knights." It is situated in a portion of the town called the *Castello*, and is separated from the other portions by a ditch and wall. Here are the old houses where they once lived—the *auberges* of the different *langues;* the palace of the Grand

Master; and the hospital, yet roofed with cypress-wood, showing few symptoms of decay, and still sheltering the rooms where the sick once lay groaning, thinking, some of them, of "Merrie England," or, maybe, of the "dowie dens of Yarrow," as they were being cured of wounds received in some dread encounter, or as they became wan and pale from fever. Here are the remains of the churches of St. John and St. Catherine where they worshipped, and halls where they sat in council; and here are the effigies beneath which they lie interred. No doubt these old palaces are defaced to some extent with the patchwork of their present poor inhabitants, as are the old houses in Edinburgh or elsewhere in which our noblesse once lived and held their courts, and played their parts whether of politics or of love—for the Kirk or the State. But one can see at a glance the structure of the fine old gentlemanly buildings, with the arched entrances, the inner courts, the fine carved windows, the coats of arms of France or of England, of Spain or Italy, with the dates and names as sharply cut as if done yesterday. The French Lodge has the arms of D'Amboise over the door, of date 1492, and the names of Mountjoie and St. Denis, of date 1495. Other inscriptions occur on other houses, as "Pour le maison, 1511"—"Pour l'oratoire, 1511." The Grand Master Capretto has left his escutcheon on another, with date 1519. The entrance gate (D'Amboise) to the castello, with its three-arched bridge, ditch, and drawbridge, is singularly massive and picturesque. Over it is inscribed the escutcheon of the Grand Master, held up by an angel sculptured in relief, and inscribed "Amboise, M.D.XII." In one of the old towers, assigned to the English for defence during the famous siege of Rhodes by the Turks, is an inscription in Latin, of date 1502, to an English knight, "Fr. Thomas Newport."

In walking along this street we met no one. The place was silent as the grave. The very stones which pave it seem to be the same as those which had rung to many a steeled limb. I have never seen any old street so unchanged. All is very real, though very dreamlike. But there was something to us very peculiar about the whole town. It is not so much like an old citadel as an old university. It is full of quiet nooks, quaint old bits of picturesque architecture, fountains, arches, towers, gateways, buildings—one knew not for what purpose originally designed; with wonderful light and shade, beneath the brilliant sun and blue sky, from balconies, and palm trees, and green foliage of different kinds, flinging their shadows and their colours over markets for fruit and flowers, and all sorts of out-of-the-way looking people and picturesque dresses, wanting the usual accompaniments, however, of the dogs, the noise, and the jabber of an Eastern town. A knightly sense of quiet and a romantic touch of taste and culture rest on the whole place; so that it was with peculiar regret that we returned to the steamer in the evening. As to the old story of the Rhodes Colossus, I know no more about it than others, nor have I received any new light upon it from visiting the locality. The harbour is very small, almost entirely artificial; and the blazing giant must have been *somewhere* very near its entrance, probably where the great tower of St. Nicholas now stands.

As we sailed out of the harbour, and rounded its northern shore, we saw a new sight for the east, a dozen of wind-mills silently but rapidly doing their work. The island also began to reveal its rich luxuriance, and varied scenery of bold upland, green fields, with all the characteristic vegetation and foliage of a genial clime. We saw also more clearly the grand outlines of the coast of Asia Minor, which forms a constant picture of beauty to the people of Rhodes. And then we sailed on through the Archipelago, which has left on my mind an indistinct panorama, in which I can hardly trace the succession in due order of any cape, promontory, island, gulf, or strait. But there floats before my inner eye, and ever will float, a dream of grandeur and beauty; of a landscape made up inland of endless hills of every size and form, changing in their contour and relative position every moment, combining the broken knolls of the Trosachs, the precipices of Skye, with the far off peaks and snowy summits of the Alps; straits of all widths, from "narrows" to broad seas; islands of every size and shape, scattered in every direction, casting their shadows over us, or lost in blue haze; white villages and towns; "ruins famed in story"; long gulfs running into the bowels of the land; countries with old classic and Scripture associations discovered by the map, but with a strange mystery about them, to us at least who know little of their present condition except as the homes of a half-barbarous, half nomade and robber population, having their dwellings, or dens, like wild beasts, among ruins and remains of ancient grandeur seldom visited, even by artistic Europe. But there was over all the same glorious sky which had shone on the successive races who had lived and died in these lands; and there was the same glorious sea, so fresh and blue, that had curled round the bows of every vessel since the days of the first ship, whether under an Egyptian or Phœnicean captain; and there were the same heavenly colours of gold and amethyst and lapis lazuli, and whatever a burnished rainbow of intensest colour could contribute to the splendour of sunset, such as must have greeted the eyes of the Apostle Paul when he passed to and fro from Europe or Asia to Tyre or Cæsarea.

The glory of the scenery of the whole Greek Archipelago, northwards to the coast of Greece, and eastward to the Dardanelles, has not been exaggerated by travellers. And yet when gazing on the finest portions of it, I was able "with a good conscience," though my good taste may possibly be questioned, to maintain the equal merits of my own Western Hebrides. Let any one day's sail in the Levant

be selected by its most enthusiastic admirers, and let it be compared with a day's sail, which I shall myself take the liberty of selecting, along our western shores, and I will not fear the comparison, but affirm rather that the former must yield the palm to the latter. I would for example choose as my specimen of scenery a sail from Oban to Portree. Let him who would follow that route gaze undisturbed, with a watchful eye, first on the landscape which unfolds itself when crossing the strait from Oban towards Mull, with the hills clustered around Ben Cruachan, and Glenco, and the rocky walls of Morven, Kingareloch, and Ardgour to the west, with the green and broken ridges of Appin that run parallel to them on the east, all trending northwards to Ben Nevis and hemming in the great Caledonian valley; then on the masses of the Mull mountains before him, and the sea channels that spread fanlike in every direction, up the Sound of Mull, the Linne Loch, among the islands towards Jura and Scarba, and the Slate Isles, until beyond the headlands of Mull the shoreless ocean gleams in the horizon; and let this be the first picture on whose beauty and grandeur he is to decide. Then let him voyage along the dark precipiees of Mull to Staffa, and note the scenery of the wild-looking islands fringing the edge of the Atlantic Ocean, that here sends its huge waves rolling in mountain ridges, or seething in tides that rush along in foaming eddies, and let Staffa, with its surroundings, be his second picture. Yet how many more will he see as he rounds the westerly end of Mull, and passes the wild coast of Ardnamurchan, and the islands of Tyree, Coll, Eig, Canna, Rum, and Barra, with the grand serrated ridges of the Coolin to the north, and gets glimpses of stern and lonely magnificence up dark lochs and inland bays, until he winds his way among the narrows between Skye and the mainland, and, sailing along the most fantastic rocks, enters the secluded and beautiful harbour of Portree. There is nothing superior to this day's sail in the whole Levant. In one thing, however, the Levant is superior, and that is in atmosphere, which is no small element in the composition of the beautiful. Ah, it is this rain, this mist, this drizzle, which ever mars the glory, and somewhat affects the morals, of Scotland. True, there do occur some days in the year, in May and October, which are so very superb that one could patiently wait under an umbrella for weeks, or months even, until they were ready,—days when our skies are more blue than in the South,—when our clouds are more picturesque—when every scaur and rock are revealed, and the stones gleam and glitter on the far-off mountain side, and when there are colours, purple and golden yellow, from mountain, rock, and forest, with shadows on the lochs and on the sea, which can be surpassed nowhere on earth. But such days seem to be but moments of leisure for the manufacture of an extra quantity of rain; for after one of rare brilliancy, the next is sure to change the world into a shower bath and the most genial nature into miserable discontent wrapped in a steaming waterproof. It is otherwise in the Levant, where one can depend for days and weeks on that luminous atmosphere, in which the landscape is steeped in an indescribable delicacy of rich and varied colours, and a luxurious warmth gives deliciousness to the breeze, while the sea reflects the azure blue of the sky—and the old earth is one grand poem, and all nature, as "the art of God," seems to necessitate and to create art by man.

As we voyaged along from Rhodes to Smyrna, the first place we passed which suggested historical incidents was Cnidus. A view of it is given in the accompanying illustration, which is taken from Dr. Clarke's Travels, and is wonderfully correct. The bluff rugged rocks form the termination of Cape Crio, anciently called the Triopian promontory. This headland is united to the mainland, a mile or two off, judging from appearances, by a narrow isthmus, on each side of which, north and south, are two harbours, which owe whatever shelter they possess to the promontory that spreads its protecting rocky arms to defend both from the outer sea and gales. On the mainland the ruins of the old city are scattered, and were seen by us with great distinctness. One of the harbours, that to the north, is evidently small, and such as one sees on stormy coasts as a sort of refuge for fishing boats; the other, with moles or breakwaters, one of which remains, formed a most valuable harbour for all vessels sailing along the coast.

There was a time, three centuries or more before Christ, when there clustered over those rough rocks of the cape—like sea birds on the Bass or Ailsa Craig—the inhabitants of Cnidus, to witness the Trafalgar of their day, when Conon along with his Persian fellow commander, aided by Phœnician vessels and sailors, destroyed the fleet of Sparta under Pisander, and established the naval supremacy of Athens over the islands of the Archipelago, thereby greatly affecting the future history of Greece. But again St. Paul comes before us! For it was from this promontory the ship in which he sailed had to bear away to the south-west for Crete. Previous to this he had been beating against an adverse breeze from the N.W. during the whole voyage from Cæsarea to Cnidus; first to the north of Cyprus, then to Myra, where he changed from one ship bound for the Hellespont to another bound for Rome. The heavy wind continuing they had to beat all the way to Cnidus, and there no doubt anchored under the lee of the land in the harbour on the south side of the isthmus. But they could not weather the cape, where the gale would meet them without any shelter whatever, and so they bore away before the wind to Crete and its fair havens—on to the shipwreck at Malta.

It was another living touch from the past to look at those far-spread ruins, at that silent and deserted harbour, and at that dark old headland, and feel assured that St. Paul had gazed on all.

Weary of the long, cold, stormy voyage—a prisoner, too, and one whom few of the 260 people on board knew anything about, except as an apparently weak, sickly man—a Jew guilty of some offence of which they thanked God they were innocent, yet one who was wonderfully peaceful and kind withal to those with whom he conversed, he exercised a mysterious influence, which sprung like an unseen but felt electric force from his character, until at the end of the voyage, and at daybreak, when the ship was plunging and tearing at her anchors amidst the roar of the hurricane and the cataracts of whirling seas and spray, they saw him rise like a calm sun above the storm, and thank God with divine peace in the presence of them all for the food which, with brotherly love, he had requested all to receive for their health and comfort. Such thoughts as these may be pardoned when mentioning Cnidus, where began the second stage of that most famous voyage of danger and strange vicissitude.

After passing Cnidus and Cos—the birthplace, by the way, of Apelles the artist, and of Hippocrates the physician—we sighted Budrun, the ancient Halicarnassus, and saw with singular vividness its castle near the sea, and its scattered white houses and ruins, where we knew there were many deeply interesting remains of ancient art, but which, like many a "Yarrow," whether of poetry, history, or science, must be "unseen, unknown" to us. Let us not complain. Perhaps in a wider and deeper sense than most suspect, far less believe, it may yet hold true of many a subject of inquiry and scientific study even as regards this world, "what ye know not now ye shall know hereafter."

We had to change steamers at Smyrna.

The sail up the gulf of Smyrna is one of the most beautiful in the world. But of the famous city itself I have few associations worth recording; the reason being that—alas for my praise of the climate!—it rained very heavily the only unbroken day we had to spare for sight-seeing. I remember well how a boat intercepted us on landing, in which were two robbers calling themselves Custom-house officers, who demanded backsheesh, and I am sorry to say got it, in order not to examine our luggage, in which we had no contraband; and how we had to repeat the dose on landing; and how, when the same trick was attempted on departure, we had a long dispute, in which we carried the day by permitting the robbers to open every package, refusing, to their bitter anger, to give them a farthing. I remember also a most kind and highly intelligent missionary, Mr. Coull, of the Church of Scotland, coming to comfort and guide us, and doing all that man could do for fussy travellers in wet weather. And I remember Dr. M'Graith, whom every one knows as doctor and friend: and I remember, too, the Deaconess' Institution. And here I must pause and say a word about this latter.

The "constant readers" of *Good Words*—if the world contains such sensible people—must remember more than one notice in its pages of the Deaconess' Institution at Kaiserswerth, founded by that old saint, Dr. Fliedner, now gone to his rest! I visited it with some dear friends, as was noticed also in these pages, a few years ago. Well, one of its branches—that is to say, an establishment under Protestant deaconesses, taught where Miss Nightingale was taught—was established in Smyrna, as at Jerusalem and other places, for bestowing a Christian education (in the deepest and truest sense of the word) upon the young, and for educating orphans, attending the sick, and in one word preaching the everlasting Gospel of good-will to man, not by words only, but by the most real, impressive, and convincing of all kinds of preaching—a *life* which the human heart can in some degree appreciate and admire more than any other, and which is confessedly derived from, and sustained by, faith in Jesus Christ, and an entering into his love to man as bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

This Smyrna institution began with two deaconesses only. They had hardly any money, except what old Fliedner had lent them, to help to keep them alive for a time, and, according to his principle, to be repaid again to the common fund in the small but wisely and carefully managed treasury on the Rhine. The whole work of those two sisters was one of pure love. They had no income whatever. They had to furnish their own room, be their own servants, and teach all whom they could find willing to receive their services. Yet who can meet that sister who first began the work thirteen or fourteen years ago, and who now superintends it, without feeling that we have met a noble Christian lady, fit in her humility, faith, and works of faith and love, to carry off the palm from many a knight of Rhodes! The institution, which had such a small and humble beginning, has had, like all God's works, a slow, steady growth. Having sown plentifully, because in faith, they have already reaped bountifully. Their present buildings are clean, airy, large, and beautiful; with pleasant grounds around them, and having that aspect of European *comfort*, order, and elegance, without tawdry expense, which of itself is a lesson to the East. They are worth 10,000*l.*! but are too precious as a history of the past to be sold. Dr. Fliedner raised much of the original cost, which was small, but every farthing borrowed has been nearly paid back. There are now twelve sisters connected with the institution. It educates 200 girls: 80 are boarders at the rate of 600 francs each per annum; 70 others are but day scholars, and pay 260 francs per annum when they dine, and but 150 francs for education merely. About twelve orphans are educated gratis; and, besides these, about 40 girls, among the 200 who dine together daily, do so gratis. The gross income of the institution is about 2,500*l.* per annum. As all the work in it is done by the sisters without any pay whatever, a noble monument is thus raised to the self-sacrificing power of Christian principle, and it must soon become a centre of influence to bless Asia Minor.

We regretted much that it was impossible for us to visit Ephesus, to which there is a train from Smyrna! The journey can be performed to and fro very easily in a day, affording time to visit the place, and its immediate environs. Nor could we even visit the spots made illustrious by Polycarp, that angel verily of the Church of Smyrna. Little time, and especially much rain, destroyed plans which we would otherwise have carried out with little inconvenience.

We left Smyrna in the evening, and very soon it got dark as black marble, and began to blow with furious gusts which angrily tore the small waves of the inland sea into spindrift. The captain seemed nervous and fidgety, and every command he issued was obeyed with a rushing to and fro, and loud excited talk, which one never sees on any occasion whatever on board of a British ship. The result was that, having no lights on shore to guide us, and seeing nothing beyond the ship but "storm and darkness, which are wondrous strong," we slowly paddled back and forward all night, or stopped to breathe, while I as usual went below to sleep, but not to dream, for, as I always pay attention to the former, I have no time to devote to the latter.

Our next halting-place was Syra, *en route* to Athens. But we must stop here for the present—though for no reason that I know of, except that I have no time to write more.

THE JEW PEDLAR.

By no class of the community is systematic benevolence so scrupulously practised as by the Jews; at least, those resident in England. An exception might probably be made in favour of the Quakers; but, great as their philanthropy really is, that of the Hebrew possesses certain attributes which render it the more remarkable of the two. Both are equally liberal to those in distress out of the pale of their own communities, but among the Quakers the proportion of poor is particularly small, not exceeding two, or, at most, two and a-half per cent. of the whole body. Among the London Jews, on the contrary, the proportion of poor is very large, amounting to at least sixteen and a-half per cent., and yet they are all maintained without the help of the poor-law. Indeed the Jews frequently seem to consider the act of alms-giving as a sort of prudential investment, for which they will most probably be repaid in this world, and certainly in the next, with profit on the transaction. I have met with several instances of this; the following alone I will quote, as showing the sort of feeling I allude to.

I resided in a village about half way between two towns in the midland counties. One day I left home at a somewhat early hour to call on a neighbour. On my return I found my wife in a state of angry excitement at a trick, or swindle, which had been perpetrated on one of our servants, an ignorant country girl of about seventeen years of age, who had very lately quitted her father's cottage to enter our service. It appeared that a Jew pedlar had called at the side entrance, and had contrived to get into conversation with the girl. This ended in his showing her a quantity of mock jewellery, and selling her a large showy brooch, which he assured her was pure gold, and the stone genuine. The moment I saw it I perceived it was simply copper slightly washed over with gold, and as for the stone, it was, of course, nothing but a piece of coloured glass. The sum he had obtained from the silly girl for this tawdry ornament was certainly only five shillings; but as the thing was not worth more than one, the rascality of the transaction was the same. My wife's displeasure soon communicated itself to me; so without asking more questions on the subject than simply to inquire which road the fellow had taken, I left the house in pursuit of him, although he had had fully an hour's start of me. The day was close and sultry, and I had been considerably fatigued by my previous morning's walk. Still, my just indignation kept me from feeling any weariness, and I trudged manfully along, totally indifferent to the looks of curiosity and wonder those I met cast on me.

After more than an hour's rapid walk, I overtook the man I was in pursuit of. He was about forty years of age, slimly built, and very pale, evidently suffering either from illness or fatigue. On his back he carried a wooden box with little drawers in it; but, small as it was, he appeared to labour under its weight. As soon as I had somewhat recovered my breathing, I inquired of him if he was the man who had sold a brooch to my servant?

"Where do you live?" he asked, somewhat sharply.

I explained to him the position of my house, and he replied—

"Yes, I did; and a great bargain it was. It was worth double the money I got for it."

"How can you tell me such a barefaced lie?" I angrily remarked. "Why, I never saw a more trumpery thing in my life. You have swindled the silly girl out of her money, and you shall be well punished for it, I can assure you. Come back with me directly."

"What for, I should like to know?"

"Because I intend giving you in charge to the constable for swindling."

"Very likely indeed," he replied, continuing his way.

My anger now exceeded all bounds, and I seized him by the collar. I may here state that I am a

very strong man, and that the Jew was no match for me.

"If you do not come quickly," I said, "I will make you."

He seemed for a moment somewhat puzzled; but, recovering himself, he said,

"Let me alone; I will go with you quietly; but mark my words, you will get the worst of it."

We now turned towards the village, and I loosened my grasp of his collar. As we walked along, I from time to time looked at him, and perceived from the expression of his countenance that the tone of bravado he had assumed was entirely simulated, and that he was evidently most anxious about the termination of the affair. Soon his pace began to slacken, and I told him to walk faster. For a moment he obeyed me: but after continuing a few steps, he threw himself on a bank.

"If you want me to go with you," he said, "you must carry me. I am not well. I have had no breakfast this morning, and I am so faint I cannot walk any farther."

At first I thought he might be shamming, but a moment's glance at his countenance proved to me I was in error. His pallor had increased, and yet a heavy perspiration was on his brow. I now began to look on him with some sort of sympathy, and my anger began to abate; still my pride would not allow him to perceive it.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself," I asked him, "to rob a poor silly girl in the manner you have plundered my servant? You low Jews are a perfect nuisance to the country."

"Low Jews are better than low Christians, at any rate," he said.

"Pray, in what way?"

"Did you ever hear of a low Jew being taken up for ill-treating his wife and family? I dare say you have heard of some Christians who have."

I made him no answer.

"Did you ever hear of a low Jew being taken up for being drunk and disorderly?"

"Still," I said, "you have not answered my question about my servant."

"I have a right to make a profit on what I sell as well as other people."

"And you consider charging five shillings for a thing that is not worth one a fair profit?" I inquired.

"I tell you it is worth more than a shilling; and have not I a right to be paid for my labour?"

"Your labour?"

"Yes, my labour. Look at those shoes," he said, lifting up his feet to show me how worn and dilapidated his shoes were. "Look at those. They were new when I left London, and now they will hardly hold together. How many miles do you think I must have walked? I have not walked less than ten miles this morning, and the brooch I sold to your servant is the only money that has passed through my hands this day. And what she paid me is the only ready money I have in the world."

The fellow said this with so much truthfulness of expression, that my heart fairly melted towards him.

"Listen," I said; "if you are really as poor as you say, I do not wish to be hard with you. Take back the brooch you sold my servant, and give me back the money she paid you, and I will let you go."

"I have no objection," he replied, "though I deny that I have dealt unfairly with her."

I now gave him the brooch, which he placed beside him, and he then put his hand into his pocket to find his money. He succeeded, however, in producing only four shillings and sixpence.

"There is still sixpence wanting," I said.

"I will give it you directly," he replied, and he drew out from another pocket a leathern bag, from which he took several small packets wrapped up carefully in paper, all of which evidently contained money, and, picking out the smallest, he drew off the paper envelope, and produced a sixpence. My anger now returned, and I asked him how he could tell me such a falsehood as that he had no more money than the sum my servant had paid him.

"I told you the truth," he said; "this is God's money and not mine. I don't know, after all," he continued, "why I should not use it for myself. Heaven seems to have forsaken me, and it's no use my setting the money aside. Nothing goes well with me, do what I will."

He now bent his head forward and covered his eyes with his hands, and I could easily perceive he had great difficulty in restraining his tears.

"What do you mean," I inquired, "by Heaven having forsaken you?"

"Because nothing I attempt succeeds. I do all I can to get on, but it's no use. I am ill and starving myself, and my wife and children at home are nearly as badly off as I am."

"Perhaps if you took to dealing more fairly with your fellow-creatures things might not go so badly with you."

"If my fellow-creatures alone had to complain, I could go on well enough. I did not deal fairly with Heaven. I broke faith there, and I am now suffering for it."

"How did you break faith with Heaven?" I asked.

"It's somewhat of a long story," he said, "and I don't suppose it would interest you much if I told it to you."

"Try me," I said, "for you fairly excite my curiosity."

"Very well, I will if you wish it," he replied, wrapping up the brooch in paper. "It may be a lesson to you never to break a bargain you have made with Heaven."

"To begin at the beginning, I do not remember my poor mother. She died when I was very young. My father (I may as well tell the truth) was not

then a very respectable man, and I am sorry to say he was very often in trouble."

"Was he unfortunate?" I inquired.

"Well, I don't know exactly about that, but he said he was always being persecuted by the police. I don't know what for, for I didn't see much of him. However, I went to school, and I managed to pick up some little learning."

"But if your father was such an indifferent parent, how was it he sent you to school?"

"He did not. A lady from the West End sent me there, and a good many other poor boys as well. Our rich people are very kind both to women and children. When I left school I tried to pick up a living in the streets, but not with much success. I was half starved, for I could earn but little, and father did nothing for me. This I will say, however, that if he did wrong himself, he always told me to behave honestly; indeed, I should always have thought him an honest man if I had not known of his being several times in prison. Things went on in this way till I was about fifteen years old, when father married again."

"Did he marry a respectable person?" I inquired.

"Yes, he did; and she was as excellent a woman as ever breathed. One that would never allow an unclean thing to come into her house, and always had a good wash every Friday, if water was ever so scarce, and it very often was where she lived. She kept the shop at the corner of Frying-pan Alley and Hand and Shears Court, Rosemary Lane. Perhaps you may remember the house?"

"No, I do not. Did she deal in old clothes?"

"No; she was in the fried fish and stuffed monkey line."

"Stuffed monkeys!" I said, with astonishment.

"Yes; and very nice they are too—our children are very fond of them."

"You don't mean to say they eat such disgusting things as stuffed monkeys? And where can they possibly get them from?"

"No, certainly; I don't mean real monkeys," he said, in a tone of great indignation; "how could you think I did? Our people are quite as particular in what they eat as you Christians are, I can tell you. Stuffed monkeys are cakes filled with ground almonds and plums. We call them stuffed monkeys to induce the children to eat them. Bolas, bulls-eyes, wafflers, and stuffed monkeys are all called so because we must give names that will please, otherwise people would not buy.

"No sooner had my father married Mrs. Solomons than a complete change came over him. He now went to synagogue every Sabbath, although I believe he had never set his foot in it for ten years before; and he made regular offerings and gave gifts to the poor. But there was another change in him as well: good luck now seemed to follow him in everything he did. He dealt in job lots, while mother minded the business at home; and as I was not very strong I used to stop with her and help her, and very kind she was to me, and I was very fond of her. She was a fine large woman, very careful, and a capital hand at her business. All the week days she never stirred from the house, for father bought her fish for her, but on Sabbaths she always went out and took me with her. At home, like a good many of our women, she was not particular about her dress; but on Sabbaths it was very different. She used then to dress like a queen, and as she walked down Houndsditch of a fine afternoon, everybody would turn round and look at her, Christians and all; and not a little proud was I of being seen with her.

"Father contrived to get on and evidently made money; but he was very quiet about it, and if he spoke to mother on the subject it was never in my presence. But the thing which used to surprise me was that, although he could easily have afforded to move to a better neighbourhood, he would never quit the place we lived in, though it was certainly very inconvenient in many ways. In the first place, we had only two rooms, both on the ground floor. The front one served for the shop, and the back one for father and mother's bed-room, and to fry the fish in."

"Where did you sleep?" I inquired.

"In the front room."

"What! with the fried fish?"

"Yes, and the unfried too; and sometimes it was not pleasant. However, father would not move, and there we stayed.

"After father had been married about six years, my mother-in-law died suddenly. I was very sorry to lose her, for she was really a good woman and had been a real mother to me; but my sorrow was nothing to father's; he was pretty nigh broken-hearted about her. In fact he never held up his head thoroughly afterwards. He used to continue his business, but you could easily see he had no heart for it. Sometimes he would stop at home for days together, quite low-spirited. By degrees, however, he recovered a little, and he used to send me out to sell different lots he had bought, while he remained in the house and occupied himself in frying the fish, a thing he had never once done when poor mother was alive. By degrees he seemed to take quite an interest in this, and I believe he found a solace in it, as it reminded him of his wife. At last he got so fond of the occupation that he proposed moving, and starting in a better neighbourhood where he could extend the business. He often described to me the double plate-glass front he intended having for his new shop, with glass chandeliers inside, and fried fish on one side as you entered, and confectionery and cakes on the other."

"'I know the sort of shop you mean,' I said, 'I saw a very handsome one the other day with sweets on one side, and fried plaice and eel-pies on the other.'

"'No such thing,' he said, sharply; 'or if you did, it was not kept by a Jew.'

"'How do you know that?'

"'Because of the eel-pies. No Jew would sell such beastly *trifer* as that, however poor he might be.'

"'But I don't see why selling eel-pies is worse than selling fried plaice.'

"'I am sorry you have no more religion,' he said."

"At first," he continued, "I was much pleased to hear my father speak in this manner, but at last I found the attractions of the old place were too much for him, and I let him talk on without taking much notice of what he said.

"One day I had been out trying to sell a job lot of pickles I had bought a bargain, without doing much good. As nobody would buy in any quantity, and as the weather was very wet, and I had got a cold, I determined on returning home. When I arrived I found father at the fire cooking some fish, as usual. I sat down by his side and noticed he was far paler than usual; something was evidently on his mind, for he did not appear to pay any attention to the bad luck I had had, and which I was describing to him, although generally he was most anxious on all business matters. When I had done he continued the same silence, making no remark whatever, but looking after his fish, while I was drying my cap, which was wet. Presently father says, 'Isaac, my son, I feel very ill,' and he got up from his chair, but he fell back in it again and fainted. I was dreadfully frightened at first, but I had strength enough to lift him up and place him on the bed. I then took the fish off the fire in case of an accident, and was on the point of leaving the house to fetch a doctor when father recovered enough to speak to me. Seeing I had my cap in my hand he asked why I was going to leave the house. 'Because you are so ill,' I said, 'I am going for the doctor.' 'Don't do anything of the kind, my boy,' he replied. 'It will only be throwing away money without any use. I know perfectly well I am going to die, and no doctor can do me any good.' I was very sorry to hear the old man talk in this way, for he was not one to be easily frightened. I said to him, however, 'Oh, you are alarming yourself without cause. You are only low-spirited, and you'll be better to-morrow.' 'I shall never leave this bed again,' he replied. 'But now I want you to make me a promise, and if you do not do so, it will make me very unhappy; but if you do as I ask you, I shall die contented.' 'What is it you want, father?' I said. 'I want you to swear to me that you will never miss going to synagogue, and that you will every year put by a tenth part of your profit as offerings for the poor. Never mind if it seems a large sum of money, God will pay it you back with interest. He is never in debt to anyone. You will make a good bargain of it in this world, or the next, or both, depend upon it. I have done it from the time I married my poor wife till to-day, and it has paid capital interest, for the money I have spent on God's poor has doubled itself over and over again, as perhaps you will find out some day. Before I did so, nothing ever went well with me; since that time, nothing in money matters has gone wrong.' 'Father,' I said, 'I will promise you what you ask.' 'But I want you to swear it,' he said, 'for it is not with me you are to make the bargain, but with God. Put on your cap, and do it solemnly.' I put on my cap, wet as it was, and reverently called Heaven to witness (my father dictating the words), that I would attend synagogue regularly every Sabbath; that I would give a tithe of my profits to the poor, and that I would never do a dishonest action, in the hope that God's blessing would be upon me, either in this world, or the next, or both. 'That will do, Isaac my son,' said my father. 'I shall now die happy. When I am gone, open the box under my bed. It has a false bottom, which you can open by pressing the top right-hand corner, and you will there find God has returned with profit all that I had laid out on his poor in his behalf.'

"I ain't a very devout man, but I must say that after I had taken the oath I felt a sort of certainty that God had heard me, and would keep to his part of the agreement; and I felt both encouraged and happy.

"Poor father only lived a week longer, and after his funeral the first thing I did was to open the false bottom of the box, when to my great surprise, I found in it ten one hundred pound notes. For some time, I could hardly believe my eyes. I knew father had made some good bargains, and that he must have realised some money, but I had no idea of its being such an amount. After a few days, however, I became more accustomed to my new wealth, and I began to consider how I should invest it. I soon determined to give up the fried fish line, and to enter into some better kind of business. I gave up the rooms, and took lodgings for myself in a decent house in Whitechapel. It was a very difficult matter to determine what trade I should follow, and the difficulty was increased by my mind being at the time occupied with another matter. I was, and had been, for some time, over head and ears in love with a Miss Miriam Cohen, whose father kept a clothes shop by the Tower. He was a very respectable man, although his business was a very small one. His wife was also a very good woman, and had brought up her family of fourteen children, with great care and affection. Miriam, her eldest, was about nineteen years of age. She was a very handsome girl, good-tempered, and an excellent manager in the house, and she was also of great use to her father in his business. Of course she had no money, but I did not mind that, as with a capital of a thousand pounds I felt pretty sure I should be able to get on in the world. Miriam understood well enough that I loved her, but, of course, I had never proposed for her to her parents, unable, as I had been, up to that time, to keep a wife; but now, as circumstances were altered, I boldly asked her

father's permission, which he readily granted, and we were shortly afterwards married.

"I did not, at the time, tell her father of all the money I had got, as I thought it more prudent to keep it to myself. After I was married, however, I told Miriam the truth, and she always kept my secret. We now took a house in the Commercial Road.

"The house was small, but at the back there was a large warehouse, which was very convenient, as I had determined on going into business, as a general dealer, especially in such things as emigrants were likely to require. I took great care in making my purchases, generally attending bankrupt sales, and buying large quantities of goods, which I sold at a good profit. Everything in fact seemed to prosper with me, so much so, indeed, that at the end of a year, after paying all expenses of living, house-rent, &c., I found I had a nett profit of 150*l.* The first thing I did was to put apart 15*l.* for offerings and the poor. Miriam thought it was a good deal of money, for our expenses might increase, and she wanted some new clothes for the baby, which would soon require to be short-coated. She also said she should herself want a new dress, and a good many other things, but I told her how well the system had paid with my father, and that I had promised to continue it myself, so she made no more objections, and all passed off pleasantly enough.

"My second year was more fortunate for me even than the first, and I made three hundred pounds profit, although my expenses had been increased by Miriam's presenting me with another child; however, she made no demur to the tenth of the money being set apart for offerings, and I placed 30*l.* aside for that purpose. Things continued to prosper with me for the next five years, although we had removed to the fashionable quarter of Bloomsbury. I must say this was rather against my inclination, but Miriam said as we were now getting quite genteel, we ought to mix with genteel people; besides that, I may as well tell the truth, she was rather fond of dress and jewellery."

"I beg your pardon," I said, interrupting him in his narrative, "but was she fond of the same sort of jewellery as that you sold my servant?"

"I am sorry to say it was not the same kind she was fond of," he said, slowly and sorrowfully; "quite the contrary. But," he continued, in a pleading tone, "she was not much to be blamed for it after all, for all our women are fond of things of the kind. Besides, a better wife than she has been to me never lived. She is not one of those Jewesses who stuff themselves with oysters, and all sorts of unclean things, and then tell their husbands that they laid out the money in pickled salmon and salted cucumbers."

"You do not mean to say that Jewesses are ever guilty of such conduct."

"I am sorry to say they are," he replied, "though there is less of it now than there used to be."

"How is that?"

"Well, formerly we had very few Jewish doctors, and Christian ones used to attend our women, who told them to say that different sorts of unclean food was necessary for them in their delicate state of health. But now we have a good many more Jewish doctors, and they ain't so easily humbugged.

"But to go on with my story. Things continued to prosper with me so well, that on balancing my accounts at the end of the ninth year I found I had made a clear profit of one thousand pounds. Up to this time, I had faithfully kept my word with Heaven, and I took up my pen to draw a cheque for one hundred pounds. As soon as I had filled it in, and before signing it, I looked at it for some time. At last, I said to myself, 'One hundred pounds is a great deal of money. My expenses are increasing. Miriam had another child last year (that made eight), and I can't afford this any longer.' I then tore up the cheque, hoping Heaven would take the same view of the case I did, and I drew another for seventy-five.

"I must say my conscience was not particularly easy with respect to the transaction, but I endeavoured to stifle any unpleasant feeling by plunging more deeply than ever into business speculations. Success still followed me, and I began to think I had been extravagant in the amount of charity I had already given. Before, however, the termination of the year had arrived, I met with a very heavy bad debt, which sorely reduced the amount of my profits. When balancing my accounts, I found that although my transactions had been on a far larger scale than usual, I had realised over and above my expenditure barely seven hundred pounds. This annoyed me greatly, and for some time I doubted whether I ought, all circumstances considered, to set aside anything; but better thoughts followed, and I resolved to devote a portion of my profits to good works, although I would be perfectly justified, remembering the heavy loss I had sustained, in greatly reducing the proportionate amount. For some time, I was undecided what the sum should be, and at last I drew the cheque for forty pounds.

"Another year followed, and my success was but small, so much so, in fact, that my nett profits did not exceed two hundred pounds. This terrible falling off made me resolve to give nothing. I endeavoured almost to persuade myself that Heaven had not acted fairly by me. Miriam also approved of my resolution, and told me it was far more natural for me to think of my own children, than give to those who were strangers to me. I also left off attending the synagogue, partly because I did not like to face the Rabbi, who, I was afraid, would remind me of my want of charity, and partly that I thought it was no use going there, as I got no good by it.

"To make a long story short, nothing ever afterwards succeeded with me, and in one year I

lost almost all my capital. We sold off everything in the house at Bloomsbury, with the exception of my wife's jewellery, which she would not part with, urging as a reason that if things went worse with us, we could always raise money on it. This I knew was only an excuse, but I said nothing, as she had put up with our change in circumstances with great good humour.

"We now removed to a small house near the London Docks, and with the money I had left I opened a tobacconist's shop. But by it we hardly contrived to gain enough to keep body and soul together, so I determined to see if I could not earn a little more money by dealing in smuggled tobacco. For a time this succeeded tolerably well, and I thought I had got a lift again; but one morning some officers entered the house with a search warrant, and more than two hundredweight of foreign smuggled tobacco was found on the premises. The government prosecuted me, and, as I could not pay the fine, I was sent to prison, utterly ruined. When I was liberated, after six months' imprisonment, I found my wife and family in great misery, indeed they had hardly decent clothes to stand upright in; and their pale faces showed too well the want of food from which they had suffered. Everything belonging to me, with the exception of my wife's jewellery which she had contrived to secrete, had been seized by my creditors, and her jewels had been sold one by one to pay the cost of my defence, and the maintenance of herself and nine children during my imprisonment, till she had nothing left but a gold chain and a pair of gold ear-rings.

"I had now to begin the world again, without money, without friends, and without reputation; and these difficulties were again increased by my large and utterly helpless family. However, I determined not to be cast down, but to try what I could do to earn a livelihood. Before commencing any proceedings, I went up to my bed-room, put my hat on my head, and reverently prayed that I might be forgiven for the wicked manner in which I had broken through the bargain I had made, and entreated that, as I intended fully to keep to it for the future, a blessing might fall on my exertions.

"I must say, when I had finished my prayer I felt greatly encouraged, and on leaving the room I immediately began my preparations. I first went with Miriam into a little by-street leading out of the Commercial Road, and hired two small rooms in a house in it for my wife and family. I then took my wife's gold chain and ear-rings to a pawnbroker's, and on them raised seven pounds. Three of these I gave to Miriam, with two more I paid for this pedlar's case with its drawers complete; and with the remaining two, and three more which I borrowed from the Jewish Benevolent Society, I purchased a stock of jewellery, and my necessary shoes and clothing, and I then started on my journey on foot, resolving to put by a tithe of my profits for the use of God and the poor; and the money you saw in my bag was set apart for that purpose. But, although I have faithfully kept my oath, nothing has succeeded with me; I have hardly been able to send enough to my wife to pay for her bread alone, and to do that I have been obliged to live so poorly that I am half starved myself; and, as I told you before, I have not eaten a morsel of bread this blessed day. I begin to think Heaven did not listen to me, and refuses to have anything more to do with me. I am thoroughly down-hearted and broken-spirited, and I don't care what becomes of me."

The poor fellow here fairly burst into a flood of tears, and my sympathy for him and his troubles became very great.

"Do not despair yet," I said to him, almost adopting at the moment his own eccentric theological views on the subject of systematic offerings, "but continue your good resolutions a little longer. A change may yet come over your prospects; nor are you justified in thinking that the mercy of Heaven will not be extended to you, if your repentance be sincere. I will not change my resolution about my servant's brooch; but, as you say you have eaten nothing to day, I shall have much pleasure in offering you your breakfast. If you do not mind accepting half-a-crown, there is one for you."

The Jew looked wistfully for a moment at the money in my hand, and then with that courtesy which seems inherent in the Hebrew race, and which even the lowest Jew can bring into play when he pleases, he rose from the bank on which he had been seated, and said:

"No, thank you, sir, I cannot take it. It is very kind on your part, but I have never yet received nor asked for charity, and I will not begin now if I can help it. At the same time," he continued, in a cajoling tone of voice, "as I am very poor, and much in want of money, you would greatly oblige me if you would buy some article of jewellery of me. I have some beautiful things here," he said, opening successively two or three of the little drawers in his pack, and displaying some tawdry, flashy ornaments, "and I will sell you any of them very cheap. It's a job lot I bought a bargain, and all these things are worth twice as much to a dealer as I will sell them to you for."

I am almost ashamed to make the confession, gentle reader, but a quarter of an hour afterwards I was seen bending my steps homewards in deep thought, turning over anxiously in my mind what excuse I should make to the wife of my bosom for having ten shillings' worth of sham jewellery in my pocket, instead of bringing back in custody the rascally Jew who had swindled our maid-servant.

I was fated to meet my wandering Jew again. I had occasion to make a journey to Hull on some business matters, and on passing through one of the back streets my attention was attracted by the sight of a large showy Jew outfitter's shop. The collection of clothes and nautical necessaries, commonly

to be found in establishments of the kind, was either visible inside the shop windows or exposed for sale on hooks on the outside. At the moment of my passing, the master of the shop was in deep conversation with a sailor, whom he was persuading to buy a most impracticable, uncomfortable, and apparently waterproof pair of trowsers. They were of a dull yellow colour, as if impregnated with some preparation of rosin; and, judging from their look, so utterly stiff and inflexible, that if their wearer should attempt to sit down it would be impossible for him to succeed without breaking his trowsers.

The momentary glance I gave at the Jew salesman on passing told me I had seen his face before, and the next instant I recognised the features of the pedlar. To be certain on the subject, I waited a short distance off till the conversation he was holding with the sailor should terminate. It lasted longer than I expected, and was carried on with great animation on both sides; but at last the sailor walked off without purchasing. I now advanced towards the Jew, but as I got nearer to him my conviction of his identity began to get very uncertain. The man I had met was thin, pale, sickly, and hungry looking. The one before me, though not florid, had a healthy countenance, with a somewhat jovial expression on it, and in person was rather inclined to be stout than otherwise. But if there was any doubt in my mind as to his being the pedlar, there was none in his that I was the individual he had had the conversation with. He seemed much pleased to see me, and expressed himself warmly to that effect.

"I should hardly have thought you would have remembered me," I said.

"Oh, there was no fear of my forgetting you," he replied. "From the moment I met you things took a change for the better with me, and a fortnight afterwards I had sold the whole of my stock. I returned to London and purchased a lot more, which also went off very rapidly. But as I got on I began to be tired of always being away from my wife and family, and I determined that as soon as I could get enough together I would start in the clothes line. Twelve months after our meeting I took a small house in Hull, and commenced that way of business. Things continued to prosper with me, till at last I rented these two houses, threw them into one, and put in that handsome glass front, and I tell you honestly I have no right to complain. Several of my children are now old enough to help me in my trade, and very good and useful children they are."

"Have you kept regularly to your bargain?" I said.

"I have," answered he, "although I don't like any longer to hear it called by that name. I have never missed a single attendance at synagogue, nor ever omitted my offerings for the poor; and if I have not got on as quickly as I did when I first started in life, I have every reason to be thankful. But come inside, and let me introduce you to my wife."

He now led the way into a little and somewhat dark back parlour, where I found his wife and some of the younger children. He rapidly explained to her who I was, for she appeared perfectly acquainted with the whole adventure, and she received me in the most friendly manner. She was a tall and very bulky Jewess, had evidently been good-looking, and there were even still considerable remains of her former beauty left. I cannot without gross exaggeration say that she was neat in her person. She showed prominently, by her utter contempt for the utility and comfort of stays, one of the marks of the Eastern origin of her race. She showed also another characteristic—a love of jewellery; for in her ears were two large shining gold ear-rings, while a thick gold chain was round her neck. I sat chatting with her and her husband for some time. When I rose to depart, the latter conducted me to the shop door.

"My wife has often said she should like to see you," he remarked, "but she little thought when she got up this morning that her wish would come to pass."

"Perhaps," I replied, with proper humility, "she may be disappointed with me, after all. By-the-by, what a handsome pair of ear-rings those were in her ears! Have not I heard something of them before?"

He laughed, and then said:

"Yes, you have; and there is a curious story connected with them. I told you we had been obliged to pledge them and the chain. Well, when things changed for the better, I determined that I would redeem them from pawn before I laid out a shilling on myself; and I succeeded, although the time had run out to the very day before I managed it."

I complimented him on his gallantry, wished him good morning, went on my way, and have not seen him since.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND.

(*Continued from page* 54.)

HAVING considered the primary process by which our material constitution is maintained, we now proceed to give our attention to another.

Air is as essential to life as food; and good air as essential to health as wholesome food. There are, perhaps, in every country, whole districts, of larger or smaller extent, in which the air is either permanently or periodically noxious; its bad qualities arising generally from the miasma of fens, or the mud banks and mud deposits of rivers. In such regions the inhabitants are, for the most part, a feeble and sickly race; the maintenance of life and health being a perpetual struggle with the destructive tendency of the atmospheric influences to which they are exposed. It is more than probable that the time will come when the operations of science on an extensive scale will render even these localities comparatively salubrious. In many parts of our own country, thousands of acres, redeemed of late years from the condition of bog and swamp, and converted into arable or pasture land, now improve instead of corrupting the air; and yield an abundant supply of food for man and beast, instead of producing nothing but ague and fever. But there may be still found, almost everywhere, reservoirs of impurity, which, even in the most favourable circumstances of soil and climate, render their immediate neighbourhood unhealthy. Stagnant pools of water, surrounded in the hot seasons by margins of fetid mud, ditches, and open drains, and heaps of decaying vegetable matter, may often be observed in rural districts close by human habitations. Poisonous exhalations from these must diffuse themselves through the atmosphere, in most states of the weather, to a considerable distance and height, and cannot be breathed, especially at night and during sleep, with impunity. Hence the almost constant presence of typhoidal low fever, and the frequent occurrence of partial paralysis in such situations. In a hamlet at the foot of a hill, in the county of Middlesex, noted for its salubrity, low typhus of a peculiar type was some years ago so continuously prevalent that in the neighbourhood it went by the name of the R—— fever. The adoption of an improved system of drainage, and the abolition of various flagrant nuisances, revealed the cause of the unhealthiness of the district; for after these measures had been effected, the fever disappeared, not to return. If any one, squire or cottager, desires to enjoy that purity of the atmosphere in which he habitually dwells and sleeps, which is absolutely necessary to the preservation of his health and that of his family, let him frequently and carefully examine the ground within a circle of at least two hundred yards radius from his own door-stone, and whatever accumulation of offensive matter, especially in a liquid state, he may discover, remove it, or agitate for its removal, without delay. Our senses were given us to minister to our preservation as well as our enjoyment. Our sense of smell, therefore, must be understood to be intended, in the fulfilment of its protective office, to warn us against injury from those substances which affect it unpleasantly or painfully. As a general rule it may be confidently affirmed that bad smells are unwholesome, dangerous to the health in proportion to their degree of virulence, and to the length of time during which they are inhaled. In towns, it is especially important to avoid a residence in the neighbourhood of gas-works, chemical works, soap manufactories, tan-pits, or slaughter-houses. Such establishments ought not, indeed, to be allowed to exist in the midst of our crowded populations. They are necessary evils, which must have their local habitation somewhere; but it should be where they can affect the sanatory condition of the smallest possible number.

In all our towns, large or small, there are to be found narrow streets, dark passages, small courts, and back yards, and sometimes large districts, which one cannot enter at any time without perceiving that the air is loaded with impurities. This arises, not only from imperfect drainage and accumulation of foul deposits, but from the actual position of the masses of buildings in respect of the rest of the town and of each other. They are mostly in low situations, and with very little open space between and among them. The air consequently is stagnant, affecting even the casual visitant with a suffocating sensation of closeness, more oppressive than the most pungent effluvia. It is for the interest not only of the inhabitants of such localities, but of the whole community in the midst of which they are placed, that all practicable means should be adopted to open them out for the admission and free circulation of pure air. But measures of this kind are often impracticable, from the nature of the ground, the peculiar grouping of the buildings, or the tenure of the property. In this case, all that can be done is by promoting the erection of suitable houses in better situations to tempt away the occupants of these reservoirs of foul gases, and nurseries of pestilence, to healthier abodes. Parochial clergymen, Scripture readers, town missionaries, district visitors, and Sunday School teachers may materially assist in this good work by diffusing special sanatory information in such neighbourhoods, and tendering direct advice to the heads of families on the subject of migration. Nor let any consideration of injury to pecuniary interests of particular persons be entertained as a valid objection to this line of conduct. A good example is afforded within the writer's knowledge, by the chairman and members of a Board of Guardians, who continually expose themselves to

the wrath and hostility of owners of property, perhaps to the risk of actions at law, by telling applicants for relief, in the case of certain kinds of contagious or chronic sickness, that their maladies are due to the locality in which they live, stigmatising it as unfit for human habitation, and exhorting them to leave it with the least possible delay.

The air over every portion of the earth's surface is continually in motion, and cannot be correctly said to be the same in one place from one day or from one hour to another. Yet it is certain that local circumstances give a peculiarity or sameness of character to the atmosphere of every place. Hence, on removal from any district to another at a considerable, and often even at a short distance from it, a real change of air is sensibly experienced. And such a change of air, it is absolutely certain, is very beneficial in most cases of disease, especially in the convalescent stage. Science has not, perhaps, discovered a satisfactory reason for this. But, from the universally admitted fact, whatever may be its cause, we may infer the soundness of the opinion, popular, in every sense of the word, at the present day, that occasional change of air is also conducive to the preservation of health. And we may here again adduce the analogy of food. As change of diet is desirable, indeed necessary, in order to maintain the body in health and strength, so we may suppose, in some corresponding degree, is change of air. If it is not found expedient that the digestive organs should always be employed upon the same food, however wholesome, it is probably not for our advantage that the respiratory organs should always breathe the same atmosphere, however pure.

The mischief arising from bad air, or the want of a sufficient supply of good and fresh air, is caused, in this country at least, much more extensively by the construction of dwelling-houses and rooms, and by the habits of families and individuals, than by the external circumstances of locality. A close or musty smell is perceived on entering an apartment, or on opening a closet, from which the outer air has been for some time excluded, indicating that the air contained in it is in a state of impurity. But the air of a room, or building, in which any number of human beings are shut up without free communication with the outer air, soon becomes charged with carbonic acid gas, generated by the breathing of the occupants; and this, which is an actual poison, must be inhaled by them in a constantly increasing proportion, with every respiration, as long as they stay in the place. In a bed-chamber, even of considerable size, the air becomes so thoroughly vitiated by the breathing of a single person during a whole night, that it is immediately felt to be noxious by any one entering it in the morning, and must of course have been so to the sleeper for several hours. These are well known admitted facts, yet people in general are far from being convinced by them of the absolute necessity of providing for the ventilation of their houses and rooms, and of the public buildings in which they are accustomed to assemble, or of availing themselves of such ventilation when it is provided for them. Many large houses are built without due regard to the principles of ventilation; so that it is quite impracticable to create in them a free circulation of air. But all houses have doors and windows; and by opening them at proper times, and keeping them open for a sufficient length of time, a considerable supply of pure air can be obtained in every dwelling. Bedroom windows, especially, should be open from morning to night; and the windows of every room in which a meal has been taken, for some time afterwards. Yet in passing down a street at nine or ten in the morning, except perhaps in the height of summer, we may observe generally more than half the upper windows closed, and nearly all the lower. And in many of the sleeping-rooms, especially those appropriated to servants, we should find that the fire-places, by which alone there could be any egress of foul, or admission of pure air during the night, are closely blocked up. Such habits, which are generally associated with others equally adverse to health, will account for the headaches, indigestion, lassitude, nervousness, and many other forms of disease from which so many are sufferers who yet possess what is called good constitutions. Nothing, it is obvious, can be more important than the due ventilation of bedrooms, since every person passes in them so large a portion of time continuously; and in many houses each has necessarily several occupants. In most, a window may be kept partially open, without danger or even inconvenience, and greatly to the benefit of the sleepers, nearly every night in the year. Or, at least, one pane might be of perforated glass, or composed of glass laminæ admitting air between them. An invention has lately been announced for the supply of pure, and at the same time warm air during the night in a bedroom. A gutta percha tubing, having at one end a bell-shaped orifice, and closely fitted at this end to a corresponding aperture in the window or wall, is carried round the room, if necessary, more than once, and the other end is open close by the bed. The air from without, entering by the orifice, is, in the course of its passage through the tube, raised to nearly the temperature of the room, and so is delivered for the consumption of the sleeper or sleepers, without occasioning a chill.

Simple as this apparatus is, comparatively few can afford to avail themselves of it. Most of us must rely on inexpensive methods, such as those before mentioned, for securing purity of atmosphere in our bedrooms. What is most needed is a more extensively prevalent conviction of the necessity of bedroom ventilation as a preservative of health. Were this as general as the national horror of a draught, adequate devices of a hundred different kinds would be invented for accomplishing the object in view, and there would be a great diminution of cerebral, pulmonary, and gastric affections, and no great increase of rheumatism and influenza.

In time of sickness, the admission and circulation of fresh air is one of the most efficient agents in aid of the efforts of nature, and the application of medical skill, for the recovery of the patient. It is surprising how soon persons who have suffered from the most malignant fevers regain their strength in hospitals provided with large and lofty convalescent wards, and wide and airy corridors. In the Dublin Lying-in Hospital, not long ago, the ventilation was observed to be defective; means were adopted to improve it—principally, strict regulations for keeping windows open; and the result was the reduction of the mortality among the infants by one-fourth.

Very slight attention to the construction and constitution of the human frame is sufficient to prove the essential importance of *Exercise* in order to maintain it in a sound and serviceable condition. Energetic bodily exertion excites into activity all the principal organs, the bones and muscles, the blood, the respiratory mechanism, and the skin. And analogy and experience testify, that thus their powers are improved, and their action rendered more salutary. It is found that, by the constant employment of particular muscles in any kind of work, they become highly developed, and acquire superior solidity and force. This is exemplified in the muscles of the arms of boatmen, of blacksmiths, and all workmen whose occupation involves continual pulling, and lifting, and striking. It is the same with the vocal organs of sailors and singers. We may expect, therefore, that all the muscular forces of the body will be proportionately strengthened if they are frequently and vigorously employed in their appropriate action. Exercise also promotes the free circulation of the blood, and so refreshes and invigorates every part of the system. It increases and deepens respiration, thereby causing the inhalation of a greater amount of oxygen, and the more rapid consumption of carbon—chemical effects which medical science affirms to be the greatest possible benefit to the whole organisation. It produces perspiration, opening the pores of the skin, and refreshing and purifying the fluids of the body. It diffuses a genial warmth over the external and internal frame, which is favourable to the healthy formation of all the secretions; and it sharpens the appetite for food, and, when moderate, stimulates and strengthens the digestive faculties. The instinct which prompts children and young persons to engage eagerly in games and sports teaches us that, in early life, abundant and varied exercise is necessary to the development of the bodily powers. That can be no true education which thwarts or neglects this instinct. Every facility and encouragement should be supplied to promote its operation. A play-ground is an essential appendage to every school, or rather an essential department of it; and recreation-grounds should be provided in every town, affording free opportunity to its youth in general to amuse themselves in athletic exercises and games. But, at all periods of life, exercise is indispensable to health; and when that age has been passed during which it is secured by the instinct of play, it ought to be regarded, by all those whose constant occupation is not in itself laborious, as a part of the business of the day, and as a duty to themselves, and to all who have an interest in their physical welfare. Regular exercise is far more serviceable to the body than long-continued exertion at considerable intervals. It ought always, in order to ensure its real benefits, to be taken in the open air; and to be of that character which brings into use all the limbs, and gives play to the greatest number of muscles. Walking is certainly, upon the whole, the most profitable kind of exercise, as it is that which can always be most easily obtained, requiring only time and space to become practicable. There is a choice, however, between better and worse in regard to these. The right time for walking is before the principal meal, and the best place the open country, and, in the country, fields and rough ground rather than the hard smooth road. They possess great advantages who live in the neighbourhood of hills; for the difference of muscular action employed in their ascent and descent, and the efforts necessary in both movements, necessitate both varied and rigorous exercise; and the air abundantly inhaled during the process is always more pure and bracing than that of the plain. It is well to accustom ourselves to walk in all states of the weather. Heat and cold, wind and rain, are natural conditions of the atmosphere, each in its turn necessary to render the atmosphere beneficial to man and other living beings, and each producing its own peculiar beneficial effect; which effect, like every other due to the general constitution and characteristics of air, is experienced in its highest degree by the human system when every part of it is in a state of sensibility and susceptibility caused by active exertion. And, by taking out-of-door exercise in all weathers, we really obtain, in a great measure, while remaining in our usual place of residence, the advantages of change of air, or even of climate. Those who will fairly try the experiment will soon acknowledge the great enjoyment, and sense of immediate benefit, which is perceived in walking in such weather as is usually deemed disagreeable, or prejudicial to health. An hour or two's exposure to a high wind, during a brisk walk, with a sharp struggle against it for half the time, will give tone and elasticity to the nerves, diffuse a wholesome glow over the whole surface, cleanse and invigorate the lungs, and purify the blood by the copious and inspiriting draughts of air, in its best state, which must be imbibed. And above all things to be recommended is the practice of taking long walks in showery weather, and even in heavy and steady rain. The lower atmosphere is refined and freshened by the descent through it of the moisture condensed and precipitated in its highest strata, and is filled, especially in warm weather, or after a dry season, with grateful effluvia from vegetation and the soil. Its influence upon those who

can so far overcome early prejudice as to expose themselves freely to it, and for some time continuously, is both sedative and restorative, producing a thoroughly appreciable and satisfactory feeling of sympathy with the refreshment of universal Nature. It can be scarcely necessary to add, that all evil consequences to be apprehended from getting wet in such a walk are obviated by complete change of apparel on returning home.

Moderation is to be observed in exercise, as in everything else. Immoderate exertion, producing exhaustion or very great fatigue, in the earlier or middle hours of the day, so enfeebles the digestive organs that injury instead of benefit results from a hearty meal, and the body and mind are rendered unfit for any active employment during the rest of the day. The regular and periodical exercise should always cease at a point beyond which it could be continued for at least half as long again without any feeling of distress. But, occasionally, when a day is set apart wholly for the purpose of physical recreation, or during most of the time of an annual vacation, all the bodily powers will be benefited and improved by tasking them with somewhat severe and protracted labour, and subjecting them to considerable fatigue in walking, mountaineering, riding, rowing, or athletic games, or field sports. Care must be taken not to overload the stomach during, or at the close of, days thus vigorously employed; nor should any of these pursuits involving the certainty of fatigue be entered upon when, in the morning, a sense of lassitude is perceived, indicating that the body has not sufficiently been recruited from the exertions of the preceding day.

We are thus brought to the consideration of the subject of *rest*, one of the utmost importance in the economy of human life and action. Night is the natural season for entire and prolonged cessation from labour; and sleep is Nature's sweetest and best restorer. The amount of time to be passed in sleep is a question to be determined, in every case, by the character of the constitution, or the existing state of the body. In most cases of persons in ordinary health, six or seven hours of continuous repose or sleep are amply sufficient to refresh and recreate the bodily and mental faculties; and more, when so much is sufficient, must be rather injurious than beneficial. They whose days are always spent in laborious occupation, and always go to bed greatly fatigued, may require eight hours' sleep. But a greater proportion than a third of our whole life cannot be required by any. None should accustom themselves to remain in bed beyond the time during which they are able to sleep, or to enjoy real repose. It is recorded of the Great Duke that when some one expressed surprise at the narrowness of the crib in which he usually slept, with the remark that it was not wide enough to turn oneself in, he replied, "When one wants to turn in bed, it is time to turn out." The saying must not be understood or applied too literally, but it supplies a sound principle and a safe rule.

It is a common observation that change of employment is rest. This is true when a person's ordinary employment has not completely exhausted his strength. Thus the operative in a factory, or the artizan, or common labourer, whose work lies in the town, finds that, even after a day's hard toil, an hour or two's labour in the garden affords him real recreation. And the man of business, who comes home every evening, for eleven months in the year, fatigued in mind and body, profits more by his month's holiday, if equally fatigued, every day of it, by a long walk or a steep mountain climb, than if he spends it in absolute inactivity. But intervals of complete repose from exertion are a physical necessity to those who are every day occupied with business or labour. Provision is made for these by the Divine institution of the weekly day of rest. And universal experience attests the wisdom and beneficence of the ordinance. All who acknowledge the duty of endeavouring to retain unimpaired their own health and strength amidst constant and arduous toil, and of doing their utmost to improve the sanatory condition of our whole population, are bound to maintain personally, and promote by their example and influence, the observance of the Lord's Day in its Sabbatic character.

Among the personal habits conducive to the preservation of health none are more important or more essential than *cleanliness*. The skin of the human body is abundantly porous; and a primary object of such a constitution is to effect the discharge of useless matter which has been rejected by the secretive organs and which would be noxious if it remained in the system. This process is carried on constantly by means of what is termed insensible perspiration, and, of course, most rapidly when the perspiration is perceptible and profuse; and it is in close relation with the respiratory and digestive functions.

It is observed that if, from any cause, the perspiration over the whole or over a considerable portion of the surface of the body is checked, or retarded, the result is direct injury to the membranes of the air passages, and frequently to the alimentary canal, causing inflammatory colds or diarrhœa. Hence we may be assured that whatever interferes with the freedom of the perspiratory function must be injurious to the general health, and whatever contributes to promote it must be salutary. It is therefore necessary to remove from the skin all accumulations, from within or without, which clog the pores, and obstruct the process of exudation. This can only be effected by the frequent application of water, with vigorous rubbing, to the whole surface of the body. And when we consider that from two to three pounds of refuse matter are discharged every day by insensible perspiration, and that much of this must be retained on the skin by the obstruction to its free passage offered by the clothing, it is clear that the body requires entire ablution daily. Thorough cleanness and perfectly healthy action of the skin can only be secured by

washing from head to foot twice a day, immediately after rising from bed in the morning, and immediately before retiring to bed at night. It is safe, and for other sanatory reasons most beneficial, to use cold water for the early washing. The best mode of its application is perhaps the shower bath; but, when this cannot be had, a plentiful affusion first over the head and neck from a well-soaked and well-soaped towel, as rough as can be endured, is to be recommended in preference to sponging. At night, a warm ablution is desirable, administered with a sponge and followed by hard rubbing. The flesh brush is of great use in stimulating the skin to action, opening and cleaning out the pores and promoting the circulation, producing a healthful and exhilarating glow, the sense of which sufficiently attests the benefit arising from the operation. Soap is serviceable, not only on account of its detersive qualities, but as aiding, by its oleaginous composition, in that lubrication of the skin which Nature supplies by the secretion called sebacine, and the object of which is to render the skin soft and supple, and to counteract the acidity of the perspiration. For this purpose the common and coarse kinds of soap are much more efficacious than most of those sold by perfumers.

In small houses, with few rooms, and occupied by large families, it is, doubtless, very difficult to secure for each person the privacy necessary for these daily complete ablutions; but, when their importance to health is duly appreciated, it will be found practicable to make some arrangement of time and place, even in the meanest dwelling, for their performance. In fact, when habits of personal cleanliness are established in a family, the self-respect which they are sure to promote in each individual will ensure that attention to the requirements of decency which never exists in households unconscious of the discomfort, and unwholesomeness and disgrace of dirt.

The institution of public baths in so many of our considerable towns is a most valuable and efficient auxiliary to the cause of national cleanliness, and therefore of national health. Thousands have been indebted to them for the frequent total immersion of their bodies in water, who, otherwise, would perhaps have washed little more than their hands and face for weeks together. And many of these, we must feel assured, having experienced the comfort and benefit of complete ablution, cannot return to their former uncleanly habits when the season or opportunity for bathing has passed away. The public baths also afford facilities and inducements for learning the art of swimming, the knowledge of which may in many cases be the preservation of life, and the practice of which is in all cases of great service for the preservation of health. But bathing and swimming can only be enjoyed in perfection, and with full realisation of their good effects upon the system, in the open air, and in the free water of the sea or a river. Immersion should be immediate after undressing, sudden, and total. The salutary effects of cold bathing are indeed principally due to the plunge. It is highly dangerous to walk slowly into the water, or to bathe without immersing the head. It is a common error to suppose that there is any risk in jumping into cold water when the body is heated with exercise, or in a profuse perspiration. On the contrary, there is almost a certainty of taking cold, and danger of suffering from cramp, if we enter the water when chilled, or when the circulation of the blood is languid. At the same time, no one should remain long in the water, especially fresh water, when its temperature is low, especially after having been heated by exercise, or considerably fatigued. A plunge head-foremost, perhaps two or three, a vigorous swim of from two to five minutes, followed by hard rubbing, until the body is perfectly dry, and a brisk walk for at least a mile or two, will ensure all the salutary effects of the bathe.

Reverting to the operations of the toilette, we are bound to urge strongly the importance of careful attention to the head and hair. The application of cold water to the whole head, with brisk friction in drying it, is of the utmost service as a preventive of colds, headaches, and neuralgic affections. Physiologists are not agreed as to the precise functions of the hair: but it is certain that, whatever these may be, they are assisted by the frequent process of combing and brushing. There can be no doubt that the hair by friction is rendered negatively electric, and becomes a conductor and condenser of the electric fluid. It may be owing to this that when the head feels oppressed and heavy with study, or long and attentive watching, much refreshment may be obtained, in most cases, by vigorously brushing the hair in all directions for a few minutes.

Cold water may be used with as good an effect internally as externally, immediately after rising. The sense of taste sufficiently indicates that the mouth and throat require cleansing after several hours of sleep. The tooth-brush, followed by rinsing, will purify the teeth, gums, tongue and palate from sour and acid secretions; and water, as cold as can be borne, should be gurgled in the throat. And, to complete the clearance of the guttural passages, it is desirable that at least a wine glass full of water should be swallowed. The observance of these practices will contribute not a little to the comfort of the earliest hours of the day, as well as to the appetite for breakfast, and relish for the first taken food.

Next in importance to personal cleanliness, for the maintenance of health, is cleanliness in our habitations. It is necessary to secure the purity of the air which we breathe within doors, not only by good ventilation, but by the prevention or removal of every cause of contamination. Our houses are greatly improved in healthiness since the time when the floors were covered with rushes, and the walls with tapestry. The rushes, which were renewed at long intervals, covered all manner of abominations; and the tapestry was a repository of dust, of moths,

flies, spiders, and beetles, living and dead. To these have succeeded thick carpets, and heavy window curtains, a substitution greatly to our advantage, but inheriting in some degree the evils of the former system of room furniture. Our apartments would be cleaner and sweeter if the floors had no covering, or one that could be easily and frequently removed, and if the windows were free from every massive and dust-collecting obstruction to the admission of air, and of light, which is of scarcely inferior sanatory importance to air. The sunbeams, however, take their revenge upon the moreen or damask that intercepts them, damaging its complexion and constitution as much as they would improve those of the inmates of the dwelling, if allowed to "visit their faces" freely. The periodical and frequent cleansing of all halls, passages, staircases, landings, and lobbies, with a lavish expenditure of soap and water, and with fierce scrubbing, cannot be too earnestly insisted on as a means of preserving the health of the whole household. And, wherever a limewash can be used, as a coating for walls, it should be renewed at least once a year, being a powerful purifier and disinfectant as long as it remains fresh, and a faithful indicator of the presence of dirt by the facility with which it can be sullied or stained. No house can be thoroughly clean and healthy which does not undergo an annual, or rather half-yearly visitation of all its cellars, its scullery, wash-house, garrets, lofts, cupboards, closets, and all dark places and corners, for the purpose of discovering and removing even the smallest accumulation of dirt, or any kind of "matter in its wrong place." This process, known as that of "turning the house out of windows," and which ought to approach as nearly as possible to the literal meaning of the expression, will be most advantageously effected at the time set apart for the operation of the whitewasher.

It is indispensable to the safety and health of a family that the house should possess sufficient drains for carrying off all impurities, and securing it against damp; and that the drains should be kept constantly in an efficient state. The testimony of the nose is always to be accepted, and no bad smell to be endured for a single day without a determined attempt to discover and remove its cause. And much depends upon the good management of those parts of the house from which there must of necessity be effluvia, such as kitchen, larder, pantry, scullery. Every dwelling, above the dimensions of the very lowest class, might be so constructed that all smells arising from culinary processes and their accompaniments may be dissipated by ventilating arrangements, without being wafted into all the passages and apartments.

It is well understood how greatly our physical comfort (and comfort means health) depends upon our *clothing*. The want of suitable and sufficient clothing occasions a great amount of suffering, and consequently is the cause or aggravation of many maladies, among the poor classes of our population. And not a few of those who can afford to dress as they please subject themselves to various discomforts, and mischiefs, under the influence of ignorance, carelessness, or fashion. In our variable climate, it is obvious that one great object in clothing ourselves should be to maintain an equable temperature of the body, disturbed as little as possible by the frequent and sudden changes of the weather, and the alternations of extremes of heat and cold. The most common mistake, abundantly productive of colds, and painful local affections of many kinds, is to dress too lightly in summer and too warmly in winter. A person thinly clad, wearing perhaps nothing but linen or cotton, on one of the chilly days which so often occur between May and September, or labouring under a mass of broadcloth on a close and mild day in December or January, can hardly fail to experience some ill effects from the check to the perspiration in one case, and its undue promotion, and prevention of its escape, in the other. Of course the right practice is to vary the amount of clothing according to the temperature of the air for the day. But it is a safe general rule to choose for the under habiliments, at any rate of male attire, a material at the same time warm and light, whatever may be the season, and to wear flannel next the skin all the year round. The flannel garment is of as much use for comfort and safety in hot weather as in cold, absorbing the perspiration and preventing the warmth of the body after exercise from escaping too rapidly; but it may, with advantage, be of less substantial texture in summer than in winter. For the same reason stockings of worsted, or some woollen material, ought to be always worn, especially by those who take, as all should, much walking exercise. Every part of the dress of men and women should be so loose and ample, that no sensation of restraint or pressure should anywhere be perceptible.

The serious and often fatal mischief arising from tight lacing is so notorious that there is reason to hope that the practice is much less common than formerly; but still the female population, of all classes, need to be warned against it. And it is most important to the preservation of the muscles and vessels of the throat in strength and activity, and in freedom from the affections to which they are peculiarly liable, that the covering of the neck should be perfectly loose, and as light as possible. It is to be borne in mind, also, that loose clothing is both cooler in summer and warmer in winter than integuments closely compressing the body and limbs, which obstruct the circulation of the blood, and prevent the free passage of air to and from the surface. At night, the person ought to be very lightly clad, to give effect to the relaxation natural to the state of sleep. The practice of wearing nightcaps, especially woollen ones, is most pernicious; for the head at all times, and most of all during sleep, should be kept perfectly cool. On the contrary, the feet should be kept warm. It is impossible to rest in comfort, or to obtain full benefit from

sleep, if the extremities are cold. The feet are the only part of the person for which it is advisable to provide a warm covering in addition to the night-dress. In winter, all persons, and in other seasons those whose feet are naturally cold, would do well to put on at bed-time socks made of wool, loosely knitted, and of large size, so that they may be easily, or involuntarily removed, if the feet should become too warm. Everything is of supreme importance to the health that tends to secure to us the perfect enjoyment of the blessings of sleep.

The principles and rules of cleanliness established with regard to the person and the habitation, necessarily apply to the use and management of clothing. However regular and complete the daily ablutions may be, they will not dispense with the necessity of frequent change and washing of the under garments, —of all garments, in fact, that can be subjected to the operation of soap and water. All outer clothing, composed of broad cloth or stuffs of any kind, that is in constant use, should be well shaken, turned inside out, and shaken again, and brushed, before being hung up. Dresses of this description kept in drawers, or boxes, are sure to contract an unpleasant musty odour, which sufficiently indicates their unwholesomeness. If practicable, they should be always kept in a room or closet in which they can be hung upon pegs. If not, it is necessary frequently to take them out of their receptacles, to be shaken and brushed, and exposed for some time to the air. Night dresses ought never to be folded, or rolled up, and put away in drawers; but after being well shaken should be suspended in some place accessible to the light and air. It is the duty of every occupant of a bed, immediately on quitting it, not only to throw it open, but to pull off all sheets and blankets, and turn and tumble pillows and bolsters; and equally the duty of every housekeeper to take care that beds and clothing are exposed thus for an hour or two at least to the action of the air before being made up for the next night. It is an edifying spectacle in many Swiss villages, although not otherwise remarkable for cleanly habits, to see the most substantial portions of bed furniture hanging out of window, or thrown across the window sills, to invite the purifying influences of the sunbeams and the breeze.

By attention to all the particulars on which suggestions have been offered,—the quantity and quality of food, both solid and liquid, the mode of preparation, and times of partaking of it, the state of the atmosphere around and within our habitation, the inhalation of the free and open air, exercise and rest in their due proportion, and cleanliness of person, houses, and clothing,—such provision may be made for the preservation and improvement of the health of the body as cannot fail, in the vast majority of cases, to secure the desired result. For the reasons already given in the introduction of our subject, it is the duty of every one to employ all practicable means for this purpose.

But there are still higher considerations which may teach us the obligations under which we are placed. If the organisation with which we are provided for the attainment of important objects which are proposed to us is not kept in good order, it is plain that those objects cannot be successfully pursued. The services of the body are required in order to the performance of the various tasks and labours in daily life which the providence of God has assigned to us. These services cannot be, for the most part, efficiently rendered, unless the functions and powers of the body are in healthy and vigorous condition. Hence it is essential to the fulfilment of our duties in society to give careful and constant attention to the state of the body. The argument employed by the Apostle to substantiate the necessity of preserving the body from defilement by the sins of sensuality has a legitimate application to the maintenance of its capability for exertion. "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body." Such a reason against the abuse of our bodily powers must be equally a reason for the right use of them. If, on the high ground that the instrument of a man's outward actions—his body—has become the property of God his Saviour, through redemption, he is warned not to pervert it to wrong or evil purposes, assuredly it is permitted to admonish him, on the same ground, to qualify and preserve it, as far as in him lies, for the purposes for which it has been designated by his Creator. The true Christian, therefore, who thankfully acknowledges his Saviour's personal right and interest in himself, and who desires to glorify God by all that he is and has, cannot, consistently with such acknowledgment and desire, neglect the body, or the means of its preservation in health and activity.

Let it be remembered too, in this connexion, that the human body has been dignified and consecrated by the Incarnation of the Son of God. And although as the symbol and emblem of our natural corruption, and the instrument by which the evil that is in our souls develops itself into deeds, the body is called vile (or rather "degraded"), and represented as a burden, and the means of our thraldom to sin and death, yet, as the medium by which the Divine Deliverer assumed our nature, it is to be regarded as closely connecting us with Him. "Your bodies," says St. Paul, "are members of Christ." And again, "We are members of his body, (being,) of his flesh, and of his bones." Physically and materially, the identity of his humanity with ours, while He was upon earth, was complete. Not so, morally and spiritually. He was subject to all the corporeal necessities and infirmities of our fallen state; but He was altogether without sin, "from which He was clearly void both in his flesh and in his spirit." And it is promised that our humanity shall be raised to perfect identity in all respects with His as it now is; and this with especial and marked reference to our physical organisation:—"He shall change our vile body, and make it like unto his glorious body." This is the change meant when we are described as

"waiting for the adoption, even the redemption of our body," and "earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." It is entirely consistent with such representations as these, indicating a real though most mysterious relation of mutuality between our humanity in Adam and our humanity in Christ, that in the earliest portion of the book of God it should be declared, strictly in reference to the body, on occasion of the passing of the decree of blood for blood, that "in the image of God made He man." Such considerations may tend to hallow and spiritualise the natural instinct under the influence of which, as the Apostle testifies, "No man ever yet hated his own flesh, but loveth and cherisheth it." They teach us, at least, that it cannot be right, since it is not in accordance with Divine intentions or Divine dealings in regard to the body, to affect to despise it as unworthy of our notice; but that respect and honour, manifested in the care for its wants, and attention to its claims, are due to what we know of its origin, its history, and its destiny.

Another and equally powerful inducement to the systematic use, upon principle, of the means recommended for the preservation of life and health, may be derived from the habitual conduct of our Lord Jesus Christ. He came to save the souls of men. But He did not restrict the benefit of his advent, and his presence, to our spiritual being. He was continually employed in relieving the necessities of the body. "He went about doing good," restoring life, healing the sick, preserving the endangered, feeding the hungry. It is, therefore, our inestimable privilege in all maladies, perils, and wants, which may affect our material frame, to believe that, with respect to these trials, He careth for us, and to supplicate his gracious interference, in Providence, for their removal. It is undoubtedly no less our corresponding duty to be watchful against "all adversity that may happen to the body," doing our best to maintain it in that state to which, when lost or impaired, we feel that we have a perfect right, and every encouragement, to ask Him to restore us.

W. F. WILKINSON.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD YEOMANRY WEEKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE."

I.

TIME changes both employments and amusements. Now we have volunteer reviews in place of old yeomanry weeks. But it is worth while looking back on what was so hearty, quaint, and stirring in times bygone.

Beasts, as well as men, had their day in the past. The tramp of horses, their brisk neigh, and the flourish of their long tails added to the general attraction. The coats of the yeomen, too, were of the most sanguinary red. And there were other charms. The calling out of the troop for ten days involved a muster from all the county for twelve or fifteen miles round. There was thus an inroad of country friends upon the townsfolks. The genial system of billeting was in vogue, too, so that every bed was full. And allies and satellites called, in happy succession, to share the bustle and glee. A company of respectable theatrical stars, patronised both by officers and privates, visited the town; and a wonderfully brilliant yeomanry ball, attended alike by gentle and simple, wound up the successful interlude in ordinary life.

The little town of Priorton spruced itself up for its yeomanry weeks, and was all agog, as it never was at any other time. The campaign commenced by the arrival on horseback of a host of country gentlemen and farmers, in plain clothes as yet. But they carried at their saddle-bows, packages containing their cherished ensigns and symbols—in their case the very glory of the affair. Along with them in many cases came judicious presents of poultry and game.

There were such hand-shakings in the usually quiet streets, such groomings of horses at stables behind old-fashioned little taverns, such pipe-claying of belts, and polishing of helmets, and, above all, such joyous anticipatory parties in private houses!

The season was always the height of the summer: not, perhaps, in every respect the best for such a muster. Stout yeomen had even been known to faint while at drill; the combined influences of the fatigue, the heat, and the preceding night's hilarity, being too much for them. But farmers and farming lairds could not well quit their lands unless in the beginning of July, when the June hoeing of turnips and beans had been got through, the first grass cut, and while there was still a good three weeks before barley harvest. Trees were then dusky in their green, and gooseberries and currants tinted the Priorton gardens with rich amber and crimson. Roses, redder than the yeomen's coats, were in full flower for every waistcoat and waistband. The streets and roads were dusty under blue skies or black thunder-clouds; but the meadows were comparatively cool and fresh, and white with the summer snow of daisies. The bustle of the yeomen, like the trillings of wandering musicians, was heard only in the brooding heat of summer afternoons, or the rosy flush of summer sunset, the prime of the year lending a crowning charm to their advent.

It was delightful to be roused by the first réveillée of the bugle at five of the clock on a July morning. Youngsters whom nought else could have tempted

out of bed so early, started up at the summons. They envied papas and uncles, brothers and cousins in the ranks of the yeomen. Comely blooming young faces joined the watch at the windows. Cloaks were loosely cast about rounded shoulders, and caps were hastily snatched up to hide dishevelled hair; while little bare pink feet would sometimes show themselves. But the young ladies only peeped out behind the window curtains, in the background of the noisy demonstrative band of youngsters.

Distant voices, excited and impatient, were soon heard; then the jingle of spurs, and the clank of swords, as half-bashful yeomen descended the stairs for their *début* on the street. At last appeared important familiar persons, now strikingly transformed by their martial dress, but terribly uncomfortable and self-conscious.

The horses were led to the doors; and to the women who stayed at home, the mounts were the events of the day. The return of the members of the troop, now broken to their work, and detached into groups of threes and fours, and chatting and laughing at their ease, was quite tame in comparison. The country gentlemen and farmers were, of course, generally well used to the saddle, and could get upon their Bucephaluses without difficulty, and ride cavalierly, or prick briskly out of sight, as they were in good time or too late. But here and there a solicitor, or banker, or wealthy shopkeeper, ambitious of being among the yeomen, would meet with unhappy enough adventures. He might be seen issuing from his doorway with pretended unconcern, but with anxious clearings of the throat and ominously long breaths, while his nag, strange to him as John Gilpin's, was brought up to the mounting place. The worthy man would plant his foot in the stirrup next him, but, not throwing himself round decidedly enough, the horse would swerve and rear, while he looked on beseechingly and helpless. Then he would try the other side, still failing to swing himself into the saddle. He would grow more and more flustered. His wife, in her clear muslin cap and spotless calico wrapper, with her little lads and lassies—one, two, three—would then step out on the pavement to give cautious advice. The would-be yeoman would become more and more nervous, while his comrades rode by with jeering glances, and the passengers stood still. Little boys would begin to whoop and hurrah; and a crowd, even at this early hour, would gather round to enjoy the experiment. "Hey, Nancy! get me a kitchen chair," the town-bred yeoman at last would say, in desperation, to his elderly commiserating maid-servant in the distance; and from that steady half-way stand he would climb into the saddle with a groan, settle himself sack fashion, and, working the bridle laboriously with his arms, trot off, to return very saddle-sick.

Then some stubborn young fellow, possessed with the notion of showing off a dashing horse, would insist on riding a vicious, almost dangerous, animal, which would on no account endure the sight of his flaming regimentals on the occasions of his mountings and dismountings. Once in the saddle, he would master it thoroughly, and pay it back in kind with whip and spur, compelling the furious beast to face a whole line of red coats, and wheel, march, charge, and halt with perfect correctness. But the horse would have its moment of revenge as its rider leapt to and from the saddle. If it encountered the scarlet, and the glitter of brass and steel at that instant, it would get quite wild, paw the air, fling out its hoofs, snort, and dash off wildly, to the danger of its own and its master's life. But the young soldier would not like to be beat. Day after day the contest would be renewed. At length he would resort to a compromise, and his groom would bring out the horse, with its head ignominiously muffled in a sack; and now the yeoman would mount with comparative safety.

But the bugle is sounding to drill in the early summer morning. "Tra-li-la," the clear music suits with the songs of the birds and the dew on the grass. The last lagging yeoman is off, gone to receive a public reprimand from his strict commanding officer, but sure to have the affront rubbed out next morning by a similar fault and a similar experience on the part of a comrade.

The drill ends at the common breakfast hour, when the yeoman may be supposed to return and feast sumptuously. Then "civil" work begins, yeomen who had offices or shops attending them with slight relics of their uniform. A stranger might have been pardoned had he imagined an invasion was daily expected, or that an intestine war was on the point of breaking out. In consideration of the hot weather, undress uniform was permitted, on all save field days, and thus the toiling yeomen enjoyed a little cool in their white ducks and jackets, though the red mark, the helmet's line, was still to be traced on their sun-browned foreheads.

There was an afternoon's drill. It was a little of a fag, being in fact rather like a dish heated up a second time, as a duty twice done mostly always is. But the evening was particularly gay. Then the yeomen were supposed to be enjoying themselves. Pleasant, if they had always enjoyed themselves in an innocent fashion. That many of them did so, it is only charitable to believe. And while the fast and foolish, the gross and wicked were swilling and roystering in evil localities, the generous, manly, gentle souls gratified the matrons with whom they were billeted by walking with them and their daughters through the streets, or into the nearest meadow; or perhaps they treated them to the play.

I have only heard of those days. But I should have liked to have seen the bluff kind faces above the stiff stocks and scarlet coats, and the joyous smiles which shone upon them. I should have liked to have heard the quiet town ringing with such blithe laughter. Little jokes would cause the people to laugh, as little accidents would cause them to shake their heads. Sandy Hope's

horse, for instance, lost a shoe while at the gallop, stumbled and threw its rider, dislocating his shoulder and breaking his arm. What a sensation the news created! It could scarcely have been greater even had Sandy's brains been dashed out. Not only Sandy himself but Sandy's kindred to the remotest degree were deeply commiserated. The commanding officer sent his compliments every morning, with inquiries after him. The troop doctor was besieged by anxious acquaintances. Sandy's comrades never ceased calling upon him, and would sit for hours drinking beer at his open window. Delicious messes and refreshing drinks a thousand times better than beer, were sent to Sandy. Then the nosegays, the books he got! Sandy received a perfect ovation. It was even proposed that the ball should be put off because Sandy was lying in pain; and it was certain that no fewer than three reputed sweethearts of Sandy stayed at home on the ball night. Yet the stupid fellow was so slightly hurt that within the fortnight he was walking the streets of Priorton, more briskly than ever!

Priorton was kindly in its gaiety, and each had an interest in the other. I should have liked to have known the old town when it was thus given up for ten days, half to military exercises, half to fraternity and feasting. I should have been sorry when the feasting was intemperate, but I would no more have condemned the general feasting because of that circumstance, than I would condemn the gift of speech because some of us are so left to ourselves as to tell lies or say bad words.

II.

It was a well known and accredited fact that in consequence of these festivities of the yeomen more marriages were made up in this brief interval than during any other period of the year. Match-making individuals seriously counted on the Yeomanry weeks; and probably far-seeing young ladies had fitting matches in their eye, as well as the fireworks and the introductory gaiety, when they came in troops to Priorton to entertain the lucky yeomen.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, the wife of the chief magistrate, who was likewise banker of Priorton, to her spouse, "your cousin Bourhope has asked his billet with us: I must have my sister Corrie in to meet him."

Mrs. Spottiswoode was a showy, smart, good-humoured woman, but not over scrupulous. She was very ready at adapting herself to circumstances even when the circumstances were against her. For that reason she was considered very clever as well as very affable among the matrons of Priorton. Mr. Spottiswoode was "slow and sure;" and it was because of the happy alliance of these qualities in him that the people of Priorton had elected him chief magistrate.

"My dear," deliberately observed long, lanky, Mr. Spottiswoode, "would it not be rather bare-faced to have Bourhope and Corrie here together?"

"Oh, I'll take care of that," answered the lady, with a laugh and a toss of her ribands. "I shall have some other girl of my aquaintance to bear Corrie company,—some worthy, out-of-the-way girl, to whom the visit will be like entering another world," continued Mrs. Spottiswoode with a twinkle of her black eyes. "What do you think of Corrie and my cousin Chrissy Hunter of Blackfaulds? The Hunters have had such a deal of distress, and so much fighting with embarrassment—though I believe they are getting clearer now—that the poor lassie has had no amusement but her books, and has seen absolutely nothing."

Mr. Spottiswoode had no inclination to contradict his wife for contradiction's sake, and as he could rely on her prudence as on her other good qualities, he said, "Well, Agnes, I have no objection; Hunter of Blackfaulds is an honest man though he is poor, and he is righting himself now."

The invitations were dispatched, and accepted gratefully. The guests arrived before Bourhope occupied his quarters; ostensibly they came so soon in order to prepare for him. Corrie had nothing Roman about her except her name, Cornelia. She was a tall, well made, fair-faced, serene beauty, the sole remaining maiden daughter of a Scotchman who had returned from the Indies with a fortune, as so many returned then. He had already endowed Mrs. Spottiswoode with a handsome "tocher," and since his marriage had settled within five miles of Priorton. Chrissy, again, was one of a large, struggling family,—a small girl, a very little crooked in figure, and with irregular features and a brown complexion. If she had not possessed a bright intelligent expression, she would certainly have been plain—as indeed she was to those who did not heed expression. It was a delightful chance to her, this brief transplanting into the flourishing, cheerful town house, amid the glowing gaiety of the yeomanry weeks. Accordingly she was constantly engaged in checking off every little detail on the finger-points of her active mind, in order that she might be able to describe them to her secluded sisters and her sick mother at home. She was determined not to miss one item of interest; never to sleep-in so as to lose the mount; never to stray in her walks and fail to be in the house for the return from the afternoon drill. She would pace the meadows among the gay promenaders even when the evening was cloudy, and would not care though she walked alone; she would enjoy the play when Mrs. Spottiswoode chose to take her, and not even object to a squeeze in the box. The squeeze was really part of the fun! But she did not care to have her attention distracted from the stage, even by the proffers of fruit from the yeomen. As to the ball, she did not allow herself to think much of that. Who would ever have dreamt of Chrissy figuring at a fine yeomanry ball! She would not trouble herself because she had only an old worked white frock of her mother's, taken up by tucks to suit her, and yellowed by frequent washing and long keeping; she would not fret be-

cause she could not spend money upon a hair-dresser. She must dress her own hair—which was scanty, like every other outward adornment of hers. This was little matter, she reflected, for it would not dress under the most skilful artist into those enormous bows on the crown of the head which everybody then wore,—it would only go into comb-curls like little hair-turrets on each side of her round, full forehead, which was by no means scanty. She had no ornaments in the way of jewellery, save a coral necklace; while Corrie had a set of amethysts—real amethysts,—ear-rings, brooch and necklace, and a gold cross, and a gold watch which she rarely wound up, and which was therefore, as Chrissy said, "a dead-alive affair." But Corrie was a beauty and an heiress, and ornaments became her person and position; while on Chrissy, as she herself admitted with great good sense, they would only have been thrown away. And what did Chrissy care for her appearance so long as her dress was modest and neat? She could walk about and listen to the ravishing music, and study the characters she saw, from Corrie up to the Countess, wife of the one Earl who came to Priorton, and who was Colonel of the yeomanry. The day or two before the yeomanry arrived was spent by the two girls in walking about, shopping and making calls. Corrie, though a beauty, proved herself a very dull companion for another girl to walk with. Very pretty to look at was Corrie, in a fair, still, swan-like style of beauty; and she had a great many pretty dresses, over which she became a little more animated when Chrissy, as a last resource, would ask her to turn them over and show them again. Corrie, of course, never dreamt of offering poor Chrissy a loan of any of those worked pelerines or aprons, which would have fitted either equally well. But Chrissy did not want them, and she got a use out of them as they were brought out one by one and spread before her. Ere the yeomanry came, Chrissy knew the stock by heart, and could have drawn them and cut out patterns and shapes of them, and probably did so, the little jade, when she got home.

Bourhope came with his fellows, and was specially introduced to Corrie and Chrissy. He had had some general acquaintance with both of them before. He gallantly expressed his pleasure at the prospect of having their society during his stay at Priorton. He was a farmer, whose father had made money at war prices. He had bought his own farm, and thus constituted his son a small laird. He had an independent bearing as well as an independent portion of the world's goods; he was really a manly fellow, in his brown, ruddy, curly, strapping comeliness. But, better still, was an intelligent fellow, who read other things than the newspapers, and relished them. He was a little conceited, no doubt, in consequence of comparing himself with others, but he had a good heart. Corrie and Chrissy both regarded him with scarcely concealed interest and admiration. Chrissy wished that the lads at home would grow up to be as comely and manly; Corrie made up her mind to have just such a husband as this Spottiswoode of Bourhope.

It was evident the very first night that Bourhope was taken with Corrie. He stared and stared at her, admiring her waxen complexion, the bend of her white throat, and the slope of her white shoulders; and even changed his seat at one time, as it seemed, in order to see her better. He quickly claimed her as his partner at loo, and engaged her to walk out with him to hear the band practising next evening. Chrissy thought it all very natural, and all the more enjoyable. But she caught herself fancying Bourhope and Corrie married, and rebuked herself for carrying her speculations so far. Only she could not help thinking how Bourhope would weary after the marriage—say when there was a snow-storm, or a three days' fall of rain at the farmhouse. But that was Bourhope's affair: if he was pleased, what business was it of hers? Bourhope had this in common with Chrissy—he could entertain himself.

During the first three days of the week, Bourhope was zealous in attaching himself to Corrie. But a sharp observer might have remarked that after this he flagged a little, taking more as matter of course and politeness the association he had established between her and him at tea, loo, and the evening promenade. He would even stifle a yawn while in Corrie's company, though he was a mettlesome and not a listless fellow. But that was only like men, to prize less what they had coveted when it was half won.

Thus for a short time matters stood. Corrie, fair and swan-like, Bourhope reasonably impressionable, Mr. and Mrs. Spottiswoode decidedly favourable, Chrissy Hunter harmless, if not helpful. Mrs. Spottiswoode knew that those who dally with a suggestion are in great danger of acting on it, and had very little doubt that the next ten days, with the crowning performance of the ball, would decide the desirable match between Bourhope and Corrie.

III.

At this juncture it struck Bourhope, riding home from the morning drill, to ask himself what could possibly take Chrissy Hunter out so early every morning. He had already seen her once or twice keeping out of the way of him and his companions, and returning again from the opposite end of Priorton, which was flanked by the doctor's house. Corrie, he noticed, was never with her. Indeed, Bourhope had a strong suspicion that Corrie retreated to her pillow again after showing him her lovely face—lovely even in the pink curl-papers. But Chrissy certainly dressed immediately and took a morning walk, by which her complexion, at least, did not profit. Not being a very strong little woman, her brown face was apt to look jaded and streaky when Bourhope, resting from the fatigues of his drill, lounged with the girls in the early forenoon in Mrs. Spottiswoode's drawing-room. So it was worth while, he thought,

"CHRISSY WAS GRATEFUL FOR HIS EVIDENT SYMPATHY."

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to spur up to Chrissy and inquire what took her abroad at such an untimely hour.

When Bourhope caught a nearer glimpse of Chrissy he was rather dismayed to see that she had been crying. Bourhope hated to see girls crying, particularly girls like Chrissy, to whom it was not becoming. He had no particular fancy for Cinderellas or other beggar maids. He would have hated to find that his kinsfolk and friendly host and hostess, for whom he had a considerable regard, were mean enough and base enough to maltreat a poor little guest of their own invitation. Notwithstanding these demurs Tom Spottiswoode of Bourhope rode so fast up to Chrissy as to cause her to give a violent start when she turned.

"Hallo! Do you go to market, Miss Chrissy, or what on earth takes you out in the town before the shutters are down?" pointing with his sheathed sword to a closed shop.

Chrissy was taken aback, and there was something slightly hysterical in her laugh, but she answered frankly enough, "I go to Dr. Stark's, Mr. Spottiswoode. Dr. Stark attends my mother, and is at Blackfaulds every day. I wait in his laboratory till he comes there before setting out: he goes his rounds early, you know. He lets me know how mother was yesterday, and as he is a kind man he carries our letters,—Maggie and Arabella and I are great writers, and postage comes to be expensive—a great deal too expensive for us at Blackfaulds; but the doctor is a kind man and he 'favours' our letters. And Mr. Spottiswoode," she said, warming with her subject, and impelled to a bit of confidence, "do you know, Dr. Stark thinks my mother will be about again in a few months. You are aware her knee-joint has been affected. We were even afraid she would never put down her foot again. It would have been a dreadful trial to all of us." Chrissy spoke simply, in a rather moved voice.

Bourhope was slightly moved, too. He had never heard much about Mrs. Hunter of Blackfaulds, except that she was a woman who had been long ailing; and also occasional remarks about the consequences of her being lost or spared to her family.

Chrissy was grateful for his evident sympathy, and gratified by it; but, as if half ashamed of having elicited it, she at once began to prattle to him on other subjects. Bourhope had leapt from his horse, and was doing her the honour of walking at her side, his beast's bridle over his arm, and his spurs ringing on the pavement. A sparkling prattle that was, of Chrissy's, about the fine morning, the town and the yeomanry,—few topics, but well handled, and brilliantly illustrated. Bourhope dared to confess to himself how sorry he was when he reached Mr. Spottiswoode's door.

Next morning Bourhope detached himself from his comrades when he approached the town, and looked narrowly for Chrissy. It would be but civil to inquire for poor Mrs. Hunter. So bent was he on being thus civil that though Chrissy was far in advance he knew her by the pink gingham trimming of her morning bonnet, fluttering like rose leaves in the morning sun. He came up to her, and politely asked after her mother. Chrissy was a little confused, but she answered pleasantly enough. She was not nearly so talkative, however, as on the preceding morning, though Bourhope made witty comments on the letter she held in her hand, and pertinaciously insisted on her telling him whether she mentioned him in her return letters! He reminded her that they were cousins in a way. This was the first time Chrissy had known of any one hunting up a relationship with her, and though pleased in her humility—Chrissy was no fool in that humility of hers—Bourhope she knew was destined for her cousin Corrie. He was out of Corrie's way just now, and was only courteous and cordial to her as living for a time under the same roof. She liked the ruddy, curly, independent, clever fellow of a farmer laird who, out of the riches of his kindness, could be courteous and cordial to a poor, plain girl. But Bourhope could never overtake Chrissy coming from Dr. Stark's again. He spied and peeped and threw out hints, and hurried or loitered on the way to no purpose. Chrissy took care that people should not notice the fact of her being escorted home in the early morning by Bourhope.

A chance conversation between Mrs. Spottiswoode and Corrie was overheard one day by Bourhope, when they imagined him deep in *Blackwood;* for it was the days of the "Noctes." Mr. Hunter of Redcraigs, Corrie's father, had not been well, and a message had been sent to that effect to her. But she was philosophic and not unduly alarmed. "Papa makes such a work about himself," she said candidly to Mrs. Spottiswoode. "Very likely he has only taken lobster to supper, or his Jamaica rum has not agreed with him, and he is bilious this morning. I think I will send out a box of colocynth, and a bit of nice tender veal, to put him in good humour again. You know, Agnes, if I were to drive out, I could not get back in time for the evening walk in the meadows. Besides, I was to see Miss Aikin about the change in the running on of my frills. It would overturn all my plans to go; and my head gets so hot, and I look so blowsy when my plans are disarranged," Corrie concluded, almost piteously.

"Yes; but, Corrie," hesitated Mrs. Spottiswoode, "you know Dr. Stark is not easy about papa just now. I think I had better go out myself. It is unlucky that Spottiswoode is to have several yeomen, who do business at the bank, at dinner to-day with Bourhope; but I daresay Mary will manage that, as Chrissy will mix the pudding for her. So I will go myself to Redcraigs; all things considered, it would be a pity for you not to be in your best looks——"

Bourhope, at this point, fell into a fit of coughing, and lost the rest of the dialogue; but perhaps his occasional snort of disapprobation was called forth as much by this interlude as by the audacious judgments of the Shepherd and Tickler.

The day unluckily turned out very rainy, and

the drill was gone through in a dense white mist which caused every horse to loom large as an elephant, and every rider to look a Gog or Magog. The young ladies, so fond of a change of costume at this time in Priorton, could do no shopping; the walk in the meadows at sunset with the lounging yeomen had to be given up. The green meadows were not inviting, the grass was dripping, the flowers closed and heavy, and the river red and drumly. All was disappointing, for the meadows were beautiful at this season with their summer snow of daisies—not dead-white snow either, for it was broken by patches of yellow buttercups, crow's-foot, lady's finger and vetch, and by the crimson clover flowers, and the rusty red of sorrel, and the black pert heads of the nib-wort plaintain, whose black upon the white of ox-eye daisies has the rich tone of ermine.

Instead of walks there were gatherings round shining tables; and bottles and glasses clinked cheerily in many a parlour. But Mr. Spottiswoode was sober by inclination. The impressiveness of office, which had quite the contrary effect on many provosts of his era, only added to his characteristic caution. The yeomen, too, knew well where hilarity ended and excess began. So there was little fear of excess in Mr. Spottiswoode's house. Mrs. Spottiswoode, a genius in her own line, had a cheerful fire in her drawing-room, and sat by the hearth, with her children tumbling round her, while Corrie, fairer than ever in the blinking fire-light, and Chrissy, brown and merry, sat on either side of her. She invited the farmer laird to enter that charmed ring, which of course he could not help contrasting with the loneliness and comfortlessness of Bourhope. But though he sat next Corrie, a certain coldness crept over the well-arranged party. He caught himself glancing curiously at the book Chrissy Hunter had been almost burning her face reading by the fire-light before he came in. Mrs. Spottiswoode did not much care for reading aloud, but she took the hint in good part, and called on Chrissy to tell what her book was about, and so divert Bourhope, without wholly monopolising his attention.

Chrissy was rather shy at first. She never told stories freely away from home; but she was now pressed to do it. After a little, however, she put her own sympathetic humour and pathos into the wondrous narrative, till she literally held her listeners spell-bound. And no wonder. Those were the days of Scott's early novels, when they were greatly run after, and the price of a night's reading was high. Chrissy's cousin "Rob" was a bookseller's apprentice, and his master, for the purpose of enabling Robbie to share his enthusiasm, would lend the apprentice an uncut copy. Robbie brought it out to Blackfaulds, and then all would sit up, sick mother among the rest, to hear it read aloud, till far into the small hours.

Who can tell what that cordial of pure healthful intellectual diversion may have been even to the burdened father and sick mother of Blackfaulds, and to Chrissy! The very speaking of it made her clasp her hands over her knee and her grey eyes to shine out like stars—as Bourhope thought to himself.

How suggestively Chrissy discoursed of Glendearg and the widow Elspeth Glendinning, her two lads, and Martin and Tib Tacket, and the gentle lady and Mary Avenel. With what breadth, yet precision, she reproduced pursy Abbot Boniface, devoted Prior Eustace, wild Christie of the Clinthill, buxom Mysie Hopper, exquisite Sir Percy Shafton, and even tried her hand to some purpose on the ethereal White Lady. Perhaps Chrissy enjoyed the reading as much as the great Enchanter did the writing. Like great actors, she had an instinctive consciousness of the effect she produced. Bourhope shouted with laughter when the incorrigible Sir Percy, in the disguise of the dairy-woman, described his routing charge as "the milky mothers of the herd." Corrie actually glanced in affright at the steaming windows and the door ajar, and pinched Chrissy's arm when she repeated, for the last time, the words of the spell:—

> "Thrice to the holly brake,—
> Thrice to the well;—
> Wake thee, O wake,
> White Maid of Avenel."

The assembly paid Chrissy the highest compliment an assembly can pay a speaker. They forgot their schemes, their anxieties, themselves even, to fasten their eyes and hearts on the brown girl—the book dropping from her hand but the story written so graphically on her memory. Corrie was the first to recover herself. "Oh! dear!" she cried, "I forgot I was to take down my hair for Miss Lothian to point it at eight o'clock," and hurried out of the room.

Mrs. Spottiswoode roused herself next, and spoke a few words of acknowledgment to Chrissy. "Upon my word, Chrissy, your recital has been quite as good as the play. We are much obliged to you. I am afraid your throat must be sore; but stay, I have some of the theatre oranges here. No, bairns, you are not to have any; it is far too late for you to be up. Dear me; I believe you have been listening to Chrissy's story like the rest of us!" But Mrs. Spottiswoode was not under any apprehension about the success of Chrissy's reading. She proved this by immediately leaving Chrissy *tête-à-tête* with Bourhope while she went to put the children to bed, and see if Mr. Spottiswoode, who was doing a quiet turn of business in his office, would have a game of cards before supper. She had really never heard of a girl being married simply for her tongue's sake! Perhaps she knew the line in the song too:—

> "Very few marry for talking,"

and had found its truth in her own experience, for she was a shrewd, observant woman.

Bourhope, it should be understood, was longest subjected to the influence of Chrissy's story-telling power. Indeed, when he did somewhat recover from it, his fancy created fine visions of what it would be to have such a story-teller at the farm-house during the long, dark nights of winter and the endless days of summer. Bourhope was no ignoramus. He had some acquaintance with "Winter's Tales" and summer pastorals, but his reading was bald and tame to this inspiration. He thought to himself it would really be as good as a company of players purely for his own behoof, without any of the disadvantages. He stammered a little in expressing the debt he owed to Chrissy, and she could only eagerly reply by saying:—"Not to me, not to me the praise, Mr. Spottiswoode, but to the Great Unknown. Oh! I would like to know him."

Bourhope was stimulated to do at once what he was sure to do ultimately—he presented his hospitable entertainers with a box at the play. No doubt this was a great delight to Chrissy, for it was in the days when actors were respectable artists, and play-going was still universal. Chrissy in her freshness enjoyed the provincials as well as if they had been first-rate performers, took the good and left the bad, and sat quite entranced.

Bourhope, although he was decidedly intellectual for his calling, watched Chrissy rather than the stage. He read the feeling of the moment reflected in her sagacious yet sensitive face. Once he turned round and tried the same experiment with Corrie. He might as well have expected to borrow a living soul from well moulded stucco or marble. He now realised in a more lively manner than ever that geese may look as fair and white and soft and shapely as swans till they expose their waddling. He tried in church the process he had learned at the play, and, it must be confessed, not without effect—Chrissy's expression giving a fair notion of the good Priorton minister's earnestness and eloquence.

But at length Chrissy, aware of the liberty Bourhope took in thus making her his study, got restless and troubled in her sound head and warm heart. She was no fool in her simplicity. She knew that Bourhope did not in any sense belong to Mrs. Spottiswoode and Corrie, and she had shrewdly suspected of late that their anticipated projects would not be carried out. She could not help occasionally turning over in her mind the circumstance that Cecilia was very plain, but that depressed Mortimer Delville nevertheless bestowed his heart on her, though the gift like her fortune was disastrous to her for many a long day. Chrissy thought that if Bourhope were independent and original enough to like her—to love her, he was his own master, there was nothing between him and his inclination save her inclination and her father and mother's will. And there was little doubt about their will with respect to a man so worthy, so unexceptionable, and so well endowed as Bourhope.

Nor was there anything like duty to the Spottiswoodes to stand between Bourhope and Chrissy. But still Chrissy's nice sense of honour was disturbed, for had she not a guess that a very different result had been expected? Nay, she had even a half-comical notion that she herself had been expressly selected as a companion to Corrie Hunter during the gaieties of the yeomanry weeks, to prove a sort of harmless foil. A dream of love was a grand shock to Chrissy's quiet life, making wild, yet plaintive music, like all nature's true harmonies, within her; and filling her mind with tremulous light which glorified every object and was fain even to dazzle herself. It was not unnatural that Bourhope should excite such a dream. But Chrissy was not completely dazzled. It was only a dream as yet, and she would be the mistress of her dream; it should not be the mistress of her. So she resolved, showing herself a reasonable, thoughtful, conscientious woman, as well as a loving, fairly proportioned, and lovely human spirit.

Chrissy retained all her sober senses. She recollected what was due both to the hero and to the others concerned. She was neither a weak victim, nor a headstrong, arrogant, malicious conqueror. Like all genuine women, she struggled against yielding herself without her due—without a certainty that there was no irreversible mistake in the matter. She was not a girl to get love-sick at the first bout, nor one to run even at a worthy lover's beckoning, though she would sacrifice much, and do it proudly, joyously, for true affection, when once it had confessed itself. So she shrank from Bourhope, slipped away from him, and managed to avoid him. He was puzzled and vexed and almost exasperated by doubts as to whether she cared for or wished to accept his notice and regards. Little brown Chrissy taught the bold yeoman a lesson in her own quiet way. She slowly forced upon him the conviction that any gifts or attainments of his—the prosperous, cultivated farmer laird—were as dross compared with the genius and acquirements of Chrissy Hunter, whom many shortsighted men called insignificant and plain amid the poverty and cares of Blackfaulds. Bourhope was not radically mercenary; he had no certainty that his superiority in worldly estate would secure the strange good upon which he set his heart, and he was at once stimulated and incensed by her indifference to his advances. So he had no communication with Chrissy, apart from a demure interchange of words in general conversation, for three days before the grand review and the ball, except in a single incident touching the pipe-claying of his belts.

The gentlemen of the old yeomanry who had not servants to do it for them, did their own pipe-claying, and might generally be seen doing it very indifferently to the accompaniment of private whistling, or social bawling to each other over adjacent walls, in the back courts and greens of Priorton. Bourhope was one day doing his rather gloomily in the

back court, and succeeding very ill, when Chrissy, who saw him from a window, could endure it no longer. Chrissy was not what most intellectual women are described as being—an abstracted, scared being, with two left hands. The exigency of her situation as eldest daughter at Blackfaulds had rendered her as handy as other girls, and only unlike them in being a great deal more fertile in resource. How could such a woman stand and see Bourhope destroying his accoutrements, and in danger of smearing himself from head to foot with pipe-clay? She therefore came tripping out, and addressed him with some sharpness:—"That is not right, Mr. Spottiswoode; you will never whiten your belt in that way; you will only soil the rest of your clothes. I watched the old sergeant doing it next door for Major Christison. Look here"—and she took the article out of his hands and proceeded smartly to clean it. Poor Bourhope bowed to her empire, though he would much rather their positions had been reversed;—he would rather a thousand times have brushed Chrissy's shoes than that she should clean his belts. She was gone again the moment she had directed him. A portion of his belt was now as white as snow; but nothing would have induced her to stay.

Bourhope was new to the humiliations as well as the triumphs of love—that extreme ordeal through which even tolerably wise and sincere spirits must pass before they can unite in a strictness of union deserving the name. He was not exactly grateful for the good suggestion; indeed, he had a little fight against Chrissy in his own breast just then. He told himself it was all a whim; he did not really care for the girl, one of a large family in embarrassed circumstances. No: it would be absurd to fall in love with a little coffee-coloured girl, one of whose shoulders was a fraction of an inch farther out than the other. He was not compelled to marry either Corrie or Chrissy—not he! Pooh!—he was not yet half through with his bachelor days. He would look about a little longer, enjoy himself a little more. At the word enjoyment Bourhope stopped short, as if he had caught himself tripping. If Chrissy Hunter was ugly, she was an ugly fairy. She was his fate indeed; he would never see her like again, and he would be a lost and wrecked man without her.

IV.

The review and the ball were still in store. Bourhope would not be beaten with that double shot in reserve. It would go hard with the brown, curly, independent laird if he were beaten, for already he was shaken more in his pride and confidence than he had ever thought to be.

The review, for which all the drilling had been undertaken, went off without serious effect on the contesting parties. The only thing was, that Bourhope was so disturbed and so distracted in his mind that he could not attend to orders, and thus lost his character as a yeoman and all chance of being future fugleman to his corps. And this, although the Major had said, when the drills began, that there was not a finer man or a more promising dragoon in the regiment than Bourhope.

Chrissy's bright, tranquil satisfaction in contemplating from the box of Mrs. Spottiswoode's phæton the stand of county ladies, with their gorgeousness and grace, was decidedly impaired. The review, with its tramping and halting, its squares and files, its shouting leaders, galloping aides-de-camp, flashing swords and waving plumes, was certainly very fine. All the rest of Priorton said so and proved so, for they stood or sat for a whole day witnessing it, under a scorching sun, on foot and in every description of vehicle from a corn cart to a coronetted carriage. Yes, the review was very fine to the mass; but it was but a confused, hollow, agitating play to Chrissy as to Bourhope. Still she lost sight of the grand, general rank and file by concentrating her regard on one little scarlet dot. It was to her a play with its heart awanting, and yet the whirl and movement were welcome for a moment as substitutes for that heart.

The ball remained, and Bourhope was resolute it should settle the question for him. It was the commendable fashion at Priorton that no young lady should refuse to dance with an acquaintance without the excuse of a previous engagement, under the penalty of having to sit during the rest of the night. Bourhope would get Chrissy to himself that night (balls were of some use after all, he thought), and have an opportunity of hearing a terribly decisive word, and of getting a reason for that word too, should it prove unfavourable. In short, he would storm the fortress and beat down its faltering guard then or never.

Others, besides Bourhope, had determined on making the ball a theatre of explanations. Mrs. Spottiswoode was not pleased with the aspect of things as between Bourhope and Corrie. Their affair made no advance, and the ball was the conclusion of the yeomanry weeks. The yeomen were already, to all intents and purposes, disbanded, and about to return, like Cincinnatus, to their reaping-hooks. Corrie was evidently not contented. She was listless and a little peevish, unless when in the company of other yeomen than Bourhope—a rare thing with Corrie, who was really a very harmless girl. But she looked elegant in her ball-dress, and had always a train of admirers on such occasions. And then, of course, many men needed the spur of jealousy to induce them to take the bold leap of matrimony. Chrissy, too, had her own fears and doubts about this ball. Bourhope hitherto had only pursued her, if he had pursued her, in rather a secret manner. She would now see how he would treat her on a public occasion. His conduct would then be marked and conspicuous, and even Mrs. Spottiswoode's and Corrie's eyes would be opened to it. Then, again, he would have an opportunity of contrasting her personally with all the girls about Priorton. Chrissy gazed

wistfully into the glass, as she fastened her yellowed scrimp old white frock and sighed. But she did not look so much amiss as she supposed: she was young, slight, and full of subtle character. And with her scarlet coral beads twisted among her dark little turret curls and bows, there was piquancy and attraction in her. But her first purely disinterested and unbounded pleasure in the gaiety was grievously chequered, and it was to be feared the account she would carry home of her first ball to expectant Blackfaulds would be disappointing.

There were only two chaises in repair in Priorton, to convey the whole town's-people in rotation to the ball. It was thus unavoidable that some should be very early as well as some very late. Mr. Spottiswoode, as provost, was of course among the first after the Colonel and his lady—old country people, who stood arm-in-arm, bluff and bland, under the evergreens over the door, and shook hands with everybody, great and small—a family of pretty girls, meanwhile, laughing behind them.

Mrs. Spottiswoode wore a splendid bunch of white feathers tipped with straw colour in her blue gauze turban. Even Chrissy's dazed eyes noticed that, as well as the white riband in Provost Spottiswoode's bottle-green coat which pointed him out an honorary steward. But how handsome brown curly Bourhope looked in his red coat!

A strange thought came over Chrissy. She did not wish Corrie, in her white crape and French ribands, and so tall and straight and fair, to be blighted in her beauty. No, not for a moment. But Chrissy was cruel enough to cherish a passing wish that, by some instantaneous transformation, Bourhope might be pitted with small pox, or scarred with gunpowder, or have premature age brought upon him as with the wave of a wand—the soul within being left unchanged, however.

Mrs. Spottiswoode, unlike Chrissy, was quite alive to the practical. She remarked everything with keen eyes, and determined now to be at the bottom of the business. She should either go in and win triumphantly, or take a sudden tack and sail away with flying colours, as if she had never entertained the most distant intention of coming to close quarters, and thus give the impression that she never had any intention of promoting a match between Bourhope and Corrie.

Mrs. Spottiswoode thought Bourhope looked as if he were going to do something desperate. His first blunder had been to hand, or rather lift, Chrissy into the chaise, instead of Corrie, at starting from their own door. He repeated the unaccountable blunder at the County Rooms, which compelled him to take Chrissy into the ball-room; and while Chrissy was still gazing in bewilderment and admiration at the evergreens, and chalked floors, and laughing couples, Mrs. Spottiswoode could scarcely believe her ears when she distinctly heard Bourhope ask Chrissy's hand for the first dance, saying that he would have engaged it before if he had got the opportunity.

Now Mrs. Spottiswoode had no doubt that Bourhope would solicit her sister Corrie for this dance, and therefore she had peremptorily forbidden Corrie to engage herself in any other quarter, even when Corrie had demurred at the certainty of the arrangement. It was very odd of Bourhope, unless he thought Chrissy would have no chance of any other partner and wanted to spare a plain little girl's mortification at the very commencement of the evening. "That must be it," Mrs. Spottiswoode said to herself, and was consoled by Corrie's hand being immediately requested for the Colonel's nephew.

The Colonel's wife opened the ball with the most popular and oldest private for partner, and of course Chrissy and Bourhope stood below Corrie and the Colonel's nephew. But Bourhope and Chrissy did not mind Corrie's precedence, and were talking to each other quite intimately. Bourhope was forgetting the figure and bending across to Chrissy, though he was saying nothing particular and speaking out quite loud. But he looked engrossed and excited. If it had been any other girl than Chrissy, Mrs. Spottiswoode would have called it a flirtation, and more than a flirtation. Chrissy looked well in her shabby dress, almost pretty indeed in the new atmosphere. Mrs. Spottiswoode was aggrieved, disgusted in the first instance, but she would not just yet believe such an incredible contradiction to her well-laid scheme. Match-making involves many parties, there are such numerous wheels within wheels of calculation and resource. She glanced at Corrie, who was dancing very complacently with the Colonel's nephew, and exchanging passing words with yeomen who tried to get speech with her. In her white crape and teeth as white, and her dimples, she was safe, heart-whole, and prosperous, a beauty who might pick and choose a suitable husband, even though infatuated Bourhope should throw himself away.

Mrs. Spottiswoode gave a sigh of relief. Failure now would only be comparative.

The dance being over, Bourhope sat down beside Chrissy. No, she turned her head the other way, and he rose up and strolled through the room. But he was soon back in his old place.

He wanted to dance with Chrissy again. She hesitated, grew nervous, and cast her eyes on Mrs. Spottiswoode. He went straight across to their hostess, and said, "Mrs. Spottiswoode, you have no objection that I dance this dance again with Miss Chrissy Hunter?"

"None in the world, Bourhope," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, with a spasmodic smile; "why should I?"

"Why, indeed:" he returned, "or every dance? May I tell her so?"

"That is as she and you may agree. You are aware that would appear something serious;" she said, trying to laugh.

"I will take the consequences," he significantly assured her, and went back and told Chrissy so;

and then he drove her to her inmost citadel, and beat her there.

Other eyes than Mrs. Spottiswoode's were attracted to the pair. Half-a-dozen matrons' heads went wagging significantly; girls whispered and tittered; gentlemen opened their eyes, shaped their mouths, as if about to whistle, strolled up and took their observations of the pre-occupied, unconscious couple quite coolly, and then speculated and gossiped.

Mrs. Spottiswoode read these comments as well as what had gone before, and was ready with her magnanimity. It was this which constituted her a truly able tactician. She shifted her tack before the shout of malicious exultation and ridicule could have been raised at her discomfiture. By a dexterous sleight of hand, she shuffled her cards, and altered her suit. In a moment, Mrs. Spottiswoode was winking and nodding with the matrons interested in the news of the night. She arrested a good-humoured yeoman, and crossed the room on his arm, to express and receive congratulations. "You have found out the secret? Foolish fellow, Bourhope: he cannot conceal his feelings, though their display is premature. I must scold him for exposing himself and her. Poor dear! She is not accustomed to this sort of thing. But I am so delighted—so nice, isn't it? Such an excellent marriage for my cousin Chrissy: a good girl, a very clever girl: such a fortunate beginning for the Blackfaulds family. I often say the first marriage makes or mars a family of girls. It is so lucky that I invited Chrissy for the yeomanry weeks this summer. It is a great deal better than if it had been Corrie, because Corrie can wait," with a careless wave of her hand in the direction in which Corrie moved, deliberately followed by her train. "Corrie has too many admirers to make up her mind speedily, yet she takes it all very quietly. But this is so appropriate, Mr. Spottiswoode's cousin and my cousin—nobody could have planned it better."

She turned round and heard a blunt booby of a farmer speaking out his mind. She at once took him up:—"You would not have thought it? You cannot comprehend what has come over Bourhope, or what he sees in that thin yellow mite, Miss Hunter of Blackfaulds, even though she were as good as a saint, and as wise as the Queen of Sheba? Oh! come, Balquin, you do not allow sufficient latitude to goodness and cleverness. I tell you Bourhope has neither eyes nor ears for anybody but that mite; he counts his colourless daisy far before the gayest painted face. He knows that we are remarking on them now, and he is holding his head as high as if he had sought and won a queen. He is right; she will prove a sensible, cheerful wife to him. Bourhope will have the cleverest, best wife in the county, for all your swaggering. And that is something when a man comes to be old, and has an old wife, like me. Not old! Balquin? away with you. I wish the Provost heard you. Do you think to flatter me because I am in spirits about my cousin's match? No, it is not lost a friend gets, Balquin."

The public of Priorton did not know whether most to admire Mrs. Spottiswoode's diplomacy, or this rare instance of poetic justice.

SHETLAND AND THE SHETLANDERS.

In a former number of this magazine,* I endeavoured to give some account of Orkney and the Orcadians. I propose now to do the same by the sister group, the Shetlands. Further removed from the mainland than Orkney, and enjoying less frequent intercourse with it, with a moister climate and less promising soil, they have fewer of the elements of commercial and agricultural prosperity than the nearer group. They have, however, an interest of their own. The early history of both groups is very obscure, and it is unnecessary to go into it further than to state what is, perhaps, not generally known, viz., that they have been ours for only 400 years, that for five centuries previous to that time they belonged to Norway, and were handed over by the king of that country to James III. of Scotland, as security for the dowry which he had engaged to give to his daughter on her marriage with the Scottish king. Orkney and Shetland being thus pledged, not sold to Scotland, and consequently liable to redemption, the Norwegian laws and taxes continued in force for a long time. The Norwegian land-tax, called skatt, has now been very generally commuted into a fixed sum, and bought up by the landowners; but in some cases it still continues to be paid, and so late as the reign of George IV. it was exacted in kind. A small farmer in the island of Westray, in Orkney, seeing the yearly shipping off of the "king's debt," as these payments are still called, and hearing a friend say that the king was in debt, exclaimed, "Gude hae me, man, hoo can he be in debt? He micht be rich and fat too wi' a' the meal, butter, and maut he gets oot o' the island o' Wastray."

This reference to their Norwegian origin is necessary, inasmuch as it accounts for many peculiarities in language, habits, dress, and physical appearance, and explains what would be otherwise inexplicable, viz., why these are the only islands round the coast of Scotland, in which there is not the slightest trace of Gaelic.

At one time, the Norse was the language generally in use, but for seventy years no one has spoken it, though a number of words are still retained. The

* See Good Words for 1865, p. 646.

accent is peculiar, and leaves on a Scottish ear the impression that the speaker is a foreigner who has lived long enough in Scotland to acquire perfect fluency, but to whom his native twang still clings. There are also peculiarities which I have not observed elsewhere, the substitution of *am* for *have*, as an auxiliary verb—I *am* been, for I *have* been—that of *d* for *th*—*dou* for *thou*—and the softening of *t*, to a compromise between *t* and *th*, which must be heard to be understood.

Their Norwegian origin probably also accounts for the fact, that an Orcadian or Shetlander invariably speaks of going to or coming from *Scotland*, as if he were of a race apart.

Starting from Orkney in the ordinary way, viz., by the *Prince Consort* steamer, a well-appointed vessel, commanded by Captain Parrot, a most agreeable travelling companion, we may find some things to interest us during our eleven or twelve hours' sail. Having got clear of the Orkneys, it is not very long till we come in sight of Fair Isle, midway between the two groups, one of the most lonely and unapproachable of human habitations, of which I shall speak more particularly by-and-by. Meanwhile, if our voyage is made by day, we shall see, as we come abreast of it, that our course is dotted over with ten or a dozen little boats, which seem in a fair way of being either run down by the steamer, or swamped by the wash of her paddles. The boatmen evidently have no such fear, for instead of avoiding the apparent danger, they pull close up, and amid the roar and rush of the steamer, which has not slackened speed, they are heard addressing the passengers hurriedly, but eagerly and clearly, with "Throw a paper, throw a paper." Such an appeal is of course irresistible to every man with a *Scotsman* in his pocket, and a particle of kindliness in his composition, and the poor Fair Isle boatmen get the benefit of both. Dozens of papers may be thrown overboard, but every one is picked up. The plunge made by the little sharp-pointed boats into the rough waters in the wake of the steamer seems perilous, and resembles nothing so much as the bobbing up and down of ducks in a very stormy pond; but the capabilities of the boats, and the skill of the rowers, are well known, and have been tried in many a wild sea. This little incident causes quite a commotion on board, and those of the passengers to whom it is new, are very much interested by it, and receive, I have no doubt, a livelier impression of the loneliness and isolation of that almost unvisited island, than anything else could give them. Every paper is accompanied, tacitly or in words, according to the mood of the giver, with "Poor fellows, take it and welcome. It would indeed be hard to resist the *Throw a paper.*"

Two or three hours more and we are in Sumburgh roost, and are lucky if we escape a severe tossing. And now with Sumburgh Head in front, and the much grander Fitful Head to the left, we begin to contrast the quiet and comparatively tame beauty of Orkney with the rugged grandeur of Shetland, which, for rock scenery, is perhaps unsurpassed in Scotland. We are now fairly in Shetland territory, and a little further on pass the island of Mousa, with its famous Pictish tower, the most complete specimen of this structure in existence. It is more curious than picturesque, as may be inferred from its striking likeness to a glasswork chimney with a part of the top broken off. It is about fifty feet in diameter, and between forty and fifty feet high. It consists of two concentric walls, between which a winding stair leads up to a number of small apartments. The inner circular space enclosed by the walls seems to have been an open court. The use and origin of these towers, remains of which are numerous in Shetland, are uncertain. Each is said to be in sight of the other, so that intelligence of the approach of enemies might be conveyed by beacons lighted on the various summits. The peculiar shape, wide at bottom, tapering towards the middle, and again widening towards the top, seems to indicate that scaling was one mode of attack which the architect meant to guard against.

I was greatly indebted to an old gentleman belonging to Shetland who was returning from a visit to the south, for much interesting information and many a tradition about the islands, which want of space prevents me from reproducing. He had a quiet humour of his own, which however never ceased to be imposingly grave. He retailed his own little jokes, and listened to those made by others with a gravity of demeanour and a serious pursing of the lips, which, while it was provocative of fun, seemed to leave no other inference than that he never allowed his own features to expand into a smile. Life, it is said, is a tragedy to those who feel. To this class he belonged. His tone in telling his best jokes never fell below the melodramatic; his ordinary conversation was oracular, and had a smack of tragedy in it. As we came near the south end of Bressay, he took me by the arm in a very solemn way, and, pointing to a headland, said, "You see that rock?" "Yes," I replied. "Well," he continued, becoming still more impressive, "a fortnight ago a vessel was driven right against that rock, and" (here he raised his right hand and made a rapid and effective vertical sweep) "*down!!!*" "Indeed," I said, looking much concerned; "and were all on board drowned?" "No," he said, still most gravely, "the crew were all saved, but there the *coals* lie still."

In another half hour the steamer's gun is fired to announce to the Shetlanders that their weekly messenger, which keeps them *en rapport* with the centres of civilisation, has arrived. The anchor is dropped and you are placed face to face with the most irregular-looking town that ever was built. A stranger will not soon forget his impression on seeing Lerwick for the first time, especially if he has been taking a snooze in the saloon, and is wakened by the gun so that its peculiarities burst full upon him at once. He sees nothing but gables, and

these so huddled together in the most happy-go-lucky style that he cannot see how locomotion through the place is possible, unless it be on the tops of the houses. The town is situated on a very steep slope, and the houses on the shore are built right down into the sea. Most of them are unpretending; but lately some very fine ones have been built in positions that meet the eye, and give the town an air of comfort and solidity. Two or three churches crown the hill, but the most striking object is the Educational Institute, a very handsome building, erected and endowed by the munificence of Mr. Anderson of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, for the benefit of his native county. In connection with it he has founded two bursaries for Shetlanders attending any Scotch University. The same gentleman is now building an almshouse or hospital for disabled fishermen.

And now what a scramble there is at the side of the steamer! Boats by the dozen are clamouring for passengers, and jostling each other in the most unceremonious way in their eagerness to get close to the steps. At such a time the native accent comes out strong. You hear one lad saying to another, who is in danger of being displaced, "Hing dou in, Tam, else dou'll be oot." Tam hings in as ordered, and calls to another Tam to do the same by the boat in front, and so on. Amid all the hubbub you are sure to hear the name "Peter" called out several times, and you begin to wonder who Peter can be. The answer is but a word. He is a boatman. I know his appearance and his palm as well as I know those of any man to whom I ever paid a shilling, but the rest of his name I know not. It is probably lost in the haze of a remote antiquity. I think it questionable if he ever had a surname. It is certain that he needs no more distinctive appellation than Peter. He is Peter *par excellence*.

Meantime you get ashore somehow, though you are sure to find on landing that your luggage has come by one boat, and yourself by another. This is more annoying than at first sight appears, for every house on the shore has a pier to itself, and to join company with your luggage may thus require a long search.

On taking a walk through the town, you find that your first impression as to its irregularity was pretty correct. If one could fancy all the houses in a town of upwards of 3000 inhabitants engaged in dancing a Scotch reel, and that just as they were going *through the reel* the music had ceased and the houses had suddenly taken root, he would form a pretty accurate impression of the plan of Lerwick. He would ere long, however, find that there was a method in it all. He would observe that the main passage follows the line of the shore, the sinuosities of which prevent him, for the most part, from seeing more than a few yards ahead, while a number of lanes, more or less crooked, lead from the higher part of the town into this principal passage. He would also find that the houses, examined individually, improve on a nearer acquaintance, and are neither better nor worse than are to be found in towns of the same size elsewhere. He would find a great many good shops, in some of which the commodities for sale are more miscellaneous than usual, Shetland hosiery being a very common part of the stock-in-trade. If he continue his walk through and around the town, he will see six or seven churches, the Educational Institute, an excellent parish school and schoolhouse, the county buildings and Fort Charlotte, which still can boast a few cannon, though in these peaceful times the garrison has been reduced to a solitary officer. He will find no inn: a want much felt by strangers. There are plenty of comfortable lodging-houses, but there is a capital opening for an innkeeper and gig hirer, now that good roads are being made. Lerwick is therefore a very creditable metropolis for an archipelago of 100 islands.

Besides comfortable lodgings there is boundless hospitality. Any man with a decent coat on his back, and a fair appearance of respectability, can count not only on hearty, but, if necessary, prolonged entertainment at a Shetland fireside. Some one has called hospitality a savage virtue. Be it so; then some savage things are very lovely, estimable, and of good report, furnish memories that will stand the tear and wear of many a long year, and, amid a desert of, it may be, polished, but often meaningless, conventionalities, retain a freshness unfading and unchangeable, like all things good and genuine. Let it not, however, be supposed that the hospitality, though hearty, is necessarily, or even generally, rude. The man who has been used to a good dinner nicely served, and regards it as a *sine qua non* of tolerable existence, will find many houses in Shetland where life is wonderfully endurable, and where he will have no fault to find with the whiteness of the table-linen, the polish of the plate, or the excellence of the fare. In cases of surprise—and they are very common—and at particular seasons, the hostess may fail to procure all the etceteras of a city dinner, but in nine cases out of ten she will furnish a repast well worthy the steel of any man who needs or deserves hospitality; such a repast that the man who grumbles at it is sadly in want of home and nursing, and should keep sedulously near his cellar, armchair, and warming-pan. I have on various occasions formed one of parties, ranging from four to eight or ten, who have made an unexpected inroad on a country house, and while not dreaming of any prepared meal, have had set before them in a marvellously short time a dinner, or perhaps a "touzie tea," which no moderately hungry man could do otherwise than heartily enjoy. The worthy minister of Tingwall, Mr. Turnbull, now well stricken in years, and who had the honour of entertaining Sir Walter Scott on the occasion of that Shetland tour to which we are indebted for the "Pirate," is a very good exponent of this unquestioning hospitality. A friend of mine was with him one day when a stranger was seen passing; whereupon, turning to

his daughter, he said, "Hey, Grace, there's a gentleman gaun by. Cry him in, and see if you have anything for him to eat, for he'll be hungry."

Shetland contains between 500 and 600 square miles. The number of the islands is about 100, and of these nearly 30 are inhabited. The population is upwards of 30,000. The extreme length from north to south is about 70 miles. The Mainland is by far the largest. It is 55 miles long, and probably no equal extent of land on the face of the earth has such a large seaboard. It is everywhere cut into by long voes, which stretch for miles inland and threaten ere long to repeal the union, cut the mother's apron strings and cast adrift a few nursling islands to fight their own way in the world. In some places, as at Mavisgrind, the sea has only a hundred yards to wear down; and no spot of ground in the Mainland is three miles from the sea in all directions. This latter fact was proved too clearly to the satisfaction of a gentleman who some time ago proposed to build a snuff mill in the Mainland, and who, after purchasing land for the purpose, was compelled to abandon his project, no spot being the requisite three miles from the sea. Whether snuff-taking, which used to be very general in Shetland, has given place to smoking owing to the failure of this plan, or to the almost universal preference of smoke to dust, I do not presume to determine. The climate is very variable, and there is great liability to sudden and sometimes violent storms. Of this two Crimean officers had good proof a year or two ago. They paid a visit to Shetland for the purpose of shooting and fishing, and called on a friend of mine with letters of introduction. They had supplied themselves with patent pots and pans for cooking, and a portable tent, under cover of which they meant to rough it during their sojourn. My friend, who knows Shetland well, told them that none but the sappers and miners had tried the experiment, and that they had great difficulty even with their substantial house-like tent.

"Oh," said one of them, who lisped very much, "bleth you, we've been uthed to all that thort of thing in the Crimea. We'll get on nithely, no doubt."

They went accordingly and pitched their tent in the neighbourhood of some fishing ground, and got on pretty well for a couple of nights. During the third night, however, a gust came suddenly sweeping down the gully where they were encamped and asleep, and carried off their tent bodily, poles and all, leaving them completely *al fresco* on the ground. The tent was never more seen. The one who lisped ended a good-humoured description of the way they were left out in the cold by saying, "It *ith* a deuthed queer climate thith of yourth."

Shortly after this he went off to fish on a raw and rainy day, and was advised by my friend to put on warmer clothing. "Oh, bleth you, no," he said, "I never wear anything but thith in thummer weather. Thethe troutherth are all wool, thir, all wool. Bleth you, I'm all right."

My friend joined him in the course of the day, and found him wading in a loch, with his nose very blue, and indicating rain.

"Well, how do you get on?" asked my friend.

"Why," he replied, "the fithing ith pretty fair."

"I'm afraid you feel cold."

"Oh, bleth you, no," he replied, with a shakiness of voice that sadly belied his words.

"Won't you take a sip of this brandy?" said my friend, handing him a flask.

"Well, I don't mind if I do;" saying which he glued the flask to his lips with uncommon gusto, adding, as he handed it back, "The fact of the matter ith, thith water of yourth ith rather colder than we've been uthed to."

Along the voes there is much alluvial soil that would well repay cultivation, if only the climate were less moist and variable. Several very good farms have already been made in the vale of Tingwall, and in Bressay and Whalsey, where agriculture has been pursued with very fair success; but the uncertainty of the returns from grain crops is a great bar to extensive agricultural projects, and the feeling is yearly gaining ground, that improvement of land should proceed in the direction of grazing and green crops. The harvest in average years is generally so late, and the weather so uncertain, that crops which promise all that could be wished to-day, are to-morrow blackened and blasted by an unexpected change to rain, sleet, or snow.

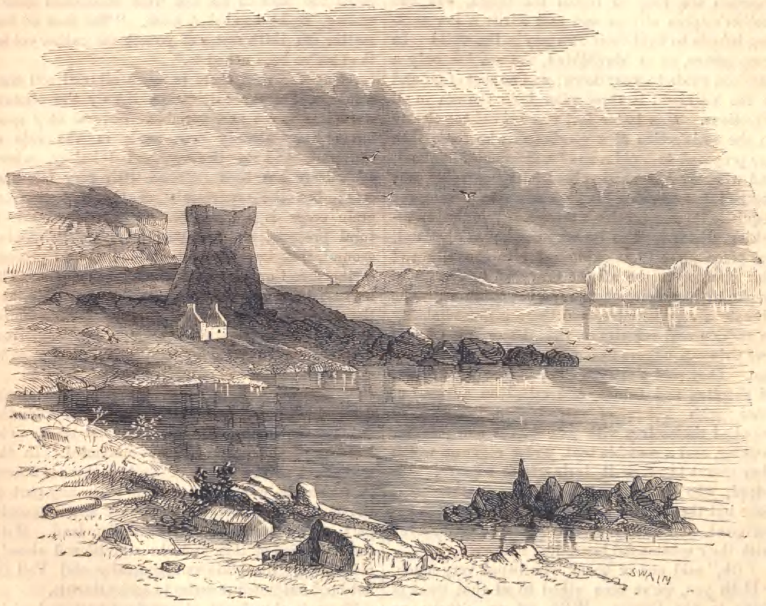
No single cause, however, is so injurious as the drift which, in stormy weather, is blown from the sea over the land, carrying ruin in its train. The lateness of the harvest is not universal. In the south part of the island of Bressay there is a farm on which the crops are as early as in any part of the north of Scotland. Dunrossness, also, the south part of the Mainland, has some fine land. With the exception of this, and the alluvial soil already referred to, the Mainland generally and Yell do not hold out much promise to agriculturists.

There is abundance of excellent pasture land in Unst and Fetlar. The former has little peat-moss; the latter has scarcely any, and has been long famous for its cattle and sheep. Both are celebrated as butter-producing districts. An Australian proprietor says, that he has seen no pasture land in Great Britain that can compare with that of Australia, except Sir Arthur Nicolson's enclosures in Fetlar. This island was also famous for its ponies, which, being reared with great care and judiciously crossed, produced a first-class breed, which realised large prices. Latterly little or no attention has been paid to them; and from the promiscuous intercourse of all sorts of horses, a really good pony is almost as great a rarity in Fetlar as a Moa in New Zealand, or a Dodo in New South Wales.

Unst, the most northern spot over which her Majesty bears sway, is chiefly remarkable for its quarries of chromate of iron, a mineral pointed out

by Dr. Hibbert in 1817, as existing largely in the serpentine of that island, and which, from its valuable properties as a pigment and alloy, has brought in many thousands of pounds to the proprietors. There were two principal quarries in the island, Balliasta and Haroldswick. The former was exhausted many years ago, and recently the working of the latter has not been very remunerative. The mineral when first brought into the market fetched as much as 25*l.* per ton; but of late years, in consequence of importations from America and Russia, it has not realised more than from 6*l.* to 8*l.*, and at one time even less.

The nature of the relation between landlord and tenant in connection with fishing and farming is a very difficult and somewhat delicate subject to discuss. I have found great difficulty in ascertaining facts. Some gentlemen, who ought to be well informed, and on whose word I should place implicit reliance, allege that it is by no means general for the tenant to be bound by his lease to fish for the proprietor; and that where he is so bound,



Pictish Tower on the Island of Mousa.

the current price is paid for the fish. Others, equally trustworthy, allege precisely the reverse in both respects; the fair inference from which seems to me to be that of one district the one statement is true, and of another the other; each informant speaking of the district he knows best. I have on each of my six visits to Shetland directed my attention to this point, and I find myself unable to arrive at any other conclusion. I recognise fully the necessity of conceding a great deal to the peculiar circumstances of the country, and I should most anxiously avoid making any broad or unguarded statement; yet, with all this, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that, in the present state of the poorer classes, self-reliance does not exist to any satisfactory extent. Further, it may, I think, be fairly said that many proprietors do not endeavour to foster self-reliance. On comparing accounts written fifty years a gowith the results of present observation, it is, however, evident that self-reliance is on the increase, and that the relation of landlord to tenant is much improved and is steadily improving.

Let us look at this matter more closely, and see what the difficulty really is. Orkney and Shetland differ in this very important respect—that the former can exist on agriculture alone, the latter cannot. The small crofts in Shetland—by far the largest portion of the soil—pay, and must continue to pay, a great part of their rents from the sea. If fishing and farming could be shaken free of each other, as has been very generally done in Orkney, the difficulty would admit of an easy solution. But it is, I believe, generally admitted that in Shetland the two pursuits are the natural complements of

each other. Both are precarious: both supply only partial employment.

Granting, then, the necessity of conjoining them, how is the condition of the small crofter to be improved? By supplying a motive for continuous exertion, and inspiring the element of hope, which can only be done by giving him an interest, prospective as well as present, in his croft; in other words, by granting leases. Here, again, there is conflicting evidence, some asserting that, as a rule, leases are not granted: others that, as a rule, tenants refuse them when offered. Both statements are so far true. Besides immemorial custom, the landlord feels that he has more power over a crofter who is simply a tenant at will. On the other hand, the tenant, alarmed probably by the experience of a bad year or two, during which he would have starved but for the care of a kind landlord, hesitates to bind himself to what may prove a series of bad years, throughout which he must stand on his own feet. Experience also tells him that he will not, as a general rule, be expelled from his holding against his will, and he consequently prefers to reserve the right of going or staying as he may think fit.

The erratic character of all fishing communities is also opposed to the binding nature of leases. Be the cause what it may, it is, I believe, certain that leases are not the rule; and the inevitable consequence is that a croft which, if the tenant had a prospective interest in it for ten or fifteen years, might be cultivated so as to be remunerative, is thriftlessly worked, and is only saved from hopeless deterioration by the importation of fresh soil, a practice which is worse than robbing Peter to pay Paul. What is meant by the introduction of fresh soil is this: the land is peeled, and, with the turf thus procured, the cow is bedded. Layer after layer is put in, and allowed to mix with the accumulations of the byre, which is never cleared out from Spring to Spring, the cow gradually rising in the world, till it is at last difficult for her to get out or in. Sometimes, also, large quantities of solid earth are thrown into the dunghill to increase the quantity of manure. Both plans entail great labour, and are most ruinous to the land from which the fresh earth is taken. The practice, however, is very general, although it has been put a stop to on one estate, at least.

Crofts are let in three ways. A fair rent may be charged, the tenant being allowed to employ his time and labour to the best advantage. This is the best plan, but it is not always practicable. Again, a fair rent may be charged, while the tenant is not allowed to dispose of his fish as he pleases, but must deliver them to the landlord. He probably gets the current price for them, but even if he does, the plan is a bad one, subversive as it must be of open dealing, persevering industry, and manly self-reliance. In the third place, crofts are, not uncommonly, rented very low, it being understood that, in consideration of the low rent, the tenant is bound to fish for the proprietor. Such a bargain may be perfectly equitable, and, in the circumstances, has certain advantages. It may be equitable, inasmuch as the landlord may calculate honestly how much of the profit of his tenant's industry may be required to make up for the low rent, and so secure to himself what he is evidently entitled to—a fair per centage on the value of his property. It has an advantage for the tenant, inasmuch as his landlord supplies him with his fishing apparatus, and is morally bound to stand between him and want, should the fishing prove unsuccessful.

Some proprietors do not themselves engage in fish-curing, but let their lands and tenants' industry to tacksmen to whom they look for the rent, who again make the tenants fish for them—a system from which it is universally admitted many evils flow. On almost all such estates there is a fishing station, and a shop, the property of the tacksman, from which the tenants receive goods in exchange for their fish, but often on such disadvantageous terms that every opportunity of selling elsewhere to yaagers is taken advantage of.* Hence the deceit and cunning by some attributed to the Shetlander. If the allegation of deceit is well founded—and I am not aware that it is—it is only fair to say, that it is just what might be expected from such a state of things.

The home-fisheries are chiefly under the management and control of the proprietors or tacksmen. Under the fostering care of a liberal landlord or tacksman, the system works, if not well, at least smoothly; but, as a general rule, it is most pernicious and destructive to the morals, independence, and activity of the tenants. The landlord has all the power, the tenant feels all the dependence. The former may, and frequently does, use his power kindly and well, but it is possible that he may not; and this ought not to be possible. Besides, it is manifest that, even in the best view of it, the tenant, under such a system, can never have the feeling that he is walking alone, or cultivate the self-reliance which is essential to any permanent improvement of his condition. Some proprietors become, as it were, factors for their tenants in the disposal of their fish. After the fish have been sold, the bill of sale is handed to the tenant, and the rent is deducted from the amount. This plan is mutually advantageous, securing, as it does, to the landlord payment of his rent, and to the fisherman a better market than he could obtain for himself.

It must in fairness be mentioned that some proprietors have refused to give their tenants liberty in the matter of fishing, on the satisfactory ground that, with such liberty, they leap from the frying-pan into the fire. Though free so far as the landlord is concerned, their thraldom is increased, inas-

* A "yaager" is an adventure merchant who deals in an underhand way with the fishers who have come under engagements to fish for landlord or tacksman.

much as they deliver their fish to curers who have no interest in their prosperity, instead of to their landlords, who have. Owing to improvidence, they need in a bad season money or goods in advance. In the following good season they revel in fatness, and leave the former advance hanging about their necks, and so remain in the power of the curer who has no connection with the landlord.

A tenant may be asked to give security for his rent. If so, he goes to the fish-curer, who gives it on condition of his fishing for him. The tenant accordingly brings "twa lines"—that is, a note of security from the fish-curer to the landlord—and so doubles the weight of his chains. Several successful attempts have been made by the fishers to unite and cure their own fish. It is much to be regretted that this is not universal.

The late Mr. Gifford, of Busta, was so convinced of the evils of employing tacksmen, that in 1822 he released the whole of his tenants from the thraldom in which they had been kept for generations, and would not have a tacksman on his estate. They were told that they were at liberty to turn their energies and produce to the best account, and that all that was expected of them was the payment of their rents when due. Perhaps the rents were too much and too suddenly raised, and the first fruits of the change were not very satisfactory; but the beneficial result of his liberal policy became ultimately apparent in the improved condition of the tenantry and the more regular payment of rents, so that this estate at the present day is comparatively prosperous.

Several other proprietors have pursued a similar course, and with an equally favourable result. This policy will doubtless ere long become universal, and the sooner the better, for not till then will Shetland soil and Shetland crofters have a fair chance of proving to what extent they possess the elements of material prosperity.

It must not, however, be inferred from this that the Shetland poor have greater hardships to undergo than the poor elsewhere. On the contrary, there is perhaps no county in Scotland where the crofter suffers less from cold and hunger—the bitterest drops in the cup of poverty. The land may be niggardly, but the sea is ever bounteous. Wholesome, palatable fish he has always in abundance; and though it is possible to have too much of even the most wholesome fish, yet that is greatly better than too much of nothing. He has as much fuel as he can burn. As a rule he has his cow, or perhaps two, and a few sheep. There is usually no limit to the pasturage. If a man can buy an additional cow, or a few more sheep, he will find pasture for them without further expense. A pig or two are invariable appurtenances of a Shetland hut. Then he has the greater part of his dress for the making; wool from his sheep, and skill to knit or weave it into almost every necessary article of clothing. He may have all this, however, and yet his life may stagnate; he may vegetate, rather than live. He may be—indeed I believe he is—content, but it is a contentment which is *not* great gain. The gain of such contentment is one of the numberless instances in which a gigantic fallacy takes shelter under the shadow of a great truth. Contentment is great gain only when it is acquiescence in a result which is as high as reasonable effort can make it, or which no effort, however strenuous, could improve. All contentment short of this is a loss and a misfortune. It is no merit in the proprietor to be content with immemorial custom, simply because it is immemorial; nor in the tenant to be content with making both ends meet with difficulty, simply because his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather did the same. It is difficult to see the value of a kind of contentment illustrated by the following answer to a question in a proof of teind valuation in Shetland. A tenant was asked how much he paid to the landlord, and replied, "I dinna ken what I pay. I just gang to him at Martinmas, and he tells me whether I owe him or he owes me."

To discuss fully the landlord and tenant question would far exceed the limits of a short paper. I have touched on what seem to me its leading features. It is a question of paramount importance to Shetland, and one on which its future prosperity depends. I may have treated it imperfectly; I know I have not wilfully mis-stated anything, but have recorded honestly the impression left by the aggregate of my inquiries. Possibly some things I have said may give offence. I shall be sorry if they do, but I cannot help it.

To the Shetlander the pony—by the way it is always called a horse, unless you wish to lay yourself open to the charge of speaking disparagingly—is invaluable, and yet, from the small amount of care bestowed on it, one would infer that it is not much valued. Generally, grooming is unknown, and corn an untasted luxury. He must pick up his food as best he may, at least in ordinary seasons. During snow-storms, when it is impossible for him to do so, he is supplied with some scanty fodder. And yet what a wonderful creature he is for endurance! His height ranges from thirty to between forty and fifty inches. A pony, to whose diminutive size and apparently slender build you would think it a risk to entrust yourself, will carry you pluckily, and sometimes rapidly, over forty miles a-day of the worst roads without a stumble, and without more refreshment than half an hour's nibbling at stunted grass midway. It is a rare thing to see him with broken knees. Over shingle, bog, or quagmire, uphill or down, leave him to himself and you are tolerably safe. Experience teaches the Shetland pony, and he is no fool to begin with.

Extensive use is made of him during the annual visit of the Dutch fishermen.

The herring fishing on the coast of Shetland has been pursued by the Dutch for a very long time. Two hundred years ago the fishing fleet consisted of 1500 sail: a century later it consisted of about 400. Now it is much reduced, but from 40 to 60 "busses,"

as the Dutch fishing-vessels are called, come to Shetland every year in June. This makes an important addition to the shipping in the harbour, and Lerwick is enlivened by large bodies of the fishermen, who come ashore to traffic in hosiery, the staple manufacture of Shetland, and perhaps do a little underhand business in the matter of smuggled brandy and tobacco. The week or ten days during which the Dutchmen are in the harbour is quite a gala time for Lerwick, and a walk along the streets is very amusing. There they go parading up and down with great wooden shoes, called "clampers," in the oddest dresses, and with terrible want of uniformity. Most have earrings. Some have very wide trousers—genuine knickerbockers down to the knee—with every variety of colour in the article of stockings. Some have large pinafore-looking rigs made of oil cloth. The more sedate walk about smoking and staring at the shop windows, the younger seek a more exciting exercise, viz., riding on horseback. One day—mutually and immemorially agreed upon—is devoted to this. On that day dozens of those who have horses assemble, steeds in hand, on a piece of ground above the town, and thither too betake themselves the horsey portion of the Dutchmen for twopence worth of equestrianism, which consists of a gallop out for half a mile or so and back again. For the most part women and boys are in charge of the steeds, with every conceivable kind of halter, from the decent leather to the old and apparently rotten rope; some with saddles and stirrups, some with saddles without stirrups, some with an unambitious piece of coarse cloth or straw mat. Here a great tall fellow goes up to a very little pony, pays his twopence—it is always prepaid—and prepares to mount. But how is he to get the sabot, with a point like the prow of his own buss, into the stirrups? It evidently can't be done. Off go the sabots—a shake is all that is necessary—and he gets into the saddle. At first he grasps only the bridle, but as the pace quickens—and it soon does that, for he means to have his twopence worth—you see his hand slip round to the back part of the saddle and take a firm hold. This is all very well, but the saddle itself is shaky, and the pony's back short; so he must have more leverage by grasping the tail. There, now he's all right; but the motion is neither graceful nor easy, and his hat flies off. This was expected, for the woman or boy in charge follows behind for the double purpose of increasing the pace by whipping, and picking up anything that may be shaken loose. And now that he gets toward the end of his ride, heel, bridle, and lash are pressed into service. One hand is required to hold on either by saddle or tail, the other is needed for the lash. How then can he dispose of the bridle? In his teeth of course, and there he holds it. On he comes full swing. The road is very rough and downhill now. His legs are well extended, and he is making no prehensile use of his knees. This can't last long. Hallo! there he's off rolling, with little harm done.

And there for the present we must, if you please, let him lie till we can pick him up with the thread of our discourse in some future paper, when we finish up what remains to be said about the Northern Archipelago.

JOHN KERR.

THE ORDER OF NATURE AND THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

"Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

"Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much [or rather, the supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its operation].

"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

Two things are very plainly declared in this passage of Scripture. The one is, that there is a close connection between sin and punishment, so that a man's sickness may be the chastisement for his sin; the other is, that prayer for the averting of temporal calamities and for the obtaining of temporal blessings is with God effectual.

Both these propositions have of late been peremptorily denied. We have been told, on the one hand, that it is folly to see in the cattle-plague or in the cholera, the hand of God's righteous judgment punishing us for our national transgressions; and we have been told, on the other, that it is folly to suppose that prayer, even the prayer of a suppliant nation, can arrest the one disease, or avert the other.

With the former of these assertions I have at present no concern. I merely remark, that though we may not be justified in connecting a particular punishment with a particular sin, we may, if Scripture is to be our guide, look upon calamities, whether national or individual, as warnings from God calling us to repentance and amendment of life. It is the latter assertion that I propose now to examine; the assertion, namely, that to ask of God, as we do now in our public services, to defend us from cattle-plague and from pestilence, is

to ask an impossibility. For this is the assertion. The doctrine has been laid down, that the whole scheme of God's material universe has been ordered from the first hour until now; that it is carried on by fixed and unalterable laws, laws which have been always what they are now; that the chain of antecedents and consequents is unbroken; that all that happens now in the world about us is the result, the inevitable result, of all that has been going on from the beginning. Hence to pray to God to alter that which He has thus irrevocably fixed is folly, if it be not profanity or presumption. We are fixed, according to this philosophy, in a fatal groove. Health and disease result from atmospheric conditions. Atmospheric conditions are determined by a thousand causes, which have been in ever active operation since the world began. They could not be otherwise than they are now, without changing every current of wind, every cloud, every drop of moisture, every atom of electricity which has ever floated in the universe. Our ignorance, we are told, is the measure of our prayer. Universal law holds; but, in fact, we do not believe law to be universal. And therefore it is we pray.

The man who prays earnestly that his sick child may be restored to health, would not dream of praying that that child should be given back to him from death. The farmer who is anxious to save his crops might pray that the sun would shine on the harvest, but he would not venture to pray that the day should be prolonged a single hour that he might gather the wheat into his barn. But he prays for the one because he believes it to be uncertain; he does not pray for the other because experience tells him that his petition would be presumption.

Medicine and wise care and thoughtful skill have restored many a child to life, even from the very edge of death; but experience forbids us to believe that when once the breath has left the body, any power of man can compel it to return and flush again the pale cheek with life. We have *seen* the threatening clouds disperse and the heaven return to the soft radiance and glow of its summer serenity; but we have never seen the sun stayed in mid heaven, or hasting not to go down for an hour, and we believe that the age of miracles is past. Thus we are reminded that where we can test it by our experience, we admit the presence of unchangeable law, and therefore ask for no interference.

But the law, we are told, is just as unchangeable in other regions where our eye fails to trace its operation.

It is just as much a part of the necessary machinery of the universe, that a certain wind should blow, or that rain should fall at a certain time, or that death should walk with the pestilent miasma in the summer's heat, as it is that the sun should rise and set, or the tide ebb and flow at certain seasons. Throughout the universe consequents are linked to their antecedents. They cannot be separated. No power of man can break their solemn, undeviating, steadfast march. Their goings forth have been from all eternity, none of them breaks or thrusts his ranks; God Himself cannot arrest or alter them, for to do so He would change his nature. This is the creed of many honest thinkers, of many undoubtedly able and scientific men. They do not, perhaps, in terms, deny a living personal God, but they give us as the only proof of his being, unchanged and unchangeable law.

Now statements like these, made, as they constantly are, by men whose acquaintance with science seems to give them a right to speak, have produced, in many minds, much anxiety and much uneasiness and much alarm. They have shaken and unhinged the faith of some, they have robbed others of comfort and of confidence in prayer; and I have felt it right, therefore, to attempt some answer to those arguments which go to deny the efficacy of prayer. I feel, indeed, that the task is beset with difficulties. I feel that the problem, like every problem which involves the infinite, is really beyond our feeble logic. I do not pretend to grasp it all. I know I see but a very little way into it; others, I doubt not, see much further and can speak with more fullness and more authority. I will only venture to mention some considerations which have given some satisfaction to my own mind, and which I would fain hope may be of service to others.

1. And first, though it would be folly to deny the uniformity of visible nature—a lesson forced upon us by every day's experience—though I admit that, as far as our observation extends, Nature has always proceeded in one invariable order, yet it does not follow that no other order is conceivable, or that no other laws are possible. Here is, I cannot help thinking, one capital error of which some scientific men are guilty. They hold language which, to say the least of it, is rash. They assert more than they are able to prove. They speak of the laws of the universe with the same confidence with which they speak of the abstract truths of *pure* science; and this they have no right to do. They talk of those laws as if they were self-existing, necessary, universal, eternal; as if they were so impressed upon matter that the very existence of matter could scarcely be conceived of apart from them.

Now, our knowledge of the laws of nature is, from first to last, a matter of experience. We observe, and we draw conclusions from our observations. But after all, those conclusions are probable, not demonstrable. It is quite true that that probability may in some instances amount almost to certainty. It is quite true that if our experience be wide enough and various enough and continued enough, we may feel sure, practically, that a law is established. We may act upon it, we may take it as a guide of life. But after all, such a law is not the only law conceivable. Other and different laws may at least be possible; and we have no right to

assume that our limited and partial experience measures the boundlessness of the universe of God. "The law of gravitation, for instance, is an explanation of many phenomena in this world and in the solar system. Does it hold also in other worlds which lie beyond the reach of sight, beyond the power of our most powerful telescopes? Does it affect all matter and all kinds of matter alike, or is it like magnetism, special, elective, not universal? Is the force permanent, or does it decay with time? Such questions men of science have asked, and such questions remain, many of them, yet unanswered." "Whether gravitation be coeval with matter we do not know,"—I quote the words of an able mathematician *—"whether it prevail throughout the universe we do not know. It does on this earth and throughout the solar system. Recent observations of double stars give indications of gravitation so far. But most of the stars are silent, and beyond the regions of sight we know nothing. On what ground, then, can we assert natural laws, such as we know them, to be essential, unalterable, universal? We can imagine them changed or suspended without any shock to our reason†. . The laws of matter appear accidental and separable, not necessary and inherent. If so, the Power which causes them, or impressed and maintains them, can suspend or modify them. Or we may, as ages roll on, ourselves pass into new conditions,—where laws obtain different from those of former experience."

The assertion, then, often made as to the necessary character of the laws of matter, is, to say the least, unwarrantable and unfounded.

2. But, again: it might serve further to lessen our perplexity, if we were to ask ourselves what we mean by cause and effect, and what we mean by the laws of matter? Surely matter does not originate its own laws. Surely, if we use the word cause as of some power inherent in matter, we use it improperly. The profoundest thinkers, even of the Positivist school, admit this. The author of that philosophy, dealing only with material phænomena, knows of nothing but sequence.‡ He refuses to use the word cause: and, confining himself only to material phænomena, he is right; for from matter we shall never derive the idea of cause at all. It is rather one of those ultimate facts of existence, the idea of which belongs to us as rational beings. The idea lies outside and beyond and above mere matter. That we are able to form such an idea is a privilege of our spiritual nature. Unless we choose to sink down into a blank naked materialism, then we must rise to the conception of One who is the Great First Cause of all. We must believe that all this universe is the work of God's fingers, that it is what He has made it, and that what we call its laws are but the outward manifestation of his wisdom, the visible expression of his sovereign will. It is an impropriety of speech to apply the term cause to matter. The sap is not the cause of the germination of the plant, the bud is not the cause of the flower, nor the flower of the fruit, nor the fruit of the seed, nor again, the seed of the plant. Day is not the cause of night, nor light of darkness, nor is the revolution of the earth on its axis the cause of either; the ebb is not the cause of the flow, nor the flow of the ebb, nor any natural influence the cause of either the one or the other. All that we see in these cases is simply succession, order, sequence, a perpetual unbroken chain, link succeeding link, antecedents and consequents, call it what you will, but not in any true sense cause and effect.

There is but One Cause, God Himself. And practically, I suppose, it makes but little difference whether we conceive natural powers as lodged in matter by his fiat and so maintained, or whether we regard them as the immediate work of his fingers. To me certainly the last view seems the truer, the grander, the more worthy of God, as well as the more simple and the more intelligible. It is that to which our Lord Himself leads us when He says:—"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

But on the other hypothesis we are not at liberty to assume that the powers of nature are independent. They are revocable at the pleasure of Him who appointed them, and so long as they are not revoked He is the author of their effects. The world is not a machine left to itself. It is not a clock wound up and set a-going on some principle of perpetual motion. I can conceive of no theory of the universe more miserable, more heartless than this. It is not only repugnant to Scripture—I venture to say it is repugnant to the common consciousness of men, to believe that once in the infinite ages God came forth out of the mystery of his Being, as it were, to create the material universe, and to give it laws independent of Himself, and then, withdrawing Himself into the far depths of his own eternity, left the creation of his fingers to pursue its dreary and desolate path for ever, uncheered by one smile of his love, unguided by a Father's hand, unwatched by a Father's eye.

And as I hold this to be a heartless, and freezing, and practically Atheistic creed, so, on the other

* My friend, the Rev. J. G. Mould, of Bath. All Cambridge men will admit that one whose career in the University was so distinguished has a right to speak on such a topic. To him I am indebted for many valuable suggestions on this, as well as on other subjects. If I could have persuaded him to speak, I would gladly have remained silent. The pleasure is at least left me of gratefully acknowledging how much I owe to him.

† "Adequate testimony might assure us that in α Lyræ, the laws of matter were other than on the earth; no testimony would make us believe in a triangle with its base greater than the sum of its sides."

‡ Mr. J. S. Mill finds this a defect in Comte's system. "He fails," says Mr. Mill, "to perceive the real distinction between the laws of succession and co-existence, which thinkers of a different school call Laws of Phænomena, and those of what they call the action of causes: the former exemplified by the succession of day and night; the latter, by the earth's rotation which causes it."—*Comte and Positivism*, p. 56. I cannot think that in this last case the word cause is used in its strict sense as originative.

hand, I cannot sufficiently wonder at the presumption, which would assert that God must be tied and bound by the rules which He has been pleased to make, and which He is pleased generally to observe. This is to place the law above the Lawgiver. This is to deny to the Lord of all the exercise of that discretionary wisdom which we profess to value so highly in the wise ruler, the sagacious statesman, the judicious father of a family. This is to deny to the Highest the power of free self-determination, which we profess to claim and demand to exercise for ourselves. It is, in fact, to deny freedom of will anywhere, absolutely, altogether, and to drag man as well as matter, yea, God Himself, at the chariot-wheels of an inexorable fate.

This theory rests upon two assumptions, neither of which can be proved, and one of which is repugnant to our deepest consciousness. First, absolute unbending sequence is by a partial induction asserted of the material world through all time and space; and, next, this is extended to the spiritual world, as if matter and spirit were homogeneous and commensurable. The first of these assumptions, as I have already shown, is incapable of proof. The other contradicts the testimony of my inmost nature to itself. I know I am not a machine. I know I am free, subject indeed to the limitations of matter; but, nevertheless, in the inmost centre of my being conscious of a will, and of a power to exercise that will. Say that I cannot reconcile the privilege of perfect freedom with the fore-knowledge and the omnipotence of God, and I admit that I cannot. Nor can I reconcile the existence of evil with the all-holiness and the all-power of God. But as I can believe in the perfect holiness of God, at the same time that I am forced to acknowledge the existence of evil, so I may hold the freedom of man, at the same time that I believe in the absolute sovereignty of God. But I, as a free agent, within certain limitations, do modify, suspend, control the laws of matter. This produces no irregularity, no disturbance, in the order of the universe. Why should I presume to question that God, the Author and the Source of all, should have reserved to Himself the right of intervening wherever He thinks proper, of modifying, suspending, controlling, according to the good pleasure of his will? I must admit it, or fall back into the old heathen notion that fate is higher than the Most High God; I must admit it, or believe that my nature mocks me when she asserts her freedom.

3. But whilst I think it right to point out what I conceive to be unwarrantable assumptions on the part of some men of science who have touched on this subject, and to protest against them, there is another view of the efficacy of prayer which must not be lost sight of. Why is it that we pray? What do we mean when we put up a specific petition to God, such as that He would remove the famine or stay the pestilence? Is there not an error lurking often, if not distinctly conceived, as to our object in putting up such petitions? It is too often assumed, tacitly at least, that our object in praying is to change the will of God, that when we ask Him to take away the cattle-plague, we are prescribing to Him what is best, something other than what He sees fit for us; that when we pray Him to stay the cholera, we are imploring Him to change his purpose, which, for aught we know, was to send it. But surely this is altogether a wrong notion. If we thus pray, our prayers are assuredly wrong prayers. If we thus pray, we imply that we are wiser than God, or we should not venture to ask Him to change his purpose. No Christian man would be guilty of such presumption. But cannot I go to God and tell Him what my wishes are, without presuming to dictate to Him whether He is to gratify them or not? Prayer is the converse of the soul with God: it is the coming really and consciously into his presence: it is the reverential yet childlike utterance to Him of our wants, and it is the means appointed by Him for visiting our souls with his blessing. But that blessing may come in other ways as well as in the immediate granting of our petitions. Take the nearest earthly parallel. The child goes to his father with the natural, spontaneous, unchecked expression of all his childish wishes. How does a wise father deal with his child? Does he gratify every whim, does he yield to every desire? Certainly not. One of the most precious lessons he can teach his child, one most necessary part of his discipline, is that he is not to have his own way. Even the wish, reasonable in itself, of one child a parent may refuse to grant, if he feels that to do so would be injurious to another, or would disturb the general order of the household. And so it is with the family of God. He is the allwise and loving Father, who gives to us or withholds what we ask, according to the good pleasure of his own righteous and holy will. We may not presume to ask or expect that his pure and perfect will is to be bent and twisted and swayed to and fro to suit our ever-changing humours and caprices. We are in no case judges of what is best for ourselves. And hence, when we go to God with any desire in our hearts, with any petition, either for ourselves or for others, we ought not to be too specific as to the matter, still less as to the manner of the answer. But we may freely and fully, without hesitation, without fear, without reserve, lay our cares, our sorrows, our trials, our earthly wants and necessities, as well as our spiritual wants and necessities, before our Father which is in heaven, in the fullest and most childlike trust that He will hear and answer our petitions. We may rest assured that if not in our way, yet in his, we shall obtain what we ask, that He who encourages us by the example of an earthly parent will not mock us, that for bread He will not give us a stone, nor for a fish a serpent.

The boon we crave, the relief we seek, may come in the ordinary and regular operation of God's providence, or it may come indirectly. It may come

in what we call the course of nature, or God may be pleased to work on the spirits of our fellow-men, and through them on the material world. He who has access to all hearts may touch the secret springs within. He may inspire others with courage, wisdom, generosity, devotion, which shall turn to our good. He may give them the desire, and clothe them with the power to succour, and so accomplish for us, if it seemeth Him good, the deliverance or the blessing which we crave. Here indeed I can see no limit to the operation of God, to the putting forth of his power on our behalf. The direct action of his Spirit upon our spirits, I hold to be as real a fact as any fact in the material world. It is the law of all spiritual life. And therefore I can believe anything that meets me, however wonderful, in the shape of recorded answers to prayer, which may be explained on such a principle as this.

Some of us who may have seen the report of one of our great missionary societies,* little more than two short years ago, may recollect an instance in point of this kind of answer to prayer. The armies of one of the most fierce and bloodthirsty and relentless of heathen monarchs, the King of Dahomey, were encamped before the walls of the city of Abbeokuta, in Western Africa, defended by a garrison weak in numbers and equipment, but strong in the power of believing prayer. For eight days the invaders threatened the city, and for eight days the Christian missionaries and their converts did not cease to supplicate the Lord of Armies that they might be delivered out of the hands of their enemies. They expected the attack, they asked for deliverance or for victory, but they did not prescribe to God how the victory or the deliverance should come. It was a time of terrible suspense. On the ninth morning when they rose, the army whose formidable array had so long filled their hearts with uneasy forebodings, had vanished like a mist. The rising sun shone not on helmet and shield, on plume and lance, but on a silent, untenanted plain. Was that, or was it not, an answer to prayer? We need not suppose a miracle. It was not here, as it was with the armies of Sennacherib. No angel of the Lord went forth and smote the camp of the enemy. And yet the deliverance was no less real, no less manifestly given in answer to prayer. Why it was that the King of Dahomey struck his tents and retreated so suddenly from the beleaguered city has never been explained. But I believe that God, acting directly by the law of his spiritual working, touched the monarch's heart, sent upon him the blast of a sudden panic, or caused him to hear a rumour, or in some other way changed his purpose, and that this was the answer to his children's supplication.

Or again, no deliverance may come, no succour be vouchsafed, and yet the answer may be no less real, no less efficacious. We may have read not long since in the newspapers another narrative which may have seemed to teach us a lesson the very opposite to that of which I have been speaking. I refer to the account of that terrible butchery in Jamaica, when the rebels, who had surrounded the Court-house, at last completed their horrid work by setting it on fire. The narrative * runs that at the time "it was already dark, and a heavy cloud overhead gave indications of rain. The doomed inmates prayed fervently for a good shower, which would in all probability, had it come down, have dispersed the mob, or damped their ammunition, or afforded in some way opportunity for escape. But that hope soon fled, the clouds dispersed, and a beautiful starry sky, such only as the tropics can offer, shed its calm light upon the deeds of blood below." Who shall venture to say that that prayer was unanswered? I, for one, dare not. Who can tell how faith was sustained, who can tell how heroic firmness and resignation came? Who can tell whether God's best answer to that prayer was not in taking to Himself those who prayed?

And so it may be in other cases. The answer may come, not in the removal of pain, or sorrow, or suffering, but in the gift of inner strength to bear, of patience and resignation and devout submission to, the will of God. Many of us may have seen how truly God does thus grant us our petition. Many of us may have felt it in our own experience, or seen it strikingly exemplified in the experience of others. Many of us may have found here the solution of a difficulty which otherwise would have perplexed us: Why is it that God's truest and saintliest are so often doomed to bear the burden of perpetual disappointment? Why is it that they pour out their hearts for some blessing, but it comes not; for the removal of some evil, but it is not taken away? Does God mock his own dearly beloved children when He thus deals with them,—when, in spite of most anxious and long-continued pleadings, He inflicts the dreaded blow,—when He leaves the young children orphans, or takes away the wife from the husband, or the husband from the wife,—when He visits with sickness, with pain, with weariness, and refuses to remove the chastisement? No, these are the bitter arrows from the sweet and loving hand of God (*sagittæ amaræ ex dulci manu Dei*); this is the wise discipline of a Father who knows what is best for us, and who would make us partakers of his holiness. When St. Paul was vexed with the thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him, he tells us that for this thing he besought the Lord thrice that it might be taken away. And what was the answer? Was it taken away? No: but strength was given him to bear: "My grace is sufficient for thee." He was taught this most precious lesson of life, that the end of all prayer, as of all our Christian life, is to bring our rebellious wills into harmony with, and submission to, the will of God. Yes, there is the solu-

* Report of Church Missionary Society for 1863.

* See the account of the insurrection in the *Times* of Nov. 1865.

tion of the mystery. There is the interpretation of what we so often stumble at. God does answer his children, but God does not give us the very thing we ask, because if He did it would make us selfish and proud, and careless and self-satisfied. We should begin to think ourselves the special favourites of heaven, and prayer a charm or talisman to secure us from all evil. God does not give us *what* we ask, but He gives us what is far better, patience and submission, the spirit of the cross, and the mind of Christ. He does not forbid us to utter our petitions, but He grants them as He thinks fit. He may even promise that we shall sit with Him on his throne, if that be our ambition, but He may make us first drink of the cup that He drank, and be baptised with the baptism that He was baptised with.

"Not my will, but thine be done." Such was the greatest prayer that the world has ever heard. There was the distinct expression of the human wish on the lips of Christ our Lord: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." That was the petition. There was the shrinking of his human nature from the terrible hour of his agony. But there was also the devout submission to his Heavenly Father's will: "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." His prayer was answered, not in the removal of the cup, but in the succour vouchsafed. There appeared unto Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him. In this spirit, may God give us all grace to pray. May He teach us to still our too selfish and passionate longings for earthly good, by the recollection that what we covet so earnestly might not be good for ourselves, or might be injurious to others. May He teach us by the discipline of our daily life ever to go to Him as a Father who is wiser and more loving to us than we are to ourselves. May He give us the holy confidence of children, and yet withal teach us in all things to bow our will to his. This, believe me, is the great lesson of life for every one of us. He who can say truly from the bottom of his heart, not in a mere perfunctory way, or as the expression of a merely passive resignation—he who can say from the bottom of his heart, knowing and meaning what he says,—"Not my will, but thine be done," has done life's greatest work; he is nearest to God, has most of the mind of Christ, is ripest for heaven.

J. J. STEWART PEROWNE.

THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

HOLY Lord Jesus, Thou wilt seek till Thou find
The lost piece of silver, the treasure enshrined
By hearth or in bosom, once of such store—
Now lying under the dust of Thy floor.

Gentle Lord Jesus, Thou wilt move through the room
Light-kindling—light-bearing—and banish its gloom:
The lost piece of silver which no man can see,
O merciful Jesus, is beheld clear by Thee!

Defaced and degraded, and trampled in dust,
Its superscription Thou know'st yet, we trust.
Thou wilt reclaim it and make it re-shine,
For it was silver, pure silver of Thine.

Loving Lord Jesus, though the house is all dark,
With no hand to aid Thee, and no eye to mark,
Though now "clean forgotten, as a dead man out of mind"—
This lost piece of silver Thou wilt search for—and find.

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART III.

CHAPTER X.

Aunt Agatha had grown into a sweet old lady; not so old, perhaps, but that she might have made up still into that elderly aspirant after youth, for whose special use the name "old maid" must have been invented. And yet there is a sweetness in the name, and it was not inapplicable to the fair old woman, who received Mary Ochterlony into her kind arms. There was a sort of tender misty consciousness upon her age, just as there is a tender unconsciousness in youth, of so many things that cannot but come to the knowledge of people who have eaten of the tree in the middle of the garden. She was surrounded by the unknown as was seemly to such a maiden soul. And yet she was old, and gleams of experience, and dim knowledge at second hand, had come to her from those misty tracts. Though she had not, and never could have, half the vigour or force in her which Mary had even in her subdued and broken state, still she had strength of affection and goodness enough, to take the management of all affairs into her hands for the moment, and to set herself at the head of the little party. She took Mary and the children from the ship, and brought them to the inn at which she had stayed the night before; and, what was a still greater achievement, she repressed Winnie, and kept her in a semi-subordinate and silent state—which was an effort which taxed all Aunt Agatha's powers. Though it may seem strange to say it, Mary and her young sister did not, as people say, take to each other at that first meeting. It was twelve years since they had met, and the eighteen-year-old young woman, accustomed to be a sovereign among her own people, and have all her whims attended to, did not, somehow, commend herself to Mary, who was broken, and joyless, and feeble, and little capable of glitter and motion. Aunt Agatha took the traveller to a cool room, where comparative quiet was to be had, and took off her heavy bonnet and cloak, and made her lie down, and came and sat by her. The children were in the next room, where the sound of their voices could reach their mother to keep her heart; and then Aunt Agatha took Mary's hand in both of hers, and said, "Tell me about it, my dear love." It was a way she had of speaking, but yet such words are sweet; especially to a forlorn creature who has supposed that there is nobody left in the world to address her so. And then Mary told her sad story with all the details that women love, and cried till the fountain of tears was for the time exhausted, and grief itself by its very vehemence had got calm; which was, as Aunt Agatha knew by instinct, the best way to receive a poor woman who was a widow, and had just set her solitary feet for the first time upon the shores which she left as a bride.

And so they rested and slept that first night on English soil. There are moments when sorrow feels sacramental, and as if it never could be disturbed again by the pettier emotions of life. Mrs. Ochterlony had gone to sleep in this calm, and it was with something of the same feeling that she awoke. As if life (as she thought) being over, its cares were in some sense over too, and that now nothing could move her further; unless, indeed, it might be any harm to the children, which, thank God, there was no appearance of. In this state of mind she rose up and said her prayers, mingling them with some of those great tears which gather one by one as the heart fills, and which seem to give a certain physical relief when they brim over; and then she went to join her aunt and sister at breakfast, where they had not expected to see her. "My love, I would have brought you your tea," said Aunt Agatha with a certain reproach; and when Mary smiled and said there was no need for that, even Winnie's heart was touched,—wilful Winnie in her black muslin gown, who was a little piqued to feel herself in the company of some one more interesting than even she was, and hated herself for it, and yet could not help feeling as if Mary had come in like the prodigal, to be feasted and tended, while they never even killed a kid for her who had always been at home.

Winnie was eighteen, and she was not like her sister. She was tall, but not like Mary's tallness—a long slight slip of a girl, still full of corners. She had corners at her elbows, and almost at her shoulders, and a great many corners in her mind. She was not so much a pretty girl as a girl who would, or might be, a beautiful woman. Her eyebrows were arched, and so were her delicate nostrils, and her upper lip—all curved and moveable, and ready to quiver and speak when it was needful. When you saw her face in profile, that outline seemed to cut itself out, as in some warm marble against the background. It was not the *beauté du diable*, the bewildering charm of youth, and freshness, and smiles, and tints. She had something of all this, and to boot she had features—*beaux traits*. But as for this part of her power, Winnie, to do her justice, thought nothing of it; perhaps, to have understood that people minded what she said, and noticed what she did because she was very handsome, would have conveyed something like an insult and affront to the young lady. She did not care much, nor mind much at the present moment, whether she was pretty or not. She had no rivals, and beauty was a weapon the importance of which had not occurred to her. But she did care a good deal for being Winifred Seton, and as such, mistress of all she

surveyed; and though she could have beaten herself for it, it galled her involuntarily to find herself thus all at once in the presence of a person whom Providence seemed to have set, somehow, in a higher position, and who was more interesting than herself. It was a wicked thought, and she did it battle. If it had been left to her, how she could have petted and cared for Mary, how she would have borne her triumphantly over all the fatigues of the journey, and thought it nothing to take the tickets, and mind the luggage, and struggle with the porters for Mary's sake! But to have Mary come in and absorb Aunt Agatha's and everybody's first look, their first appeal and principal regard, was trying to Winnie; and she had never learned yet to banish altogether from her eyes what she thought.

"It does not matter, aunt," said Mary; "I cannot make a recluse of myself—I must go among strangers—and it is a great blessing to be able to practise a little with Winnie and you."

"You must not mind Winnie and me, my darling," said Aunt Agatha, who had a way of missing the arrow as it were, and catching some of the feathers of it as it flew past.

"What do you mean about going among strangers?" said the keener Winnie. "I hope you don't think we are strangers; and there is no need for you to go into society that I can see—not now at least; or at all events not unless you like," she continued with a suspicion of sharpness in her tone, not displeased perhaps on the whole that Mary was turning out delusive, and was not so interesting as she appeared to be, and was thinking already of society—for which notwithstanding she scorned her sister, as was natural to a young woman at the experienced age of eighteen.

"Society is not what I was thinking of," said Mary, who in her turn did not like her young sister's criticism; and she took her seat and her cup of tea with an uncomfortable sense of opposition. She had thought that she could not be annoyed any more by petty matters, and was incapable of feeling the little cares and complications of life, and yet it was astonishing how Winnie's little, sharp, half-sarcastic tone brought back the faculty of being annoyed.

"The little we have at Kirtell will be a comfort to you, my love," said the soothing voice of Aunt Agatha; "all old friends. The vicar you know, Mary, and the doctor, and poor Sir Edward. There are some new people, but I do not make much account of them; and our little visiting would harm nobody," the old lady said, though with a slight tone of hurry and apology, not quite satisfied in herself that the widow should be even able to think of society so soon.

Upon which a little pucker of vexation came to Mary's brow. She saw now what she would have to encounter, and it seemed to her hard that she should have to encounter it while she was but trying painfully to do her duty. As if she cared or could care for their little visiting, and the vicar, and the doctor, and Sir Edward! she to whom going among strangers meant something so real and so hard to bear.

"Dear Aunt Agatha," she said, "I am afraid you will not be pleased—but I have not been looking forward to anything so pleasant as going to Kirtell. The first thing I have to think of is the boys and their interests. And Francis Ochterlony has asked us to go to Earlston." These words came all confused from Mary's lips. She broke down, seeing what was coming; for this was something that she never had calculated on, or thought of having to bear.

A dead pause ensued; Aunt Agatha started and flushed all over, and gave an agitated exclamation, and then a sudden blank came upon her sweet old face. Mary did not look at her, but she saw without looking how her aunt stiffened into resentment, and offence, and mortification. She changed in an instant, as if Mrs. Ochterlony's confused statement had been a spell, and drew herself up and sat motionless, a picture of surprised affection and wounded pride. Poor Mary saw it, and knew it was she who had done it, and was grieved to the heart and yet could not but resent such a want of understanding of her position and sympathy for herself. She lifted her cup to her lips with a trembling hand, and her tea did not refresh her. And it was the only near relative she had in the world, the tenderest-hearted creature in existence, a woman who could be cruel to nobody, who thus shut up her heart against her. Thus the three women sat together round their breakfast-table and helped each other and said nothing for one stern moment, which was a cruel moment for two of them at least.

"Earlston!" said Aunt Agatha at last, with a quiver in her voice. "Indeed it never occurred to me—I had not supposed that Francis Ochterlony had been so much to—— But never mind, if that is what you think best for yourself, Mary."

"There is nothing best for myself," said Mrs. Ochterlony with the sharpness of despair. "I think it is my duty—and—and Hugh, I know, would have thought so. Our boy is his uncle's heir. They are the—the only Ochterlonys left now. It is what I must—what I ought to do."

And then there was another pause. Aunt Agatha for her part would have liked to cry, but then she had her side of the family to maintain, and though every pulse in her was beating with disappointment and mortified affection she was not going to show that. "You must know best," she said, taking up her little air of dignity; "I am sure you must know best; I would never try to force my way of thinking on you, Mary. No doubt you have been more in the world than I have; but I did think when a woman was in trouble that to go among her own friends——"

"Yes," said Mary, who was overwhelmed and did not feel able to bear it, "but her friends might understand her and have a little pity for her, Aunt, when she had hard things to do that wrung her heart——"

"My dear," said Aunt Agatha, with, on her side, the bitterness of unappreciated exertion, "if you will think how far I have come, and what an unusual journey I have made, I think you will perceive that to accuse me of want of pity——"

"Don't worry her, Aunt Agatha," said Winnie, "she is not accusing you of want of pity. I think it a very strange sort of thing myself; but, let Mary have justice, that was not what she meant."

"I should like to know what she did mean," said Aunt Agatha, who was trembling with vexation, and with those tears which she wanted so much to shed; and then two or three of them dropped on the broad-brimmed cambric cuff which she was wearing solely on Mary's account. For to be sure Major Ochterlony was not to say a relation of hers that she should have worn such deep mourning for him. "I am sure I don't want to interfere, if she prefers Francis Ochterlony to her own friends," she added, with tremulous haste. She was the very same Aunt Agatha who had taken Mary to her arms the day before, and sat by her bed, listening to all the sad story of her widowhood. She had wept for Hugh, and she would have shared her cottage and her garden and all she had with Mary, with the goodwill and bounty, eagerly —but Francis Ochterlony was a different matter; and perhaps it was not in human nature to bear the preference of a husband's brother to "her own friends." "They may be the last Ochterlonys," said Aunt Agatha, "but I never understood that a woman was to give up her own family entirely; and your sister was born a Seton like you and me, Winnie;—I don't understand it, for my part."

Aunt Agatha broke down when she had said this, and cried more bitterly, more effusively, so long as it lasted, than she had cried last night over Hugh Ochterlony's sudden ending: and Mary could not but feel that; and as for Winnie, she sat silent, and if she did not make things worse, at least she made no effort to make them better. On the whole it was not much wonder. They had made great changes in the cottage for Mary's sake. Aunt Agatha had given up her parlour, her own pretty room that she loved, for a nursery, and they had made up their minds that the best room was to be Mary's, with a sort of sense that the fresh chintz and the pictures on the walls—it was the only bed-room that had any pictures—would make up to her if anything could. And now to find all the time that it was Francis Ochterlony, and not her own friends, that she was going to! Winnie sat quite still with her fine profile cut out sternly against the dark green wall, looking immoveable and unfeeling as only a fine profile can under such circumstances. This was what came of Mary's placid morning and the dear union of family support and love into which she thought she had come. It was harder upon Mrs. Ochterlony than if Aunt Agatha had not come to meet her. She had to sit blank and silent like a criminal, and see the old lady cry and the young lady lift up the stern delicacy of that profile against her. They were disappointed in Mary, and not only were they disappointed but mortified,—wounded in their best feelings and embarrassed in secondary matters as well; for naturally Aunt Agatha had told everybody that she was going to bring her niece, Mrs. Ochterlony, and the poor dear children home.

Thus it will be seen that the first breakfast in England was a very unsatisfactory meal for Mary. She took refuge with her children when it was over, and shut up, as she had been forced to do in other days, another door in her heart; and Aunt Agatha and Winnie on the other hand withdrew to their apartment and talked it over and kindled each other's indignation. "If you knew the kind of man he was, Winnie!" Aunt Agatha said, with a severity which was not entirely on Mary's account; "not the sort of man I would trust those poor dear fatherless children with. I don't believe he has any religious principles. Dear, dear, to think how Mary should have changed! I never could have thought she would have preferred Francis Ochterlony, and turned against her own friends."

"I don't know anything about Francis Ochterlony," said Winnie, "but I know what a lot of bother we have had at home making all those changes; and your parlour that you had given up, Aunt Agatha—I must say when I think of that——"

"That is nothing, my love," said Aunt Agatha; "I was not thinking of what I have done, I hope—as if the sacrifice was anything." But nevertheless the tears came into her eyes at the thought. It is hard when one has made a sacrifice—a real sacrifice—with a liberal heart, to have it thrown back and to feel that it is useless. This is hard, and Aunt Agatha was only human. If she had been alone, probably after the first moment of annoyance she would have gone to Mary, and the two would have cried together, and after little Hugh's prospects had been discussed, Miss Seton would have consented that it was best for her niece to go to Earlston; but then Winnie was there to talk it over and keep up Aunt Agatha's indignation. And Mary was wounded, and had retired and shut herself up among her children. And it was thus that the most trifling and uncalled-for of cares, came with little pricks of vexation and disappointment, to disturb at its very outset the new chapter of life which Mrs. Ochterlony had imagined herself to be entering upon in such a calm of tranquillizing grief.

They were to go to London that day, and to continue their journey to the North by the night train: but it was no longer a journey in which any of the party could take any pleasure. As for Mary, in the great revulsion of her disappointment, it seemed to her as if there was no comfort for her anywhere. She had to go to Earlston to accept a home from Francis Ochterlony, whom she had never "taken to," even in her young days. And it had occurred to her that her aunt and sister would understand why, and would be sorry for her, and console her under this painful effort. When,

on the contrary, they proved to be affronted and indignant, Mary's heart shut close, and retreated within itself. She could take her children into her arms, and press them against her heart, as if that would do it some good; but she could not talk to the little things, nor consult them, nor share anything with them except such smiles as were practicable. To a woman who has been used to talk all her concerns over with some one, it is terrible to feel her yearnings for counsel and sympathy turned back upon her own soul like this, and to be struck dumb and feel that no ear is open to her, and that in all the world there is no one living to whom her affairs are more than the affairs of a stranger. Some poor women there are who must have fellowship somehow, and who will be content with pity if sympathy is not to be had. But Mary was not of this kind of women. She shut her doors. She went in, into herself in the silence and solitude, and felt her instinctive yearning to be helped and understood come pouring back upon her like a bitter flood. And then she looked at her little boys in their play, who had need of all from her, and could give her back but their childish fondness, and no help, or stay, or counsel. It is hard upon a woman, but yet it is a thing which every woman must confront and make up her mind to, whom God places in such circumstances. I do not know if it is easier work for a man in the same position. Mary had felt the prop of expected sympathy and encouragement and affection rudely driven from under her, and when she came in among her innocent helpless children she faced her lot, and did not deceive herself any more. To judge for herself, and do the best that in her lay, and take all the responsibilities upon her own head, whatever might follow; to know that nobody now in all the world was for her, or stood by her, except in a very secondary way, after his or her concerns and intentions and feelings had been carefully provided for in the first place. This was how her position appeared to her. And, indeed, such *was* her position, without any exaggeration. It was very kind of Francis Ochterlony to be willing to take her in, and very kind of Aunt Agatha to have made preparations for her; and kindness is sweet, and yet it is bitter, and hard, and cold, and killing to meet with. It made Mary sick to her heart, and filled her with a longing to take up her babes and rush away into some solitary corner, where nobody would ever see her again or hear of her. I do not say that she was right, or that it was a proper state of mind to be in. And Mary was too right-minded a woman to indulge in it long; but that was the feeling that momentarily took possession of her as she put the doors to in her heart, and realised that she really was alone then, and that her concerns were hers alone, and belonged to nobody else in the world.

And, on the other hand, it was very natural for Aunt Agatha and Winnie. They knew the exertions they had made, and the flutter of generous excitement in which they had been, and their readiness to give up their best for the solace of the widow. And naturally the feeling that all their sacrifices were unnecessary and their preparations made in vain, turned the honey into gall for the moment. It was not their part to take Mary's duty into consideration, in the first place; and they did not know beforehand of Francis Ochterlony's letter, nor the poor Major's confidence that his brother would be a friend to his widow. And it *was* natural that she should go to her own friends. And then Aunt Agatha's parlour, which was all metamorphosed, and the changes that had been made through the whole house! The result was, that Aunt Agatha, offended, did not so much as offer to her niece the little breathing-time Mary had hoped for. When they got to London, she reopened the subject, but it was in an unanswerable way.

"I suppose your brother-in-law expects you," she said. "I think it will be better to wait till to-morrow before you start, that he may send the carriage to the station for you. I don't ask you to come to me for the night, for it would be a pity to derange the children for so short a time."

"Very well, Aunt," said Mary, sadly. And she wrote to Mr. Ochterlony, and slept that night in town—her strength almost failing her at the thought that, in her feebleness and excitement, she had to throw herself immediately on Francis Ochterlony's tender mercies. She even paused for a moment to think, might she not really do as her heart suggested—find out some corner of refuge for herself with which nobody could intermeddle, and keep apart from them all? But Mary had come "home to her friends," as everybody said at the station; and she had a woman's prejudices, and it seemed unnatural to her to begin, without any interposition of the people belonging to her, that strange and solitary life of independence or self-dependence which was what she must decide upon some time. And then there was always Mr. Ochterlony's letter, which was so kind. And she had settled on this, and had not thought about the other, nor did she know where to go to. Thus it was fixed by a few words, and could not be changed. Aunt Agatha had a terrible compunction afterwards, and could not get Mary's look out of her head, as she owned to Winnie, and would have got up out of her bed in the middle of the night, and gone to Mary and begged her to come to the cottage first, if it had not been that Winnie might have woke up, and that she would have to cross a passage to Mary's room; and in a hotel where "gentlemen" were continually about, who could tell whom she might meet? So they all slept, or pretended to sleep, and said nothing about it: and the next day set off with no further explanations, on their way "home."

CHAPTER XI.

EARLSTON is a house which lies in a little green valley among the grey folds of the Shap Fells. It

is not an inviting country, though the people love it as people do love everything that belongs to them; and it has a very different aspect from the wooded dell a little farther north, where strays the romantic little Kirtell, and where Aunt Agatha's cottage smiled upon a tufted slope with the music of the cheery river in its ears day and night. The rivers about Earlston were shallow and ran dry in summer, though it was not because of any want of rain; and the greyness of the hills made a kind of mist in the air to unaccustomed eyes. Everybody, who has ever gone to the north that way, knows the deep cuttings about Shap, where the railway plunges through between two humid living limestone walls, where the cottages and the fences and the farm-houses all lead up in level tones of grey to the vast greyness of the piebald hills, and where the line of pale sky above is grey too in most cases. It was at one of the little stations in this monotonous district that Mrs. Ochterlony and her children and her ayah were deposited—Aunt Agatha, with an aspect of sternness but a heart that smote her, and eyes that kept filling with tears she was too proud to shed, looking on the while. Winnie looked on too without the compunction, feeling very affronted and angry. They were going further on, and the thought of home was overcast to both these ladies by the fact that everybody would ask for Mary, and that the excitement of the last few weeks would collapse in the dreariest and suddenest way when they were seen to return alone. As for Mary, she looked grey like the landscape, under her heavy veil—grey, silent, in a kind of dull despair, persuading herself that the best thing of all was to say nothing about it and shut only more closely the doors of that heart where nobody now had any desire to come in. She lifted her little boys out and did not care even to look if the carriage was waiting for her—and then she came to the window to bid her aunt and sister good-bye. She was so disappointed and sick-hearted, and felt for the moment that the small amount of affection and comprehension which they were capable of giving her was so little worth the trouble of asking for, that Mary did not even ask to be written to. She put up her pale face and said good-bye in a dreary unexpectant tone that doubled the compunction in Aunt Agatha's bosom. "Oh, Mary, if you had but been coming with us!" cried that inconsistent woman, on the spur of the moment. "It is too late to speak of it now," said Mary, and kissed her and turned away; and the heartless train dashed off, and carried off Aunt Agatha with that picture in her eyes of the forlorn little group on the platform of the railway station—the two little boys clinging close to their mother, and she standing alone among strangers with the widow's veil hanging over her colourless face. "Can you see the carriage, Winnie?—look out and tell me if you can see it," said Aunt Agatha. But the engine that carried them on was too quick for Winnie, and had already swept out of sight. And they pursued their journey, feeling guilty and wretched, as indeed, to a certain extent, they deserved to feel. A two months' widow with a baby and two helpless little boys—and at the best it could only be a servant who had come to meet her, and she would have everything to do for herself and to face her brother-in-law without any support or helper. When Aunt Agatha thought of this, she sank back in her corner and sobbed. To think that she should have been the one to take offence and be affronted at Mary's first word, and desert her thus; when she might have taken her home and comforted her, and then, if it must have ended so, conveyed her to Earlston. Aunt Agatha cried, and deserved to cry, and even Winnie felt a twinge at her heart; and they got rather angry with each other before they reached home and felt disposed to accuse each other, and trembled both of them before the idea of meeting Peggy, Miss Seton's domestic tyrant, who would rush to the door with her heart in her mouth to receive "our Miss Mary and the puir dear fatherless bairns." Mary might be silent about it, and never complain of unkindness; but it was not to be expected that Peggy would have the same scruples; and these two guilty and miserable travellers trembled at the thought of her as they made their wretched way home.

When the train had disappeared, Mary tried to take a kind of cold comfort to herself. She stood all alone, a stranger with the few rustic passengers and rustic railway officials staring at her as if she had dropped from the skies, and no apparent sign anywhere that her coming had been looked for, or that there was any resting-place for her in this grey country. And she said to herself that it was natural, and must always be so henceforth, and that it was best at once to accustom herself to her lot. The carriage had not come, nor any message from Earlston to say she was expected, and all that she could do was to go into the rude little waiting-room and wait there with the tired children till some conveyance could be got to take her to her brother-in-law's house. Her thoughts would not be pleasant to put down on paper, could it be done; and yet they were not so painful as they had been the day before, when Aunt Agatha failed her or seemed to fail. Now that disappointed craving for help and love and fellowship was over for the moment, and she had nothing but her own duty and Francis Ochterlony to encounter, who was not a man to give any occasion for vain hopes. Mary did not expect fellowship or love from her brother-in-law. If he was kind and tolerant of the children, and moderately considerate to herself, it was all that she looked for from him. Perhaps, though he had invited her, he had not been prepared to have her thrown on his hands so soon; and it might be that the domestic arrangements of Earlston were not such as to admit of the unlooked-for invasion of a lady and a nursery on such very short notice. But the most prominent feeling in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind was weariness and that longing to escape anywhere, which is the most universal of all sentiments when the spirit is worn

out and sick to death. Oh that she had wings like a dove!—though Mary had nowhere to flee to, nobody to seek consolation from; and, instead of having a home anywhere on earth awaiting her, was herself the home, the only shelter they understood, of the little pale fatherless children who clustered around her. If she could but have taken possession of one of those poor cottages, grey and homely as they looked, and put the little ones to bed in it, and drawn a wooden chair to the fire, and been where she had a right to be! It was July, but the weather was cold at Shap, and Mary had that instinct common to wounded creatures of creeping to the fire as if there was a kind of comfort in its warmth. She could have borne her burden bravely, or at least she thought so, if this had been what awaited her. But it was Earlston and Francis Ochterlony that awaited her—a stranger and a stranger's house. All these thoughts and many more were passing through her mind as she sat in the little waiting-room with her baby in her arms and her two elder boys pressing close to her. The children clung and appealed to her, and the helpless Hindoo woman crouched at her mistress's side; but as for Mary, there was nobody to give her any support or countenance. It was a hard opening to the stern way which had henceforward to be trodden alone.

Francis Ochterlony, however, though he had a certain superb indifference to the going-out and coming-in of trains, and had forgotten the precise hour, was not a wretch nor a brute, and had not forgotten his visitors. While Mary sat and waited, and while the master of the little station made slow but persevering search after some possible means of conveyance for her, a heavy rumbling of wheels became audible, and the carriage from Earlston made its tardy appearance. It was an old-fashioned vehicle, drawn by two horses which betrayed their ordinary avocations much in the same way as the coachman did, who, though dressed, as they were, for the occasion, carried a breath of the fields about him, which was more convincing than any conventionalism of garments. But such as it was the Earlston carriage was not without consideration in the countryside. All the people about turned out in a leisurely way to lift the children into it, and shoulder the boxes into such corners as could be found for them—which was an affair that demanded many counsellors—and at length the vehicle got under way. Twilight began to come on as they mounted up into the grey country, by the winding grey roads fenced in with limestone walls. Everything grew greyer in the waning light. The very trees, of which there were so few, dropped into the gathering shadows, and deepened them without giving any livelier tint of colour to the scene. The children dropped asleep, and the ayah crooned and nodded over the baby; but Mary, who had no temptation to sleep, looked out with steady eyes, and, though she saw nothing distinctly, took in unawares all the comfortless chill and monotony of the landscape. It went to her heart, and made her shiver. Or perhaps it was only the idea of meeting Francis Ochterlony that made her shiver. If the children, any one of them, had only been old enough to understand it a little, to clasp her hand or her neck with the exuberance of childish sympathy! But they did not understand, and dropped asleep, or asked with timid quivering little voices, how long it would be before they got home. Home! no wonder Mrs. Ochterlony was cold, and felt the chill go to her heart. Thus they went on for six or seven weary miles, taking as many hours, as Mary thought. Aunt Agatha had arrived at her cottage, though it was nearly thirty miles further on, while the comfortless party were still jogging along in the Earlston carriage; but Mary did not think particularly of that. She did not think at all, poor soul. She saw the grey hill-side gliding past her, and in a vague way at the same moment seemed to see herself, a bride, going gaily past on the same road, and rehearsed all the past over again with a dull pain, and shivered, and felt cold — cold to her heart. This was partly perhaps because it is chilly in Cumberland when one has just come from India, and partly because there was something that affected a woman's fanciful imagination in the misty monotony of the limestone country and the grey waste of the hills.

Earlston, too, was grey, as was to be expected; and the trees which surrounded it had lost colour in the night. The hall was but dimly lighted when the door was opened—as is but too common in country houses of so retired a kind—and there was nobody ready at the instant to open the door or to receive the strangers. To be sure, people were called and came—the housekeeper first, in a silk gown which rustled excessively, and with a certain air of patronising affability; and then Mr. Ochterlony, who had been sitting, as he usually did, in his dressing-gown, and who had to get into his coat so hurriedly that he had not recovered from it when he shook hands with his sister-in-law; and then by degrees servants appeared and lifted out the sleepy, startled children, who, between waking and sleeping, worn out, frightened, and excited, were precisely in the condition which it is most difficult to manage. And the ayah, who could hold no Christian communication with anybody around her, was worse than useless to her poor mistress. When Mr. Ochterlony led the way into the great, solemn, dark dining-room—which was the nearest room at hand—the children, instead of consenting to be led upstairs, clung with one unanimous accord to their mother. Little Wilfrid got to her arms notwithstanding all remonstrances, and Hugh and Islay each seized silently a handful of her black dress, crushing the crape beyond all remedy. It was thus she entered Earlston, which had been her husband's birthplace, and was to be her son's inheritance—or so at least Mary thought.

"I hope you have had a pleasant journey," Mr. Ochterlony said, shaking hands with her again. "I

dare say they are tired, poor little things—but you have had good weather, I hope." This he said after he had indicated to Mary a large easy-chair in carved oak which stood by the side of the fireplace, and into which, with little Wilfrid clinging to her, and Islay and Hugh holding fast by her dress, it was not so easy to get. The master of the house did not sit down himself, for it was dreary and dark, and he was a man of fine perceptions; but he walked to the window and looked out, and then came back again to his sister-in-law. "I am glad you have had such good weather—but I am sure you must all be tired," he said.

"Yes," said Mary, who would have liked to cry, "very tired; but I hope we did not come too soon. Your letter was so kind that I thought——"

"Oh don't speak of it," said Mr. Ochterlony; and then he stood before her on the dark hearth, and did not know what more to say. The twilight was still lingering, and there were no lights in the room, and it was fitted up with the strictest regard to propriety, and just as a dining-room ought to be. Weird gleams of dull reflections out of the depths of old mahogany lay low towards the floor, bewildering the visitor; and there was not even the light of a fire, which, for merely conventional motives because it was July, did not occupy its usual place; though Mary, fresh from India and shivering with the chill of excitement and nervousness and grief, would have given anything to be within reach of one. Neither did she know what to say to her almost unknown brother-in-law, whose face even she could see very imperfectly; and the children grasped her with that tight hold which is in itself a warning, and shows that everything is possible in the way of childish fright and passion. But still it was indispensable that she should find something to say.

"My poor little boys are so young," she said, faltering. "It was very very good of you to ask us, and I hope they won't be troublesome. I think I will ask the housekeeper to show us where we are to be. The railway tires them more than the ship did. This is Hugh," said Mary, swallowing as best she could the gasp in her throat, and detaching poor little Hugh's hand from her crape. But she had tears in her voice, and Mr. Ochterlony had a wholesome dread of crying. He gave his nephew a hurried pat on the head without looking at him, and called for Mrs. Gilsland, who was at hand among the shadows rustling with her silk gown.

"Oh!" he said hurriedly. "A fine little fellow I am sure;—but you are quite right, and they must be tired, and I will not detain you. Dinner is at seven," said Mr. Ochterlony. What could he say? He could not even see the faces of the woman and children whom it was his dread but evident duty to receive. When they went away under Mrs. Gilsland's charge, he followed them to the foot of the stairs, and stood looking after them as the procession mounted, guided by the rustle of the housekeeper's gown. The poor man looked at them in a bewildered way, and then went off to his library, where his own shaded lamp was lit, and where everything was cosy and familiar. Arrived there, he threw himself into his own chair with a sigh. He was not a brute, nor a wretch, as we have said, and the least thing he could do when he heard of his poor brother's death was to offer a shelter—temporarily at least—to the widow and her children: but perhaps a lurking hope that something might turn up to prevent the invasion had been in his mind up to this day. Now she was here, and what was he to do with her? Now *they* were here, which was still more serious—three boys (even though one of them was a baby) in a house full of everything that was daintiest and rarest and most delicate! No wonder Mr. Ochterlony was momentarily stupefied by their arrival; and then he had not even seen their faces to know what they were like. He remembered Mary of old in her bride-days, but then she was too young, too fresh, too unsubdued to please him. If she were as full of vigour and energy now, what was to become of a quiet man who, above all things, loved tranquillity and leisure? This was what Francis Ochterlony was thinking as his visitors went up-stairs.

Mrs. Ochterlony was inducted into the best rooms in the house. Her brother-in-law was not an effusive or sympathetic man by nature, but still he knew what was his duty under the circumstances. Two great rooms gleaming once more with ebon gleams out of big wardrobes and half-visible mirrors, with beds that looked a little like hearses and heavy solemn hangings. Mrs. Gilsland's silk gown rustled about everywhere, pointing out a thousand conveniences unknown at the station; but all Mary was thinking about was one of those grey cottages on the road with the fire burning brightly, and its little homely walls lighted up with the fitful, cheerful radiance. If she could but have had a fire, and crept up to it and knelt on the hearth and held herself to the comforting warmth. There are times when a poor creature feels all body, just as there are times when she feels all soul. And then, to think that dinner was at seven! just as it had been when she came there with Hugh, a girl all confident of happiness and life. No doubt Mr. Ochterlony would have forgiven his sister-in-law, and probably indeed would have been as much relieved as she, if she had but sent an apology and stayed in her room all the evening. But Mary was not the kind of woman to do this. It did not occur to her to depart from the natural routine, or make so much talk about her own feelings or sentiments as would be necessary even to excuse her. What did it matter? If it had to be done, it had to be done, and there was nothing more to be said. This was the view her mind took of most matters; and she had always been well, and never had any pretext to get out of things she did not like, as women do who have headaches and handy little illnesses. She could always do what was needful, and did always do it without stopping to make any questions; which is

a serviceable kind of temperament in life, and yet subjects people to many little martyrdoms which otherwise they might escape from. Though her heart was sick, she put on her best gown all covered with crape, and her widow's cap, and went down to dine with Francis Ochterlony in the great dining-room, leaving her children behind, and longing unspeakably for that cottage with the fire.

It was not such an unbecoming dress after all, notwithstanding what people say. Mary was worn and sad, but she was not faded; and the dead white of the cap that encircled her face, and the dead black of her dress, did not do so much harm as perhaps they ought to have done to that sweet and steadfast grace, which had made the regiment recognise and adopt young Stafford's fanciful title. She was still Madonna Mary under that disfigurement; and on the whole she was *not* disfigured by her dress. Francis Ochterlony lifted his eyes with equal surprise and satisfaction to take a second look at poor Hugh's widow. He felt by instinct that Phidias himself could not have filled a corner in his drawing-room, which was so full of fine things, with a figure more fair or half so appropriate as that of the serene woman who now took her seat there, abstracted a little into the separation and remoteness of sorrow, but with no discord in her face. He liked her better so than with the group of children, who made her look as if she were a Charity, and the heavy veil hanging half over her face, which had a conventual and uncomfortable effect; and he was very courteous and attentive to his sister-in-law. "I hope you had good weather," he said in his deferential way; "and I trust, when you have been a few days at Earlston, the fatigue will wear off. You will find everything very quiet here."

"I hope so," said Mary; "but it is the children I am thinking of. I trust our rooms are a long distance off, and that we will not disturb you."

"That is quite a secondary matter," said Mr. Ochterlony. "The question is, are you comfortable? I hope you will let Mrs. Gilsland know if anything is wanted. We are not—not quite used to these sort of things, you know; but I am sure, if anything is wanted——"

"You are very kind," said Mary; "I am sure we shall be very comfortable." And yet as she said so her thoughts went off with a leap to that little cottage interior, and the cheerful light that shone out of the window, and the fire that crackled and blazed within. Ah, if she were but there; not dining with Mr. Ochterlony in solemn grandeur, but putting her little boys to bed, and preparing their supper for them, and cheating away heavy thoughts by that dear common work for the comfort and service of her own which a woman loves. But this was not a sort of longing to give expression to at Earlston, where in the evening Mr. Ochterlony was very kind to his sister-in-law, and showed her a great many priceless things which Mary regarded with trembling, thinking of two small barbarians about to be let loose among them, not to speak of little Wilfrid, who was old enough to dash an Etruscan vase to the earth, or upset the rarest piece of china, though he was still only a baby. She could not tell how they were so much as to walk through that drawing-room without doing some harm, and her heart sank within her as she listened to all those loving lingering descriptions which only a virtuoso can make. Mr. Ochterlony retired that evening with a sense always agreeable to a man, that in doing a kind thing he had not done a foolish one, and that the children of such a fair and gracious woman could not be the graceless imps who had been haunting his dreams ever since he knew they were coming home; but Mary for her part took no such flattering unction to her. She sighed more and more for the cottage and the fire as she went upstairs sad and weary to the great sombre room, in which a couple of candles burned like tiny stars in a world of darkness, and looked at her sleeping boys, and wondered what they were to do in this collection of curiosities and beauties. She was an ignorant woman, and did not, alas! care anything at all for the Venus Anadyomene. But she thought of little Hugh tilting her and her pedestal over, and shook and trembled at the idea. She trembled too with cold and nervous agitation, and the chill of sorrow in her heart. In the lack of other human sources of consolation, oh! to go to that cottage hearth, and kneel down and feel to one's very soul the comfort of the warm consoling fire.

CHAPTER XII.

It had need to be a mind which has reached the last stage of human sentiment which can altogether resist the influence of a lovely summer morning, all made of warmth, and light, and softened sounds, and far-off odours. Mrs. Ochterlony had not reached this last stage; she was still young, and she was only at the beginning of her loneliness, and her heart had not sickened at life, as hearts do sometimes which have made a great many repeated efforts to live, and have had to give in again and again. When she saw the sunshine lying in a supreme peacefulness upon those grey hills, and all the pale sky and blue depths of air beaming softly with that daylight which comes from God, her courage came back to her in spite of herself. She began the morning by the shedding of those silent tears which are all the apology one can make to one's dead, for having the heart to begin another day without them; and when that moment was over, and the children had lifted all their daylight faces in a flutter of curiosity and excitement about this new "home" they had come to, after so long talking of it and looking forward to it, things did not seem so dark to Mary as on the previous evening. For one thing, the sun was warm and shone in at her windows, which made a great difference; and with her children's voices in her ears, and their faces fresh in the morning light, what woman could be altogether without courage? "So long as they are well," she said to herself——and went down-

stairs a little consoled, to pour out Mr. Ochterlony's coffee for him, thanking heaven in her heart that her boys were to have a meal which had nothing calm nor classical about it, in the old nursery where their father had once eaten his breakfasts, and which had been hurriedly prepared for them. "The little dears must go down to dessert; but master, ma'am—well, he's an old bachelor, you know," said Mrs. Gilsland, while explaining this arrangement. "Oh, thank you, I hope you will help me to keep them from disturbing him," Mary had said; and thus it was with a lighter heart that she went down-stairs.

Mr. Ochterlony came down too at the same time in an amiable frame of mind. Notwithstanding that he had to put himself into a morning coat, and abjure his dressing-gown, which was somewhat of a trial for a man of fixed habits, nothing could exceed the graciousness of his looks. A certain horrible notion common to his class, that children scream all night long, and hold an entire household liable to be called up at any moment, had taken possession of his mind. But his tired little guests had been swallowed up in the silence of the house, and had neither screamed, nor shouted, nor done anything to disturb its habitual quiet; and the wonderful satisfaction of having done his duty, and not having suffered for it, had entered Mr. Ochterlony's mind. It is in such circumstances that the sweet sense of well-doing, which is generally supposed the best reward of virtue, settles upon a good man's spirit. The Squire might be premature in his self-congratulations, but then his sense of relief was exquisite. If nothing worse was to come of it than the presence of a fair woman, whose figure was always in drawing, and who never put herself into an awkward attitude—whose voice was soft, and her movements tranquil, Mr. Ochterlony felt that self-sacrifice after all was practicable. The boys could be sent to school as all boys were, and at intervals might be endured when there was nothing else for it. Thus he came down in a benign condition, willing to be pleased. As for Mary, the first thing that disturbed her calm, was the fact that she was herself of no use at her brother-in-law's breakfast-table. He made his coffee himself in a pretty glass machine, which he took pains to explain to her, and then he went into general conversation in the kindest way, to put her at her ease.

"That is the Farnese Hercules," he said; "I saw it caught your eye last night. It is from a cast I had made for the purpose, and is considered very perfect; and that you know is the new Pallas, the Pallas that was found in the Sestina Villa; you recollect, perhaps?"

"I am afraid not," said Mary, faltering, and she looked at them, poor soul, with wistful eyes, and tried to feel a little interest. "I have been so long out of the way of everything——"

"To be sure," said the Squire, encouragingly, "and my poor brother Hugh, I remember, knew very little about it. He went early to India, and had few advantages, poor fellow." All this Mr. Ochterlony said while he was concocting his coffee in his pretty machine; and Mary had nothing to do but to sit and listen to him with her face fully open to his inspection if he liked, and no kindly urn before her to hide the sudden rush of tears and indignation. A man who spent his life having casts made, and collecting what Mary in her heart with secret rage called "pretty things!"—that he should make a complacent contrast between himself and his brother! The suggestion filled Mrs. Ochterlony with a certain speechless fury which was born of her grief.

"He knew well how to do his duty," she said, as soon as she could speak; and she would not let her tears fall, but opened her burning eyes wide, and absorbed them somehow out of pride for Hugh.

"Poor fellow!" said his brother, daintily pouring out the fragrant coffee. "I don't know if he ever could have had much appreciation of Art; but I am sure he made a good soldier, as you say. I was very much moved and shocked when I heard—but do not let us talk of such painful subjects; another time, perhaps——"

And Mary sat still with her heart beating, and said no more—thinking through all the gentle flow of conversation that followed, of the incomceivable conceit that could for a moment class Francis Ochterlony's dilettante life with that of her dead Hugh, who had played a man's part in the world, and had the heart to die for his duty's sake. And this useless Squire could speak of the few advantages he had! It was unreasonable, for, to tell the truth, the Squire was much more accomplished, much better instructed than the Major. The Numismatic Society and the Society of Antiquaries, and even, on certain subjects, the British Association, would have listened to Francis Ochterlony as if he had been a messenger from heaven. Whereas Hugh the soldier would never have got a hearing nor dared to open his lips in any learned presence. But then that did not matter to his wife, who, notwithstanding her many high qualities, was not a perfectly reasonable woman. Those "few advantages" stood terribly in Mary's way for that first morning. They irritated her far more than Mr. Ochterlony could have had the least conception or understanding of. If anybody had given him a glass to look into her heart with, the Squire would have been utterly confounded by what he saw there. What had he done? And indeed he had done nothing that anybody (in his senses) could have found fault with; he had but turned Mary's thoughts once more with a violent longing to the roadside cottage, where at least, if she and her children were but safely housed, her soldier's memory would be shrined, and his sword hung up upon the homely wall, and his name turned into a holy thing. Whereas he was only a younger brother who had gone away to India, and had few advantages, in the Earlston way of thinking. This was the uppermost thought in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind as her brother-in-law exhibited all his collec-

tions to her. The drawing-room, which she had but imperfectly seen in her weariness and preoccupation the previous night, was a perfect museum of things rich and rare. There were delicate marbles, tiny but priceless, standing out white and ethereal against the soft, carefully chosen, toned crimson of the curtains; and bronzes that were worth half a year's income of the lands of Earlston; and Etruscan vases and Pompeian relics; and hideous dishes with lizards on them, beside plaques of dainty porcelain with Raphael's designs; the very chairs were fantastic with inlaying and gilding—curious articles, some of them worth their weight in gold; and if you but innocently looked at an old cup and saucer on a dainty table wondering what it did there, it turned out to be the ware of Henri II., and priceless. To see Mary going over all this with her attention preoccupied and wandering, and yet a wistful interest in her eyes, was a strange sight. All that she had in the world was her children, and the tiny little income of a soldier's widow—and you may suppose perhaps that she was thinking what a help to her and the still more valuable little human souls she had to care for, would have been the money's-worth of some of these fragile beauties. But that was not what was in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind. What occupied her on the contrary was an indignant wonder within herself how a man who spent his existence upon such trifles (they looked trifles to her, from her point of view, and in this of course she was still unreasonable) could venture to look down with complacency upon the real life, so honestly lived and so bravely ended, of his brother Hugh—poor Hugh, as he ventured to call him! Mr. Ochterlony might die a dozen times over and what would his marble Venus care, that he was so proud of? But it was Hugh who had died; and it was a kind of comfort to feel that *he* at least, though they said he had few advantages, had left one faithful woman behind him to keep his grave green for ever. For one thing, her fatigue and excitement were by no means over, although she thought herself quite well and recovered of all that; and perhaps they had more to do than she thought with all those fantastic reasonings in her heart.

The morning passed, however, though it was a long morning; and Mary looked into all the cabinets of coins and precious engraved gems, and rare things of all sorts, with a most divided attention and wandering mind—thinking where were the children? were they out-of-doors? were they in any trouble? for the unearthly quietness in the house seemed to her experienced mother's ear to bode harm of some kind—either illness or mischief, and most likely the last. As for Mr. Ochterlony, it never occurred to him that his sister-in law, while he was showing her his collections, should not be as indifferent as he was to any vulgar outside influence. "We shall not be disturbed," he said, with a calm reassuring smile, when he saw her glance at the door; "Mrs. Gilsland knows better than that;" and he drew out another drawer of coins as he spoke. Poor Mary began to tremble and had to sit down to steady herself; but the same sense of duty which made her husband stand to be shot at, kept her at this painful post. She went through with it like a martyr, without flinching, though longing, yearning, dying to get free. If she were but in that cottage, looking after her little boys' dinner, and hearing their voices as they played at the door—their servant and her own mistress, instead of the helpless slave of courtesy, and interest, and her position, looking at Francis Ochterlony's curiosities! When she escaped at last, Mary found that indeed her fears had not been without foundation. There had been some small breakages, and some small quarrels in the nursery, where Hugh and Islay had been engaged in single combat, and where baby Wilfrid had joined in with impartial kicks and scratches, to the confusion of both combatants: all which alarming events the frightened ayah had been too weak-minded and helpless to prevent. And, by way of keeping them quiet, that bewildered woman had taken down a beautiful Indian canoe, which stood on a bracket in the corridor, and the boys, as was natural, with true scientific inquisitiveness had made researches into its constitution, such as horrified their mother. Mary was so cowardly as to put the boat together again with her own hands, and put it back on its bracket, and say nothing about it, with devout hopes that nobody would find it out—which, to be sure, was a terrible example to set before children. She breathed freely for the first time when she got them out—out of Earlston—out even of Earlston grounds—to the hill-side, where, though everything was grey, the turf had a certain greenness, and the sky a certain blueness, and the sun shone warm, and nameless little English wild flowers were to be found among the grass; nameless things, too insignificant for anything but a botanist to classify, and Mrs. Ochterlony was no botanist. She put down Wilfrid upon the grass, and sat by him, and watched for a little the three joyful unthinking creatures, harmonised without knowing it by their mother's presence, rolling about in an unaccustomed ecstacy upon the English grass; and then Mary went back, without being quite aware of it, into the darker world of her own mind, and leant her head upon her hands and began to think.

She had a great deal to think about. She had come home obeying the first impulse, which suggested that a woman left alone in the world should put herself under the guidance and protection of "her friends:" and, in the first stupor of grief, it was a kind of consolation to think that she had still somebody belonging to her, and could put off those final arrangements for herself and by herself which one time or other must be made. When she decided upon this, Mary did not realise the idea of giving offence to Aunt Agatha by accepting Francis Ochterlony's invitation, nor of finding herself at

Earlston in the strange nondescript position—something less than a member of the family, something more than a visitor—which she at present occupied. Her brother-in-law was very kind, but he did not know what to do with her; and her brother-in-law's household was very doubtful and uneasy, with a certain alarmed and suspicious sense that it might be a new and permanent mistress who had thus come in upon them—an idea which it was not to be expected that Mrs. Gilsland, who had been in authority so long, should take kindly to. And then it was hard for Mary to live comfortably in a house where her children were simply tolerated, and in constant danger of doing inestimable mischief. She sat upon the grey hill-side, and thought over it till her head ached. Oh, for that wayside cottage with the blazing fire! but Mrs. Ochterlony had no such refuge. She had come to Earlston of her own will, and she could not fly away again at once to affront and offend the only relation who might be of service to her boys—which was, no doubt, a sadly mercenary view to take of the subject. By-and-by she took them home again, wondering a little, with a timidity that did not belong to her character, what arrangement had been made for them by that housekeeper in the rustling gown, upon whom, for the moment, she found herself dependent. This difficulty was so far solved for her by the appearance of the nursery dinner, and an intimation that master never eat any luncheon. "And I was to say, please, ma'am, that the young gentlemen's dinner would be sent up regular at half-past one," said the maid who served. Thus everything was taken out of Mrs. Ochterlony's hands. She bowed her head in assent, but it cost her some trouble, for Mary was not naturally a meek woman who could sit still and let other people decide for her. She stayed beside her children all day, feeling like a prisoner, afraid to move or to do anything, afraid to let the boys play or give scope to their limbs and voice — terrified to be subject, perhaps, to the housekeeper's suggestions, which had something of the force of orders, or to disturb Mr. Ochterlony. And then Hugh, though he was not old enough to sympathise with her, was old enough to put terrible questions. "Why shouldn't we make a noise?" the child said; "is my uncle a king, mamma, that we must not disturb him? Papa never used to mind." Mary sent her boy back to his play when he said this, with a sharp impatience which he could not understand. Ah, how different it was! and how stinging the pain that went to her heart at that suggestion. But then Hugh, thank heaven, knew no better. Even the Hindoo woman, who had been a faithful woman in her way, but who was going back again with another family bound for India, began to make preparations for her departure: and, after that, Mrs. Ochterlony's position would be still more difficult. This was how the first day at Earlston—the first day at home, as the children said—passed over Mary. It was, perhaps, of all other trials, the one most calculated to take from her any strength she might have left. And then she had to dress at seven o'clock, and leave her little boys in the big dark nursery, and go down to keep her brother-in-law company at dinner, to hear him talk of the Farnese Hercules, and of his collections, and travels, and, perhaps, of the "few advantages" his poor brother had had: which for a woman of a high spirit and independent character, and profound loyal love for the dead, was a very hard ordeal to bear.

The dinner, however, went over very fairly. Mr. Ochterlony was the soul of politeness, and, besides, he was pleased with his sister-in-law. She knew nothing about Art; but, then, she had been long in India, and was a woman, and it was not to be wondered at. He meant no harm when he spoke of poor Hugh's few advantages. He knew that he had a sensible woman to deal with, and of course grief and that sort of thing cannot last for ever; and on the whole Mr. Ochterlony saw no reason why he should not speak quite freely of his brother Hugh, and lament his want of proper training. *She* must have known that as well as he did. And to tell the truth he had forgotten about the children. He made himself very agreeable and even went so far as to say that it was very pleasant to be able to talk over these matters with somebody who understood him. Mary sat waiting with a mixture of fright and expectation for the appearance of the children, who the housekeeper said were to come down to dessert; but they did not come, and nothing was said about them; and Mr. Ochterlony was fond of foreign habits, and took very little wine, and accompanied his sister-in-law upstairs when she left the table. He came with her in that troublesome French way with which Mary was not even acquainted, and made it impossible for her to hurry through the long passages to the nursery and see what her forlorn little boys were about. What could they be doing all this time, lost at the other end of the great house where she could not even hear their voices, nor that soft habitual nursery hum which was a necessary accompaniment to her life? She had to sit down in a kind of despair and talk to Mr. Ochterlony, who took a seat beside her and was very friendly. The summer evening had begun to decline, and it was at this meditative moment that the master of Earlston liked to sit and contemplate his Psyche and his Venus, and call a stranger's attention to their beauties, and tell pleasant anecdotes about how he picked them up; which however was the strangest kind of penance to Mary, who was thankful that her children were not there, and yet mortified and vexed that they had not been sent for, and in the most restless state of uneasiness about them. For to be sure it was not a well-regulated nursery under proper supervision, but three little forlorn boys in charge of a speechless Hindoo ayah, and subject to the invasions of Mrs. Gilsland in her rustling gown, whom Mrs. Ochterlony had left. She sat by her brother-in-law's side and listened to his talk about Art with her ear strained to the most intense atten-

tion, prepared at any moment to hear a shriek from the outraged housekeeper, or a howl of unanimous woe from three culpable and terrified voices. There was something comic in the situation, but Mary's attention was not sufficiently disengaged to be amused.

"I have long wished to have some information about Indian Art," said Mr. Ochterlony. "I should be glad to know what an intelligent observer like yourself, with some practical knowledge, thought of my theory. My idea is—— But I am afraid you have a headache; I hope you have all the attendance you require, and are comfortable? It would give me great pain to think that you were not perfectly comfortable. You must not feel the least hesitation in telling me——"

"Oh no, we have everything," said Mary. She thought she heard something outside like little steps and distant voices, and her heart began to beat. But as for her companion he was not thinking about such extraneous things.

"I hope so," said Mr. Ochterlony; and then he looked at his Psyche with the lingering look of a connoisseur, dwelling lovingly upon her marble beauty. "You must have that practical acquaintance which, after all, is the only thing of any use," he continued. "My idea is——"

And it was at this moment that the door was thrown open, and they all rushed in—all, beginning with little Wilfred, who had just commenced to walk, and who came with a tottering dash striking against a pedestal in his way, and making its precious burden tremble. Outside at the open door appeared for an instant the ayah as she had set down her charge, and Mrs. Gilsland, gracious but formidable, in her rustling gown, who had headed the procession. Poor woman, she meant no harm. She knew that her master did not care for children, but it was not in the heart of woman to believe that in the genial hour after dinner, when all the inner and the outer man was mollified and comforted, the sight of three such "bonnie boys" all curled, brushed, and shining for the occasion, could do Mr. Ochterlony any harm. Baby Wilfred dashed across the room in a straight line with "flichteriu' noise and glee" to get to his mother, and the others followed, not however, without stoppages on the way. They were bonnie boys—brave, little, erect, clear-eyed creatures, who had never known anything but love in their lives, and feared not the face of man; and to Mary, though she quaked and trembled, their sudden appearance changed the face of everything, and made the Earlston drawing-room glorious. But the effect was different upon Mr. Ochterlony, as might be supposed.

"How do you do, my little man," said the discomfited uncle. "Oh, this is Hugh, is it? I think he is like his father. I suppose you intend to send them to school. Good heavens! my little fellow, take care!" cried Mr. Ochterlony. The cause of this sudden auimation was, that Hugh, naturally facing his uncle when he was addressed by him, had leant upon the pillar on which Pysche stood with her immortal lover. He had put his arm round it with a vague sense of admiration, and as he stood was, as Mary thought, a prettier sight than even the lovely group above; but Mr. Ochterlony could not be expected to be of Mary's mind.

"Come here, Hugh," said his mother, anxiously. "You must not touch anything; your uncle will kindly let you look at them, but you must not touch. It was so different, you know, in our Indian house—and then on board ship," said Mary, faltering. Islay, with his big head thrown back a little and his hands in his little trousers pockets, was roving about all the while in a manly way inspecting everything, looking, as his mother thought, for the most favourable opening for mischief. What was she to do? They might do more damage in ten minutes than ten years of her little income could set right. As for Mr. Ochterlony, though he groaned in spirit nothing could overcome his politeness; he turned his back upon little Hugh so that at least he might not see what was going on, and resumed the conversation with all the composure that he could assume.

"You will send them to school of course," he said; "we must inquire for a good school for them. I don't myself think that children can begin their education too soon. I don't speak of the baby," said Mr. Ochterlony, with a sigh. The baby evidently was inevitable. Mary had set him down at her feet, and he sat there in a peaceable way, making no assault upon anything, which was consolatory at least.

"They are so young," said Mary, tremulously.

"Yes, they are young, and it is all the better," said the uncle. His eye was upon Islay, who had sprung upon a chair, and was riding and spurring it with delightful energy. Naturally, it was a unique rococo chair of the daintiest and most fantastic workmanship, and the unhappy owner expected to see it fall into sudden destruction before his eyes; but he was benumbed by politeness and despair, and took no notice. "There is nothing," said the poor man with distracted attention, his eye upon Islay, his face turned to his sister-in-law, and horror in his heart, "like good training begun early. For my part——"

"Oh, mamma, look here. How funny this is!" cried little Hugh. When Mary turned sharply round in despair, she found her boy standing behind her with a priceless Etruscan vase in his hand. He had just taken it from the top of a low, carved bookcase, where the companion vase still stood, and held it tilted up as he might have held a drinking mug in the nursery. "It's a fight," cried Hugh; "look, mamma, how that fellow is putting his lance into him. Isn't it jolly? Why don't *we* have some brown sort of jugs with battles on them, like this?"

"What is it? Let *me* see," cried Islay, and he gave a flying leap, and brought the rococo chair

"WHY DON'T *WE* HAVE SOME BROWN JUGS LIKE THIS?"

down on its back, where he remounted leisurely after he had cast a glance at the brown sort of jug. "I don't think it's worth looking at," said the four-year-old hero. Mrs. Ochterlony heard her brother-in-law say, "Good heavens!" again, and heard him groan as he turned away his head. He could not forget that they were his guests and his dead brother's children, and he would not turn them out of the room or the house, as he was tempted to do; but at the same time he turned away that at least he might not see the full extent of the ruin. As for Mary, she felt her own hand tremble as she took the vase out of Hugh's careless grasp. She was terrified to touch its brittle beauty, though she was not so enthusiastic about it as, perhaps, she ought to have been. And it was with a sudden impulse of desperation that she caught up her baby, and lifted Islay off the prostrate chair.

"I hope you will excuse them," she said, all flushed and trembling. "They are so little, and they know no better. But they must not stay here," and with that poor Mary swept them out with her, making her way painfully over the dangerous path, where snares and perils lay on every side. She gave the astonished Islay an involuntary "shake" as she dropped him in the sombre corridor outside, and hurried along towards the darkling nursery. The little flock of wicked little black sheep trotted by her side full of questions and surprise. "Why are we coming away? What have we done?" said Hugh. "Mamma! mamma! tell me!" and Islay pulled at her dress, and made more demonstratively the same demand. What had they done? If Mr. Ochterlony, left by himself in the drawing-room, could but have answered the question! He was on his knees beside his injured chair, examining its wounds, and as full of tribulation as if those fantastic bits of tortured wood had been flesh and blood. And to tell the truth, the misfortune was greater than if it had been flesh and blood. If Islay Ochterlony's sturdy little legs had been broken, there was a doctor in the parish qualified to a certain extent to mend them. But who was there among the Shap Fells, or within a hundred miles of Earlston, who was qualified to touch the delicate members of a rococo chair? He groaned over it as it lay prostrate, and would not be comforted. Children! imps! come to be the torture of his life as, no doubt, they had been of poor Hugh's. What could Providence be thinking of to send such reckless, heedless, irresponsible creatures into the world? A vague notion that their mother would whip them all round as soon as she got them into the shelter of the nursery, gave Mr. Ochterlony a certain consolation; but even that judicial act, though a relief to injured feeling, would do nothing for the fractured chair.

Mary, we regret to say, did not whip the boys when she got into her own apartments. They deserved it, no doubt, but she was only a weak woman. Instead of that, she put her arms round the three, who were much excited and full of wonder, and very restless in her clasp, and cried—not much, but suddenly, in an outburst of misery and desolation, and anger and resistance. After all, what was the vase or the Psyche in comparison with the living creatures thus banished to make place for them? which was a reflection which some people may be far from acquiescing in, but that came natural to her, being their mother, and not in any special way interested in art. She cried, but she only hugged her boys and kissed them, and put them to bed, lingering that she might not have to go downstairs again till the last moment. When she went at last, and made Mr. Ochterlony's tea for him, that magnanimous man did not say a word, and even accepted her apologies with a feeble deprecation. He had put the wounded article away, and made a sublime resolution to take no further notice. "Poor thing, it is not her fault," he had said to himself; and, indeed, had begun to be sorry for Mary, and to think what a pity it was that a woman so unobjectionable should have three such imps to keep her in hot water. But he looked sad, as was natural. He swallowed his tea with a sigh, and made mournful cadences to every sentence he uttered. A man does not so easily get over such a shock;—a frivolous and volatile woman may forget or may dissimulate, and look as if she does not care; but a man is not so lightly moved or mended. If it had been Islay's legs, as has been said, there was a doctor within reach; but who in the north country could be trusted, so much as to look at the delicate limbs of a rococo chair?

CHAPTER XIII.

The experience of this evening, though it was only the second of her stay at Earlston, proved to Mary that the visit she was paying to her brother-in-law must be made as short as possible. She could not get up and run away because Hugh had put an Etruscan vase in danger, and Islay had broken his uncle's chair. It was Mr. Ochterlony who was the injured party, and he was magnanimously silent, saying nothing and even giving no intimation that the presence of these objectionable little visitors was not to be desired in the drawing-room; and Mary had to stay and keep her boys out of sight, and live consciously upon sufferance, in the nursery and her bedroom, until she could feel warranted in taking leave of her brother-in-law, who, without doubt, meant to be kind. It was a strange sort of position, and strangely out of accord with Mrs. Ochterlony's character and habits. She had never been rich, nor lived in such a great house, but she had always up to this time been her own mistress—mistress of her actions, free to do what she thought best, and to manage her children according to her own wishes. Now she had, to a certain extent, to submit to the housekeeper, who changed their hours, and interfered with their habits, at her pleasure. The poor ayah went weeping away, and nobody was to be had to replace her except one of the Earlston maids, who naturally was more under

Mrs. Gilsland's authority than Mrs. Ochterlony's; and to this girl Mary had to leave them when she went down to the inevitable dinner which had always to be eaten downstairs. She had made attempts several times to consult her brother-in-law upon her future, but Mr. Ochterlony, though very polite, was not a sympathetic listener. He had received the few details which she had been moved at first, with restrained tears, to give him about the Major with a certain restlessness which chilled Mary. He was sorry for his brother; but he was one of those men who do not care to talk about dead people, and who think it best not to revive and recall sorrow—which would be very true and just if true sorrow had any occasion to be revived and recalled; and her own arrangements were all more or less connected with this (as Mr. Ochterlony called it) painful subject. And thus it was that her hesitating efforts to make her position clear to him, and to get any advice which he could give was generally put aside or swallowed up in some communication from the Numismatic Society, or questions which she could not answer about Indian art.

"We must leave Earlston soon," Mrs. Ochterlony took courage to say one day, when the housekeeper, and the continued taboo of the children, and her own curious life on sufferance, had been too much for her. "If you are at leisure, would you let me speak to you about it? I have so little experience of anything but India—and I want to do what is best for my boys."

"Oh—ah—yes," said Mr. Ochterlony, "you must send them to school. We must try and hear of some good school for them. It is the only thing you can do——"

"But they are so young," said Mary. "At their age they are surely best with their mother. Hugh is only seven. If you could advise me where it would be best to go——"

"Where it would be best to go!" said Mr. Ochterlony. He was a little surprised and not quite pleased for the moment. "I hope you do not find yourself uncomfortable here."

"Oh, no," said Mary, faltering; "but—they are very young and troublesome, and—I am sure they must worry you. Such little children are best by themselves," she said, trying to smile—and thus, by chance, touched a chord of pity in her brother-in-law's heart.

"Ah," he said, shaking his head, "I assure you I feel the painfulness of your position. If you had been unencumbered, you might have looked forward to so different a life; but with such a burden as these children, and you so young still——"

"Burden!" said Mary: and it may be supposed how her eyes woke up, and what a colour came to her cheek, and how her heart took to beating under her crape. "You can't really think *my* children are a burden to me. Ah! you don't know——I would not care to live another day if I had not my boys."

And here, her nerves being weak with all she had come through, she would have liked to cry—but did not, the moment being unsuitable, and only sat facing the virtuoso, all lighted up and glowing, brightened by indignation and surprise and sudden excitement to something more like the former Mary than ever yet had been seen underneath her widow's cap.

"Oh!" said Mr. Ochterlony. He could have understood the excitement had it been about a Roman camp or a newly discovered statue; but boys did not commend themselves in the same way to his imagination. He liked his sister-in-law, however, in his way. She was a good listener, and pleasant to look at, and even when she was unintelligible was never without grace or out of drawing, and he felt disposed even to take a little trouble for her. "You *must* send them to school," he said. "There is nothing else to be done. I will write to a friend of mine who knows about such matters; and I am sure, for my part, I shall be very glad if you can make yourself comfortable at Earlston—you and—and the baby, of course," Mr. Ochterlony said with a slightly wry face. The innocent man had not an idea of the longing she had for that cottage with the fire in it. It was a notion which never could have been made intelligible to him, even had he been told in words.

"Thank you," said Mary, faltering more and more; indeed she made a dead pause, and he thought she had accepted his decision, and that there was to be no more about it—which was comforting and satisfactory. He had indeed just risen up to leave the room, breakfast being over, when she put out her hand to stop him. "I will not detain you a minute," she said, "it is so desolate to have no one to tell me what to do. Indeed we cannot stay here—though it is so good of you; they are too young to leave me, and I care for nothing else in life," Mrs. Ochterlony said, yielding for an instant to her emotion; but she soon recovered herself. "There are good schools all over England, I have heard; in places where we could live cheaply. That is what I want to do. Near one of the good grammar schools. I am quite free, it does not matter where I live. If you would give me your advice," she added, timidly. Mr. Ochterlony, for his part, was taken so much by surprise that he stood between the table and the door with one foot raised to go on, and not believing his ears. He had behaved like an angel, to his own conviction, and had never said a word about the chair, though it had to be sent to town to be repaired. He had continued to afford shelter to the little ruffian who did it, and had carefully abstained from all expression of his feelings. What could the woman want more?—and what should he know about grammar-schools, and places where people could live cheaply? A woman, too, whom he liked, and had explained his theory of ancient art more fully to than he had ever done to any one. And she wanted to leave Earlston and his society, and the Psyches and Venuses, to settle down in some half-pay neighbourhood, where people

with large families lived for the sake of education! No wonder Mr. Ochterlony turned round, struck dumb with wonder, and came slowly back before giving his opinion, which, but for an unexpected circumstance, would no doubt have been such an opinion as to overwhelm his companion with confusion, and put an instant stop to her foolish plans.

But circumstances come wildly in the way of the best intentions, and cut off the wisest speech sometimes on a man's very lips. At this moment the door opened softly, and a new interlocutor presented herself. The apparition was one which took not only the words but the very breath from the lips of the master of Earlston. Aunt Agatha was twenty years older than her niece, but so (almost) was Francis Ochterlony; and such a thing was once possible as that the soft ancient maiden and the elderly solitary dilettante might have made a cheerful human household at Earlston. They had not met for years, not since the time when Miss Seton was holding on by her lingering youth, and looking forward to the loss of it with an anxious and care-worn countenance. She was twenty times prettier now than she had been in those days—prettier perhaps, if the truth were told, than she ever had been in her life. She was penitent, too, and tearful in her whitehaired sweetness, though Mr. Ochterlony did not know why—with a soft colour coming and going on her cheeks, and a wistful look in her dewy eyes. She had left her home at least two hours before, and came carrying all the freshness and odours of the morning, surrounded with sunshine and sweet air, and everything that seems to belong to the young. Francis Ochterlony was so bewildered by the sight that he stepped back out of her way, and could not have told whether she was eighteen or fifty. Perhaps the sight of him had in some degree the same effect upon Aunt Agatha. She made a little rush at Mary, who had risen to meet her, and threw herself, soft little woman as she was, upon her niece's taller form. "Oh, my dear love, I have been a silly old woman—forgive me!" said Aunt Agatha. She had put up with the estrangement as long as ever it was in human nature to put up with it. She had borne Peggy's sneers, and Winnie's heartless suggestions that it was her own doing. How was Winnie to know what made it so difficult for her to have any communications with Earlston? But finally Aunt Agatha's heart had conquered everything else. She had made such pictures to herself of Mary, solitary and friendless ("for what is a Man? no company when one is unhappy," Miss Seton had said to herself with unconscious eloquence), until instinct and impulse drove her to this decided step. The hall door at Earlston had been standing open, and there was nobody to announce her. And this was how Aunt Agatha arrived just at the critical moment, cutting off Mr. Ochterlony's utterance when he was on the very point of speech.

The poor man, for his part, did not know what to do; after the first moment of amaze he stood dumb and humble, with his hand stretched out, waiting to greet his unexpected visitor. But the truth was, that the two women as they clung together were both so dreadfully disposed to cry that they dared not face Mr. Ochterlony. The sudden touch of old love and unlooked-for sympathy had this effect upon Mary, who had been agitated and disturbed before; and as for Aunt Agatha, she was not an old maid by conviction, and perhaps would not have objected to this house or its master, and the revival of these old associations was hard upon her. She clasped Mary tight, as if it was all for Mary's sake; but perhaps there was also a little personal feeling involved. Mr. Ochterlony stood speechless for a moment, and then he heard a faint sob, and fled in consternation. If that was coming, it was high time for him to go. He went away and took refuge in his library, in a confused and uncomfortable state of mind. This was the result of having a woman in the house; a man who had nothing to do in his own person with the opposite half of humanity became subject to the invasion of other women, and still worse, to the invasion of recollections and feelings which he had no wish to have recalled. What did Agatha Seton mean by looking so fresh and fair at her age? and yet she had white hair too, and called herself an old woman. These thoughts came dreadfully in his way when he sat down to work. He was writing a monograph upon Icelandic art, and naturally had been much interested in a subject so characteristic and exciting; but somehow after that glimpse of his old love his mind would not stick to his theme. The two women clinging together, though one of them had a bonnet on, made a pretty "subject." He was not mediæval, to speak of, but rather classical in his tastes; yet it did strike him that a painter might have taken an idea for a Visitation out of that embrace. And so that was how Agatha Seton looked when she was an old woman! This idea fluttered in and out before his mind's eye, and such reflections upon his paper came dreadfully in the way of his monograph. He lost his notes and forgot his researches in the bewilderment produced by it; for, to tell the truth, Agatha Seton was in a very much finer state of preservation, not to say fairer to look upon, than most of the existing monuments of Icelandic art.

"He has gone away," said Aunt Agatha, who was aware of that fact sooner than Mary was, though Mrs. Ochterlony's face was towards her brother-in-law; and she gave Mary a sudden hug and subsided into that good cry, which is such a relief and comfort to the mind; Mary's tears came too, but they were fewer and not by any means so satisfactory as Aunt Agatha's, who was crying for nothing particular. "Oh, my dear love, don't think me a wretch," the old lady said. "I have never been able to get you out of my head, standing there on the platform all by yourself with the dear children; and I, like an old monster, taking offence and going away and leaving you! If it is any comfort to you,

Mary, my darling, I have been wretched ever since. I tried to write, but I could not write. So now I've come to ask you to forgive me; and where are my dear, dear, darling boys?"

Her poor little boys! Mary's heart gave a little leap to hear some one once more talk of those poor children as if they were not in the way. "Mr. Ochterlony is very kind," she said, not answering directly; "but we must not stay, Aunt Agatha, we cannot stay. He is not used to children, you know, and they worry him. Oh, if I had but any little place of my own!"

"You shall come to me, my darling love," said Aunt Agatha in triumph. "You should have come to me from the first. I am not saying anything against Francis Ochterlony. I never did; people might think he did not quite behave as was expected; but I am sure I never said a word against him. But how can a Man understand? or what can you look for from them? My dearest Mary, you must come to me!"

"Thank you, Aunt Agatha," said Mary, doubtfully. "You are very kind—you are all very kind"—and then she repeated, under her breath, that longing aspiration, "Oh, that I had but any little place of my very own!"

"Yes, my love, that is what we must do," said Aunt Agatha. "I would take you with me if I could, or I would take the dear boys with me. Nobody will be worried by them at the cottage. Oh, Mary, my darling, I never would say anything against poor dear Hugh, or encourage you to keep his relations at a distance; but just at this moment, my dear love, I did think it was most natural that you should go to your own friends."

"I think when one has little children one should be by one's-self, said Mary, "it is more natural. If I could get a little cottage near you, Aunt Agatha——"

"My love, mine is a little cottage," said Miss Seton; "it is not half nor quarter so big as Earlston—have you forgotten? and we are all a set of women together, and the dear boys will rule over us. Ah, Mary, you must come to me!" said the soft old lady. And after that she went up to the dim Earlston nursery, and kissed and hugged the tabooed children, whom it was the object of Mary's life to keep out of the way. But there was a struggle in Aunt Agatha's gentle bosom when she heard of the Etruscan vase and the rococo chair. Her heart yearned a little over the pretty things thus put in peril, and she had a few pretty things herself which were dear to her, and the thought of putting them in daily jeopardy was alarming. Her alarm, however, was swallowed up by a stronger emotion. It was natural for a woman to care for such things, but it went to her heart to think of "poor Francis," once a hero, in such a connection. "You see he has nothing else to care for," she said—and the fair old maiden paused and gave a furtive sigh over the poor old bachelor who might have been so different. "It was his own fault," she added to herself, softly; but still the idea of Francis Ochterlony "wrapped up," as Miss Seton expressed it, in chairs and vases, gave a shock to her gentle spirit. It was righteous retribution, but still Aunt Agatha was a woman, and pitiful. She was still more moved when Mary took her into the drawing-room, where there were so many beautiful things. She looked upon them with silent and reverent admiration, but still not without a personal reference. "So that is all he cares for, now-a-days," she said, with a sigh; and it was just at the same moment that Mr. Ochterlony, in his study disturbed by visions of two women in his peaceable house, gave up his monograph on Icelandic art in despair.

This, it may be said, was how Mrs. Ochterlony's first experiment terminated. She did not leave Earlston at once, but she did so shortly after—without any particular resistance on the part of her brother-in-law. After Aunt Agatha's visit, Mr. Ochterlony's thoughts took a different turn. He was very civil to her before she left, as indeed it was his nature to be to all women, and showed her his collections, and paid her a certain alarmed and respectful deference. But after that he did not do anything to detain Mary in his house. Where one woman was, other women were pretty sure to come, and nobody could tell what unseen visitants might enter along with them, to disturb a man in his occupations, and startle him out of his tranquillity. He never had the heart to resume that monograph on Icelandic art—which was a great loss to the Society of Antiquaries and the aesthetic world in general; and though he had no advice in particular to give to his sister-in-law as to her future movements, he did not say anything further to deter her from leaving Earlston. "I hope you will let me know what your movements are, and where you decide upon settling," he said, as he shook hands with her very gravely at the carriage door, "and if I can be of any use." And this was how the first experiment came to an end.

Then Mrs. Ochterlony kissed her boys when they were fairly out of the grey shadow of their uncle's house, and shed a few tears over them. "Now at least I shall not have to keep my bonnie boys out of the way any more," said Mary. But she caught sight again of the cheery cottage, with the fire burning within, and the hospitable door open, as she drove down to the railway; and her heart longed to alight and take possession, and find herself at home. When should she be at home? or was there no such place left in the world? But happily she had no maid, and no time to think or calculate probabilities—and thus she set out upon her second venture, among "her own friends."

QUAKER MILLINERY.

Of all the various religious and social communities in England, there is none more worthy of our respect than the Society of Friends. From whatever point we view them, we may nearly always discover something to call forth our admiration. Their first great principle of peace and good-will towards men, is one which ought to endear them to us. Their brotherly love, which they carry further than any other body of men; their unflinching courage and resignation under the most formidable persecutions; their consistent abhorrence of war, and all its atrocities; their love of freedom, carried even to the verge of republicanism; and their detestation of slavery in all its forms, are qualities to be held in high estimation by all who call themselves Christians. Again, the cause of philanthropy is much indebted to them. They were the first who carried out reforms in what were at one time dens of cruelty and ignorance—our Lunatic Asylums; and they closed the mouths of those who ridiculed their theories as to the humane treatment of the insane, by the simple process of establishing the model and type of all well-managed mad-houses in this country—the Friends' Retreat at York. Here, under their system of kindness, they cured ten times the number that the old system of brutality could have killed; and that is saying a great deal. Their plan, also, for the general education of all the children of their community, without stamping the badge of charity on even the poorest, and their noble and munificent contributions to all benevolent objects, ought to place them in the highest position in the eyes of their fellow-citizens. Even their quaint Bible phraseology has in it something exceedingly beautiful.

Yet among this community, so dignified by their virtues, may be found a weakness which renders them almost ridiculous in the sight of those not within the pale of their own sect, and now even to many within it. By the last, we allude to what are generally known as the new school of Quakers,—men who believe there are yet many desiderata to be obtained, many reforms to be carried out and abuses abolished, before the shape of a bonnet, the breadth of the brim of a hat, or the cut of a coat, should be considered as subjects of such importance as to occupy any very considerable portion of their thoughts. It is an error to imagine, that what is technically known as the Quaker's dress was the original distinctive costume of their community. On the contrary, George Fox and others of their founders appear to have held that the question of dress was one of utter insignificance; so much so that they did not even speak of it, beyond advising simplicity of attire, and the absence of all that absurd and expensive ornament which was in fashion in the time of the Stuarts. George Fox himself used to wear a common leather suit. We have searched in vain for any ancient documents to prove that the Friends were expected to wear a garb of any particular cut or fashion. One of the earliest Printed Epistles on the subject was published in the year 1691, and it merely advises all Friends "to avoid pride and immodesty in apparel, and all vain and superfluous apparel of the world." Another, published in 1703, regrets that "the vain customs and fashions of the world prevail over some of our profession, particularly in the excess of apparel; and we do earnestly recommend that all who make profession with us, take care to be exemplary in what they wear, so as to avoid the vain customs of the world, and all extravagancy in colour and fashion."

The ladies come in for their share of advice and remonstrance, yet without the slightest attempt to impose upon them any restrictions as to the peculiar shape or method of wearing their dress. The Printed Epistle published in 1739 says, "It is also our concern to exhort all Friends, both men and women, to watch against the growing sin of pride, and to beware of adorning themselves in a manner disagreeable to the plainness and simplicity of the truth we make profession of. Oh! that they would duly consider that reproof which the Lord, by the mouth of his prophet, pronounced against the haughty daughters of Zion, when he describes their dressings and ornaments so displeasing to the Lord, and drawing down his judgment upon them." Many other quotations might be made from the Printed Epistles of those days, in relation to neatness of attire, but we have not found one which dictates to the Friends any particular style of costume.

Any one who will take the trouble to compare the dress of the gentlemen in the seventeenth century with the costume in vogue among Quakers at the commencement of the present century, will perceive that the latter bears a strong resemblance to the former in shape, but is destitute of braiding and ornamentation. And no person with the taste for simplicity in dress which characterises gentlemen in the present day, will deny that the Quakers when they abolished all embroidery on their coats carried out a bold and useful reformation; for at that time the value of many a broad acre of land was frequently expended on the gold lace alone of the coat of a fop. And the money the Quakers thus saved by the simplicity of their costume gave them greater power to exercise that charity which has been always one of their noblest characteristics, as well as allowed them to subscribe with greater liberality and good effect to their "Sufferings Committee," established to relieve the families of those imprisoned for their religious opinions, or whose goods had been seized for refusal to pay tithes and other

ecclesiastical and fiscal impositions. But those days of costly dress have fortunately long gone by, for with the advance of civilisation, simplicity and economy in dress among men have kept pace, till in the present day the ordinary costume of the English gentleman is far less expensive than the collarless coat and waistcoat of the Quaker. Nor do we make this statement without sufficient data to go upon. We have inquired of several Quakers what was the cost of the coats they wore, and found they averaged from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than our usual frock coats.

It should be borne in mind also, that considerable modifications have taken place in the dress of the Quaker ladies, since they adopted a peculiar costume of their own. The neat, attractive bonnet, worn by them in the present day, differs vastly from the tunnel-shaped abomination worn by their predecessors a century since. In former days, if the prints and portraits of Quaker ladies at present extant do not "lie consumedly," nothing possibly could be more ugly than their dress. And the faces of their Elders seem to have been singularly in keeping with it. It would be difficult to imagine faces less attractive than those of the old women; while in the present day it would be equally difficult to find a more dignified, or attractive specimen of women in the autumn of life than may now be met with in the Quaker community. It is also stated, that, in their own particular fashion, the modern Quakeresses indulge in dress in a far more expensive manner than is generally imagined. Although their dress is most becomingly simple in fashion, at least in our opinion, its quality is always the best that can be procured; and if they abjure the "purple" in their colours, there is no class of her Majesty's female subjects who indulge more unrestrainedly in a love for "fine linen."

But though, as we have seen, the regulation of dress was no part of the principles of the early Friends, yet their determination to succeed in all justifiable enterprises (which seems to be an essential principle in Quakerism) has never been more apparent than in the manner in which they have mastered that most terrible of all difficulties—the regulation and control of female attire. This has hitherto proved an impediment which no despotic government has been able to cope with. The first Napoleon, in the plenitude of his power, imprisoned a celebrated dressmaker, who ruled the female fashions in Paris, and at whose house the wives of some of those disaffected to his government used to visit. How little did he know of female human nature when he attempted this! Even the wives of those who were the most loyal of his court entered into a combination against him; and so powerful and dangerous did they become, that he who ruled the destinies of three parts of Europe, and had more than a million of soldiers at his command, was obliged to succumb to the influence of the milliner, and to release her unconditionally. Even the present Napoleon, it is said, has met with great difficulties in this matter, although the habitual caution and tact of the man have induced him to bend before a power he could not resist. For some time, he quietly applied all the ingenuity he was master of to abolish the fashion of crinoline, without, however, the slightest success attending his efforts. The ladies of the court regarded his interference in the matter with perfect indifference; and it is, indeed, vaguely hinted that the wife of his bosom was among the number. But what did this great man do? Instead of imprisoning the disobedient, as his less politic uncle might possibly have done, he let the crinoline have its full sway, and merely relieved the inconvenience its size caused in the palace at Compiègne by ordering all the doorways to be enlarged!

In England have not female fashions been a source of incessant bickerings and heartburnings in many a household, even where the husband on every other point reigns supreme? With all our national perseverance have we not been obliged to shut our eyes on many occasions to absurdities in female dress, which it was impossible for us to reform? Yet the smallest community among us—the Quakers—have positively proved that to regulate female fashions is not impossible, but perfectly practicable: and that, too, while preserving their reputation as kind husbands and good fathers.

But it would be diminishing the glory of the victory the Quaker gentlemen have obtained to say, that it was altogether gained without difficulty or resistance on the part of the ladies. So far from this being the case, entries are frequently to be found in the minutes of many of their older committees showing that considerable opposition, if not something very nearly approaching rebellion, was shown by the ladies when their lords and masters attempted to draw the line too tightly. It would far exceed our limits to go deeply or minutely into these records of the past, and we shall content ourselves with describing one little *émeute* which took place, about a century ago, in a certain Quaker community not a hundred miles from the ancient city of York. We may premise that while the broad facts of the case are absolutely *true*, some of the details are traditionary; and may, we admit, be treated as apocryphal or otherwise in proportion to the amount of faith the reader chooses to place in the narrative.

The entrance door of the meeting-house in which the event we allude to took place, was approached by a flight of some half-a-dozen stone steps. Moreover the building was situated in a street somewhat exposed to strong currents of air in stormy and windy weather. A report reached the ears of some of the Elders, that more than one of the young female Friends had, on mounting the steps leading to the entrance door, been incautious enough not only to allow their feet to be seen, but (we have great pain in quoting the minute) their ankles also. This intelligence, as may naturally be

supposed, caused great dismay and sorrow in the breasts of several of the male Elders; but unwilling to judge too hastily or uncharitably of their young friends, one of the committee undertook the delicate task of ascertaining whether it were really a fact, or only "a weak invention of the enemy." The approaching First Day was fixed upon for his investigation. It was somewhat windy weather at the time, and therefore a fair experiment could hardly be made; but this circumstance did not appear to strike him. When the meeting was over he reported to the committee of Elders the sad intelligence that in three distinct cases he found the information to be perfectly correct.

It now remained for the committee to ascertain whether the display was intentional or simply accidental; and if the latter was the case, whether sufficient and justifiable caution had been exercised. The windy state of the weather induced them to adopt the latter conclusion, but that again was partially invalidated by the fact that in all three cases the feet and ankles seen were what the worldly-minded would have considered exceedingly neat and well-made. Ignorant as the committee of Elders were of the anatomy of the female foot and ankle, yet certain of them knew that all ladies do not possess these equally well formed, and as none but well-formed ankles were exhibited, there was a strong *primâ facie* reason to believe that the damsels accused were somewhat to blame in the matter.

Unwilling, and very properly so, to take so serious a responsibility on themselves as to come to a definite conclusion on the subject, without further and good advice, they determined on submitting the affair to a committee of female Elders, with a request that they would report to the committee of male Elders when they had finished their labours. Conscientious anxiety did the female Elders show in their investigation. They called before them the young ladies complained of, and questioned them severely on the subject, but the answers they received were hardly satisfactory, and we regret to state that in more than one instance they might almost be called flippant.

After the young ladies were dismissed, the committee of female Elders, with somewhat ruffled bosoms, occasioned by the behaviour of the young ladies, considered the question before them. They were unanimous in their opinion that sufficient caution had not been shown, and a report embodying the same was forwarded to the committee of male Elders, who resolved that on future First Days it would be advisable that all young female Friends should present themselves before a committee of male Elders prior to entering the meeting-house, that it might be seen whether their dresses were sufficiently long, and in other respects conformable to the rules of the committee. Here we must protest against any accusation of exaggeration being laid to our charge in respect to this order or advice. We have simply quoted the substance of the minute at present in existence in the archives of the Quaker community of the town alluded to.

Great was the agitation and mutinous was the spirit of the young ladies when this order reached them. There was, however, no alternative; it had to be obeyed; and with good sense and discretion they submitted to the ordeal. It is satisfactory to add that they were complimented on the propriety of their costume. But the self-glorification of the Elders at the victory they had obtained met with a singular rebuff. When they met their young friends in the meeting-house after the inspection, great was their consternation to find that each of them had put on her bonnet and cap in such a manner as to allow a portion of her hair to be seen beneath. Indignation seized the Elders, and it was with difficulty they restrained themselves from reproving the iniquity during the very time of the meeting. As soon as it was over, however, they gave way to their just wrath and indignation, and a conference of the whole body resident in the town was called to take the subject into serious consideration. How it ended we have no means of knowing except from tradition, as no further entry in the matter appears in the minute-book. It is said, however, that the deliberations were conducted with considerable warmth, the younger male Friends taking a somewhat different view of the question from the elder. At last, however, we are happy to say, their differences were made up, through the good sense of the men themselves, it being impossible, in the circumstances stated, for the young ladies to please all parties in the affair.

In the United States of America, where the Quakers are more numerous, this question of dress seems to have occupied a far greater amount of thought than it has done in England. It has there, on divers occasions, been carried to such an extent as almost to usurp the importance of an article of faith. "Their peculiar style," says Mr. William Tallack, in his "Friendly Sketches in America," "does not, by any means, imply inexpensiveness, but rather the reverse; there is neither simplicity of pattern, nor even convenience to the wearer, but a tacitly understood and prescribed form—so clearly laid down as a 'religious fashion' that its uniform *minutiæ* have rendered it almost as much a ceremony as those against which the Society has been in the habit of protesting in the observances of other Christian communities."

Some of the regulations regarding the male Quaker dress in America are exceedingly absurd, and the trifling deviations allowed to suit the taste of the wearer render them still more so. Friends, they say, should be peculiar in dress in certain respects—but be peculiar in the collar above all things. Change your buckles to straps, alter your sleeves and loops, substitute (but we do not advise it) a black stock for a white cravat: or you may wear black in place of drab, if you can afford it, but, above all things, you must preserve

the collar of the coat in its peculiar shape. "A 'Friend,'" Mr. Tallack informs us, "who is well known in Indiana, was nominated for the appointment of clerk to a large meeting, but it was objected to him in the committee of nomination that his hat-brim was not so broad as was generally considered 'consistent.'" The "Friend" stated in his defence that the hatter of whom he had purchased it had not one in stock with a wider brim. It is with feelings of sincere pleasure we are able to state that the excuse was considered satisfactory.

But rigid as are the Friends in America with regard to the dress of the men, they are much more severe in matters of female costume. Mr. Tallack quotes, among many others, a case in Indiana, where a minister nominated a young woman to some unimportant office in the meeting-house. Immediately rose an Elder, who said that only "consistent Friends" should be appointed to offices in the Society. It appeared that this young woman, who usually wore a "peculiar" bonnet, had omitted to do so on two or three occasions—such as in harvest time, and some other exceptional seasons—and she was, therefore, judged "inconsistent," and was refused the appointment. He also quotes another and stronger case of a female Friend, who is now an acknowledged minister. When her friends were considering the propriety of recognising her as such, it was objected that her bonnet, although a "peculiar" one, was not of the most approved style of peculiarity: being straight behind, like the quasi-schismatic innovation in bonnets lately made among the English Quakers, instead of being rounded off, after the manner of the orthodox American female Friends. Not wishing to give offence, the lady gave up her objectionable bonnet, and got a round-backed one instead. Her orthodoxy was then considered perfect, and she was soon afterwards received into the ministry.

But the Quaker authorities in America have not always found so amiable and pliant a female minister to deal with as in the last-named case. An instance to the contrary, not mentioned by Mr. Tallack, came under our notice which deserves to be quoted. About twenty years ago, in a certain remote town in the States, which for particular reasons we forbear naming, there resided a numerous and highly respectable Quaker community. A talented and remarkably pretty young woman, whom we will call Ruth, was a candidate for the ministry. She had been influentially nominated, and had passed the preliminary meeting without opposition, but it was necessary that her appointment should be ratified by a second meeting to be held at a certain time, we believe six months, after the first. In the interim, Ruth, for the first time in her life, paid a visit to New York. There one morning she accompanied a friend, not a Quakeress, to the establishment of a first-rate milliner. As soon as Ruth entered the sanctum of the dress-maker, Madame gazed at her for a moment, and then becoming exceedingly pale, sank into a chair. She soon recovered herself, however, and burst into a fit of voluble anger at the indignity which had been put upon Ruth, by placing on her head so detestable a bonnet. To see so charming a face concealed by such a monstrosity was a spectacle too terrible to be endured.

Although Madame's rage was without doubt far greater than the exigencies of the case justified, she was not altogether without some excuse for her displeasure. The bonnet in fact was of the genuine tunnel-shaped order, and ugly in the extreme. Struck by Madame's remarks, poor Ruth began to be discontented with her bonnet, and the milliner perceiving the effect she had made, brought under her notice one of the smartest and latest importations from Paris. This, however, made no impression upon Ruth, and Madame finding she could not do better, proposed altering the one Ruth then wore, from its original shape to one more in accordance with the French milliner's notions of the sublime and beautiful. After some discussion, it was agreed that Madame should try her skill upon it, under strict conditions, however, not to place on it any ribbons or other ornamentations belonging to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. The bonnet was at last sent home, and a most becoming little bonnet it was, strongly resembling those we are accustomed to see during the May meetings, in the vicinity of Exeter Hall and Bishopsgate Street.

Ruth returned home, and on the Sunday after her arrival, she wore her altered bonnet at the meeting. Great was the excitement it produced, especially among the male Elders, whose faces expressed an amount of acerbity which not even the sourest of sour ciders could have caused. A few days afterwards a meeting of Elders was held to take into consideration the danger likely to be produced by Ruth's bonnet, and the best means of averting it. Strong indignation was expressed at the alarming innovation, and one Elder spoke of it as not being a Gospel bonnet. A meeting was afterwards held of the whole body of male Quakers, but they proved to be far from unanimous on the subject, the Elders stigmatising the bonnet in the strongest terms, while many of the younger men saw nothing heterodox in it. The result was that, to avoid the scandal of a division, it was agreed that the matter should be referred to a committee of the female Elders, whose report should be received and adopted by the general body.

The committee met and immediately afterwards Ruth made her appearance. All eyes were directly turned on the bonnet, and it evidently created a favourable impression. She seated herself opposite the lady who occupied the chair, and without the slightest hesitation addressed the committee in her own defence. She informed them that nothing could be farther from her intention than to do anything which might offend the consciences of the Friends, or act in any way contrary to the strict principles

of Quakerism in which she had been educated, and which were dearer to her than life itself. At the same time she did not consider herself called upon to submit to any unreasonable prejudices, or masculine tyranny, and she was most thankful that the question had been submitted to a committee of women, who were alone able to come to a just conclusion on the subject. She insisted on her right of wearing the bonnet for two special reasons, which she trusted the committee would consider valid—its greater comfort and convenience, and its saving in cost. On the latter point there could be no dispute, for it was self-evident that it did not contain half the quantity of material of those generally worn. With regard to the question of comfort, she said, taking the bonnet from her head and placing it on the table, any of the Friends present might come to a conclusion by the simple process of trying it on. These two points being granted, there could be no reasonable objection, she submitted, to her election as a minister being confirmed.

The minute manner in which the Friends examined the bonnet proved how rigorously and impartially they were resolved to fulfil the duty imposed on them, without favour or affection. No one among them allowed it to pass without personally inspecting it; indeed such pains did they take in the matter that Ruth, at last, began to tremble for the fate of her bonnet. They examined first its outward shape and strings, and then its internal arrangements. They inspected the lining and the manner in which it was inserted, and, that nothing might be wanting in the performance of their duty, they examined even the quality of the sewing. As each passed it to her neighbour, Ruth noticed from the expression of her face that she held the bonnet in high favour. After its shape and make had been severally investigated, the question of its greater amount of comfort and convenience was next gone into. The president, to assure herself on the subject, took off her bonnet, and tried Ruth's on her own head. She moved her head to and fro, and from side to side, and the fit appeared to afford her perfect satisfaction. Still she resolved to act conscientiously, and to leave no stone unturned to arrive at the truth; so she rose from her chair and proceeded to a small mirror on the wall to *see* that it fitted comfortably. Now finding nothing objectionable in the bonnet as far as regarded the two points of economy of stuff and comfort in the wear, she gave it her unqualified approval. All the others, to Ruth's great annoyance, took the same steps to arrive at the truth; and all agreed with their president in the conclusion she had arrived at.

Ruth now congratulated herself that the affair was on the point of terminating, when a grave difficulty presented itself to the president. She admitted that in the bonnet itself there was nothing to be reproved; still it had the attribute of novelty about it, and that, combined with Ruth's personal attractions, she feared would be likely to divert too much the attention of the younger Friends from her discourse, when Ruth, as a minister, addressed them. Ruth got out of the dilemma with considerable tact and ingenuity. She submitted that the president had considerably exaggerated the danger. She (Ruth) believed that her ability in preaching was not inferior to the average, and she had no occasion to stir from the room to prove that those whose personal attractions had been far greater than her own had frequently addressed the meeting without any disaster of the kind occurring. So she argued that with her minor attractions, and with her gift of eloquence, the danger was only imaginary. This reasoning appearing both candid and conclusive, it was resolved that the bonnet was orthodox; and a copy of this resolution was forwarded to the general meeting of the male Friends, to the intense annoyance of the elder portion of it, and the great satisfaction of the younger.

In England a wonderful change has come over the minds of a large portion of our Quaker fellow-citizens on the subject of dress; the new school regarding it as trivial and contemptible, the others holding to its importance with great tenacity. As an instance, we will give a short notice of a tract at present held in high consideration by the old school, and which has a large circulation among them. It is entitled *A Letter to Christian Women on Ornamental Dress*, written by Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary in Burmah. In it he narrates with great plaintiveness the difficulties he experienced with the Burmese women in this matter. He mentions that he had made considerable reformation among them when he was obliged to leave his mission on a visit to America. On his return he was horrified at the relapse which had taken place among his congregation. "On my meeting the church," he says, "after a twelvemonth's absence I beheld an appalling profusion of ornaments, and saw that the demon of vanity had been laying waste the female department." He was in doubt for some time what course to take, fearing opposition on the part of some of his coadjutors. After long deliberation on the subject, he determined to try whether he could not by private exhortation again effect a reformation among them. With great joy he believed he was succeeding; but, alas! he was terribly deceived. He found that out of respect to his feelings some of his converts "took off their necklaces and ear-ornaments before they entered the chapel, tying them up in the corners of their pocket-handkerchiefs, and on coming out, as soon as they were out of sight of the mission-house, they stopped in the streets to array themselves anew."

He then narrates that he was called away to visit the Karens, a wild people several days' journey to the north of Moulmein. Horrible indeed appears to have been the power of the Evil One in that locality. "On one Karen woman," says the worthy

Doctor, "I counted between twelve and fifteen necklaces of all colours, sizes, and materials. Three was the average. Brass belts above the ankles, neat braids of black hair tied below the knees, rings of all sorts on the fingers, bracelets on the wrists and arms, long metal instruments perforating the lower parts of the ear, fancifully constructed bags enclosing the hair and suspended from the back of the head, not to speak of ornaments on their clothing, constituted the fashion and *ton* of the Karenesses. I saw that I was brought into a situation which precluded all retreat—that I must fight or die."

Great was the reformation Judson seems to have worked among these misguided young women. One by one they gave up their ornaments, and perfect success appeared to be on the point of crowning his labours, when an evil he had long dreaded fell upon him. One of the Karen men, who had been on a journey to Moulmein, informed him on his return that there he had actually seen one of the great female teachers wearing a string of gold beads around her neck! "Lay down this paper, dear sisters," continues the Doctor, "and sympathise a moment with your fallen missionary. Was it not a hard case? However, though cast down, I was not destroyed, and I resolved to maintain the warfare as long as I could."

Now actuated by a courage and devotion rarely met with in mortal man, since the days when Jack the Giant Killer started off to exterminate the Giant Blunderbore, he marched upon Moulmein. The enemy met him in great force. "Notwithstanding these beads," was the reply of the sister when he commenced the fight, "I dress more plainly than most ministers' wives in our native land. These beads are the only ornament I wear; they were given to me when quite a child by a dear mother, whom I never expect to see again, and she enjoined me never to part with them, but to wear them as a memorial of her."

Rebuffs such as these had but little effect on the determined Adoniram, and he besieged the erring sister with such an unceasing battery of texts, expostulations, arguments, and exhortations, that she at last gave up the beads, and he returned in triumph to the Karens.

It must not be imagined that, although ourselves of the "lords of the creation," we look with unworthy triumph or satisfaction on the victory gained by our Quaker fellow-citizens over the milliner and dressmaker. Neither would we be thought to disparage our Quaker sisters on account of their comparatively ready acquiescence, for it would be impossible to point to women more worthy to be held in high estimation. In every womanly relation of life they have hitherto been justly held as models of their sex; and their good sense in keeping their fashions in some sort of moderation gives them, in our opinion, an additional charm. We hold the neat little Quaker bonnet of the present day in far higher estimation than the wretched caricature of a head-dress which fashion now calls beautiful. On subjects of this kind many different opinions may be formed, we admit; but if our reader should happen to be a "Cœlebs in search of a wife," we would advise him to station himself some fine Sabbath morning in the month of May in Bishopsgate Street, at the hour the Friends leave their meeting-house in Devonshire Square, and mark the dress and countenances of the Quakeresses. Let him also go, some fine afternoon in the course of the following week, to the Park, and there let him notice the features, and especially the costume, of the fashionable throng he will meet with; and then let him ask himself, soberly and quietly, from which class he would choose a help-meet.

It is much to be feared, however, that the despotism the Quakers have shown in this matter has occasionally had a most prejudicial effect upon the interest and numbers of their community. There is little doubt that the peculiarity of the dress, and the amount of ridicule attaching to it, has hindered many female recruits from joining the body. Besides this, the love of personal adornment being a natural weakness in most women, as wealth increased among the Friends the wish to enjoy it, in the common acceptation of the term, naturally predominated in the minds of many of the female Quakers, and caused them to leave the Society. Indeed many of the principal bankers, merchants, and financiers of the country, owe the secession of their ancestors from the Quaker community to the love of display developing itself in the breasts of the women.

We would not willingly say one disrespectful word against the Quaker community, yet at the same time we cannot help sorrowing when we find men, who have always stood in the front rank of every good, liberal, and philanthropic movement, occupying themselves with so much earnestness in the little details of female dress. And we would ask them whether, by so doing, they are not carrying out the truth of the old proverb, that "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

THE SPEAKING BELLS.*

ONCE upon a Sabbath day,
As I pass'd the time away,
Weeping skies were dark with show'rs,
Sadly went the drooping hours.
Yet not all was sad and darken'd:
Thrice to sounds of cheer I hearken'd—
Sounds of cheer, but not all lightness;
Warning sounds, yet mix'd with brightness.
Thrice I heard, from neighb'ring steeple,
Tongues that spoke to all the people:
In and out with order pealing,
Fancy gave them life and feeling.
Out and in their changes ringing,
Seem'd they like to spirits singing.
Scarce I thought them sounds of earth,
Blended so were holy mirth,
Kindly welcome, solemn warning,
Grief for those the welcome scorning.
Sweetly sounded they in chorus,
As if angels that watch o'er us
Spoke aloud from heights of air,
Calling men to praise and pray'r;
On the Sabbath coming near us,
With their very voice to cheer us;
Often in their order changing,
Various arguments arranging;
Ev'ry kind persuasion choosing,
Ev'ry strongest motive using;
Seeming still on high to say:
"Stop, poor sinner, stop and pray,
Turn aside from sin's broad way;
Come to worship, come to pray."
Then, with voices breathless growing,
Fainter, faster, still out-throwing
Words of sweetest invitation,
Words of peace and consolation;
Faster each on axle swinging,
Fainter still the voices singing—
Fainter, as in speed increasing,
Now their voices almost ceasing—
Almost ceasing, as despairing,
Yet for mortals sadly caring.
Ceased their loving words at last.
—Turn who will—the warning's past.
Not yet:—two solemn tones
Still call the careless ones:
"From sin——come in.
My son,——well done!
No more:——'tis o'er.
'Tis past——at last."

Three times thus the speaking bells
Threw in air their holy spells.
Once at noon, and once at even,—
Once between,—their charge was given.

Weeks and months have pass'd away
Since I heard them on that day;
Yet the music of the bells
Often with my spirit dwells,
Often speaks of God above,
Man's great need, and God's great love.

In the silent midnight waking,
When our thoughts account are taking
Of the present, and the past,
And the judgment day at last—
Then I've heard their silver strain
Echoing in the air again;
Then again I've heard them ringing
As if angel tongues were singing;
While my fancy brought them near us,
Still to counsel, still to cheer us.

With the words thus spoken nigh me,
Thus my fancy did supply me;
Thus they ran, and thus I write them
As my fancy did indite them:
"Hear the joyful tidings given,
Open is the door of heaven;
All that will may come unto it,
All that hearken may pass through it;
Christ is waiting to receive you,
God is ready to forgive you.
Come, your misery confessing;
Come, inherit all His blessing."

As a mortal sinner, then
Answer'd one for mortal men:
"Lord Almighty, God of heaven!
Let our sins be all forgiven.
Hear and save us, blessed Jesus;
From the chains of sin release us;
Save and guide us, save and guide us;
In Thy ark of mercy hide us.
May we feel Thy presence near us;
Let Thy blessing ever cheer us."

"Welcome, welcome, erring mortals!
Heav'n doth open wide its portals.
All your dearest sins forsaken,
To the light of life awaken;
All, whom penitence doth chasten,
To the arms of Mercy hasten.
They alone are here forbidden,
In whose hearts proud sin is hidden."

"Thus we come, in Christ confiding,
In His word by faith abiding;
On our many sins reflecting,
Our own righteousness rejecting.

* These lines were suggested by the music of eight bells, of remarkable sweetness, and rung rather fast. In the seven-syllables the last syllable may be prolonged. The dissyllables will be recognised as the last strokes of one bell, or two, employed, in some places, as a notice that the service is about to begin.

Thus we come, no merit having,
Jesus' merit only craving!
Through Him all our sins forgiven,
Thus receive us, Lord of heaven."

Then it seem'd as if, glad-hearted,
Upward soaring, they departed,—
They, the angel spirits, winging
To God's throne their way, and singing
Notes of joy and exultation—
Words that spoke of man's salvation,
Of more wanderers brought in
From the ways of death and sin.

Fainter, but in swifter measure,
Breathing fast with holy pleasure,
Hasting, as with bosoms swelling
With the tidings they are telling—
Swifter, fainter, they are gone
Up to heav'n at last—save one.
He remains on earth a space,
Thus to tell God's work of grace:
"Not vain——our pain.
God's word——is heard
By men——again.
And still,——to fill
Christ's fold——behold
A host,—once lost,
Now blest——with rest
From scathe——of death."

F. B. TATE.

A HALF-HOUR IN A CELL IN HOLLOWAY PRISON.

A FEW weeks since I had the pleasure of meeting at a dinner party the Chaplain of the City Prison at Holloway. He sat near me at table, and after dinner our conversation turned on the interesting subject of the treatment of prisoners and the power of reformation contained in our prison discipline. As I appeared much interested in the question, the Rev. gentleman asked me if I had ever seen the City Prison, adding that, if I had not, he should have great pleasure in conducting me over it. I had heard much of the excellent arrangements and discipline of the Holloway prison, but I had never seen it; so I accepted the invitation with much pleasure, and a day was fixed for my visit.

Great as was the satisfaction I anticipated from my visit, it was small indeed compared to what I really experienced. The discipline appeared admirable; the prisoners well clothed, well fed, and also well worked. The whole of the immense building was in a perfect state of cleanliness, and every sanitary precaution seemed to be taken to insure the health of the inmates.

After we had made the tour of the building I remained chatting for some time with the chaplain on subjects connected with the prisoners.

I inquired to what class they principally belonged.

"Our prisoners," said he, "differ considerably from those of most other prisons. We have very few among them convicted of brutal crimes, and those we have have generally to thank drink for their incarceration."

"For what crimes are your prisoners convicted then?"

"Generally for dishonest actions committed without violence. A great proportion of them are educated."

"But do you not consider the fact of their being educated increases rather than diminishes their crime?"

"To a certain extent it indisputably does, I admit; and again, their criminality is further increased by a large number of them not being in necessitous circumstances at the time of their arrest."

"It is very sad," I said, "to find so much crime among those of decent position."

"It is indeed, but they fall victims to that weakness which is common to a large proportion of our respectable English society—the love of imitating others richer than themselves."

"Do you really mean that that is the cause of much demoralisation among those in easy circumstances?"

"The wish to appear richer than they really are is almost as common a cause with our respectably educated criminals as drink is with the lower, and does as much mischief. Did you notice that fair-looking young fellow that just passed us with a pail of water in his hand? He was clerk in an insurance company with an income of one hundred and twenty pounds a-year. For the first two years he behaved remarkably well, but then a young man entered the office who was nephew to one of the directors, and who possessed in addition to his salary an independent income of a hundred a-year. An intimacy sprang up between the two clerks, and they were always together. But the director's nephew spent much more than the other, who, not liking to be behind his friend, attempted to vie with him in expenditure. The result was, he soon got into debt, and at last was guilty of purloining some of the office money. He was arrested, tried, and found guilty, and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment."

"Do you not find," I inquired, "this unhappy wish to vie with others richer than themselves quite as strong in women as in men?"

"Far more so, and their love of display frequently impels their husbands to commit acts of dishonesty which in all probability they would not otherwise have thought of. If you will come with me to a cell a little farther on, I will show you an example of this."

The chaplain preceded me to nearly the end of

the corridor, and there opened the door of a cell. It was occupied by a man about fifty years of age, attired in the costume of the prison. After a few introductory sentences, the chaplain asked him how much of his term of imprisonment remained unexpired.

"Eleven months," was the answer.

I inquired what occupation he intended following when he left the prison.

"God knows, sir," was the reply. "I cannot return to my old trade as a weaver, for nobody would employ me. I would willingly emigrate to Queensland if I could, with my children who are, I am happy to say, all respectable; but I have no friends, nor do I know from whom to ask assistance."

"Is this your first offence?" I inquired.

"It is, sir; up to a year of my being arrested no one can say I ever wronged him to the value of a farthing."

"For what crime are you here?"

"For robbing my employer, sir."

"How came you to do that?" I said; "were you in distress?"

"No, sir; at any rate not till I got foolishly into debt. Gentility, sir, has been my ruin."

I looked at him with astonishment, for he had the appearance of an intelligent handicraft workman, and nothing more.

"But in what manner," I asked, "can gentility have been your ruin?"

"It's rather a long story, but I will tell it you if you like, sir."

"Pray do," I said; "if the chaplain has no other occupation at present."

The Rev. gentleman told me his time was at my service, and the prisoner commenced his narrative.

"I was brought up a weaver, as my father was before me. I was a good hand at my trade, and I worked steadily at it. When about twenty-four years of age I married a girl who was also a weaver. She was quiet, amiable, and industrious, and made me an excellent wife. We soon had a family, but as we were in constant and good work we not only contrived to keep the wolf from the door, but lived in comfort and respectability as well. We worked for many years for the same firm, one of the largest in England, doing our work well, and never during the whole time wronging our employers to the value of an ounce of silk.

"When I was about thirty-five years of age the head partner sent for me saying he wanted to speak to me on a matter of great importance. I, of course, presented myself at the office, and shortly afterwards was ushered into his room.

"'C——,' he said, 'we have always been much satisfied with your behaviour, and now we are going to advance you. The under-foreman in our receiving-room is going to leave us, and you may have his appointment, if you like. Your wages will be thirty-five shillings a-week, and your wife can work for us as before.'

"You may easily believe I was overjoyed at the offer, which I immediately accepted; and two days afterwards I entered on my duties. They were very light, and consisted principally in receiving the work brought home by the weavers, examining it to see that it was properly done, and giving out the bobbins for fresh work. Times were now very flourishing with us, and we earned sufficient to give our children a good education. My employers were perfectly satisfied with me, and I worked on soberly and honestly.

"After I had been seven years under-foreman, the foreman one day died suddenly; and I was most anxious to know who was to succeed him, as he had been a very good friend to me, and we had worked on very amicably together. My doubts at last terminated in a very satisfactory manner. The head partner sent for me one morning, and told me the firm were so pleased with my steady behaviour, that they had determined to offer me the situation of foreman, with a salary of two hundred a-year, to be paid quarterly. I was, naturally, delighted at the intelligence, as I considered my fortune was as good as made. I thanked the head of the firm most gratefully for his kindness, and assured him that every effort should be made on my part to give him satisfaction.

"'Of that I am assured, Mr. C——,' he said (it was the first time he had called me 'Mister,' and I was not a little flattered by it); 'you can now enter on your duties as soon as you please.'

"When, in the evening, I told my wife of our good fortune, she was completely overwhelmed by it, and for some time could hardly realise it; but when I told her that the head partner had called me 'Mr. C——,' she was even more pleased at that than I had been myself.

"'And why should you not be called "Mr. C——?"' she said. 'I am sure you would make as good a gentleman as the best of them.'

"'Fair and softly, my dear,' said I. 'Let us first feel our feet, and then we will talk of that afterwards.'

"My duties now were not more severe than formerly, but far more responsible; for I was entrusted with considerable sums of money to pay the workmen. I had also an under-foreman to assist me, who was a sharp, clever fellow: and we got on very well together. Once a week my books were audited by the firm, and I was frequently complimented, not only on my exactitude, but also, as I was a good penman, on the neat manner in which they were kept.

"Although my income was now two hundred a-year, it had not increased much in reality, for it had been suggested to me that, now I was in a situation of trust and responsibility, it was hardly just that I should allow my wife to drudge like a common weaver. I, without hesitation, admitted the justice of the remark, but I hardly thought my wife would agree to it: however, I was determined to try her, so I told her when I went home in the evening that

I hardly thought it right she should continue at the loom, considering the position in life we were now in. To my great surprise, my wife not only made no objection, but positively told me she had already thought so; and she had wished to speak to me on the subject, but did not like, as she was afraid I should think her lazy.

"Although my wife had now given up the loom, she was by no means idle. Unlike most weavers' wives, she was an expert needlewoman, and she occupied herself in making the children's dresses. True, she had always done so before, and had had time for the loom as well; but now we were in a more genteel position, the children had to be better dressed, and, of course, a good deal more needlework had to be done: but, as my daughters were now old enough to help their mother, it was no great increase of expense, after all.

"After I had been a few months in my new position, my wife one night said to me, 'Our landlord called to-day, and I paid him for the quarter. He talks about increasing our rent. He says you have had the house too cheap for some time past, considering the rate of rents in the neighbourhood.'

"'I shall not pay any more than I do now,' I replied, 'and it is a shameful thing for him to want it, considering how long I have been his tenant. I would rather look for another house than pay a shilling more than I do at present.'

"'Well, dear,' said my wife, 'and I think you are right. Besides, there's another thing strikes me. We are living here with common weavers, and mixing with them, which is not quite right considering the difference in our position. And then the girls are growing up, and they ought to do something better than marry weavers.'

"I was struck with the justice of my wife's remark, and requested her to look out for another lodging or house, which she promised to do.

"The next day when I returned home I found my wife had busied herself in finding a new dwelling for us. She had set her mind on one in the Hoxton Road. It was certainly considerably larger than our own and much more expensive. We were paying twenty-five pounds a year, and this was forty without taxes. It was, however, far more respectable, my wife said, than the one we were then living in in Fleur de Lis Street, and she had hit upon a plan to make it less expensive than it appeared at first sight. It was to let off the first floor to some single gentleman who was employed in the city in the day time, so that in point of fact we should have all the credit for the appearance of the house and not be at any higher rent than we then were.

"I complimented my wife on her excellent arrangements; the house was taken, and in a few weeks we were in possession.

"But although the rent of the house would not be more than our old one when we had let off the first floor, and the appearance we should create would be far greater, there was the expense of furnishing to be taken into consideration. This somewhat crippled us for the moment, but my wife said in a short time she would make up the amount by the rent of the rooms.

"We found without difficulty a tenant for our first floor, a young man, clerk in an insurance office. He was a quiet, orderly young fellow enough, paying regularly his rent every week. I now proposed that we should begin economising the money we had paid for the extra furniture, but my wife objected to do so till later, as she had other expenses to meet at the moment. I inquired what they might be.

"'Why, my dear,' said my wife, 'it is utterly impossible that the girls and I can dress now in the manner we did in Fleur de Lis Street when we were living among weavers. The people about here are very genteel, and I don't like to dress different from our neighbours. We are now in a good position, and we ought to make a better appearance.'

"I foolishly admitted her arguments, and we not only put off saving the money for the furniture, but we got somewhat into debt for the purchase of new clothes as well. When my wife had obtained the new dresses for herself and children they certainly looked very well in them, and I was, I admit, very proud of my family; but unfortunately, after the purchase had been made, we did not save the money we had expended on the furniture. We continued to live on quietly enough; but we spent, I am sorry to say, somewhat more than our income, though not to such an extent as to cause us any uneasiness. I however was obliged to apply to a loan office for assistance, which I had no difficulty in obtaining; and as I contrived to pay up the interest, the affair gave me very little trouble.

"I have told you the commencement of our misfortunes, I will now tell you how our gentility ended. My wife's love of dress increased, and with it our expenditure, but our income remained the same. At last my wife confided to me that the clerk on the first floor had begun to show great attention to Charlotte, our eldest daughter, and she had every reason to believe it would end in an offer. His family, she said, were very respectable, and it would be an excellent match; and she considered the best thing we could do would be to get acquainted with them. I told her we must be careful what we did. I had no objection to make the acquaintance of the young fellow's family; but at the same time we must be careful not to increase our expenditure, as I had already great difficulty in keeping up the payment of the interest of the money I had borrowed from the loan office.

"'My dear,' said my wife, 'what nonsense you talk. How is it possible we can mix with people in a better position of life than ourselves, and spend no more than we do now?'

"'How much money should you want?' I inquired.

"'I do not exactly know. I must get the girl some

new dresses, and we must cut a dash a little. You know, after all,' she said, 'that if he marries Charlotte, you will not be at the expense of maintaining her; so, in the long run, it will be no loss to us.'

"I gave in to her plan, and I applied at the loan-office for more money, but to my great annoyance I experienced this time considerable difficulty. However, I got the money at last, and my wife bought Charlotte some new things; and we got intimate with the clerk's family, who appeared very genteel people, and took to us immensely. We visited at each other's houses occasionally, and at last the young fellow proposed for Charlotte.

"Everything, with the exception of my increasing debts, went on flourishingly. On one occasion, we went to a dinner-party at the house of the clerk's grandfather, an old solicitor, for the purpose of introducing Charlotte to him. My wife, as we were preparing to leave home, appeared very nervous, and after fidgeting about for some time, said,

"'The old gentleman is a very sharp fellow, my dear. Take care you do not let anything fall that will show that we were at one time only weavers, because he imagines we are far higher folk than you suppose.'

"'I do not wish to speak about family matters at all,' I said; 'at any rate, you need not be afraid of me. But what makes you think they believe we are better off than we are?'

"'Well, my dear,' said my wife, colouring slightly, 'I don't know how it occurred, but they all believe you are likely to be taken into the house as a partner.'

"I was exceedingly angry when I heard this, and I inquired of my wife from what source such an infamous falsehood proceeded?

"She replied that she did not know; but implored me so strenuously, and at the same time with so guilty a look on her countenance, that in case it were mentioned I would not contradict it, that I fully perceived it was a piece of boasting of her own. I scolded her severely on the matter, and told her that if it were spoken of, I should certainly contradict it. Fortunately, nothing on the subject was mentioned during the evening, and although it was a source of quarrel between me and my wife for some days afterwards, the affair at last died away.

"We had now to invite the old solicitor and the family to dine with us; but before the day arrived, I found my wife had got considerably into debt in the neighbourhood, and I was again obliged to apply to the loan-office for assistance. The secretary told me they would consider my application, and let me know the result; and in a few days their decision came. It was not only that they refused to advance me any more money, but that when my outstanding bills were due, they should certainly press for the full amount.

"This news came like a clap of thunder on me. What to do I knew not, or where to find the money. To add to my sorrow, six months' rent was owing on the house, and the landlord was pressing for it. However, I shut my eyes to the circumstance for the moment, resolving that as soon as the dinner-party should be over, I would turn over a new leaf, and insist on far greater economy being practised in the house.

"The day arrived for the dinner-party, for which my wife had made great preparations. Before leaving the house, I took the opportunity of requesting her to be as moderate in all this as she could, and was on the point of leaving her, when a knock was heard at the door, and a broker's man entered with a distress warrant for the six months' rent. I was perfectly aghast when he told me his errand; but I was powerless, I had not twenty shillings in the house, and it wanted a month before my next quarter's salary would be due. I had no alternative but to leave him in possession; and with a heavy heart I proceeded to business.

"I got on as I best could till the time arrived when I was accustomed to take my dinner. Being to dine at home that day, I went to a neighbouring public house to get my lunch. As I was seated at the table, the gloomy aspect of my affairs came before me, and my eyes filled with tears. Ashamed of my low spirits, and seeing the necessity of my rousing myself, I called for a glass of spirits and water, although ordinarily a most sober man. As I drank it my courage revived, and I began to think in what way I could retrieve myself. But one way presented itself to my mind, and that was a most rigid retrenchment. This I firmly resolved on practising, even against any opposition on the part of my wife; but still the disagreeable fact presented itself to my mind, that a broker's man was in possession, and that the same day we were going to give an extravagant dinner-party. Something must be done, but what? To brighten up my thoughts, I called for another glass of spirits and water. As I drank it the idea came to my mind that a considerable sum of money was at that moment in my possession, but it was my employers'. Why could I not *borrow* some without their knowing it? If I could pay out the broker's man I should redeem to a certain extent my credit. To-morrow, I argued, I will sell off everything and replace the amount. The sale of my furniture would be enough for that, and the payment of the money I owed to the loan-office as well. The idea then occurred to me, that my wife might oppose me, but I silently and solemnly swore that no persuasions of hers should induce me to alter my determination.

"I now returned to the house of business. There was a considerable sum in the till, of which I kept the key—more than one hundred and fifty pounds. I took from it, trembling the while like a leaf, the money I required and not a shilling more, and shortly afterwards, pleading a violent headache, I returned home and paid out the broker, to the great joy of my wife.

"The dinner passed off in a most satisfactory manner, although perhaps it appeared more so to me than it really was from the quantity of wine I was

obliged to drink to drown the thought of the action I had committed. The next morning I rose with a severe headache; and my wife was so overcome with her exertions the day before that I left her in bed when I went to business. However, I argued, it mattered but little; the next day would be Sunday, and then I should have ample time and opportunity to express my determination to my wife, for I was fully resolved I would sell every stick of furniture I possessed, and enter some cheap ready-furnished lodgings nearer to the house of business. On the Sunday I told my wife the resolution I had come to, and a terrible scene we had of it. She accused me of gross cruelty and meanness. She told me I might at least have waited till the wedding was over, and then she would have offered no objection. Many times I was on the point of telling her of the desperate action I had committed, for I would not acknowledge to myself it was a dishonest one, although I should have considered it infamous in another. Charlotte at last came to my wife's aid, and her tears quite subdued my courage. As the licence for her marriage had already been obtained, I at last gave way; and it was understood between us, that as soon as the marriage came off, which was to take place in a fortnight, my plan would be adopted.

"One morning in the next week I received a message from the firm to attend at the City house of business about some alteration in my duties. I immediately suspected there was some change to be made in the manner of paying the weavers, which had already been hinted at once or twice, and that my accounts would be audited on the next Saturday, the last in the month. When I arrived, there was no one in the counting-house, and on the desk was a new blank cheque-book. The devil prompted me, and I neatly abstracted from it a blank cheque and put it in my pocket. When I saw the head partner he received me very coolly, and told me that on the next Saturday my books were to be examined, and a new system was to be adopted. I promised everything should be in readiness, and left him.

"I was now desperate, and I resolved on forging my employers' name to a cheque for one hundred pounds; but when I took the pen in my hand, I lost all courage. Still, I argued, it must be done; and I went to the public-house, and after drinking two glasses of gin-and-water, I had sufficient nerve to commit the forgery.

"But now, how was I to get the cheque cashed? At last I remembered that my daughter's suitor was to call in the evening, and I resolved to make him my tool. When I arrived at home I again applied to the bottle for courage, and as he was leaving the house I told him I should be obliged to him if he would get a cheque cashed for me at the London and County Bank the next day, and bring me the money in the evening. He readily promised to do so, and kept his word; but unfortunately he was personally acquainted with the cashier, and they had some little conversation together on indifferent subjects. To shorten a sad story, the fraud was detected, and I was tried and found guilty. My employers recommended me to mercy on account of my previous good character, and I was sentenced to only three years' imprisonment. My daughter's marriage was of course broken off, and my wife has since died of a broken heart. Some weavers kindly assisted my children, but the youngest were sent to the workhouse and my family broken up. I have paid dearly enough," he said, with tears in his eyes, "for a couple of years' gentility. When I leave here, God only knows what I shall do; my character is gone, and nobody will employ me."

We then left the poor fellow in his cell. "That," said the chaplain as I left the prisoner, "is no exceptional case. The efforts at present made to put a stop to drinking are worthy of all praise; but, be assured, there is no passion more productive of dishonesty than the love of appearance; and when a society shall be established to work against it, they will have as terrible an evil to contend with as drinking itself."

WILLIAM GILBERT.

HOMEWARD.

By THE EDITOR.

II.—ATHENS.

We changed steamers at Syra, which is the great steam-boat station in the Levant, and the centre from whence passengers depart on their respective routes to every point of the compass within the shores of the Mediterranean. We did not land, but admired the picturesque view of the town from the sea, with its tier above tier of streets scaling the hill-side. The great traditional fact about Syra is, as I was informed, that its females are the most beautiful in the East. They may be so, and yet possess commonplace countenances. The conclusion I have come to about female beauty and comeliness is, that in no part of the earth are there any faces to be compared with those seen within the British Isles. In most countries I have visited—except America, where, however, the bloom soon dies—the good-looking are very rare. And let me observe, by the way, that there are many current sayings about the characteristics of various countries and their people, from which I

must dissent. Among these are such as, that the French are the merriest nation, and the English the dullest,—the very reverse of the assertion being true; and that the Greeks and Italians have the "bonniest lasses,"—the fact being that they are in general wizzened scarecrows as compared with our own.

From Syra we proceeded to Athens. The very name of Athens makes one shrink from attempting to describe it. I am disposed to say nothing about it. But as I have only professed to deal with the outside of things—what the eye can see and the ear hear—I may attempt, as one who wishes to share with others as much as possible the impressions which he himself received, to describe the tomb of the once-thinking Athens, just as I did that of the once-worshipping Jerusalem.

We left Syra late in the afternoon, and knowing that at daybreak we should be wheeling past "Sunium's marbled steep" and coming in sight of Athens, I rose early and went on deck. It was a fresh, breezy morning, with topping, curling waves, which, the wind being astern, sent our little steamer merrily along. This merriment was added to, or perhaps expressed, by our happy-looking, dumpy captain, who, while he balanced himself on the slippery deck, sang what seemed to be the chorus of a song of his own making, for it was but a constant repetition of "Ring ding ding, diddle ring," &c., and was by no means classical, but essentially tarry, even though interlarded with descriptions of each successive point which opened upon us: "Sunium—Diddle ding, ding, dong;" "Ægina—Ding, ding, de diddy." And the round jolly tar kept time to his ditty on the wet planks, smoking cigarettes and smiling graciously, as we went pitching and rolling up the Ægean Sea. The morning was rather damp and cold, and it was not easy to get up enthusiasm from the actual aspect of "the Isles of Greece." But as we approached Athens the atmosphere became more luminous under the increasing power of the sun, and nature began to wear an aspect more in harmony with what one wished or expected. As we passed the old harbour of Phalerum, Hymettus towered to our right; in the centre of the plain the Acropolis rose crowned with the Parthenon, with the summit of Lycabettus immediately above it; while in the same line but higher still rose Pentelicus, which to the east looks down on Marathon; and to the left again the ridge of Mount Parnes walled in the plain, with the pass of Phylè and its precipice clearly seen, and ending, further to the left, beyond the harbour of the Pirœus, in the ridge of Ægaleos, on whose rocky brow Xerxes sat as he "looked o'er sea-born Salamis."

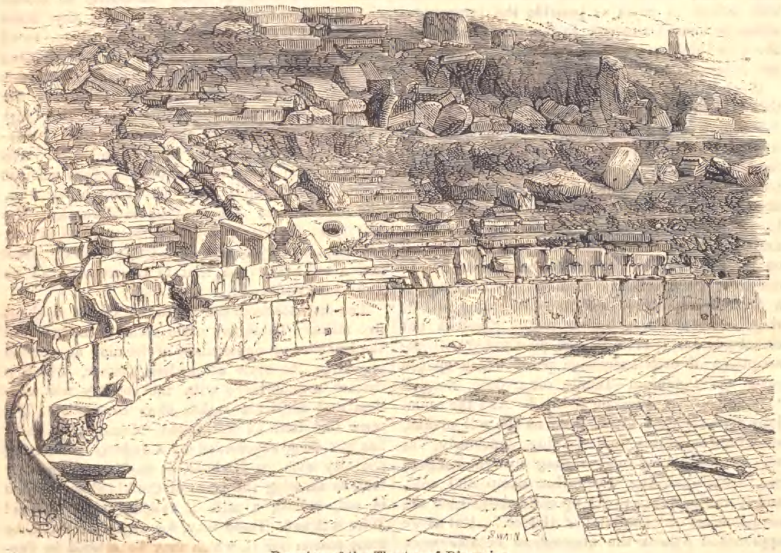
And did Athens look like Edinburgh? we have been asked. In both cases there is a high rock crowned with buildings: but in the one case the rock rises above a plain, in the other from a ridge; and the one rock is a ridge crowned by the Parthenon, while the other is covered by ugly barracks. The Calton Hill has no doubt *some* likeness to the Acropolis; but neighbouring chimneys and smoke, and the absence of all association, make the dissimilarity greater than the resemblance.

We soon entered the harbour, in full sight of Salamis. But when one hears the name of such a famous spot suddenly uttered, as a finger is pointed to indicate it, there is a strange disposition to look on listlessly—to put away the attempt to take in the full impression which we feel it ought to make, as if a feeble impression were a confession of one's incapacity to realise the dignity of the object, and as if *time* must therefore be secured, and a calm, solemn mood of mind be acquired, in order to our dealing worthily with its grand associations. And thus it is that our after-thoughts of places holy in the world's history are really more true and just than those suggested at the moment. We photograph the scene in our minds, and afterwards study it, and enjoy it perhaps more than when it first suddenly burst upon us. I often felt this, and more so in Athens than in Jerusalem, the history of the latter city being more fresh, living, present,—more personal, so to speak, to a Christian and a minister, than that of Greece with all its glory can possibly be.

The distance from the Pirœus to Athens is about five miles. These five miles seem to me to afford the traveller an opportunity of forming an opinion regarding the state of modern Greece, which a further acquaintance with the country will confirm and illustrate rather than contradict. The mere fact that an indifferent, Macadamised road has not been superseded by a railway, connecting the city with its harbour, is itself a noteworthy fact, as showing the state of the kingdom. There is not, indeed, a mile of railway in all Greece! Why is it so? There may, for aught we know, be some reason for it, which may be uttered in Parliament with all the emphasis of Greek eloquence; but prosaic travellers cannot suggest any sufficient reason for such slow-coach travelling. We stopped half way at a miserable wine-shop, where the driver paused to refresh his horses and himself. The disreputable-looking publican suggested that we should also indulge in liquor, and looked insolent because we refused to try his cellar.

Fortunately for us, our friend Principal Tulloch was at Athens, and, finding him on our arrival, we went at once to the Acropolis. The morning, as I have said, had been showery; but when we reached the summit of the hill, and sat down on the steps near the Temple of Victory, and in silence gazed on the scene, the rain had quite cleared away. A few clouds remained to beautify the sky, and to relieve the eye from the wide expanse and infinite depth of its blue. There was a freshness in the gentle breeze, a coolness on the earth, a transparency in the atmosphere, for all of which I felt deeply grateful when looking for

the first time on this singular landscape. Around us were the remains of the most magnificent buildings of the ancient world. At our feet was the Areopagus, on which Paul stood; and the Pynx, with its Bema, from which the greatest orators of the world had spoken: further down was the Temple of Theseus, the most perfect remains of the ancient world of art, dating, as it does, centuries before the Christian era (B.C. 465); and beyond, the Ægean Sea, whose white waves were visible curling beneath the breeze; with Salamis to the right, and Ægina to the left; and in the far distance before us, mountains, promontories, shadowy inlets, with the Acropolis of Corinth clearly seen rising up amidst an amphitheatre of hills, beautified and glorified by every delicate shade of colour, first speckled with white, and then touched up with hues borrowed from the rainbow. I never saw such blues and purples, except on Deeside; and there were indescribably delicate thin veils of nameless lights, just like the reflections of angels' wings which Fra Angelica paints. The landscape was no doubt seen in the best possible circumstances as to light and shade, and it will for ever remain in my memory unmatched—must



Remains of the Theatre of Dionysius.

I say, even by the view from Edinburgh Castle on one of our choicest northern days? Yes! for I never saw in Edinburgh, or anywhere else, anything like that view on that day from the Acropolis of Athens.

"And what struck you most in Athens after that?" is the sort of question which one has sometimes put to him by fireside travellers, to please whom I chiefly write. Now to attempt to speak about Greek art, and to assume the professor's chair, even if I had the professor's knowledge, which most certainly I do not pretend to, and to presume to write about "Athens and the Athenians," whether ancient or modern, or about their philosophy, art, literature, or anything else, simply because I was, as a passing traveller, for two or three days in Greece, would prove me to be as wise as the Yankee who landed one day in Liverpool, returned the next day to New York, and declared, as he felt himself authorised by his long voyage to do, that he saw "no difference atween the old and new country, except it might be perhaps in the ferry steamers, that were bad, and in the mint juleps, that were worse."

But I may mention with reference to Athens some things with which every traveller is familiar. The Parthenon and its buildings far surpassed my expectations. They give the deepest and most lasting impression I ever received, or can receive, of the grandeur, serene simplicity, and perfect beauty of ancient architecture. The worth which men attached to art, the refined and dignified tastes which it expressed and gratified, came upon one almost like a revelation. There was a world of feeling, of genius, of conceptions of the beautiful for its own sake embodied in the glories of this hill, which has never since been reproduced on earth. I do not attempt to describe the glorious

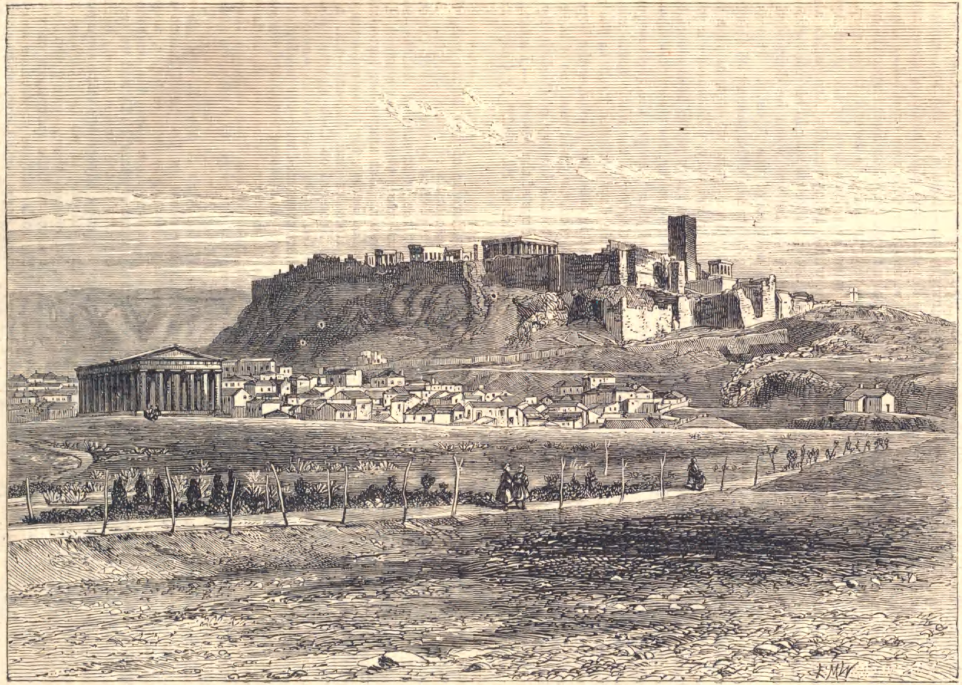
work of Pericles, assisted by Phidias. We wandered among the ruins of the exquisite Erichtheium; paced round and round the grand columns of the Parthenon; tried to reproduce the past, when this hill shone with all the glory of perfect art, but utterly failed to do so. We sat down again on the steps of the magnificent Propylæa, with the exquisite little temple, the Unwinged Victory, beside us, and the glorious landscape before us, and in silence rejoiced in the matchless wonders.

But there are in Athens links which irresistibly connect us with the men of that immortal past, in which it, under God, was the teacher of the world in the culture of taste and of intellect. On the one side of the Acropolis, at its base, the Theatre of Dionysius has during these last few years been exhumed. Here, beneath the open heavens, and to thousands of eager and intelligent listeners, who sat on the wide amphitheatre around, the great tragedians and comedians—Sophocles, Æschylus, Aristophanes, and others—first spoke their immortal dramas. The remains of the theatre are very perfect. The marble floor for the orchestra, between the stage and the audience, is unbroken; so are the marble chairs, at least about thirty of them, sweeping round the semicircle, where sat the priests and priestesses of Bacchus, the patron of higher inspiration than comes from wine. Their titles are yet inscribed on the seats which were officially allotted to them. Is it nothing to stand there, and to revivify that audience, and to hear again the words spoken which, in God's providence, were never more to die?

The Bema is another place which links the present with the living men of the immortal past. This is a square stone platform, cut out of the living rock (which like a wall, from which it projects, extends to the right and left), and is ascended by a series of steps. Ascend it; stand there, and look around! That open space, as on a bare rocky hill, was often filled by the Athenian citizens, and where you stand Demosthenes and Pericles stood, and the greatest orators of the world, and thence uttered the words and poured out the sentences which have ever since been the unapproached and unapproachable models of the *art* of eloquence. Is it nothing to occupy such a spot?—nothing to recal the wondrous past from it?

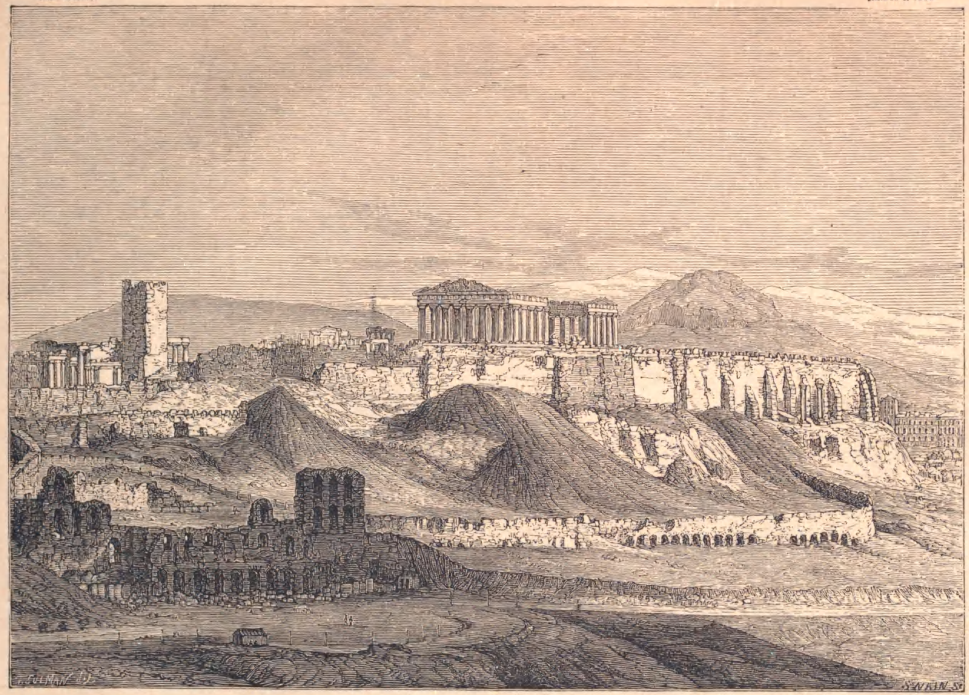
But what of the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill? The question is natural; for although the visit of St. Paul played but a small and insignificant part in the conscious or recorded history of Athens, yet it looms large, nevertheless, in the history of that "kingdom which ruleth over all." The spot is certain. It is a rough mass of limestone rock, which rises from what was once the Agora, an open-air Exchange surrounded with objects of art, where merchants and philosophers and artists met; or a sort of Athenian club where all might come and go, chat, gossip, dispute, make bargains, talk politics, religion, philosophy, or scandal, to kill the time, and improve as they best could their purse, or their information. Of the once-famous Agora there are few traces left, except its gate of entrance; but the rock of the Areopagus, as old as creation, remains very much as it was in the days of the Apostle. Sixteen steps, partly worn and broken, cut out of the rock, lead to the summit, fifty feet or so above the plain. Stone benches, forming three sides of a quadrangle, also remain on the top, immediately above the stair; and eight blocks of stone are indicated where those who were tried before the august tribunal were examined on their respective heresies. It was very touching to ascend those very steps which must have been trod by the great Apostle; and up which Dionysius the Areopagite also ascended, a very different man in his convictions and life from what he was when he descended them after the address of the Apostle. It was most solemnising to stand on the summit of this famous hill, a spot where again we met, as in a foreign land, the great missionary, with whom our previous journey had at so many points been associated. I cannot help here quoting, for the sake of those who have not read the passage, the picturesque and truthful reproduction of the whole scene which on that memorable day presented itself to the eye of St. Paul; and in doing so I express the hope that, for their own good, they will read one of the noblest contributions to the history of Christianity as it existed in the days of the Apostle,—I mean, "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul" by Conybeare and Howson:—

"One characteristic of the Agora was, that it was full of memorials of actual history. Among the plane-trees planted by the hand of Cimon were the statues of the great men of Athens—such as Solon the law-giver, Conon the admiral, Demosthenes the orator. But among her historical men were her deified heroes, the representatives of her mythology—Hercules and Theseus—and all the series of the Eponymi on their elevated platform, from whom the tribes were named, and whom an ancient custom connected with the passing of every successive law. And among the deified heroes were memorials of the older divinities—Mercuries which gave their name to the street in which they were placed—statues dedicated to Apollo, as patron of the city, and her deliverer from plague—and, in the centre of all, the Altar of the Twelve Gods, which was to Athens what the Golden Milestone was to Rome. If we look up to the Areopagus, we see the temple of that deity from whom the eminence had received the name of Mars' Hill; and we are aware that the sanctuary of the Furies is only hidden by the projecting ridge beyond the stone steps and the seats of the judges. If we look forward to the Acropolis, we behold there, closing the long perspective, a series of little sanctuaries on the very ledges of the rock—shrines of Bacchus and Æsculapius, Venus, Earth, and Ceres, ending with the lovely form of that Temple of Unwinged Victory which glittered by the entrance of the Propylæa above the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. Thus, every god in Olympus found a place in the Agora. But the religiousness of the Athenians went even further. For every public place and building was likewise a sanctuary. The Record-House was a temple of the Mother of the Gods.



The Temple of Theseus. The Acropolis, with the Parthenon, &c, Mars' Hill,
† The spot where St. Paul stood.

ATHENS.



VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS FROM THE EAST, WITH SUMMIT OF LYCABETTUS IMMEDIATELY BEHIND, AND PENTELICUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

The Council-House held statues of Apollo and Jupiter, with an altar of Vesta. The Theatre at the base of the Acropolis, into which the Athenians crowded to hear the words of their great tragedians, was consecrated to Bacchus. The Pynx, near which we entered, on whose elevated platform they listened in breathless attention to their orators, was dedicated to Jupiter on High, with whose name those of the Nymphs of the Demus were gracefully associated. And, as if the imagination of the Attic mind knew no bounds in this direction, abstractions were deified and publicly honoured. Altars were erected to Fame, to Modesty, to Energy, to Persuasion, and to Pity. This last altar is mentioned by Pausanias among 'those objects in the Agora which are not understood by all men; for,' he adds, 'the Athenians alone of all the Greeks give divine honour to Pity.' It is needless to show how the enumeration which we have made (and which is no more than a selection from what is described by Pausanias) throws light on the words of St. Luke and St. Paul; and especially how the groping after the abstract and invisible, implied in the altars alluded to last, illustrates the inscription 'To the Unknown God,' which was used by apostolic wisdom to point the way to the highest truth."—Vol. i., pp. 380—382.

"The place to which they took him was the summit of the hill of the Areopagus, where the most awful court of judicature had sat from time immemorial, to pass sentence on the greatest criminals, and to decide the most solemn questions connected with religion. The judges sat in the open air, upon seats hewn out in the rock, on a platform, which was ascended by a flight of stone steps immediately from the Agora. On this spot a long series of awful causes, connected with crime and religion, had been determined, beginning with the legendary trial of Mars, which gave to the place its name of 'Mars' Hill.' A temple of the god, as we have seen, was on the brow of the eminence; and an additional solemnity was given to the place by the sanctuary of the Furies, in a broken cleft of the rock immediately below the judges' seats. Even in the political decay of Athens, this spot was regarded by the people with superstitious reverence. It was a scene with which the dread recollections of centuries were associated. It was a place of silent awe in the midst of the gay and frivolous city. Those who withdrew to the Areopagus from the Agora, came, as it were, into the presence of a higher power. No place in Athens was so suitable for a discourse on the mysteries of religion. We are not, however, to regard St. Paul's discourse on the Areopagus as a formal defence, in a trial before the court. The whole aspect of the narrative in the Acts, and the whole tenor of the discourse itself, militates against this supposition. The words, half-derisive, half-courteous, addressed to the Apostle before he spoke to his audience, 'May we know what this new doctrine is?' are not like the words which would have been addressed to a prisoner at the bar; and still more unlike a judge's sentence are the words with which he was dismissed at the conclusion, 'We will hear thee again of this matter.' Nor is there anything in the speech itself of a really apologetic character, as any one may perceive on comparing it with the defence of Socrates. Moreover, the verse which speaks so strongly of the Athenian love of novelty and excitement is so introduced as to imply that curiosity was the motive of the whole proceeding. We may, indeed, admit that there was something of a mock solemnity in this adjournment from the Agora to the Areopagus. The Athenians took the Apostle from the tumult of public discussion to the place which was at once most convenient and most appropriate. There was everything in the place to incline the auditors, so far as they were seriously disposed at all, to a reverent and thoughtful attention. It is probable that Dionysius, with other Areopagites, were on the judicial seats. And a vague recollection of the dread thoughts associated by poetry and tradition with the Hill of Mars, may have solemnised the minds of some of those who crowded up the stone steps with the Apostle, and clustered round the summit of the hill, to hear the announcement of the new divinities.

"There is no point in the annals of the first planting of Christianity which seizes more powerfully on the imagination of those who are familiar with the history of the ancient world. Whether we contrast the intense earnestness of the man who spoke, with the frivolous character of those who surrounded him,—or compare the certain truth and awful meaning of the Gospel he revealed, with the worthless polytheism which had made Athens a proverb in the earth,—or even think of the mere words uttered that day in the clear atmosphere, on the summit of Mars' Hill, in connection with the objects of art, temples, statues, and altars, which stood round on every side,—we feel that the moment was, and was intended to be, full of the most impressive teaching for every age of the world. Close to the spot where he stood was the Temple of Mars. The sanctuary 'of the Eumenides was immediately below him; the Parthenon of Minerva facing him above. Their presence seemed to challenge the assertion in which he declared here, that *in* TEMPLES *made with hands, the Deity does not dwell.* In front of him, towering from its pedestal on the rock of the Acropolis—as the Borromean Colossus, which at this day, with outstretched hand, gives its benediction to the low village of Arona; or as the brazen statue of the armed angel, which from the summit of the Castel S. Angelo, spreads its wings over the city of Rome—was the bronze Colossus of Minerva, armed with spear, shield, and helmet, as the champion of Athens. Standing almost beneath its shade, he pronounced that the Deity was *not to be likened* either to that, the work of Phidias, or to other forms in *gold, silver, or stone, graven* by art, and *man's device*, which peopled the scene before him.' Wherever his eye was turned, it saw a succession of such statues and buildings in every variety of form and situation. On the rocky ledges on the south side of the Acropolis, and in the midst of the hum of the Agora, were the 'objects of devotion' already described. And in the northern parts of the city, which are equally visible from the Areopagus, on the level spaces, and on every eminence, were similar objects, to which we have made no allusion—and especially that Temple of Theseus, the national hero, which remains in unimpaired beauty, to enable us to imagine what Athens was when this temple was only one among the many ornaments of that city which was '*wholly given to idolatry.*'"—Vol. i. pp. 401—404.

After reading this vivid description of the scene and circumstances in which the immortal oration was given, our readers should again peruse the oration itself (Acts xvii. 22—34), as we did on the Areopagus.

It is difficult to realise the importance to Athens

of that day, when St. Paul addressed his inquiring assemblage. Seemingly, and judging by sense only, it was nothing, as we have remarked, in the history of Greece or the world. We can well conceive what a slight impression the Apostle must have made on most in the city. The men and women of fashion, the distinguished and élite of society, if they heard his name at all would not likely be moved by it, or lose "ten tickings of their watch," or miss this or that "important engagement," for the sake of the Jewish tent-maker. The men of commerce had nothing to learn from him about the state of trade. "Common sense," and "practical wisdom," would dissuade others from ascending the Areopagus,—a step which might lead to remark, and make them be suspected of countenancing romantic novelties. The philosophic sects, Stoics and Epicureans, the representatives of pride and pleasure, what could they learn from a poor unknown stranger? And if they heard of salvation to their souls by faith in the Son of God who died on the cross but was alive again, and of humility and self-denial as being essential to the kingdom of heaven, would they deem it necessary to reply to such a philosophy as that? One can fancy how, had newspapers existed, the Apostle would have been passed by as unworthy of notice among the memorabilia of the day; or if any had deigned to dedicate a "leading article" to the poor stranger, it would only have been to supply food for the scorn of the wise, the prudent, and sagacious. How much could have been said, with a show of profound sense and discernment, as to his fanaticism, presumption, absurdity, and folly. How poor Dionysius would have been twitted and ridiculed! How any man would have been laughed at who dared to treat "the affair" as "worthy of serious criticism"! and how soon the memory of this "setter forth of strange gods" would pass away, as a bubble in the world's history! Had Athens thus judged, the world's history since then could not say Amen to her judgment. But so it will be till the world ends. Truth is greater than even those who speak it know. God takes care of it. The breath of Stoics and Epicureans, Pharisees and Sadducees, and all the more or less ignorant and honest who oppose truth, passes over it in coldness, as the storms of winter howl over the living seed, which nevertheless lives and grows, snatching strength from all the elements in God's world, which are by His wisdom and power made to be kindly disposed to all He loves; for truth is as imperishable and immortal as the mind of God from whom it comes.

I have mentioned several places in Athens, such as the theatre of Dionysius, the Bema of the Pynx, and the Areopagus, which vividly recall the living men of the past—who alone make the past living. I do not at this moment remember any spots in the world where we can thus locate men with such precision as in Palestine and Greece. In Palestine, for example, we can affirm with almost perfect certainty, that here, within a few yards of where we stand, once stood Jesus and the Apostles. This can be said with an accuracy that can hardly be questioned at that point in the road to Bethany where our Lord wept over Jerusalem; and again, without any question whatever, at Jacob's Well. And so in Athens, we can say, with different thoughts indeed, yet with most stirring feelings, here, by this marble floor, the great dramatists first repeated their immortal words, and gazed on those now empty and silent benches;—here, on this rocky platform of the Bema, stood Demosthenes and Pericles, and to them the faces of thousands of Athenian citizens were often turned, with such a gaze of eagerness, cultivation, intelligence, and critical taste, as no popular assembly has ever since exhibited: from this platform they heard such words as no orators have ever since addressed to mortal ears. Here again, on the Areopagus, St. Paul must have stood; it may have been on that block of stone, or on this side or that, but within the circumference of a few yards, or even feet, he must have uttered the most truthful, significant, and important words which ever fell from the lips of man in Athens. Where can such spots as these be found anywhere else in the world?

I have no wish to set up Athens and Jerusalem as representing necessarily antagonistic agencies in the education of mankind. In the cultivation of the taste and intellect of man, Athens has, under the Creator and Governor of all men, done more even than Jerusalem. But it was in the old inartistic land of Palestine, among her little insignificant villages and her humble peasantry, by the shores of her inland sea, in the bosom of her silent hills, and within the walls of Jerusalem, that Jesus revealed in His own person, by His life and death, and imparted since then by His Spirit, this, which neither Rome nor Athens ever dreamt of—that God is our Father, that all men are brethren, and that the name of Jesus is the only one given among men whereby we can be saved, by realising through faith in Him crucified and love to Himself our high and glorious relationship!

We visited, of course, the noble old Temple of Theseus. Though built nearly five centuries before the Christian era, it is in perfect preservation. It need not be described by me, any more than other well-known works of art or classic scenes in Athens. What struck me most among the beautiful though ill-arranged and crowded works of noble art within its walls, were the *alto-relievo* tablets from old tombs. The story of sorrow is touchingly told on them. A group of sorrowing friends around one who is about to depart; a child looking back to a weeping mother; a husband departing from his wife and family; an old man sailing away on an unknown sea, in a boat oared by love. There are no inscriptions beyond the one word χαῖρε ("Farewell.") It was affecting to see here recorded human affections and sorrows of ages long past, and one with our own—yet, alas! without our comforts,

without "the life and immortality brought to light"—without the solemn notes from the trumpet of Hope sounding "I am the Resurrection and the Life, whosoever believeth in me shall never die." But "the Lord reigneth—let the earth be glad!" It is equally true, indeed, that "the Lord reigneth, let the people tremble!" But has Athens more cause to tremble than Capernaum? or Socrates than the Sadducees, or Plato than the Pharisees?

The old city clock, as I may dare call "the Temple of Winds," is another of those monuments which connect us with the living past. This is a building situated beneath the Acropolis to the north, and surrounded by the houses of modern Athens. It is an octagonal tower between forty and fifty feet high. On each of the sides—on the frieze and the entablature—is a sculptured representation of the wind which might blow on that particular point; and to which a revolving bronze figure of a Triton on the summit once pointed with a staff, the wind of course determining its position like that of a weathercock. On each of these eight sides, and below the figures of the winds, are still seen the lines of a dial, with the iron gnomon preserved which indicated the time of day. Within the tower was also a water clock, the remains of which may yet be traced. So we have still preserved for us the old tower clock which as far back as the Christian era, and probably before it, registered time for the Athenian citizens. Up to those lines and shadows the slave and his master once looked, the one to know the hour of labour or of rest, the other of festivity or of pleasure. The merchant expecting the return of his vessel from her voyage; the sailor about to proceed on his; the people eager for the coming or going of their fleet, gazed with interest on the Triton's staff which showed the prevailing wind. The Apostle Paul may have looked up with an enquiring eye to that old tower ere he departed for Corinth. How blew the wind? Was it time to go to the port?

There are no remains in Europe which help one better to realise the immense size of a giant—or give a grander impression of the magnificent proportions of an old temple, than those of the Olympeium, or temple once dedicated to Olympian Jove. Of its 120 marble columns which once existed sixteen only with their architraves remain. But each of these is about twenty feet in circumference, and sixty feet high. They rise out of a solitary spot near the Illysus, and to the east of the Acropolis. It is a most majestic and imposing ruin. Not a vestige of the other columns remains—they have, I suppose, been a quarry for Athenian buildings.

Of course we visited Marathon. The drive to it is about twenty-two miles; the road we followed crosses the isthmus, between Mount Hymettus and Pentelicus. This road is one of the few great thoroughfares of modern Greece, yet it is so bad that more than once we had to get out of the carriage and walk, in order to save its springs and our necks. The country is on the whole picturesque, but very lonely. In no part of Palestine did the aspect of things inspire us with a greater sense of danger from an attack of banditti. Under a proper government it might be a well peopled and thriving land.

The scene of the battle of Marathon is very easily understood. There is no mistaking its leading features. This is by no means the case with most great battle-fields. In our modern system of campaigning, from the number of men engaged, and the employment of artillery, an army covers such an extent of territory, that what with intervening woods, villages, streams, and hills, which break up for miles the scene of operations, it is seldom easy to get a bird's-eye view of any of our famous European battle-fields. Waterloo is a singular exception to this. But Marathon is more easily understood than Waterloo even. A bay with deep water and a steep sandy beach sweeps like a gently bent bow for six miles, and is bounded by low rocky headlands. A dead flat plain extends along the bay, with a morass at each end, dry in summer but muddy and impassable in winter. This plain is about two miles broad, and is surrounded on the land side by a low range of hills, which descend into it by a number of small valleys and rocky steeps. The present road cuts across the plain near the base of the hills, while between the road and the sea is a large mound of earth, marking, we believe, the centre of the battle-field. The ten thousand Greeks, with their backs to the hills, faced the immense Persian army on the plain, with their backs to their ships and the sea. The thin line of the Greeks extended for about two miles, and was well flanked by the hills. They were separated by about a mile from the dense army of the Medes, which was flanked by the morass at either end, while about a thousand yards in their rear was the great fleet along the shore of the bay. What a spectacle for all times were the pluck and patriotism of the Athenians, their self-sacrificing devotion to country, to liberty, and to duty, the union on that day of the several generals and the people, and the absence of all jealousy and fear! How grand to witness with the eye of imagination the gallant charge of those Greeks, as with a run across the plain they threw themselves, like impulsive Highlanders, upon the invading host, and dared for the first time to attack an enemy at whose name the world trembled, and who were twenty to one against them; and then though broken, to see them rally and attack the enemy in their ships, to be repulsed again, but yet to fight on, until, over less than two hundred of their own dead, they see upwards of six thousand of the foe slain, and the rest driven to their fleet. And how grand again their forced march back to Athens, merely to overawe by their presence every mean and selfish traitor, and to fight again if necessary with the foe, should he, ignorant of their return, dare to land at Phalerum, beneath the shadow of the Acropolis. Such deeds of self-sacrificing bravery never die. They live as long as the world lasts, a

strength to the heart and arm of every true man fighting for the right against the wrong.

The day we sat on the mound of Marathon was verily a day to be remembered by us. Beneath us lay the 190 Greeks, who fell at Marathon, and who, according to their respective clans, were buried side by side, more than twenty-three centuries ago. We gazed on the long sweep of the bay, watching the waves which, under an evenly blowing wind, decked the beach with a snowy wreath; and looked over the dark silent plain, and on to the Highland hills beyond, and moreover picked up a flint arrow-head —though whether used at Marathon or not is unknown to us—and thought of "the long results of time," of the slow progress of liberty, of the contrast presented between the Greece of Miltiades and that of King Otho or King George; and we in vain conjectured as to all that must yet be ere the Lord reigns in justice and mercy over a renovated church and world.

But I must, before I conclude, say a few words about modern Athens. Modern indeed! The town is formal and new, the palace is dull and new, and the government is always new; and there is nothing striking, settled, solid, or venerable, about any of them. Some of the Greek churches are out of sight the most striking objects among modern works of art, and are well worth studying. The newest ones are gaudy and unimpressive; but there is *newness* in all one sees, which, however, when contrasted with the older time of the Turks, is admitted on all hands to be a vast improvement.

Among other things we went to visit parliament, then in session. It was in one sense a pleasing sight. It was pleasing to see the signs, and we hope the germs of future liberty in the free discussion of a large assemblage of sufficiently outspoken men. It was interesting to see the Greek dress, of white kilt, tasselled hose, and red cap, all of which have a look not free from associations of bandits as seen on the stage. A debate in the Greek language was also worth hearing, though I did not understand a word of it. What the debate was about I forget. But it was conducted with an enthusiasm, a fervour, and a violence of gesture, and interruptions, surpassing anything I ever witnessed, and all about nothing vital or important to the commonwealth, as far as I could learn. But this is the only place in the country where patriotic steam can be let off, such steam, it is alleged, being generated by a large amount of fuel contributed by personal ambition, vanity, party spirit, and above all a scramble for loaves and fishes. That there are in this assembly educated men, and sensible, noble-minded patriots, there can be no doubt; but they are we fear but a small minority. Had not the municipal corporations been abolished, a great quantity of steam would have blown off in town elections, and in local assemblies, but, wanting such wholesome safety valves, every boiler comes up to parliament under high pressure, ready to burst, and generally causing many blisters with their scalding water. As I listened to this debate, with the swelling words and rhetorical attitudes, I constantly remembered the bad roads, and thought what a step it would be towards true national prosperity could all parties for a short time forget place and power, Constantinople and the Turks, and be induced to "mend their ways," erect schools, get an educated clergy, develop trade through self-interest, and secure bags of gold to the peasantry more numerous and heavier than any bandit could ever seize,—a booty resulting from the cultivation of their fields, the rearing of cattle, the pruning of their vine and fruit trees, the getting of good machinery, and the general opening of lines of easy communication with the seaports. Were Political Economy chosen as the patron saint of Greece, they would very soon find it, under a gracious Providence, so blessed, as to insure higher blessings.

There are two non-official gentlemen, whose open door and kind hospitalities are known to almost every visitor to Athens, the Rev. Dr. Hill and Mr. Findlay. In common with all travellers I record my sense of their kindness. Dr. Hill, the worthy Episcopal clergyman, has laboured faithfully in Athens since before the expulsion of the Turks. Mr. Findlay, the historian, is well known throughout the whole republic of letters. It is my deep regret that being indisposed the only evening I had the happiness of spending with him, I could not avail myself, as I had hoped to do, of all his treasures of information respecting the past and present of his adopted country. He stands alone as an authority on these matters.

I had thus but a passing glance at Athens. But even a day there is worth years in most other places. It has left a picture behind that can never die, and is a dream for life.

HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND.

(*Concluded from page* 123.)

If it were only for the purpose of effectually securing the object which alone we have hitherto kept in view—the health of the body—it would be necessary to give some consideration to the character and condition of the mind. So close is the connection between our corporeal and mental personality, that whatever affects the one, advantageously or injuriously, has a tendency in a greater or less degree similarly to affect the other. Disturbances of the right action of the mind directly occasion, in many instances, derangement in various parts of the bodily system. Anger, or any considerable excitement, increasing unduly the rapidity of the circulation of the blood, and creating agitation of the nerves, will cause palpitation of the heart, feverishness, headache; indeed, a fit of passion, or of terror, has frequently proved fatal. Such emotions impede the functions of the digestive organs while they prevail, and permanently impair them if they are frequent. Anxiety and fretfulness are attended with the same result; and when characteristic or constitutional, are generally found to be connected, either as cause or effect, with chronic dyspepsia. We say as cause or effect, for an anxious or fretful disposition is often to be traced to permanent bodily disorder. The body acts upon the mind as powerfully as the mind upon the body. The influence of the bodily upon the mental temperament is indicated by the very language in which we describe various classes of character. The sanguine, the choleric, the phlegmatic, the splenetic, the nervous, the melancholic, are all denominated from a generally observed and acknowledged correspondence of certain states and affections of the mind with the states and affections of the body which these terms originally express. We must all have noticed in our own experience, as well as in our observations of others, the effect of temporary derangement of the bodily functions upon the temper and spirits; some disturbances of the system produce irritability, others depression. Weak health, or an imperfect physical development is, indeed, often associated with great mental power and activity; but in most of such cases, there exists some peculiarity of character which, whether we can or cannot discover its appropriate relation to the bodily condition, is undoubtedly like it, morbid, or abnormal. In fact, as a general rule, the disorders and infirmities of the body affect the soul morally much more than intellectually.

The health of the mind, however, as well as that of the body, demands separate consideration. The mind has an independent existence; its phenomena are utterly inconsistent with the notion that it is a mere result of our material organisation; they cannot be adequately or intelligibly discussed, much less accounted for, upon such a hypothesis. But, for this very reason, in approaching this part of our subject, we have not the advantage of which we availed ourselves for the purpose of investigating the conditions necessary to the health of the body. The answer to the question, "What is the body?" given by the enumeration of its principal constituents, supplied a convenient and sufficient classification of the particulars to which our attention was due. The question, "What is the mind?" admits of no such answer. No similar account can be given of its constitution and construction. We cannot, by inspection or intuition, discover in it component parts affording us independent suggestions as to the various processes of intellectual and moral self-management. The brain is the organ by which the mind acts and is acted upon; but the brain is not the mind. There is no more reason for identifying this material substance with the intellectual principle than there is for identifying the blood with the animating principle—the life. The mind or soul is a simple, uncompounded, indivisible essence—pure spiritual being.

It will be, however, most convenient for the popular treatment of our subject, and in entire accordance with our metaphysical phraseology, which necessarily speaks of functions and operations of the mind in terms literally applicable to those of the body, if we follow, as in a kind of parallel, the arrangement adopted from our corporeal structure, for the discussion of the means available for the promotion of our physical well-being. We shall show that we may hope to maintain the mind in health by providing it with the equivalents of food, air, ventilation, exercise, clothing, and cleanliness.

Let it first be noticed that the mind is liable to disorders of different kinds, which also may be illustrated from those of the body. Some mental diseases are congenital, or innate, others are contracted or communicated; some are chronic, others are temporary. There are minds which, from the first dawn of reason, manifest feebleness of memory, poverty of thought, slenderness of judgment, irresolution, fickleness, volatility. Some persons are possessed of a very small amount of moral power; others seem to be naturally incapable of self-control. There are, again, those who, although by no means to be accounted imbecile, are characterised by great dulness or slowness of perception, or by intellectual inactivity. And there is a large variety of constitutional defects in temper, disposition, sentiment, which we are accustomed to class, appropriately enough, under the term "weaknesses." Indeed, as the mortality of our physical nature shows itself, in numerous instances, by a tendency, more or less cognisable through observed symptoms, to certain particular forms of bodily disease, so, it is probable that the corruption of our spiritual nature is indicated in almost every individual by liability to

special mental errors, or moral failings. And many of the more active and definite among the diseases which infest man's material frame, have their exact counterpart in the distempers of his soul. There are the fevers of the passions, the ague of pusillanimity, the jaundice of envy, the lethargy of indolence, the paralysis of selfishness, the cancer of sensuality.

It follows from these considerations that, in order to secure to a human being health and soundness of mind, his mental and moral welfare must be kept in view from early infancy. A judicious education, consisting of instruction and discipline, teaching and training, is necessary for the due development and strengthening of the powers of mind, and for the repression of its tendency to evil. It should be the object of all education to establish and improve the mental constitution, and to provide a remedy for its defects as soon as discovered. The temperament and disposition, the appetencies, predilections, and capabilities of the child must be watched and noted. In most cases they will manifest themselves very early, and so as not to be mistaken by any parent or teacher who is in earnest in his intention to educate thoroughly, and who is persuaded of the necessity and the efficacy of a real education. When the strong and weak points of the character, both intellectual and moral, are ascertained, it requires but the exercise of common sense and conscientious attention to duty, to pursue a course of training precisely adapted to the case, and sure, if persevered in, to produce a satisfactory result. It is the conviction of the supreme importance of such a knowledge of each child's order and peculiarities of mind which has introduced the principle of individualisation, chiefly through the example and efforts of the illustrious Arnold, even into our public-school system of education.

Following now the track of our former inquiry into the materials and means for preserving bodily health, we first have to consider the nature of the *food* of the mind, and the mode of its administration.

Mental food is, of course, whatever may form a subject of knowledge—information of every kind, whether derived from oral instruction, from conversation, from observation, or from books. The mind, in its natural state, craves knowledge, especially in childhood. But at that period it is capable of receiving and digesting only a very limited amount, and that, too, of limited quality.

The mental health of childhood, and herein the foundation of a sound mental constitution for after years, depends greatly upon the sufficiency, the economy, and the suitableness of the provision made for direct instruction; and perhaps as much also upon the nature of the circumstances by which, indirectly, information is conveyed to the mind. If the intellectual aliment, administered formally and periodically in the character of lessons be too abundant or too scanty, too light or too solid, too insipid or too stimulating, the mental system will receive no nutriment. If the materials for thought which the child gathers, and appropriates, from the conversation and habits of the society in which it is placed are gross, corrupt, or frivolous, a healthy condition of mind cannot be the result. Hence the necessity for a careful selection of elementary books and subjects in early education, and for the jealous protection of children against the evil influence of bad or foolish nurses and servants, or ill-taught and ill-mannered companions of their own age. Books must necessarily form the principal food of the mind, that, at least, the supply of which is most capable of regulation. The distinction drawn by the Apostle, in the case of spiritual instruction, between "milk" and "strong meat," is evidently applicable at once to books, teaching us to adapt them to the age and capabilities of readers. The same distinction is also useful to those who are at an age to choose their own line of reading. It is not good for our minds to be always occupied with the study of books on abstruse, difficult, or even grave and serious subjects, answering to "strong meat" in the Apostle's figurative language; nor, on the other hand, with the perusal of books which require no effort of thought and reflection to master them—light reading, as it is called, and much of which, as well as of many works professedly of a very different character, may less aptly be represented by milk than milk and water.

Variety and mixture of food is desirable for the mind as well as the body; and solid and light literature may with great advantage be intermixed. "Much study," saith the preacher, "is a weariness to the flesh;" and we may add, "to the spirit." Hard and heavy reading, without relaxation and change of thought, often becomes a burden to the student, and still oftener to his daily or casual companions in life. It indisposes and unfits for ordinary pursuits, and tends to make men absent, supercilious, and dictatorial. On the other hand, those who read little else but works of fiction and amusement may be compared to persons who should choose to feed upon pastry and sweetmeats, and drink nothing but drams; their taste is entirely spoiled for the serious and useful, and their mental faculties enervated by perpetual stimulants, which excite without employing them.

The books which are to be entirely rejected as the diet of the mind, may be classified as the unwholesome, the indigestible, and the innutritious. Some are positively deleterious and poisonous; all books that deprave the moral sense by their open or covert, characteristic or occasional licentiousness, and all that tend to injure the soul by undermining or assailing religious faith, and religious principle. Others present, in the confusion of their arrangement, the ponderousness and perplexity of their style, the intricacy or incoherency of their arguments, a mass of matter and words which can only encumber and fatigue, instead of edifying the mind. And there are those in abundance which, although in many cases pretending to an instructive charac-

ter, especially in reference to religious doctrine and practice, are so utterly jejune and barren, that no real nutriment, intellectual or spiritual, can be extracted from them. Their meaning and moral, like Gratiano's reasons, are "as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have found them they are not worth the search." Unfortunately, however, such books, being usually very liberally seasoned with conventional phraseology and piquant sentimentalism, delude readers by thousands into the belief that it is possible to become wiser and better by their perusal.

The benefit which we derive from our mental aliment depends, also, very much upon our manner of reading. And this ought to be in a great degree regulated by the quality of our food—the character of the books themselves. Lord Bacon, adopting the analogy we are pursuing, says, in a well-known passage, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." It is evidently the opinion of this wise man that by far the greater number of books which had been written, up to his time, deserved only a partial or a cursory reading; and that it was only a small minority that could with advantage be made subjects of study. He would not materially modify his observations if he lived in this age of abundant writing and reading. We have not so many standard works on any important subject, that it would be impossible for one who desires to become fully acquainted with it to master them all, by the expenditure of a moderate amount of time and labour. And such an employment of the mind would undoubtedly tend to consolidate and invigorate its faculties, and enlarge its capability. But modern readers are exposed to the temptation of endeavouring to secure the acquisition of knowledge, even in some very deep and extensive subjects, by means of books written on the "learning made easy" system; books which offer to the mind for the process of swallowing that strong meat which can only nourish by being chewed and digested. Not that they, for the most part, really contain the solid and substantial material which they profess to hold compressed within a narrow compass. It is too often painfully discovered by the reader, after his rapid meal, that he has been feeding upon husks, if not upon ashes. Unhealthiness of mind was, in former times, very commonly produced by intense study bestowed upon matters unworthy of intellectual effort, as exemplified in the subtleties of the ethical and theological schools. It is, in our own age, more frequently the result of a slight and hasty, and superficial examination of matters of supreme importance in philosophy, morals, and religion.

To promote soundness and vigour of mind, measures should be adopted, and habits formed, analogous to those recommended for supplying the body with fresh *air*, and change of air, and securing to it the advantages of free *ventilation*. We often, and very intelligibly to all, speak of the "atmosphere" in which a person lives; meaning by the term the moral and intellectual influences to which he is constantly subjected, in the family, or in society. And we as often, and most justly, attribute to these influences the improvement or deterioration of his character. Above all things, it is essential to a good education that the sentiments and principles, the demeanour and habits, of those with whom a child is in daily intercourse, should be such as, by the force of example, and the necessity of conforming to circumstances, may contribute to the repression of the evil, and the development of the good instincts of our nature. These are advantages which it is very difficult to secure; impossible, perhaps, to secure to entire satisfaction. Especially is it found impracticable, in most cases, to select for a child such juvenile associates as may merely do him no harm, to say nothing of such as may promote his progress in intelligence and virtue. We must be contented, and thankful, if we can effect an approximation to the best state of things, by keeping or placing our children under guardianship which shelters from the assault of the open and grosser forms of evil, and under such a system of association with their fellows as shall ensure the minimum of corrupting communication, and the maximum of respect for the principles of honour, justice, and truth.

It may be considered, in some respects, a counterpoise to the difficulty of preserving the mind in an altogether pure atmosphere, that much good is to be expected from what may be termed mental ventilation. A person who should restrict himself to company and connections in which nothing would occur that is objectionable, or other than edifying, would so limit his sphere of observation, or range of thought, that he would inevitably become narrow-minded, prejudiced, illiberal, and uncharitable. A close and secluded habit of life, or system of education, will also produce, in most cases, a morbid reserve and shyness, very unfavourable to progress in practical knowledge, and the development of the moral qualities, and often quite unfitting a man to take his place, and perform his part, on the stage of business and duty. On the other hand, by going into society, and entering into free intercourse with persons of different opinions on all subjects, and of varying shades of character, we can hardly fail to improve in quickness of apprehension, and accuracy of discernment, to acquire a spirit of candour and openness, to attain a facility of recognising truth and goodness wherever they may really exist, and to strengthen ourselves in those convictions which have successfully stood the test of exposure to inquiry, and conflict with their total or partial opposites. But, although the practice of frequenting general and promiscuous society may be recommended, for the purpose of airing the mind, and

giving it holiday excursions into various regions of thought and sentiment, it is impossible to insist too strongly upon the importance to its health and soundness of a calm, pure atmosphere at home, and the selection of a limited number of habitual and intimate associates, in whose communications we may be perfectly assured there will be nothing unprofitable or evil.

Our next consideration, taken from the parallel afforded by the body, is that of *exercise*. Without exercise, the mind cannot be maintained in full possession of all its capabilities for action, or preserve its alertness, watchfulness, and vigour. Mental exercise, however originated or prompted, or on whatever material employed, must consist of independent exertion; the mind must act for itself, and not passively receive impressions. This position may be illustrated by the nature of those occupations of youth while under education which are distinguished from others—from lessons, for example, by the title "exercises." They consist not in the mere observation or discovery of rules, but in the application of them; and they imply a certain amount of construction and invention. First under this head may be recommended meditation upon books, or portions of books, of an instructive kind, which have been recently read; the endeavour to make mentally an analysis of the order and progression of thought, if the subject admits of it; reflections upon the information given, or incidents related; the connection of them with facts or events of a similar description; the consideration of the principles enunciated or involved in the statements made; inquiry into the reasonableness of the opinions advanced; self-catechising as to any suggestions that have risen out of what has been read, any inferences that may be drawn, any lessons that may be learned from it. All this is somewhat difficult to the untrained mind. But the habit of keeping a slip of paper in the book, and making brief notes in the course of reading, will greatly facilitate such subsequent operations as have been described. And it is an excellent practice to make a brief summary or abstract, and sometimes a continuous analysis of a work, or of an article in a periodical, on any subject of importance, or in which for any reason a deep interest is taken.

Learning by heart is of the nature of mental exercise; requiring, of course, greater effort than reading; and is of much use in assisting the mind to fix its attention on the ideas supplied to it, to appropriate them, to ruminate upon them, and so to amplify and extend them, and to connect them with others which may be suggested from various quarters.

The readiest and most available mode of exercising the mind, and perhaps the most generally useful, is conversation. Of course the topics best adapted for the purpose are those commonly understood by the term intellectual; but almost any topic will afford active employment to the mind, and will therefore tend to freshen, and strengthen, and improve its powers, in which the interlocutors are really interested, and especially one on which they are thoroughly united, or thoroughly opposed, in opinion. It is rather the continuous and protracted action of the mind than a severe strain upon it that produces the effect desired. But that action must consist in the evolution of successive ideas, and not in the mere repetition of one or two in the same words, which is too often the characteristic of the very earnest talk of the vulgar, or ignorant, or frivolous. Books, again, supply the best occasion and materials for this kind of exercise. There is no better method of examining oneself on a book, or of securing an accurate or well-digested knowledge of its contents, or a just appreciation of its value, than the discussion of it with a companion of intelligent and congenial mind. And the process is eminently conducive to the invigoration of the faculties thus brought into operation—memory, attention, reflection, judgment. The discussion-classes which are frequently attached to reading-rooms, Mechanics' Institutes, and literary associations of various kinds, afford excellent opportunities for putting the mind under this discipline and training. Judiciously regulated as to choice of subjects, and judiciously conducted by an experienced chairman acting as moderator, such a class becomes an intellectual gymnasium, in which persons of ordinary intelligence and education may be sure to profit by the development and direction of their mental energies, and may also learn something of the art of their management and control.

Writing is essential to complete satisfactorily the course of exercise through which the mind should be passing continually. "Reading," says Lord Bacon, in his well known essay, "makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." Writing serves to concentrate and consolidate thought, to regulate and render accurate its expression, and is at the same time the surest test and most effectual promoter of mental digestion. Few, however, it is to be feared, who have passed the ordinary educational age, or who are not employed in literary or professional pursuits, will take the trouble habitually to commit to writing their ideas upon the subjects which may come under their notice, even when they feel a deep interest in them. But all moderately well-educated persons might, in some degree, exercise their minds in writing, without any amount of severe application, by the practice of keeping a common-place book, in which to enter, not only extracts from books, or the sayings and communications of others, but also their own thoughts on passing events or topics, their criticisms on the works they have lately read, their recollections of impressions made upon them by persons, scenery, or productions of art. Nor is ordinary letter-writing to be despised as a means of mental exercise. A person who keeps up an extensive correspondence, or an active correspondence with several intimate friends, cannot fail to derive con-

siderable benefit from the practice, provided the subjects of inter-communication are not of an absolutely unintellectual or frivolous character. The remarkable energy of many female minds, and the power of accurate and forcible description so often observable in women, are probably due to the fact that the habit of writing long letters is more prevalent among them than among the male sex. At the same time, our young ladies, and all others, require to be seriously admonished that the good effect of the habit is entirely neutralised, and indeed the mind enervated, if their letters, however long and numerous, consist principally of the effusions of morbid sentimentalism, or if they are written with that carelessness of composition with which we are too often familiar under its significant title of "slip-shod."

It is very important to secure the combination of mental aliment and mental exercitation. The salutary result of each, as in the case of the body, depends upon this combination, and upon the due proportion of each to the other in which it is maintained. Constant reading and learning, without frequent intervals of pure meditation, continuous and self-sustained thought, without conversation, and without writing, or in some way making application of the knowledge gained, is to the mind what feeding without exercise is to the body. And it must produce mental repletion and indigestion. The mere student, or bookworm, becomes incapable of profiting by the mass of facts or truths with which his memory is loaded, or of employing it in any way for the benefit of others. On the other hand, there are those whose unhealthiness, and weakness, and uselessness of mind results from exercise without feeding; a practice which would produce similar effects upon the body. We frequently meet with persons who talk incessantly and volubly, and with some who scribble letter after letter, and even book after book, but who are truly said, in current and expressive phraseology, to "have nothing in them." Not having, for want of capability, or patience, or humility, or opportunity, possessed themselves of a stock of solid and well-arranged knowledge, they are destitute of mental stamina; their conversation and compositions are characterised by absence of matter, poverty of thought, and feebleness of expression.

Our observation of the defects arising from a disproportion in the employment of the receptive and communicative functions of the mind has an obvious bearing upon plans and systems of education. The work of education will be only half performed if it be limited to teaching. It must consist in an equal degree of training. The youthful mind must not only be stored with information, but it must be subjected to discipline. It must be abundantly instructed—furnished with supplies of knowledge—but it must also be constantly impelled to active exertion, that it may really be improved by its acquirements, and become capable of employing them for the benefit of the individual and of society. The same remark applies to moral as well as intellectual culture. It is not enough to teach children and young people their duty, to inculcate upon them, and make them learn and understand, righteous principles and precepts, but attention must be given to their actual conduct, and every opportunity seized, and often opportunities created, for encouraging and facilitating their practice of the moral and religious lessons which they have been taught. In a word, to ensure the healthy growth of the mind in wisdom and in virtue, it must be exercised as well as fed.

On the other hand, it is most necessary to beware of the error, to which we are perhaps peculiarly liable in our time, of exacting premature or too violent exercise—exercise for which the mind has not been sufficiently prepared by abundant and nutritious food. It was at one time said of a celebrated University, the students of which usually entered upon their course, as now, at a very early age, that one could hardly find an undergraduate who was not an author. Far better would it have been for the undergraduates, for society, and the credit of the University if, like the disciples of the Grecian sage, they had been required only to listen and learn, and not allowed even to ask a question, while in *statu pupillari*. Children are too frequently encouraged by fond parents and mistaken teachers, in unlimited garrulity, and in asking questions on the subjects of their lessons, upon the supposition that these practices conduce to quicken and enlarge their intelligence. But their general effect is to make education desultory and superficial, to give children a dislike for their ordinary intellectual aliment, and to render them conceited, forward, and intractable. Nor, in the moral and religious education of our children, can we expect success, if we rely too exclusively upon the formation of habits, or the excitement of feeling. Extraordinary activity and developments are sometimes witnessed in childhood, which are, after all, due principally to its imitative faculty, and in most cases amount to nothing more than playing at goodness and religion. It is by no means an established fact that these phenomena, whether spontaneous or artificially produced, usually terminate in permanent or progressive excellence of character. In all cases, and especially in such as these, it is of the utmost importance to lay a deep foundation of knowledge and principle. To continue the use of the parallel of the body, the youthful mind must be well fed with facts and truths; care must be taken that it be constantly nourished with all that forms the subject of elementary instruction in morality and religion. Such mental and spiritual nutriment should be provided as may be suitable to the assimilative and digestive powers of the individual system, from the "sincere milk" to the "strong meat of the word" of external nature, the word of conscience, the word of reason, and the word of revelation. If this be done, and the aliment of the soul thus provided

be administered in regular meals with due attention to quantity, quality, and variety, so that the appetite may not be clogged, nor the relish impaired, we may expect that the constitution of the inner man will be so established and strengthened, that it may, without danger, or even with profit, be subjected to the test of exercise, exposed to the trial of practical endurance and exertion in the performance of personal, domestic, and social duty.

Our analogy next leads us to the consideration of the *clothing* of the mind. We clothe our bodies when we are prepared to go forth into the society of our fellow creatures. We have our ordinary dress for our every-day life, appropriate dresses for particular employments, occasions, and company. That by which we present or exhibit ourselves to others as rational and spiritual beings, by which we assume a certain character as absolutely our own, or in relation to those with whom we associate, corresponds to bodily clothing. Manners—our behaviour in speech and action—must be regarded as the dress of the mind. This connection of ideas is indicated by some forms of human speech. Thus the Latin word in common use for character, *mores*, means also, and originally, "manners," the way or wont of deporting himself which a person generally assumes; the substance and the form, the inward and moral and the outward and visible, being expressed by the same term. Again, *habitus*, haviour, holding, deportment of body, came to signify "quality," and character, in an intellectual and moral sense, and was also in use for "dress," especially of a distinguishing kind. Hence, in our own language, *habit* signifies dress, as well as custom or usage appropriately belonging to, or voluntarily adopted by, an individual or a class. We may advantageously be guided by this observed similitude in our notice of manners as affecting healthiness or well-being of the mind. "Men's behaviour," says Lord Bacon, "should be like their dress, not too strait or point device, but free for exercise and motion." Stiffness of manner, whether it take the form of reserve and closeness, arising from self-esteem and a sense of superiority, or of shyness, caused by self-distrust or over sensitiveness, prevents a person from fully enjoying the benefits of social intercourse, and a genial interchange of sentiment and feeling. His restraint in looks, speech, and movements, hinders the exhibition of his own sympathies, if it be not a symptom of his possessing none, and effectually checks the exercise of those of others, not only towards himself, but often towards all with whom he is in company. The opposite error of excessive openness and freedom of manner is another exhibition of self-love; or, if not, it is a symptom of weakness. And, although the unreserved and affable are most agreeable in themselves, and set at ease all who converse with them, the extreme of such a character, those who are utterly without reticence, who talk unrestrainedly and carelessly about themselves and others and upon subjects of all kinds, are both personally odious, and create embarrassment and alarm in every company into which they enter. It is impossible to respect them, or indeed not to be ashamed of them, as one is of a woman in loose and insufficient, or of a man in coarse and slovenly, attire.

With the fop, or dandy, or the excessively punctilious of either sex in the material, workmanship, and arrangement of costume, we may compare those who evidently court distinction by excessive refinement of diction and utterance, by fastidiousness of sentiment, and by strained and affected courtesy. Persons of such manners by nature are, necessarily, both conceited and of inferior intellect; but the assumption of these forms of behaviour in youth, a too frequent occurrence, spoils many a good understanding by occupying it with trifles, and many a good disposition by perverting, or confusing the apprehension of what is right or wrong, noble or mean, praiseworthy or censurable. Allied to this character is that of those who, like the slaves of fashion in dress, adopt the tones and accents, modes of utterance and pronunciation and phraseology, which may happen to be in vogue among certain classes in society. They conform at once to any personal or domestic habit the example of which may have been given by those whom they deem to possess high authority. Their tastes, sentiments, and even creed, are assumed, and continually modified, not upon conviction, but in deference to the approved models of the day, the imitation of which, essentially a vulgarity, appears to them to be a refined distinction. Such persons are usually indebted to some particular oracle—a review, or magazine, or newspaper—for their existing phases of opinion, and modes of expression. Their mental attire, in material, pattern, and arrangement, is regulated from time to time by the announcements of these their literary or theological tailors and milliners. Minds of this order are not in a sound state. A man may be a fop, or a woman a votary of fashion, without injury to the body; but affectation and servile imitation are symptoms of a weak or diseased mind.

Lastly, *cleanliness* is as essential to the health of the mind as to that of the body. The right and vigorous action of the intellectual and spiritual functions, as well as the corporeal, is impeded by the presence, and may be destroyed by the accretion, of foulness and impurity. And it is necessary for us, as in the case of the body, to be on our guard against defilement from without, by contact with that which is base or vile in the conduct or communication of those with whom we necessarily have to do, and also against defilement from within, by the exudations from the passions and propensities of our common and fallen humanity. Purity must be scrupulously maintained in thought and feeling. Delicacy of the moral sense must be carefully cultivated and cherished, in our education of youth, in our management of ourselves. Whatever is offensive to its most refined perceptions must be repelled,

or immediately removed. The Great Teacher has told us what are "the things which defile a man," and, moreover, has warned us that these naturally proceed "out of the heart of man." Gross and sensual imaginations; sordid, mean, and dishonourable desires or intentions; selfish principles and motives; envy, jealousy, suspicion, uncharitableness, whether suggested by the language and example of others, or emanations from innate corruption, are equally to be abhorred as uncleanness of the soul. Some or other of these are perpetually rising from the depths to the surface of our consciousness, or are forced and impressed upon it from without; and if allowed to remain and accumulate will be absorbed into the system, and originate moral disease, or at least render the whole mind and spirit readily susceptible of infection.

It is not, however, sufficient to rid ourselves of every foulness to which our nature is liable, as soon as it is contracted. He is not a clean man who only washes when he is perceptibly dirty. A constant habit of self-purification, a daily process of moral and spiritual ablution, is necessary to preserve the cleanliness of the soul. We have insisted on the importance to the bodily health of a total and energetic washing with water every morning and evening. More than equally important to the purity, and therefore to the health, of the soul is morning and evening prayer;—prayer, sincere and earnest (it need not be long), offered in the name of the Lord Jesus, with simple trust in Him, consisting of free and full confession, with supplication for pardon for the past and grace for the future. Such prayer, followed as it is sure to be by perfect absolution and remission, and the bestowal of the Holy Spirit, is the most effectual preservative of the soul against the outbreaks of a corrupt nature, and the contaminating influences of an evil world. One so washed is "clean every whit." To him thus made pure, "all things are pure." But he will not for that reason—rather, for that very reason he cannot—forego, after the labours and varied associations and contacts of the day, his bath of evening prayer. His very purity renders him sensitive to the presence of the slightest stain of sin, and apprehensive of every possible danger of defilement; but independently of consciousness or fear of guilt, his mere love of cleanliness will impel him to seek the refreshing streams that flow from the fountain open to all the household of faith, and ever accessible by prayer.

We cannot better conclude our counsels for the daily regimen of the mind with a view to its preservation in spiritual health and vigour, than in the rules given by the saintly George Herbert:—

> "Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
> And in the morning what thou hast to do;
> Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
> And growth of it; if with thy watch that too
> Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
> Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree."

The condition of body and mind which it should be our constant desire and endeavour to secure is vividly represented in the affectionate and fervent prayer offered by the venerable Apostle John for his beloved friend Gaius, "Beloved, I wish (pray) above all things that thou mayest prosper, and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." The Apostle prayed that his friend's spiritual prosperity might be the standard and measure of his temporal well-being and bodily health. Possessed of the gift of the discernment of spirits, he was well assured that Gaius was growing in grace, strengthened for every good work, vigorously and successfully making progress in the way to heaven; and in this confidence he petitioned that he might receive proportionate earthly blessings,—a happy course and issue in all his undertakings, and especially, continual and increasing health and strength of body.

The Apostle's prayer corroborates the position maintained in the introduction of our subject,—that earthly good, and above all things health, the chief earthly good, may be consistently desired, pursued, prayed for by the true Christian. But it also subordinates temporal to spiritual blessings, and supplies a powerful and accurate test for the purpose of self-examination.

Is the reader of these observations prepared to accept the letter of the Apostle as addressed to himself? Will he acquiesce in and adopt the petition and abide by its results, that his success in life, and his health of body, may be in exact proportion to the prosperity and health of his soul? If this prayer were offered and answered, in all our assemblies of Christian worshippers, how many would return to their homes in the enjoyment of robust and confirmed and joyous health, and how many in a state of infirmity, sickness, and decay, suffering from "divers diseases," and in immediate danger of perishing by "sundry kinds of death"? But why should we have reason to fear, for ourselves or our brethren, the worst of these alternatives? Inward and spiritual can be more certainly secured than outward and temporal good; health of mind and soul, more certainly than health of body. Even the prayer of an Apostle for the bodily health of a friend—and such a friend as Trophimus, or Timothy—or for his own bodily health, as in the case of St. Paul's thrice-repeated petition for the removal of the "thorn in the flesh," may not be granted; but the supply of the life-giving Spirit for the recovery and maintenance and increase of spiritual health, and growth in grace, will never be denied to the supplication of the humblest believer. Encouraged as we are to make everything a subject of prayer, we are never sure that it is the will of God to grant continuance of health, recovery from sickness, or prolongation of life in answer to prayer; but we are quite sure that it is His will to bestow every grace and every blessing that is essential to the well-being and salvation of the soul. Of the two classes of God's good gifts the more valuable is guaranteed to us by absolute promises. It is unquestionably with reference to spiritual blessings

that our Divine Master uttered the reiterated invitations, and the thrice-repeated, and again thrice-repeated assurances, "Ask and ye shall have, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be open to you: for every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." At the same time, so great is His mercy, so free and open His bountiful hand, that even by the pursuit and acquisition of the lesser good we may obtain possession of the greater. After the example of those who came to Him for the cure of bodily disease, and found healing and life for the soul, we may hope that many who, impelled, perhaps, in the first instance, by danger or fear, have sought the renewal or continuance of the health of the body in earnest prayer, who have enjoyed the blessing when granted in heartfelt thankfulness, and have employed it consciously and conscientiously, for the purpose for which it has been given, are recognised by Him as "not far from the kingdom of God," and will receive from Him the fulness of His grace enabling them to pray to Him and trust in Him for the gift of that life spiritual which is life eternal, and to glorify Him by the dedication of both body and mind to his service.

W. F. WILKINSON.

PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS AT THE REFORMATION.

"Thou art called Paulus; therefore I admonish thee, that thou study constantly to follow the example of Paul, and to defend the doctrine which Paul hath handed down." Luther spoke with warmth, and with unusual solemnity. It was on St. Martin's Eve, the year before he died, and the guests at his table were the chief Wittenberg theologians. The conversation had taken a peculiar turn, tinged with much foreboding and anxiety about the struggles of the immediate future, and Luther had begun to predict the schism that would follow his death. There would be little danger while he lived: but there was the Council of Trent, and Loyola marshalling his Jesuits, and the Smalcald war was brewing; "Pray therefore," he broke out, "pray fervently after my death." Then turning abruptly round, he delivered himself of the above solemn charge. The person he addressed was by appearance the least likely to be singled out. He was crippled, almost a dwarf, shy and nervous, with delicate sensitive features, not unlike the description of his leader before the Diet of Worms, "so emaciated by care and study, that you might count every bone in his body." He shrunk back from the words among his fellow guests; yet Paul Eber was an ornament of his university, when Luther and Melanchthon were professors.

He was the son of a tailor in Bavarian Kitzingen, but his biographers are careful to say, a tailor of good family; a gentility that is surely superfluous, when his greatest contemporary was a miner's son, and another—of some pretensions to fame—was a cobbler in Nuremberg. Returning one vacation from school, a good-natured butcher gave the tired lad a mount upon his horse, and the horse, running off, dragged young Eber by the stirrup for more than a mile. The disaster was kept secret at home, an illness ensued, and the scholar was left a misshapen cripple for life. Finding him thus debarred from other professions, his father decided on the Church, which the family councils of the time usually left open for a case of desperate emergency; and as soon as he was able, he entered at the gymnasium of St. Lawrence in Nuremberg. Luther had just blown one of those shrill blasts that wakened Germany. His appeal for Christian schools to the town councillors of the land, had thrown the cities into a ferment. "What have we learnt in the High School and Cloister till now," he cried, "but to be asses and blockheads? Men have learnt for twenty, ay, forty years, without knowing either Latin or German . . . The prosperity of a city does not depend on the treasury you gather into it, nor on the strength of the walls, the stateliness of the houses, the guns and swords. Though you have much of all these, if you have fools over and above, the town will go down. The truest prosperity of a town, its real safety and strength, lie in its having many wise, honourable, and well-educated citizens. These you can neither build of stone, nor hew of wood, nor will they grow of themselves; for God will do no wonders as long as men may use His own offered means . . . If men say, We must have schools, but why should we teach Latin, Greek, and Hebrew? can we not teach the Bible in plain German, and what more is needed for salvation? then, I answer, Were there no other use in the study of languages, we should rejoice abundantly in knowing that it is such a noble and rare gift of God, wherewith He has so graciously visited and enriched us Germans above all other people. . . Let us say finally, that we are not likely to hold the Gospel without study of the tongues. The tongues are the sheath wherein this knife of the Spirit is sheathed. They are the casket wherein this jewel is shrined. They are the vessel wherein this drink is stored. And as the Gospel shows, they are the basket that holds the loaves, fishes, and crumbs. If we let the study of languages decay, we shall not only lose the Gospel, but it will come to this, that we shall not be able to speak or write either Latin or German." And other plain, and righteous, and fiery words he printed, that met the restless enthusiasm for knowledge already springing up, and baptised it with a holier purpose, and kindled it in far-off places, and made glad the hearts of some old Simeons among the schoolmasters—like Hermann of Joachimsthal—

and sowed the seeds of truth in more than one Reformer. Nuremberg was one of the first cities to respond. In two years it had completed its High School, which Melanchthon opened, and where the brilliant Camerarius, then only twenty-seven, was a professor. And there Eber achieved the highest repute, was supported by the Nuremberg burghers against "his enemy, poverty;" and when his father "could not give him a penny," was sent, by the help of Nuremberg bursaries, to the goal of his ambition, the University of Wittenberg.

Eber was more fortunate in his passage through the schools than many of his contemporaries. Before the Reformation, a school in Germany was rather a place of punishment than education. It was the worst house in the town; the walls and floors were filthy; wind, rain, and snow beat in through the doorways and unglazed window-spaces; the children were covered with vermin, and half-naked. There were few books, and the scholar had frequently to write out his own copy. The Latin was monkish and barbarous; the grammar no better; the teacher often worse than either. There was no system, but a scramble for learning, where the strongest came off best. A lad was often twenty before he understood his grammar, or could speak a word or two of such Latin as was then in vogue; "and which is as different from ours," writes a schoolmaster in 1560, "as the rumbling of wheels from the sweetest organ." The elder boys, or *Bacchanten*, tyrannized over the younger, or *Schutzen*, —an elaborate and cruel system of fagging. A Bacchant would have three or four fags, who begged and stole for him, though they were sometimes so hungry themselves that they would fight with the dogs for a bone. The Bacchant claimed all their earnings, and compelled them to give up even what had been bestowed on them for their own use. Singing *salves* and *requiems*, whimpering false stories to the tradesmen's wives, thieving if there was a chance, sleeping in winter on the school hearth and in summer in the churchyard, "like pigs in straw;" assisting at mass, chanting the *responsoria*, frozen in the cold churches till they were crippled, trying to get by heart a clumsy Latin syntax, and wandering, vagabond like, from school to school, would sum up the life of thousands of scholars. Their constant occupation was singing, so constant that it scarce left time for anything else. "When they were sufficiently tortured in the school, and frozen in the church," says old Nicholas Hermann, "they were driven out in all weathers to sing in the street;" and the only hymns they sang were to the Virgin and the saints.

One Thomas Platter, a Swiss from the Valley of the Visp, and who ended his days as rector of a Latin school at Basle, has left in his autobiography a most vivid picture of these miseries. "In Dresden there was no good school; and the rooms for strange scholars were full of lice, so that we heard them at night crawl in the straw. . . . The city of Breslau has seven parishes, and each has its school. No scholar of one parish dared sing in another; if he did, the cry of *Ad idem*, *Ad idem* was raised, and the Schutzen assembled and fought. It is said there were at the time thousands of Bacchanten and Schutzen who all lived on alms; it is also said that some of the Bacchanten who were twenty or thirty years old or more, had their Schutzen who supported them. I have often of an evening carried home to the school where they lived, five or six meals for my Bacchanten. . . In the school of St. Elisabeth, nine bachelors always read together at the same hour in one room: for there were no printed Greek books in the country at that time: the preceptor alone had a printed Terence; what was read therefore had first to be dictated, then parsed and construed, and lastly explained; so that the Bacchanten, when they went away, carried with them large sheets of writing." At Strasbourg, it being at the time of the Diet of Worms, the learning of languages was gaining ground, and Sapidus presided over his nine hundred students with some order and dignity. But Platter does not say much more of him than that he amused himself after the fashion of the time by latinizing the barbarous names of the country lads; and that there was a bachelor with him "who plagued the Bacchanten so grievously with the Donat,* that I thought it must be such a good book I had better learn it by heart." At Einsiedeln he found that other reforms than in languages were penetrating the schools; for Myconius, the master, "read the Holy Scriptures, and to these readings many of the laity came." To Einsiedeln also belongs a curious story in which Zwingle appears. "As *custos* I had often not enough wood to burn in the school, so I observed which of the laymen who came to it had piles of wood in front of their houses; there I went about midnight and secretly carried off wood to the school. One morning I had no wood; Zwingle was to preach at the monastery early that morning, and when they were ringing the bells I said to myself 'Thou hast no wood, and there are so many images in the church that no one cares about them.' So I went to the nearest altar in the church and carried off a St. John, and took him to the stove in the school, and said to him '*Jogli*, now thou must bend and go into the stove.' When he began to burn, the paint made a great hissing and crackling, and I told him to keep quiet, and said, 'If thou movest, which however thou wilt not do, I will close the door of the stove: thou shalt not get out unless the devil carry thee away.' Myconius said to me in the course of the lesson, '*Custos*, you have had good wood to-day.' When we were beginning to chant the mass, two Pfaffs were disputing together in the church, and the one to whom the St. John belonged said to the other, 'You rogue, you have stolen my St. John;' and this dispute they carried on for some time."†

When such wandering scholars as Platter describes

* The Latin grammar of the time. † Freytag.

crowded to the university, it was but natural that the students should be rude and often violent. Their corporations bound them under demoralizing rules and customs; their vagabond habits and freedom from restraint bred in them a reckless and adventurous lawlessness; and the vast numbers resident in one place helped them to be defiant and powerful. At Paris, Luther says, with some exaggeration, no doubt, there were over 20,000 students, "and the theologians there have the pleasantest spot in the whole city, having a street to themselves, with a gate to each end." The education had sunk to the lowest point of the scholastic tradition, and had lost whatever strength and mental discipline the scholastic theology possessed. Up till the sixteenth century all that could be learnt was theology, medicine and law, with Latin, and rarely Greek. It was only then that, with the classical revival, the study of the ancient languages began to find a place; and mathematics, music, history, geography, and poetry followed. Much time was still spent in disputation, useful enough once in helping to awaken thought that the rigid authority of the Church had oppressed, but that had degenerated into mere dexterous play of words and hair-splitting of logical subtleties. The Doctor fought for his degree by "sitting a whole day, and disputing with every comer, from six in the morning till six in the evening." Masters of Arts disputed every Saturday, the Bachelors on Sunday; general studentdom once a month, and every academic honour had its celebration. "They dispute," wrote Vives, in 1531, "before dinner, at dinner, after dinner; publicly and privately; in every place, and at any hour." And so late as 1580 it was declared in ecclesiastical ordinances that more could be learnt by one disputation than by twenty lectures. Yet "they bawl," said Luther, "like drunken peasants, so that the auditors are obliged to stamp them into silence with their feet."

At Wittenberg and in Eber's time the student life was some way mended. Wittenberg was a new university, founded only in 1502, and confirmed by papal bull, to the uttermost confusion, as it turned out, of the papal power, which sought in vain to quench the light that it had incontinently kindled. It was one of those featureless places that have often become the theatres of great events. Rescued from commonplace only by the Reformation, the flat wide banks of the Elbe, the bare and ragged fields, the thin trees buffetted by the unbroken winds, the low horizon, inspire no interest. The very men whose names are identified with its greatness were surprised that it was pitched on for a university. Few students frequented it at first; and before it drew many, the Reformation had affected student life. Luther's name, moreover, inspired great respect, and the students would bend down as he entered the classroom. Yet orchards were robbed, doors broken open, houses roughly entered and the inmates insulted. Men swaggered about with arms, brawled and grew drunken, fought duels in the public street, acted "like beasts" at the funerals of their teachers, and committed scenes that "the heathen would have shrunk from." The rector of the university was stabbed by a student in 1512, and Melanchthon narrowly escaped the same fate a little more than forty years after. Eber himself when he came to be rector closed one of his appeals with the sharp words, *Haec fulmina coerceant ferocium impetus, ut modestius vivant!* But the great trouble of the time was the tailor. Academic edicts sought in vain to fix the proprieties of dress. If the senate forbade short clothes the students wore them wide; if high hats were abolished, the broadest brims obstructed the streets. Tailors were at war with learning, and were supposed to be actuated by the devil. Small clothes were held to be immodest; and the baggy pantaloons that followed were so much worse that the tailor who made, and the student who wore them were fined ten *gulden* a-piece. The dress was certainly extravagant. When one of Eber's pupils died, his new Holofernes hat was sold for sixty *groschen*, and paid the expenses of the funeral. But the extravagance of the censors must have been as great, when Musculus put forth a philippic against the Trowsersdevil. If such clothes should be worn, he cried, it would not surprise him that the sun should never rise, nor the earth bear fruit, or the last day come. They "were an offence to God, the blessed angels, and all pious folk." Even the devil could not bear them; for "not long ago a Christian man bespoke a picture in which the artist was to paint the horrors of the judgment day, and to make the devil especially terrible. Whereupon he painted Satan in those wide trousers that our students wear. And the devil, taking offence, did come, and strike the painter hotly on the cheek, and vowed that he had done him wrong, for he had never looked so ill as in those baggy trousers." Nevertheless Musculus maintained that the devil was in the trousers, and was a stubborn and presumptuous devil, not to be cast out unless by arm of the civil magistrate. Nor does even this functionary seem to have succeeded in curbing liberties that our modern Teufelsdrockh deems manifestly sacred; for, soon after, buttons were worn as large as children's heads; and linen collars were sewed to shirts: an innovation that was met in many quarters by the prayer that God would restore the generation to a sound mind.

Such questions were warmly agitated when young Eber, made shy and sensitive by his deformity, found his way to Wittenberg: but other questions possessed a deeper interest for him, for the motley crowd of students was stirred by the bold, earnest, revolutionary words of one man. Luther's repute had raised the number of students from hundreds to thousands.* They poured in from all countries, so that there were French, Spanish, Italian, English, Scotch, and even Huns and Scythians. Melanch-

* It reached three thousand before the century was out; and seven hundred annually matriculated.

thon wrote one day to Menius that "he had had eleven languages to dine, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Hungarian, Sarmatian, Turkish, Arabic, modern Greek, Indian, and Spanish." Luther's fiery sermons in the town church, and his lectures in the old Augustinian convent were moulding them all; and though Melanchthon's classical enthusiasm, transparent exegesis and mild wisdom were only less attractive, the impulse came from the stronger man. When the greatest questions in theology were in debate, and the whole structure of society was in process of rebuilding, it was Luther that swayed this world of fresh young thinkers as one man had never swayed such world before. Men studied for ten or twelve years, and even eighteen. Friendships were formed that brightened the rest of life. "When I see one of that old time," Eber wrote two years before his death, "I am like Demea in Terence at sight of Hegio." Living was so cheap that a hare could be had for 2*d.*, and a salmon for 10*d.*; mutton and venison for a halfpenny the pound, and pork for three farthings; and a student might have board and lodging with a tutor for 3*l.* The fees were proportionately small, ranging from 5*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* Professors of theology had a salary of from 15*l.* to 18*l.*; of Hebrew and Greek, 9*l.*; and the scale ranged down to 3*l.* In other universities theology had 7*l.*, and medicine between 3*l.* and 4*l.** But if the fees were small, the number of the students was great: and the professors had other ways of eking out their incomes. The dedication of a book was paid back in a substantial present to the author; and the theologian often became a pastor in the town. As minister in Wittenberg Eber had 18*l.*, and 50 bushels of rye. Melanchthon also sent him boarders, for whose expenses rules were laid down by electoral edict: not always a happy way of increasing his means, especially if the parents expected, as one, indeed, wrote to him, that he would direct his boy's studies, keep a constant watch over his conduct, take him as much as possible to be alone with him, and procure him private lessons towards his own support. And the relation the learned men bore to princes was a source of irregular help. Presents of wine came almost yearly that were worth the salary of a minor professor; largess of a hundred or three hundred crowns; gold and silver cups made by cunning artists; and more perishable venison. Sometimes the professors were invited to spend a festival at the Elector's castle, or with genial scientific Duke Albert: and they seldom left empty-handed. With the students their relation was frank, intimate, and homely. Many of the students sat at their tables listening to their conversation with the famous men who were constantly visiting the town. When the lecture was over, the professor remained close by the hall to answer such questions as a student might put to him. He was helper as well as teacher, and something of a family tie bound them together. He would ask for their prayers on his marriage; they would consult him about their books and their friends.

Entering this university life, and kept by his misfortune from much idle fellowship, Eber studied to such purpose that in four years he was allowed to take his Master's degree. He had learnt to know most of the professors: to have his reverence for Luther deepened by intercourse, and to love Melanchthon. An offer of a travelling tutorship was made to him, and declined after some struggle with himself—for it fell in with that longing to see the world that he felt with all the keenness of his age, and held out the hope of a residence at foreign universities. But though he "would make experiment of riding to his friends after Easter," he shrunk from horseback, and still more from the aversion that the sight of his dwarfed figure might rouse in strangers. He clung to Wittenberg, where he took out his Doctor's degree in 1559. We learn nothing of the ceremonies beyond the disputation and the "brilliant banquet," which was given in the parsonage, and to which a present of wine from his native Kitzingen pleasantly contributed. It was commonly a stately and curious festival. At Bourges, in France, the Doctor had a net put into his hand. Even before Masters of Arts, torches were borne through the streets: but the Doctor, specially dressed, paraded the town on horseback; and in the next century he was addressed as Excellence. The degree was of so much honour that it was seldom given: Calixtus affirmed that in Königsberg it had not been more than thrice bestowed from the foundation of the university. At Jena there was disputation and sermon, and a gilded cup to the President of the Faculty, and for every stroke of the bell that pealed the ceremony from the great clock-tower the candidate paid 9*d.* Each professor handled him in turn: the examination lasted for days, steadily increased in severity, and wound up with a learned harangue for which only a quarter of an hour was given to prepare; with also about 15*l.* to pay. On the day of the promotion the bells were rung, wax candles lighted, and princes, and people of the Court, and the magistrates took their seats as spectators.

The taking of his degree was Eber's passage into the theological faculty; for he had already served with distinction as a professor. Nor was there anything so remarkable about him as his command of the most various learning, and his skill to teach widely different subjects. He began by reading Pliny; and we find him investigating specimens of ore that Matthesius had sent from Joachimsthal, and making excursions into the mining districts. Hesiod and Plutarch, Cicero and Ovid and Proclus, followed. The Dioscorides suggested to him a course of popular lectures on botany, for he "thought it a shame that men did not know the

* The salaries improved afterwards. In 1620, when the first dignitary in Würtemberg after the Grand Duke had 25*l.*, the first professor in Wittenberg had 42*l.*, and in Strasbourg 126*l.*

names of what they ate, nor of the wayside flowers." In Melanchthon's absence he read dialectics and catechetics, and was appointed Professor of Hebrew in Forster's place. His idea of exegesis was large and profound. Instead of mere grammatical exposition, he would seize the historical spirit and bearing of the whole book; and in this temper he read Proverbs, Isaiah, the Gospels, and the Acts, and finished Melanchthon's Lectures on the Romans. This was his work in the class-room; but he had also work at the press. He wrote a History of the Jews, a Historical Calendar, a Natural History, an Exposition of the Sacrament of the Supper, a Commentary on the Psalms, and a Latin-German Bible. The most popular was the Calendar; the most laborious was the Bible. To translate the Bible back again indeed from Luther's German into Latin was more a scholarly toil than a public gain; but it was scholarly performed and miserably rewarded. He preached for thirteen years in one of the town churches, became a general superintendent, and examined 925 candidates for the ministry. He was rector of his university, and therefore burdened with the most serious charge of near 3000 students, with the order and teaching, and with a thousand questions of detail. Books were submitted to him by untried authors, and faithfully read before he pronounced his opinion: his good-nature was even taxed to see them through the press, or to hurry a dilatory printer. Besides all this, he flung himself into the controversies of his age with a vigour and sharpness that made him a dangerous opponent, and drew upon him a cloud of adversaries. He was the champion whom, next to Luther, men dreaded most. Yet his temper leant to peace. If two ministers fell out, or an ecclesiastical strife rose among the clergy, it was Eber that was sent for to reconcile them: it was such a journey that cost him his life.

Life was on a large scale then; and men undertook and accomplished more than would be thought possible now. They were acting under the pressure of a great need, and stirred by the most wonderful thoughts. It is after making allowance for this, that Eber's life stands out so conspicuous for its amount of labour. It was not even the uninterrupted work of a student that he did; for the plague that was moving restlessly through Europe smote Wittenberg three times, and war raged round the town, and there were times when the university was either closed or forced to migrate. The situation was one of extreme anxiety, and the graphic picture Eber drew of Wittenberg after the Battle of Mühlberg truthfully presents it. "Yesterday," he wrote to Melanchthon, "between four and five of the afternoon, our cavalry was routed at Mühlberg. About the first hour of the night they arrived before the town. Our people feared a hostile attack, and armed themselves. Sentinels were placed upon the walls, until by the glimmer of the dawn we saw that the troops were our own, when we let them in through the gate, and heard from their own lips that the rout was complete. The two young Electoral Princes have come back, and Duke Otto of Brunswick, but our pious and sorely-afflicted Sovereign, the Elector, is missing. Some will have it that he is a prisoner, but most of us hope for his happy return. May God, the everlasting Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, restore him to us unhurt! I cannot tell you what disturbance, anxiety, and mourning, reign in the whole town; how sad the looks of those that have escaped; how openly men speak of carelessness, foolish security, and treachery. I congratulate you and our colleagues that you are so far from these perils. . . . . As for me, pressed down by anxiety, I must hold on, and wait here what the Father in heaven, our gracious God, will send. I know that He has charge of me, that He loves me. I hold that fast; though the enemy should rush in and draw his knife across my throat, or murder my children before my eyes. . . . . Moreover, the sun seems to prophesy evil and to sorrow with us: for these last three days he has shone with a steady blood-red glare, and the sky has been veiled in mourning, as if it suffered and sighed with ourselves." The letter is mournfully dated "On the day of the capture of Troy;" for Eber was not free from the superstition of his age, which sought an omen in every coincidence. An eclipse of the moon which followed a change of rectors, and was longer than the almanack had predicted—the flooding of the Elbe or the Pegnitz—a double sun, or any unusual phenomenon in nature, excited the liveliest apprehensions. Poet Fincelius wrote that there had been seen in the heavens a grave veiled with a black cloth, and over which floated a cross; and Eber agreed with him it must signify the plague. Pastor Keyser informed him that a peasant in his parish had cut a loaf till the blood poured out; and the more he cut, the more it bled. Eber replied in terror: he had no doubt it signified "our punishment for our sins, the pouring out of blood through Turks, Muscovites, and others, our enemies. Since the rude world so shamefully misuses the bread, that is, the gift of God, and tramples under foot the heavenly bread, God will mingle our bread with blood; and since it befel a peasant, it is the nobles that are threatened, who draw their income from the peasants, and grind them down by un-Christian behaviour." When the comet of 1556 appeared, he interrupted his class to tell them that comets usually foretold great public ill, and that he would give them many illustrations in his next lecture. And when Luther had a cold, "on the same day fearful claps of thunder were heard, and the pavement in the Castle church, where some of the canons lay buried, sunk down at least a span."

The omen was innocent; but at last, unpreceded by omens, Luther died, and Eber's happiest days were over. He could never forget this sorrow: nineteen years after, he wrote to the Margrave, "It was on this day that we brought the body of the honourable Doctor Martin Luther from Eisleben in the grim cold;" to the last he dated his letters by it.

Almost at the same time, Myconius, the dreamer of the Reformation, sank under sickness; and it was not long till Melanchthon was laid to rest. Eber had been drawn to him most: he wrote as good a hand as Melanchthon's was bad, and did much secretary's work for him; he was known among the students as Philip's faithful Achates; he stood by his bedside in the last hour, prayed "beautifully" and comforted him; and "we all knelt down together," says an eyewitness, "and prayed with him;" with an aching heart he preached his funeral sermon. He had already announced the death of Cruciger to his absent colleagues, and narrated the fearful disputation that the sick man acted in his dream the night before his death. He had seen Luther's wife poor, neglected, deceived, and a wanderer; and he had made arrangements for her funeral. With Luther and Melanchthon gone—the Elijah and Elisha of the Reformation—with the rest falling quickly about him like autumn leaves, Eber fought his way on. Luther's death sounded to his ears the knell of the Reformation; Melanchthon's "would be the ruin of the university." But the students came and listened to younger men; there was as much to do as ever; the Reformation would not be silenced nor stayed; and questions within its pale became more important and absorbing than its relations to the powers without. So Eber fought his fight, with the memories of the past crowding about him like a veil, through which he saw and cared less for the present; fought out his controversies, and preached his sermons, and lectured, and added little touches to his Calendar, and became careless even about his omens—for was not life one vast omen?—and did whatever was to be done with a resolute and gallant spirit.

Melanchthon and his circumstances had persuaded him to marry. In the epithalamium that graced his wedding, Helena Küffnerinn, his wife, is described as beautiful, slender, and adorned with every virtue. She was a pious and excellent woman, for whom, after twenty-six years of their life, he says he daily blessed God. It may be taken as a frank opinion, for he confessed himself honestly afraid of the "wrath, pride, imperiousness, loquacity, and quarrelsomeness of the sex." One of his friends says they lived *amantissime et suavissime*. He is never tired of praising marriage as one of the most blessed of God's ordinances. In the depth of ecclesiastical strife and learning his letters are brightened with the merry laugh of his children and his longing to see them after any absence. As we enter his house we hear him say, *Let them come in;* we see his pet Timothy springing the first into his father's arms, and Mary "fighting with voice, hands, and whole body" for the same embrace. He had bought a roomy house after much quest and disappointment, and the household, where the Luthers and Melanchthons were the most frequent guests, was one of the happiest in Wittenberg. Numerous pupils were boarded with him, for whom he sometimes advanced money that was never paid. When any of them died, they were wept as sadly almost as if they had been children. He had them painted by Master Lucas Cranach, and sat himself by their bedsides and wrote the tenderest letters of consolation to their homes. His mother-in-law lived with him; and the servants, of whom "two were maids, and one a man," were reckoned of the family. When the cook was married, all the household took part in the two days' festival. They brewed their own beer; and presents of Eber's favourite Silesian cheese, and of wine and venison, helped them to show hospitality. He never tired of telling his children of his native place: when a waggon rattled over the street, they would say, Shall we jump in and ride to Kitzingen? The marriage arrangements were summary in his time, and he managed for his daughter as authoritatively as was no doubt managed for his wife. She had two suitors, to one of whom she had given her heart, and to the other her parents would give her hand. While the first was on a studious journey through Europe, they pressed the claims of the second, and the wedding was celebrated in due time; but not until warning of Eber to the favoured suitor that the old affection had worn away, though if of itself, or in obedience to orders, is not clear. A goodly company was invited; Eber sued on all hands for game and fish to entertain them, "seeing that the great flood had left nothing eatable in the neighbourhood;" there was a festive procession to and from the church; and after the service, Eber accompanied the bride and bridegroom to their home at Zwickau. There, also, he would occasionally bespeak of his daughter, "a soft bed," and "some fastnight cakes."

This is the bright side of his home life; the dark grew dark only with advancing years. One child followed another to the grave, and the most tenderly loved the first, until, out of fourteen, there were left but four. His letters became clouded with heavy sorrows. "We give ourselves up to the will of God," he writes; he tries to think that Timothy "is not far away from us;" he bewails the weakness and impurity of his love. His thoughts pour their sadness into soft and tender hymns. If, with a scholar's fancy, he builds up his wife's name into an acrostic, it is the heart of a weary man that lies under the verses. He surrounded himself with images of death, and became the special poet of the dying. Even Roman Catholic churches sang his heretic hymns on Good Friday, while all the bells were tolling. He had never been strong though he had done a strong man's work; and when he felt his energy sinking, he longed for rest that he might think a little of death before he faced it. For his powers were overtaxed. His house was full of visitors; his brain weary with the endless questions he had to solve; and if the students were less troublesome, the burden of the Wittenberg theology was heavier to bear. And outside, the world seemed hurrying to ruin; the last things, he fancied, must be at hand; the prospects of the Reformation were slowly darkening. At home his

wife was ailing of dropsy. "There is nothing to sustain us two weak married folk but the Word of God, and the hope of His help, or of a speedy removal from this world." His wife was taken first; and almost at the same time, two of his children; and he never recovered the blow. He sat at home "as in a hermitage;" he went out only to church; he complained that his friends passed by the house, that no one told him the news:—"I never know anything till it has happened." He signed his letters "Paul Eber, lonely and weak," for his disease made rapid progress; even the affectionate sympathy of his students and former boarders touched him with little but a stronger desire to be away. He grew mild in his judgments, dropped the strong words of controversy, and spoke of his opponents, not only with courtesy, but with respect and gentleness.

On the last day of November, 1569, he sat at his desk to congratulate the Electress on the birth of a son, and to thank her for a present of liqueur. On the 10th of December he died, wishing to the end that his university might continue to be what it had been, the foremost in theology. "Wittenberg," wrote Crell, "lost in most evil days both Luther and Melanchthon, and recovered neither back. Now, in much more evil and perilous times hath she lost her Eber. Him, also, I fear, she will not easily recover."

W. FLEMING STEVENSON.

WHAT FAITH IS, AND HOW IT COMES.

It has often been remarked that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews does not give a definition of faith, but only a description of it. Yet I hardly know how a definition could be given which would represent the thing more correctly. "Faith," he says, "is the substance (*hypostasis*) of things hoped for, the evidence (*elenchos*) of things not seen." It has been asserted that faith implies much more than is expressed in these words, as, for instance, confidence in God, dedication of the heart to God, &c. Nor can it be denied that in the New Testament the word "faith" (*pistis*) often bears this wider meaning. But it ought to be observed that the writers of the New Testament often use the word metaphorically by giving the name of the *cause* to its *effect*, or objectively, by giving the name of the *subjective* or inward operation of the mind to the *objects* upon which it works. Thus "faith" is often used as synonymous with "religion," as in Acts vi. 7: "A great company of the priests were obedient to the faith;" or with the whole body of the doctrines believed, as in 1 Tim. iv. 1, where the Apostle speaks of "some who shall depart from the faith giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." And in the same sense we too speak of the Roman Catholic faith, the Protestant faith, &c., or we call a document in which the doctrines we believe are prescribed, a confession of faith. All these various ways of using the word "faith" must be put aside when we have to determine what the simple Scripture meaning of the expression is. They may give us an idea of the sphere of thought in which the believer moves, and of the effects which his faith may produce; but they do not tell us what it means "to believe." Hebrews xi. 1, above quoted, is the only passage in Scripture which gives us a direct answer to the question.

Now, it must be observed that, owing to the frequent use of the word "believe," at the present day it has in the mouth of the people been reduced to a shallow meaning which it never had in Scripture, nor among the ancient Hebrews and Greeks. The popular signification of "to believe," is simply "to be of opinion, to suppose, to admit a thing as being likely," &c. Thus we say: "I believe it will be a rainy day to-morrow;" "I believe there were about 300 people in the crowd," &c. Used in this sense the word conveys always more or less an impression of *uncertainty*. The sentence, "I believe it will be a rainy day," if analyzed into its constituent parts amounts to this: "I am not sure that it will rain, but, from circumstances I have observed, I think it likely that it may." Now this is a signification which the word "believe" not only never had among the ancients, but it is one which expresses almost exactly the reverse of what it invariably signified among them. Of course the ancients had their words for expressing supposition, surmise, or opinion; but they never used the word "believe" for that purpose as we now do. The Hebrew words, *amuna*, faith, and *heëmin*, to believe, exclude every thought of uncertainty. They come from the root *aman*, which means "to be fixed, to be fast and confirmed." Hence the word Amen,—*i.e.*, "So it is," it is fixed, it is certain and established. The Greek words *pistis* (faith) and *pisteuein* (to believe), likewise convey the meaning of firm persuasion. The *pistis* commences where doubt and uncertainty end. Thus when Abraham, in Gen. xv. 6, is said to have believed (*heëmin*) in Jehovah, what is meant is that he had accepted Jehovah as the firm and immoveable foundation upon which his soul's hopes and expectations were henceforth to rest. It might be translated: "He placed his firm, strong hold in Jehovah." Accordingly St. Paul, in Romans iv. 20, when referring to Abraham's faith, describes it as something opposite to "staggering" or "doubting," (*diakrinesthai*,) since this belongs to the region of unbelief. It is true a man may have faith, or at least he may not be altogether void of faith, and yet doubt, as appears from Matthew xiv. 31, where the Lord says to St. Peter: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" But this

proves nothing against the signification of the word faith as a firm, unstaggering persuasion. It only proves that human nature is incapable of steadily maintaining even its firmest conviction, if left to itself in its fierce battle with the tempting agencies which oppose that conviction. It proves that a firm persuasion, like everything else pertaining to a man's mind, may operate well or ill according to the use the man makes of it. Thus, for instance, a man may have acquired a great deal of historical knowledge, and yet for want of the power of distinct arrangement his knowledge may be of little use to him. It would be unjust to say that such a man's learning was weak or of small extent. It is the man's mind which for the time being is too weak to give effect to his knowledge. In the same way we may have strong convictions, and yet, under the sudden and overwhelming attacks of bewildering temptations, we may feel as though we had no conviction at all. Yet it would plainly be unjust to put our weakness to the account of our conviction. Our conviction may have remained strong as ever, and this perhaps may have been shown by the fact that as soon as the temptation disappeared, it immediately emerged in full power.

Faith, therefore, is nowhere in Scripture represented as having anything to do with staggering or doubting. We are accustomed to speak of "a weak faith, a staggering faith;" but we do not find these expressions in Scripture. Scripture only tells us that we may be weak in faith or strong in faith (Rom. iv. 19, 20), that we may stagger or doubt (Matt. xiv. 31); but this only proves that, firm and substantial as the staff which we hold in our hand may be, we may yet, from want of watchfulness or self-control, leave it unused; and thus we drop down, not because the staff breaks under our weight, but because we neglect to lean upon it. This was clearly illustrated by the conduct of St. Peter when walking on the sea. (Matt. xiv. 28—31.) Even when he began to sink, his conviction that Jesus was as able as He was willing to keep him from sinking, continued as unshaken as ever. And it was shown by the fact that he immediately applied to Jesus for help; and that he had no sooner done so, than he found himself, as it were, replaced on a pavement as solid as granite. How then, you ask, was it that he sank? Why, he simply neglected to carry his conviction into practice. He left it in abeyance. At sight of the waves, he forgot all about Jesus and His almighty power, about heaven and earth, the past and the future; in short, everything disappeared from his mind, except his own personal danger. But the moment his eye caught a glimpse of Jesus again, the whole of his conviction as to the Saviour's power returned, and, being brought into practice, did its duty as before. In the same way it happened once that a good swimmer, falling into the water on a sudden, was so bewildered, that he forgot he was possessed of the power of keeping himself afloat, and would certainly have been drowned, had not a friend on shore reminded him of it by crying, "Swim, swim!" This was all that was needed to make him throw out his arms at once, and demonstrate the existence of his talent, and that it was powerful enough to bring him out of his danger.

That certainty, and such certainty, too, as excludes every shade of doubt, is essential to the nature of faith, is nowhere more strongly expressed than in the above-mentioned definition or rather description of faith. There faith is spoken of in relation to things hoped for and things not seen. Now hoped for and unseen things are, to us creatures of flesh and blood, exactly those things which, more than any other, are characterised by uncertainty. To say, "I hope such or such a thing will take place some day," is tantamount to saying that it is an uncertain thing. To say of a thing that nobody has seen it, is almost the same as to say that it has no existence. As to the hoped for things, since they only exist in the future, they have no substance to us; they are as yet merely imaginary. As to the unseen things, whether they are or are not real things, whether they do or do not exist, we cannot tell, since there is no direct evidence for their existence, and since they never present themselves to the test of our senses. All men hope at some future period after death to find themselves in a happy glorious place, which they call Heaven, Elysium, Walhalla, &c. Some think it will be a beautiful garden with evergreen trees and never-drooping flowers. Others expect to witness an immense city built of the most splendid materials. But after all we must confess that we know nothing about it; that we are only playing with the unsubstantial images of our fancy; that, in fact, we do not know whether such a place, be it garden or city, will ever be perceived by us as a real existence. Some think that such a place already exists, although hid from our sight. Others again answer that it may be so, but that there is no proof for it; and that until there be evidence of its real existence, they must look upon it as questionable.

This is the light, or rather the mist, in which those hoped for and unseen things are placed before our mind apart from faith. They may be possible, they may be likely—but they are uncertain. The history of infidelity in our age confirms this observation, as it has done in all previous ages. The final result at which the philosophy of Hegel, Strauss, Renan, Reville, &c., has arrived, is that the existence of a personal God and of a life after death, can at the very utmost only be shown to be probable.

Now faith, according to the definition in the Epistle to the Hebrews, puts an end to these uncertainties. Through it, the hoped-for things obtain substance, the unseen things become evidence, to our mind. That is to say, they become really existing things to our conviction, so that we look upon the future things as being as real as present things, and upon the invisible as being as real as the visible. Nor

is such realisation of apparently unreal objects by our inward perception at variance with the laws of our mental life. All things which exist outside ourselves, no matter whether visible or not, are, it is true, real, and have substance independent of what we think about them; but they are not real, and have no substance to us, until our mind has received a clear and indelible impression of their real existence. So the reality and substance of these objects, so far as we are concerned, exist not in the objects themselves, but in the impression which our mind has received from them. Take away that impression, and the objects lose at once their reality and substance to us, however real and substantial they may be objectively. Now the impression of the reality and substance of an object upon our mind may be produced by various means. The most common one is the perception of our senses. The least common one, happily, is the deceptive operation of an uncontrolled imagination. To a delirious, fever-stricken invalid, the lion which he fancies he sees at his bedside is as real and substantial as the bed upon which he is lying. It must, in passing, be observed here, that every impression of the reality of an object is not trustworthy. All depends upon the soundness of the mind which perceives it. A very common means through which we receive impressions of the reality of objects outside us, is the *word*, the medium by which one man transfers the impressions which he has received to another. It links our mind with objects which, from various circumstances, are not within the reach of our own personal perception. It is, as it were, a means which enables us to see, to hear, to touch, to smell, and to taste by proxy. In the common order of things, the impression produced by this means upon our mind is almost equal to the impression produced by the perception of our own senses. Though millions of us never saw or touched the pyramids of Egypt, yet the pyramids are as real and substantial to us as though we had seen them with our own eyes, and touched them with our own hands. Their evidence is to us beyond doubt. Now, how is the reality, the substance, the evidence of the pyramids conveyed to our mind? Solely through the word of men, who say that they have seen and touched them. They describe the impression the pyramids made upon their minds, and at the same time try to impress it on ours. We accept that impression; we do not repel it, but we assimilate it; and so the pyramids are as real to us as they are to those who report of them to us. This operation of our mind, through which we accept the impression which the word of another conveys to us, is called faith, or belief. So our daily experience, even in the most secular sphere of life, confirms the saying of the Apostle, that faith is the evidence of things not seen. There is not one rational being, from the child up to the most learned scholar, who does not through faith every day, nay, every hour of the day, gather evidence of things not seen.

Nor is it less correct to say that faith is the substance of things hoped for. There is a logical regularity in the way the Apostle connects the expression "substance" with the hoped-for things, whereas he speaks of the evidence of the unseen ones. Things which are not seen may nevertheless be supposed to have substance, *i.e.* to exist already. All that is required is the evidence of that unseen existence. But things hoped for are, as a rule, supposed not yet to exist; they are expected to come into existence at a future period, if they are to exist at all. What we want with respect to them is certainty, that some day they will no longer remain merely imaginary, but take shape in a substantial way. A poor man hopes one day to become the owner of a hundred pounds, and pictures the bank-notes or sovereigns which are to realise his hopes. But, enchanting as these dreams may be, they are after all mere dreams. What he looks for, is the moment when those imaginary pieces of paper or of gold will respond to the touch of his fingers; and until that moment arrive he continues to look upon himself as a poor man. Now, suppose a wealthy banker, whom he knows to be a generous and true man, promises to present him with the desired sum next day. What will be the effect of that banker's word upon the poor man's mind? Quite the same as though the banker had dropped a hundred substantial sovereigns into his hand. His dreams are realised, his imaginary hundred pounds have become a reality. He is no longer a poor man, but the owner of what is a large sum in his estimation. Still, he has nothing tangible in his hand. True; but the banker's word is as good to him as money. That word is the authentic and trustworthy representative of the thing he hopes for, and is sure to obtain. His cares are gone. It is true a day has yet to elapse before he will himself hold the money. But that makes no difference to him. It is only a question of time, not of substance. He has, as it were, passed from one world into another, and the partition between the two worlds is the banker's word. Before that word was spoken the things which he hoped for had no existence to him; no sooner however was it uttered than they did exist.

How could that banker's word have such a wonderful effect? Through the poor man's faith in that word. Faith is a wonderful telescope which enables us to see absent things as if they were present; it is a magic wand which calls future things into existence as if they were already.

The description of faith so often alluded to has been reduced to a definition in this form: "Faith is the acknowledging a thing as true—that is, as having real existence—on the testimony of somebody else." This reduction is attended with considerable loss. The definition which we thus obtain, covers only the latter of the two propositions of which the description in the Hebrews consists. It is quite correct as a definition of a purely intellectual faith, but it leaves the notion of faith as a moral faculty of the human mind quite untouched. In other words, it is not a correct definition of faith

in the *Christian* sense of the word. The Gospel does not merely contemplate man in part but in the whole of his existence; and therefore it does not acknowledge this definition of faith as complete and normal. All the powers of the human mind which ought to contribute towards producing the state of belief have not been allowed under it to come into play. The mere acknowledgment of a fact on the authority of somebody who has seen it, with nothing more, may be called faith (and so it is called in the daily conversation of men), but properly speaking it is only a partial application of our power of believing, since our intellect alone has been put into operation, the other faculties of our mind being left in abeyance. Nor can it be denied that in hundreds and thousands of cases in our daily life such a partial application of our power of believing is quite sufficient—the only thing needed in fact. In purely scientific and historical researches for instance, any other sort of faith would be out of place. For here the only purpose is to know what really is or was, independently of the question whether there is, besides this testimony of the intellect, any evidence from the other faculties of human nature upon which the acknowledgment of the facts may be based. A loving son, for instance, no sooner hears the report that his father has done an admirable deed than he believes it; and for two reasons: first on account of the testimony of him who reports, and secondly because of the testimony of his loving heart, which tells him that this is exactly like his father. Now with the latter testimony the purely historical inquirer has nothing to do. He seeks after no such thing as an inward testimony; all he wants and all he can admit as a ground for his belief, is the outward testimony of trustworthy witnesses.

But there is such a thing as an inward testimony in human nature, where we have to deal with moral and religious truths. We are God's offspring, and we were created with affections and aversions similar to those which exist in the nature of God. These affections and aversions may, since our fall, have been considerably weakened and confused. Still an innate sense is left of what God loves and hates, and of what He must love and must hate. Though we have allowed a hostile spirit to master us, so that we often think and act in opposition to what He loves or hates, yet a voice dwells in our bosom; and when we see the works of His hands, or hear of His mighty deeds, it whispers, "That is just like Him!" Even the prodigal son, when he had sunk to the level of the swine, had not forgotten the blessings of his father's house, nor the tender feelings of his father's heart. This innate sense of the divine, the true, the good, and the beautiful, is the inward witness, the testimony of which, combined with that of the outward witnesses, constitutes the foundation upon which Christian faith is based. That inward testimony manifests itself to us, not in the form of a mere knowing, but as an instinctive consciousness, as an intuitive perception, which, while the outward testimony makes us understand the truth reported, makes us feel it in its moral necessity and in its perfect harmony with the whole symphony, of which God's will is the key-note. It expresses itself, with reference to divine objects already existing, in the form of *love;* with reference to divine objects still to be expected, in the form of *hope*. Therefore the Apostle, to whom no real faith was imaginable without the consent of that inward witness, describes faith as the substance of things *hoped for*. Had it only been a merely scientific or historical faith which he had in view, he would have written, "things expected."

A merely intellectual acknowledgment of facts in matters of a purely material kind, though deserving the name of faith, is no faith at all in the sphere of religion. The devils acknowledge the fact of the existence of God, and tremble. Could they get so far as to rejoice, their cold intellectual acknowledgment would at once enter into the sphere of true faith, because coming down from the elevation of the proud understanding to the depth of a humble and loving heart. But then they surely would come to believe in something more than merely the existence of God, and even that existence itself would to them become something altogether different from what it was before. A merely intellectual acknowledgment of the existence of God must be a dead thing, because it proves the death of the vital part of such a believer's being—of his sense of love and hope and joy; it proves the death of his heart, out of which are the issues of life. For "with the heart," St. Paul says, "man believeth unto righteousness" (Rom. x. 10); and not until his heart has taken part in his acknowledgment of the fact does it deserve the name of faith in the scriptural sense of the expression. To admit, for instance, the Resurrection of Christ merely as an historical fact, in the same way as one admits the victory at Marathon, is no operation of the mind which an Apostle would have praised as an act of faith. "If thou shalt believe in thine *heart* that God hath raised Him from the dead," says Paul, "thou shalt be saved." If you only admit the fact because the historical testimony compels you to do so, because you cannot help admitting it, where, then, is your sense for the divinely great, the divinely good, the divinely true, which sense is as much a constituent part of your humanity as your intellect? Where is your innate desire for happiness, for deliverance from all evil? You have read the biography of that wonderful Son of Man in the Gospels; and having arrived at the bloody and shameful close of that life, so full of love, of truth, of divine power, did you feel nothing in you prompting at least the hope and the wish that He would rise from the grave again? Well, you read on, and historical testimony assured you that He really rose from the dead. And you—what did you say to it? "Why," you said, "I believe it on that historical

ground." But there came no outburst from your lips; such as, "Oh! of course, it must be; I could expect nothing else!" You are yourself a dying man, just about to be buried; you have read of a fellow-Man who promised to raise us out of the dark gloomy grave; and the historical testimony tells you that He has by His own resurrection proved His ability to fulfil His promise: and all you say is, "Well, I cannot deny the fact; I believe it." No, that is no faith; for, if you really believed, you would leap for joy, as if you were yourself risen already. Your intellect may believe, but you yourself are yet an infidel.

It is averred that such expressions as, to believe with the heart, a cordial faith, &c., are only metaphors, in the same way as are a mental eye, a spiritual ear, &c. It is further averred that the act of believing is practicable only to the intellect; and that what is called faith of the heart is only an expression denoting the effect which the truth received by our intellect has upon our passions, our desires, and our will. Faith, it is said, being the acknowledgment of the truth of a report, concerning an object absent from our senses, the intellect only is competent to examine the trustworthiness of the reporter, and to judge whether his report should be admitted as true. And when it has thus arrived at its conclusion, the act of believing, that is of acknowledging the truth of the statement, must ensue; and there is no help for it, even though all our passions and desires should be opposed to it. Thus we must believe in many things which we never hoped for, but, on the contrary, dreaded with all our heart. The effect of such a faith upon our mind is sadness. Now, sadness and joy are correlate feelings; both are supposed to spring from our heart; and if it is correct to say, "I believe with all my heart that Christ rose from the dead," it ought to be admitted to be equally correct to say, "I believe with all my heart that Paul was beheaded." Still, nobody would call the latter a correct expression. This shows that the phrase "to believe with the heart" is, properly speaking, incorrect, and only to be understood as an abbreviation of the more correct phrase, "I feel in my heart the effect of the joyful truth which my intellect has accepted."

Now, against this reasoning it may be observed that it sounds strange to speak of a cordial faith in a sad or dreadful thing, but it does not follow that it would be incorrect to speak in that way. Daily usage has accustomed us, when speaking of "the heart," to think of love, hope, &c., more than of the reverse; but there is nothing incongruous in the thought of a cordial hatred or a cordial fear—that is, a hatred, or a fear, which engrosses all the feelings of our heart, or which proceeds from the deepest recesses of our nature. Nor is there anything inconsistent in saying that such or such a man believes with his heart that he will be lost for ever. The expression is unusual, but it conveys, nevertheless, a clear notion. In that case faith is the substance of things *dreaded* by the heart. In that sense, the devils, too, might be said to believe with the heart, for their trembling shows that their heart has decidedly to do with the matter. But, as I observed before, it is against the common use of language to call such a faith a faith of the heart. Cordial heartfelt feelings are, as a rule, understood to be sympathetic, affectionate, or agreeable emotions.

But the real question at issue is this:—Is it true that the act of believing is limited to the intellect, and that the heart can only receive the effect of the belief of the intellect, but not contribute towards establishing that belief? Of course we here only speak of faith concerning moral and religious things, leaving purely scientific matters alone, since from their nature they lie outside the sphere of the feelings of the heart. Now, I not only do not scruple to answer the question in the negative, but I assert that the conclusion of the intellect with reference to the truth of a report can never conduct man to that firmness of conviction which is essential to faith, unless the heart give its consent and confirmation. Not until the heart accepts the conclusions of the intellect can man be said truly to believe. It has often been experienced that the truth of a report as to matters of great importance, was so demonstrated, that the intellect could say nothing against it, while yet the man continued doubting, or even unbelieving. We have here only to remember the case of Thomas. An instance of a similar nature was that of the women who went out to the grave with their sweet spices. They continued to disbelieve that Caiaphas could be right, though at the moment he had convinced their intellects. Were our heart a blank sheet of paper, certainly nothing would be left to us but simply to accept the conclusions of our intellect, and to write them upon our heart. But it is no such *tabula rasa*. It is like a sheet of paper upon which there are still noticeable many words which originally formed parts of eternal truth, written by the finger of God.* Many words have been effaced, and there are sentences scarcely legible, in consequence of the blanks. But those sentences which remain admit of no dubious reading. They stand clear and convincing. On the other hand, our parents, our friends, our teachers, have also written their sentences on our hearts, many of which may be wrong, but they, too, are there—alas! oftentimes as ineffaceable as those written by God. Now, when through the intellect some truth is proposed to us, we cannot really accept it, unless we find that there is a fit place for it among the various sentences still extant in our heart. Sometimes no place can possibly be found unless several sentences, often of long standing, be rubbed out; for we cannot admit contradictory propositions. Sometimes we cannot see at once how the new proposition can possibly adjust itself to those truths which we know to

* Creati sumus ad te.—*Augustine.*

be from God, and as such are undeniable. All this requires time for examination, for inquiry, and for comparison; and many painful struggles often attend these operations. But not until those struggles are at an end, and harmony restored, is it possible for us to accept the new truth *as* a truth. And not until then can we be said to really believe. For the first and essentially characteristic mark of faith is—*rest*, perfect *rest*, issuing from an instinctive perception that what we have admitted into our stock of convictions is *the* thing that was lacking; that it is a piece of that same eternal, solid rock, upon which we know we can alone rely; and that through its introduction the whole sum of our convictions has gained in firmness, in order, and in beauty. The coming of faith is like lighting the gas. There is the ignitable vapour inside the tube, and there is the little flame outside. Sometimes the slightest touch is sufficient to elicit flame; sometimes it requires a length of time, there being foul substances in the gas, or the air having got in, or there being something the matter with the meter; and not until these obstacles are removed can the light pour forth in its splendour. Now the gas in the tube may be taken as an emblem of the convictions, desires, and hopes already existing in our hearts; and the little flame of the match may be taken for the new truth which our intellect has acknowledged. The moment when the light blazes up represents the moment when faith begins. Those who aver that the mere acknowledgment of a truth by our intellect is faith, resemble the child who took the little flame of the match for the gas-light. It is *I* who am to believe. You think I believe already, because my *intellect* believes. You are mistaken. My name is not *intellect*.

The old divines used to say that faith consists of three parts—viz., *agnitio*, *assensus*, and *confidentia*.

Confidence, however, does not, properly speaking, form a constituent part of faith. It is rather one of its foundations, inasmuch as confidence in the reporter is essential to belief in his report; or it is one of its sequels, inasmuch as faith no sooner accepts a truth than we rely upon it as a ground for our further reasonings. The connexion between faith and confidence, however, is so close, that both in Scripture and in daily conversation the former is often used in the signification of the latter. Hence the connection of the words *faith* and *to believe* with the preposition *in*. To believe *in* Christ, *in* God, means undoubtedly not only to acknowledge the truth that Christ is what He assures us He is, or to acknowledge the existence of God as a fact, but also to place our confidence in Christ and God, to rely upon Christ and God with all our heart. In fact, it is impossible to imagine faith as having life apart from confidence; and in that respect, confidence may be acknowledged as essential to faith. The reason why faith without works, as it is described by James, is dead lies in this, that the believer puts no confidence in the truth which his intellect acknowledges. He believes that there is a God, and he even believes that that God is almighty, all-merciful, omniscient, just and holy; but he refuses, from some reason or other, to confide himself to that God. He does not receive all the consequences of the truth which his intellect acknowledges, but rather continues to expect more profit or happiness from something else. This is a glaring inconsistency, no doubt. But to this state has the human heart come through sin. The power of sensuality is often so strong that even the most convincing truth is unable to weaken it. And there is such a thing as carnal habit, to which the heart may be so enslaved that everything proves inefficient to deliver it. Experience has, in hundreds of instances, shown that a man may be so addicted to the habit of drinking that, while acknowledging in his sober moments its palpably pernicious effect, he yet continues his ruinous practice till he dies. Here, indeed, is no want of conviction. Every day tells its sad truth with such awful eloquence that we might ask how is it possible not to submit to its voice at once and for ever? If truth, where it is so visible and palpable, is not able to overcome the resistance of the flesh, let us not wonder that things not seen, though acknowledged as true, prove often unable to free a miser from the thraldom of mammon or a prodigal from the fascinations of sensuality.

And yet it has often been found that the simple proclamation of things not seen has brought about a change in a man's life which demonstrations the most exact and experiences the most painful could not effect. Nay, it has often been observed that a man could for years know and acknowledge the truth of things not seen without manifesting any sense of their effect, till suddenly his belief, so long dead and powerless, rose as an irresistible power unto conversion and salvation. How is this? Of course we acknowledge the finger of a merciful Saviour, and the operation of the Holy Spirit in such a wonderful event. But the Spirit works in a reasonable way, and what we want to know is, what spring in the man's mind the Spirit touched to set him moving on in that happy direction. Perhaps it was fear, roused by some event that made a startling impression upon him, and reminded him of the future judgment. But fear alone could not explain the fact. It drives the sinner away from God, unless a still stronger power is brought into play drawing him towards his Saviour. Now that drawing power can only be confidence. Not until man comes to confide, to trust that God will accept, help, rescue, pardon, and bless him, will he take one step towards God. Not until that confidence lays hold of his heart will the things not seen take substance, reality, and life, to his mind. Here, again, we meet the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews where he speaks of things hoped for. Unless a man comes to hope that the things not seen will lead him to happiness, he will leave those things alone, though acknowledging the truth of their existence. This is the reason why the proclamation of the law, as a rule

of life, proves insufficient to turn a sinner towards God. "For the law worketh wrath," and not hope. The faith of the devils is dead, because nothing is left to them but to tremble. There is no hope for them; they believe that there is a God, but no God in whom they can confide for salvation. Let a man have sunk ever so deep into the Slough of Despond, if you can succeed in instilling one drop of confidence in God into his mind, you will see him rise at once. The proverb is true: "As long as there is life there is hope." But read backwards it is equally true: "As long as there is hope there is life."

EDWARD G. EVELYN.

IN A CATHEDRAL.

VOLUNTARIES.

I.

THE CROSS.

THERE fell on Calvary's hill
The shadow of the Cross,
Bearing the whole world's ill!
The whole world's loss!
The Holy and the Just
Judged worthy to be slain:
The heart of tender trust
Forsaken: Truth denied:
Compassion crucified:
Pain overshadowing death—death ending pain!

Bearing the whole world's gain!
The whole world's good!
The sign of death and pain
Rose o'er a world renew'd:
On shield and banner borne
Aloft, and set above
The kingly crown, and worn
Upon the heart of love:
Until upon the Cross arose the shrine
Where men sought and adored a sacrifice Divine.

II.

THE MINSTER.

STONE upon stone!
Each in its place,
For strength and for grace,
Rises stone upon stone!

Like a cluster of rods,
Bound with leaf-garlands tender,
The great massive pillars
Rise stately and slender;
Rise and bend and embrace
Until each owns a brother,
As down the long aisles
They stand link'd to each other;
While a rod of each cluster
Springs higher and higher,
Breaking, up in the shadow,
Like souls that aspire.

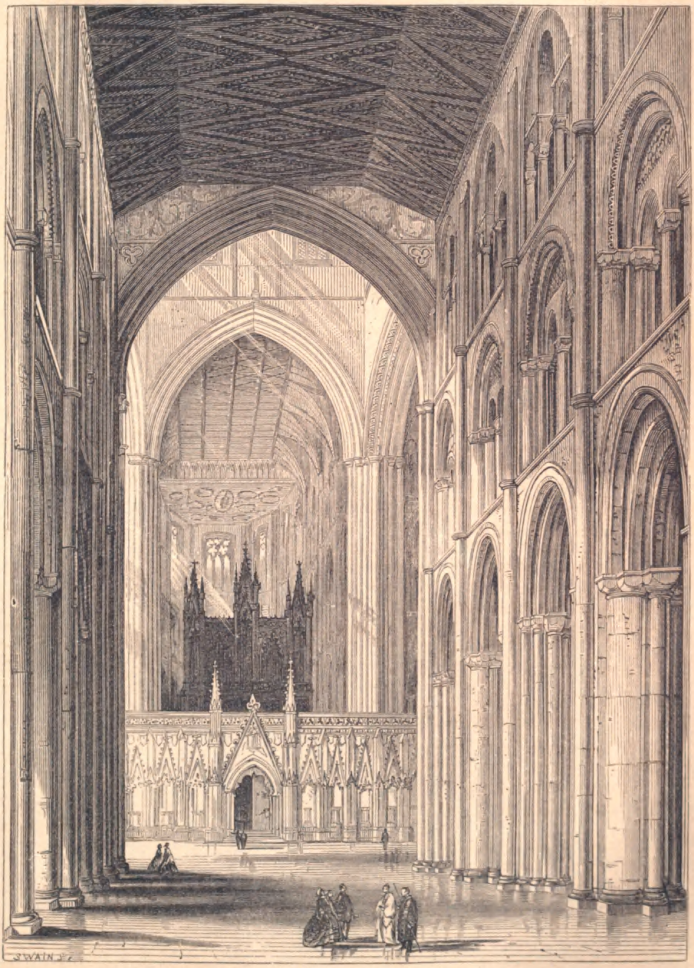
While here in the midst,
'Neath the great central tower,
The strength and the unity
Mingles in power,
And the mystery greatens:
No-where in the place
Can the eye see the whole
Or the sun light the space.
And here the gloom gathers
And deepens to dense,
While yonder the white light
Breaks sharp and intense.
Unity! Mystery!
Majesty! Grace!
Stone upon stone,
And each stone in its place.

III.

THE CHURCH.

AH! this building which we see
Is a type—a prophecy,
Living Church of God, of thee!
Of thy grace and majesty!
Thy diviner mystery!
Thy more perfect unity!
One by one thy stones arise,
And thy pillars stand apart,
Until bending from the skies
They embrace—link heart to heart.
So thine aisles are generations
Into generations blending;
Place of prayer for all the nations,
Widening still, and still ascending.
Thou art hidden in the light
Inaccessible and full
Of darkness: thou art from our sight
Hidden, O most Beautiful!
Being builded day by day
By the souls that love and pray.
Though we see not now the whole,
Nor the part of soul and soul,
In thy mighty plan, we know
Thy foundations laid below
Bear love's sign, and thou shalt rise
Crown'd by Love's great sacrifice.

I. K.



"Like a cluster of rods,
Bound with leaf-garlands tender,
The great massive pillars
Rise stately and slender."

THE SUN'S ATMOSPHERE.

By THE REV. PROFESSOR CHALLIS.

A FEW years ago it might have been thought presumption to speak of a solar atmosphere as of an ascertained reality. Recent observation and experiments seem to have removed all uncertainty on this point, the indications which have come from various and unexpected quarters giving on the whole conclusive evidence that the sun has an atmosphere. To state and describe the phenomena from which this interesting fact is inferred, and to explain the grounds of the inference, will be the main object of this essay; and it is hoped that, as affording a good example of philosophic induction, the subject will be found to be instructive as well as interesting. I shall endeavour to exhibit the process of induction in a strictly logical manner, and with as little use as possible of scientific technicalities. Happily, the nature of the subject is such as to admit of this kind of treatment.

For the sake of distinctness in conducting the argument, and in accordance with a usual method in physical research, we shall commence with assuming that the sun has an atmosphere, and then proceed to give explanations of phenomena on this hypothesis. The evidence for the truth of the hypothesis will accumulate with the number and variety of the explanations. Also, for the better comprehension of the solar phenomena, reference will occasionally be made to analogous terrestrial phenomena, and such reference will be regarded as a legitimate means of confirming and elucidating the views that may be taken of the nature of the former. In fact, it may be recognised as a good general rule in natural philosophy, to look for the occurrence of analogous phenomena under great diversities in respect to details, magnitudes and proportions.

When a telescope, such as the large refractor of the Cambridge Observatory, the use of which I have had the advantage of during the last twenty-seven years, is turned upon the sun's face, the most noticeable phenomena are such as the following. The general brightness, which is pretty evenly distributed over the whole disc, is usually interrupted at places by small dark spots, approximately round, some of which appear singly and others in groups. Most of these spots, the larger especially, consist of a central part almost black, surrounded by a broad border, comparatively bright, but still much less bright than the sun's general surface. The border has been named the *penumbra* of the spot, and the central part the *nucleus*. These appellations we shall frequently have occasion to make use of. Sometimes spaces are seen having the appearance of penumbra without a central black spot, and sometimes also a small dark spot will present itself without penumbra. Besides the dark spots, there are appearances of an opposite character, consisting of bright spots and streaks (*faculæ*), often seen in the neighbourhood of groups of dark spots. They are most visible towards the sun's border, where they frequently appear unaccompanied by dark spots. In addition to the phenomena of these two kinds, the whole face of the sun has a *mottled* appearance, arising from a vast number of minor alternations of dark and brighter spaces. There are other phenomena, but it will suffice for the present to mention these.

Now a first sight of the appearances above described might suggest the idea that we are looking at certain features of the sun's face of a fixed character, as are those presented by the full moon. But the repetition of the observation after a day or two, or even some hours, would reveal the fact that the phenomena undergo changes. One known cause of change is an ascertained rotation of the sun about its axis in about twenty-five days, which necessarily produces difference of appearance from mere change of position relative to the observer's line of vision. But after this effect has been taken into account, there remain variations and movements which the motion of rotation will by no means explain. The majority of observers who have long and carefully surveyed the sun's disc with good optical means, agree in the conclusion that the superficial solar matter has the property of accumulating and separating by reason of motions of transference, which are accompanied sometimes by a whirling motion, first recognised by the nature of the changes of phase which large spots were seen to undergo. Also it has been noticed that the fresh spots, which break out suddenly from time to time, commence usually at points situated in the duller parts of the general mottled surface; that old spots either separate into fragments, or appear to close up, the nucleus first vanishing; and that after their disappearance, bright faculæ often occupy their places. In short, the aspects of the sun's face are as variable as are, proverbially, *wind* and *weather*.

This remarkable variability is a property which seems at once to point to the nature of the substance which constitutes the sun's outer coating. As our designations of the qualities of substances are necessarily restricted to terrestrial nomenclature, we cannot call a substance having the aspects and movements which this solar matter is observed to have by any other name than *cloud*. This term does not necessarily affirm anything respecting the constituents of the cloud. For instance, we speak of clouds of dust, or of smoke, because dust and smoke are observed to put on appearances, and to be capable of movements, like those of the clouds of the sky. The name, however, does imply that the constituents are very

minute particles (I do not mean atoms), borne up in the atmosphere, and liable to be driven by winds. In the case of terrestrial cloud and fog, these minute parts are very small spherical drops of water. In proof of this assertion, it may suffice to state that a *fog-bow*, seen in moonlight, takes the form and position which are consistent only with its being composed of minute spherical globules of water. But what are we to suppose that the solar clouds consist of? If we said that they are of aqueous composition like the clouds of the earth, it would probably be objected that any aqueous matter in the visible form of cloud would be immediately dissipated by being converted into vapour of the invisible form by the great heat of the sun. There are, however, reasons for not coming hastily to this conclusion. Steam, which consists of very minute globules of water, remains such under very high temperatures. Many experiments have established the fact that a drop of water will retain its spherical form when exposed to an enormous amount of heat; for instance, when put into a red-hot crucible. It appears to be the case, whatever may be the explanation of it, that the great amount of heat developes a force which at and near the surface of the drop acts just like capillary attraction, and is powerful enough to maintain the spherical shape, while at remoter distances it becomes a strong repulsive force. Assuming that the solar cloud has an aqueous composition, it is quite conceivable that like forces may be developed by the sun's heat, and that while the repulsive force keeps the constituent globules asunder, the attractive force maintains them as globules. And since, as the experiments show, the drops subject to this capillary action may be of considerable size, it is by no means an impossibility that the solar clouds may by the coalescing of the constituent particles engender rain-drops. We have also to take into account that the pressure of our supposed solar atmosphere would in the cloud-region most probably far exceed the pressure of the air in the analogous cloud-region of the earth, and that this pressure would tend greatly to prevent the dissipation of the drops. If it should be urged that if there be rain-cloud in the sun's atmosphere, there must be an ocean below by evaporation, from the surface of which the cloud is supplied, on the grounds just stated, we may still reply that it is not impossible this may be actually the case. Both by an increment of superficial capillary attraction, due, as before stated, to the high temperature, and by an enormous atmospheric pressure on the surface of the ocean, the tendency to ebullition may be so repressed as to result in a gradual evaporation, by which the invisible vapour may be generated, which, at a certain elevation, is condensed into cloud. The cause which would thus operate to prevent the dissipation of the ocean in steam, is precisely of the same kind as that which allows water to boil at the top of a mountain at a lower temperature than when under the greater atmospheric pressure at its base. It would only require an adjustment as to magnitude and proportion of known causes to produce at the sun the phenomena we witness on the earth of "waters above" separated by an expanse from "waters below." The causes, however, operating at the sun, must be such as to generate a much more continuous and unbroken cloud-stratum than that of the earth under its actual condition.*

The course of our argument now requires a more particular consideration of the nature of the *solar spots*. I am well aware that great difference of opinion exists among physicists as to the character of these objects; but in order not to interrupt the train of the present reasoning, I shall only give here the theory of the spots which is alone compatible with the foregoing views, and shall defer the consideration of an opposite theory to a subsequent part of the essay. The above conceptions and inferences respecting the nature of the sun's visible envelope are quite consistent with the theory given in the "Transactions of the Royal Society" for 1774 (p. 1) by Dr. Wilson, at that time Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. According to Wilson the spots are depressions, or excavations, through a certain variable substance which surrounds the solid globe of the sun; their form approximates more or less to that of a segment, or frustum, of a right cone, the larger end of which is on a level with the upper boundary of the envelope, and the smaller end on a level with the lower boundary; and the penumbra corresponds to the slanting interior surface of the frustum, the nucleus being the space inclosed by the lower circular termination, through which is seen the comparatively dark body of the sun. The argument he chiefly insists upon as confirmatory of this form is purely geometrical. He inquires what changes of apparent form a spot of the supposed conical shape would undergo in consequence of change of position by the sun's rotation, relative to the line of vision of a terrestrial spectator, the apparent form at the centre of the solar disc being a dark circular nucleus surrounded by a circular and concentric penumbra, and he finds that the observed changes, as the rotation carries the spots towards, or from, the sun's border, present a remarkable *general* conformity with the geometrical deductions. In the great majority of cases, as the spot approaches, or recedes from, the border, the penumbra appears broader on the side of the nucleus which is turned towards the border than on the opposite side; which is just what the geometrical reasoning would lead us to expect. Wilson rightly argues that only a general conformity is possible, on account of the deviations of the forms

* Is it unreasonable to infer from the evidence of uniformity of temperature at the earth's surface in remote geological periods, that formerly the condition of the earth as to light and heat resembled the present condition of the sun; and that when, by the subsequent attenuation of its cloud-stratum, it ceased to be an independent source of light and heat, its "days and seasons" began to be regulated by the sun?

of the spots from the supposed exact form of the conical frustum. Farther, he deduces by an ingenious piece of geometry the depth of a spot from the estimated breadth of the penumbra on the side towards the sun's limb just when the nucleus and the boundary of the penumbra are in contact on the other side. The result given by the selected instance was, that the depth of the spot—that is, according to our theory, the thickness of the cloud-stratum—was little less than four thousand miles. Professor Secchi, the eminent astronomer at Rome, who adopts without hesitation Wilson's theory on the ground of its general agreement with observation, found by the very same process of measurement the depth of a spot to be about fifteen hundred miles.* Neither of these measures has pretensions to accuracy. It is very likely that the depth is variable both at a given position and from one position to another at a given time. Probably we shall not be far wrong in concluding that the average thickness of the stratum lies between the results of these two measurements.

The preceding geometrical argument is independent of any views respecting the physical nature of the substance in which the spots are formed, and should be kept apart from such views. This distinction has been carefully attended to by Wilson, who sums up the inferences from the geometrical theory in the following passage:—"It appears then that the solar spots are immense excavations in the body of the sun, and that what hitherto hath been called the nucleus is the bottom, and what hath been called the umbra [*i.e.* penumbra], the sloping sides, of the excavation. It also appears that the solar matter at the depth of the nucleus does not emit light, or emits so little as to appear dark compared to that resplendent substance at the surface; that this beauteous substance is at the surface most fulgid, and when any of it is seen below the general level, forming the sides of an excavation, that then its lustre is somehow impaired, so as to give the appearance of a surrounding umbra. Here our induction ends."† He has, however, ventured upon a conjecture as to the consistence of the luminous envelope in the following terms:—"As to the particular nature and qualities of this luminous matter, we have been sometimes apt to imagine that it cannot well be any very ponderous fluid, but that it rather must resemble as to consistence a very dense and thick fog which broods over the surface of the sun's dark body." It will be seen that this view comes very close to that which is maintained in this essay, viz., that the luminous envelope consists of aqueous cloud. After calling attention to the above distinction, I now resume the inquiry into the qualities of the cloud-stratum.

If so much of analogy with what is going on at the earth's surface be admitted as is implied in the formation of aqueous cloud in the sun's atmosphere, we cannot stop here, but must proceed a step farther. If matter be continually ascending from the sun's surface by evaporation, there must, on the principle of compensation, be an equivalent descent of the same matter; and the analogy with terrestrial processes would lead to the inference that it descends in the form of *rain*. Such a fact will not appear to be incompatible with the existence of an intense degree of solar heat, if consideration be given to the experimental reasons before adduced for concluding that water may retain the form of small spherical drops under the influence of extremely high temperatures. Now by these premises we are brought to a natural and simple explanation of the origin and formation of the solar spots. For it is not an unreasonable supposition that the spots break out where, by electric discharges between contiguous portions of the cloud matter, there has been a copious down-fall of rain;—that, in short, they are phenomena bearing an analogy with the clearance of our sky after a storm. The form of the excavation might be accounted for by an action similar to that which produces the conical form of the *water-spout*, and the observed rotary motion might arise from the prevalence of a solar atmospheric cyclone.

It may here be mentioned that, in common with other observers, I have noticed that the nucleus of a spot is not uniformly dark, but that faint luminous streaks are distributed about it, sometimes surrounding an intensely black space not concentric with the circular boundary of the nucleus. These appearances, which are like fleecy clouds suspended in the lower regions of the atmosphere, seem to justify the inference that considerable space intervenes between the under surface of the cloud-stratum and the surface of the sun's body. Possibly they may be this very surface, exhibiting different degrees of illumination at different parts. Farther observations made with powerful optical means may be expected to clear up this interesting question.

There is, however, a difficulty besetting the foregoing theory of the solar spots which must now receive consideration. The whole area of the penumbra of a spot is observed to be of a brightness nearly uniform, but much inferior to that of the general luminous surface, and consequently it is separated from the latter by a very definite boundary line, like that which separates it from the

* I am here referring to an article "On the Solar Spots, and on the Mode of Determining their Depth," in No. 1148 of the "Astronomische Nachrichten."

† I have taken advantage of the present opportunity for bringing Wilson's theory into particular notice, because I am of opinion that it has hardly obtained the place which it deserves. His paper, for which he received a prize from the Academy of Copenhagen, is an excellent example of cautious and exact induction, treated according to the method of the Newtonian school. It did not, however, meet with approval from Lalande, who passed some strictures upon it in the volume of the "Mémoires" of the French Academy for 1776 (p. 508), and proposed a theory of his own, the inadequacy of which is exposed by Sir J. Herschel in Article 389 of his "Outlines of Astronomy." Wilson replied in a second paper in the "Philosophical Transactions" of 1783 (p. 144), in which, as well as in the first paper, his treatment of the subject contrasts very favourably with that of the French astronomer.

darker interior nucleus. Why is the transition from the one degree of luminosity to the other so abrupt? There is no difficulty in accounting for the abruptness in passing from the penumbra to the nucleus, on the supposition that the body of the sun, towards which we look through the nucleus, is not self-luminous. But, on the other hand, there appears no obvious reason why the transition from the brightness of the penumbra to that of the surrounding surface is not gradual. With respect, however, to this question a general law may be laid down which in some degree removes the difficulty. It seems that at all points where the direction of the surface is *inclined* to the general surface there is a loss of light, and so much the more as the inclination is greater. We have seen that Wilson, as quoted above, noticed this effect of a sloping from the general level; and Secchi has remarked that when a spot is filling up, so that the slope becomes less and less, the brightness of the penumbra gradually approaches to that of the surrounding surface. It is, then, in conformity with this law of the effect of inclination, that the slanting interior face of the conical depression forming the spot is less bright than the adjacent surface, and seems to be separated from the latter by a definite line of demarcation. Also if it may be supposed that the superficial parts of the cloud-stratum consist of a vast number of cloudy cumuli, which by the intersection of their slant sides form depressions, according to the same law these depressions will be less bright than the crests of the cumuli, and thus the *mottled* appearance which is observed to be spread over the whole of the sun's face will be readily accounted for. The bright faculæ must be due to cumuli and ridges of more than ordinary magnitude and elevation, and probably owe some of their brightness to their being raised above the denser parts of the sun's atmosphere. What the reason may be for this law of the relation of diminution of brightness to inclination of the surface, is a very delicate question, involving considerations of the origination and properties of light, which do not admit of being introduced into an essay of this kind. Suffice it to say that such a law must be intimately connected with the cause, whatever that may be, of the generation of the principal part of the sun's sensible light and heat at the upper boundary of the cloud-stratum, and will, I venture to affirm, eventually be a clue to the discovery of the explanation of that mysterious operation.

Upon the whole, from the preceding discussion, it may be inferred, that on the hypothesis of a solar atmosphere the phenomena of the sun's face admit of being ascribed, with more or less evidence, to causes and operations which may be understood by their terrestrial analogues. Though it would not be good philosophy to conclude from such explanations alone that the sun has an atmosphere, they may be regarded as a first instalment towards this conclusion. I proceed now to a second argument.

When describing the phenomena of the sun's face, revealed by the telescope, I purposely omitted the statement of one of a very significant kind, intending to reserve it for special consideration. The phenomenon I refer to will be most conveniently seen by receiving on a white sheet of paper the image of the sun's disc formed by rays which have passed through the eye-piece of the telescope. This is really an image of the solar image which is formed by the object-glass, or object-mirror, at its focus. By drawing out, or pushing in, the eye-piece, and adjusting the white paper for distinct vision, this second image may be made of any desired magnitude. This arrangement being effected, on looking at the image on the paper it will soon be apparent that the sun's disc towards the border, all round, is less bright than at and near the centre. The difference is so obvious that it is surprising the fact was for a long time not noticed, or not generally admitted. Recently the variation of brightness has been submitted to photometric measurement; and Professor Secchi has found that the *heat* from the sun's disc also decreases gradually from the centre to the circumference,—a result that might have been anticipated from the known connection between solar light and heat. Now, assuming, as we may do, that the sun's spherical *photosphere* (that name designating the superficial light-giving portion of the cloud-stratum) is in general equally luminous at all parts, the plane circular disc into which it is projected ought also to appear uniformly luminous, notwithstanding the different inclinations of different parts to the lines of vision. A red-hot poker furnishes direct experimental evidence of this law, inasmuch as two of its adjacent surfaces, when differently inclined to the direction of vision, appear equally bright. What, then, is the reason that the sun's disc is obscurer towards the border than towards the centre? This question may be immediately answered by the hypothesis of an atmosphere. For although the photosphere be considerably elevated above the body of the sun, it must, just as in the case of the cloud-region of the earth, be very much below the upper boundary of the atmosphere. Thus rays from parts near the sun's border will pass, to a spectator on the earth, through *more* atmosphere than those from parts near the centre; and, as light is lost in passing through the atmosphere, the former will appear less bright than the other. For a similar reason, by the absorption of light and heat in the earth's atmosphere, the sun at setting is not so bright and heating as when overhead at mid-day. This argument for the existence of a solar atmosphere is much more cogent than the former one. The explanation of the observed phenomenon is, in fact, so direct and simple on our hypothesis, and so impossible does it seem to account for it in any other way, that we might almost conclude, from this argument alone, that the sun has an atmosphere.

A third reason for such a conclusion would be

given by any discernible indications of solar *atmospheric refraction*. That there are really such, will, I think, appear from the following considerations. We know, from astronomical observation, that when a celestial body is setting, it is actually below the horizon of the observer, its visual direction being raised by the refraction of the rays from it as they pass through the earth's atmosphere. It happens that in terrestrial refraction the rays from a setting object graze tangentially the earth's surface; which shows that the earth's surface is more curved than the path of the ray, it being a geometrical law that a continuous line which lies wholly within another, must, at positions where they have a common tangent, have the greater curvature. But, in the case of a body much larger than the earth, and possessing a more refrigerant atmosphere, the curvature of the path of a ray might well be greater than that of the surface of the body. In that case what would happen? A ray from an external object, after entering the atmosphere, could not pass out of it, or graze the surface of the body, but would strike the body at a certain angle of inclination to the surface, and there be arrested. Supposing the atmosphere to have for its superior boundary a spherical surface concentric with that of the interior globe,—a supposition which, for reasons that will be presently given, it is allowable to make,—a ray whose course is tangential to that boundary will, after entering the atmosphere, strike the globe in a direction which makes, with the surface, a *minimum* angle. That is, every other ray entering the atmosphere will infringe on the surface in a direction making a larger angle than this. Consequently, under these circumstances, the sun, or a star, would not sink below the horizon, but would disappear when its angular elevation above the horizon is the limiting angle just mentioned.

Let us now apply these considerations to the supposed atmosphere of the sun. In the first place, that the sun's atmosphere must have a definite upper boundary, like that of an ocean, may be affirmed for the following reasons, which are equally applicable to the terrestrial atmosphere, or that of any planet. Conceive the atmosphere to be in a state of equilibrium, and to be divided into a very large number of thin layers concentric with the globe which it surrounds, the density of the layers being always less the greater the height above the surface of the globe. Then a particle situated at the common boundary of two contiguous layers will be urged upwards by the elastic force of the lower layer, and downwards by that of the upper layer, and will on the whole be urged upwards, because the lower layer is of greater density than the other, and has, consequently, greater elastic force. This excess of upward action is, in the supposed case of equilibrium, just counteracted by the gravitating force of the globe. Now, it is evident that by proceeding upwards we must at length reach a point where the elastic force of a layer on a superficial particle only suffices to counteract the downward gravitating force, and that there can be no layer above this height, at which, consequently, the atmosphere terminates.

Again, considering the vast size of the sun, and the effect of its gravitation on the atmospheric layers in determining their density and refractive power, we may at once pronounce, from terrestrial experience, that the path of a ray would be more curved than the sun's surface, and that the refraction would, therefore, be of the kind which has a limit to the angle of incidence. But, instead of the case of rays entering into an atmosphere from an external object, we have now that of rays originating within the atmosphere and issuing from it. The previous reasoning, however, still applies; it being a general optical law that if light travels along any path in one direction, it can travel along the same in the opposite direction. Thus, for rays originating in the solar atmosphere and issuing from it, there will be a limiting course making a minimum angle with the sun's surface. Rays originating in any point of this course and travelling along it, will all emerge in a direction tangential to the superior boundary, so as to appear to a spectator at a great distance, for instance at the earth, to come precisely from the sun's periphery. Rays starting from points situated beyond the limiting course cannot reach the spectator, and those starting from points within the same will seem to come from points within the periphery.

I come now to the main inference relative to the sun's atmospheric refraction, to which the above reasoning conducts. Admitting, as we have already done, that the body of the sun is surrounded by a cloud-stratum upborne by the atmosphere, and that at the superior limit of this stratum there are enormous ridges and depressions, these inequalities, according to our reasoning, will all disappear at the sun's periphery, being brought by the refraction to the level of the top of the atmosphere. Such an effect of refraction may be well represented by the simple experiment of placing a coin in a basin of water, filling the basin to the brim, and then looking along the water-surface. The coin will be seen at the level of the surface independently of its actual depth below. Accordingly the sun's border should appear perfectly even and circular excepting so far as variations may be produced by disturbing causes giving rise to variations in the height of the atmosphere. Now this general regularity of the sun's contour is matter of actual observation, cases of exception having been very rarely noticed, and those that have been recorded being apparently such as may be referred to abnormal atmospheric disturbances. Consequently, as the general evenness of the sun's periphery is a fact admitting of explanation by the hypothesis of an atmosphere, we have thus an additional reason for concluding that the sun has an atmosphere.

Before proceeding to another argument it will be proper to notice certain objections that may be

raised against the foregoing one. It is well known that during a total eclipse of the sun, peculiar red protuberances and patches of light have been seen contiguous to the border, and in some instances actually separated from it, so as to have the appearance of cloud suspended in an atmosphere. These phenomena would, therefore, seem to be contradictory to the above conclusions, according to which no cloud can appear above the sun's periphery. We know, however, so little about the nature and origin of these protuberances, that instead of pronouncing them to be cloud, it would perhaps be the truer course to admit, in reliance upon the foregoing induction, that they are outside the sun's atmosphere, and must therefore essentially differ in quality from cloud. If this be admitted, it is not difficult to make a conjecture as to their nature by reference to analogous terrestrial phenomena. From personal observation I can say that the light of an *Aurora Borealis* sometimes takes the form of nebulous patches, not distinguishable from ordinary cloud except by suddenly waxing and waning; and, what is still more to the purpose, I have never witnessed from the Cambridge Observatory any great display of Aurora without seeing large portions of the sky, situated towards the W.N.W. and N.E. points of the compass, covered with ruddy nebulous light, which could easily be distinguished from that of the streamers by its comparative permanence as to position and intensity. By comparison with observations made at other localities I have ascertained that these auroral clouds are at an elevation considerably greater than that usually assigned to the earth's atmosphere, and it seems probable that one portion, the larger, was over the Atlantic, and the other over the German Ocean. To this light, in common with all auroral light, we may ascribe a magnetic origin. With respect to the solar red lights, observation has suggested to several observers that some relation exists between their positions and those of spots that have either broken out, or are on the point of breaking out, on the sun's photosphere. It is at least reasonable to suppose that they are related to certain conditions of the photosphere and its underlying stratum of cloud. If, then, it be admitted that, like the terrestrial lights, they have a magnetic origin, may we not suppose that the solar magnetic currents to which they would be due, are caused by different thermic and electric conditions of contiguous portions of the cloud-stratum?

It may, again, be objected that during a total solar eclipse the sun is seen to be surrounded by a corona of considerable brilliance, which appears to owe its origin to reflected light dispersed in all directions from an atmosphere extending beyond the apparent disc. But the accounts and delineations of the corona do not accord with this view. It is very variously represented by different observers at different times, and seems for the most part to consist of large pointed masses of light, stretching to very unequal lengths from different parts of the sun's circumference. The absence of all regularity, symmetry, and constancy in this light seems wholly irreconcileable with its being due to reflections from a solar atmosphere. There are, however, terrestrial phenomena which may help us to a conception of its nature. The ascertained altitudes of auroral *arches* and *streamers* prove that light may originate in parts of space elevated far above any height we can reasonably give to the earth's atmosphere. Seemingly the magnetic currents at these elevations are liable, under abnormal terrestrial, or cosmical, conditions, to be jostled and interfered with in such a manner as to become sources of light. If, then, the ætherial medium, in which all light is considered to be generated and propagated, and in motions of which magnetic currents may consist, be supposed to be similarly disturbed in the regions above the sun's atmosphere, we shall thus ascribe the corona of a total solar eclipse to the operation of such causes only as have their analogies at the earth. With respect to the sun, the disturbing causes would have like relations to all parts of the surface, and the corona would consequently entirely surround the sun, as is observed to be the case.

The fourth, and last, evidence of the existence of a solar atmosphere which I propose to adduce, is of a peculiar character, depending both on the ordinary analysis of sun-light by the prism, and on recent discoveries respecting properties of the light of incandescent gases. A spectrum of sun-light, elongated horizontally, is found to be traversed by a large number of vertical dark lines, which, having been carefully studied and mapped by Fraunhofer, are called after his name. That philosopher also made the singular discovery that the flame of sodium vapour exhibits in its spectrum a double bright yellow line exactly in the position of the double dark line in the solar spectrum, which he designates by the letter D. Many like accordances have since been found by analyzing the light from the incandescent vapours of various metals; and, in particular, a large number of the characteristic bright lines of the vapour of iron coincide exactly as to position with dark lines of the solar spectrum. These facts seemed to afford a clue to the discovery of the nature and origin of Fraunhofer's lines. But there was the puzzling circumstance, that whereas these lines are dark the artificially-produced lines are bright. This difficulty has been in great measure overcome by the experiments of Professor Kirchhoff of Heidelberg, who on viewing the spectrum of the Drummond lime-light, which contains no dark lines, simultaneously with the spectrum of a suitable flame coloured by common salt (chloride of sodium), saw dark lines in the places of the usual bright sodium lines. Thus he had obtained artificially the very same phenomenon as the solar line D. To explain the reversion from brightness to darkness he supposes that "the sodium flame absorbs rays of the same refrangibility as those it emits, while it is perfectly transparent for all other rays." To a certain extent this supposition accounts for the observed facts; for the Drummond light, consisting

of light of every refrangibility, contains some light of the same refrangibility as the sodium flame, and the absorption of this portion by the flame produces a dark line, which the proper light of the flame is unable to obliterate, being too feeble when contrasted with the bright rays from the lime-light which are contiguous to the dark line. To explain fully why the line is dark, a physical reason should also be given for the assumed law of absorption. But an investigation of this kind would not be suitable to these pages; and, moreover, for our present purpose it will suffice to accept the law as a mere result of experiment.

The application of the preceding experimental results in explaining the dark lines of the solar spectrum is very obvious. The Drummond light corresponds to the intense light which emanates from the solar photosphere. This, like all other original light, has at its origin no dark lines. The dark lines are produced, as the experiments show, by transmission of the light through incandescent vapours. These vapours must be held in suspension in the sun's atmosphere, which, it may be presumed, extends very far beyond the cloud-stratum and photosphere. The incandescence of the vapours may well be attributed to the intense heat which accompanies sun-light. In the spectrum analysis the proper light of the vapours in the sun's atmosphere is received simultaneously with the sun-light from the photosphere, and thus the natural circumstances of the experiment are exactly like the before mentioned artificial circumstances. We may therefore conclude that the dark lines of the solar spectrum are caused by the absorption, in incandescent vapours suspended in the solar atmosphere, of rays of the same refrangibility and colour as those which are characteristic of the vapours. So fixedly and peculiarly are incandescent vapours, or coloured flames, characterized by the bright lines of their spectra, that we may with certainty infer from the lines the presence of the substances. In this way, according to Kirchhoff,* experiment has demonstrated that the material of the sun contains iron, nickel, sodium, calcium, magnesium, chromium, and, with more or less certainty, various other metals. Now it is to be noted that the preceding explanation of the production of the fixed lines of the spectrum, with which these results, so unlooked for and of such extreme interest, are intimately connected, rests on the hypothesis of a solar atmosphere. We may therefore, from this argument, superadded to those that have gone before, confidently conclude that the sun has an atmosphere.

It remains to notice the views respecting the nature of the solar spots which were previously referred to as being at variance with those maintained in this essay. I allude to the theory of the spots proposed by Kirchhoff in that portion of his memoir on the solar spectrum which relates to the physical constitution of the sun. According to that theory, the sun consists of a solid or liquid nucleus, heated to a temperature of the brightest whiteness, and surrounded by an atmosphere of somewhat lower temperature. Local diminution of temperature gives rise to the formation of clouds of chemical composition different from those of the earth. When a cloud is once formed it receives accretions in consequence of the cooling of the atmosphere above it by its cutting off the sun's rays. The same depression of temperature always produces in some unexplained manner a larger and more transparent cloud at some elevation above the first. The primary cloud corresponds to the nucleus of a solar spot, and the other to the penumbra. If these two clouds be supposed to occupy the positions of the circular ends of the conical frustum in Wilson's theory, and to be of the same size, the explanations of the changes of appearance that occur as a spot recedes from, or approaches, the sun's border, will be the same in both theories,—with this important difference. According to that of Wilson, when a spot is very near the border, the portion of the nucleus which in visual direction lies outside the penumbra would be invisible; according to the other theory, it would be visible. From my own observations I can say that instances not unfrequently occur, which, to all appearance, agree with the former inference, and consequently contradict the other, whilst I do not remember to have ever witnessed an instance of conformity to the latter. Moreover, a phenomenon has been noticed by Scheiner, Wilson, and other observers, and of which I saw a remarkable example with the Northumberland telescope on July 26, 1862, which appears to be inconsistent with Kirchhoff's theory. The nucleus of a large spot is seen to be divided into two parts by luminous matter considerably exceeding in brightness the general luminosity of the sun's surface, while, on the contrary, that theory would require the position of this lucid substance to be occupied by the second cloud, which has only the brightness of penumbra. The fact, which is thus contradictory to the one theory, appears to admit of being explained as follows by the other. According to Wilson's views, the luminous partition may be considered to be of the same substance as that which constitutes the photosphere generally, and being either drifted across the mouth of the excavation, or generated there by the meeting of different atmospheric currents, to be rendered brilliant by a direct intensifying action passing from the body of the Sun uninterruptedly through the conical opening. The phenomenon has all the appearance of matter intervening between the nucleus and the spectator, and has accordingly been usually described by observers as a *bridge* across an excavation.

Whatever credit the eminent German physicist may have gained by his admirable experimental researches on the solar spectrum, his theoretical explanations can be accepted only so far as they

* A translation of the original Memoir of Kirchhoff, in the "Transactions of the Berlin Academy" for 1861, made by Professor Roscoe, of Owen's College, Manchester, has been published by Macmillan.

accord with phenomena; and this test, as I think I have shown, they do not bear. In the part of his memoir already referred to he has thought proper to make some strictures upon what he considers to be Wilson's theory, but by a singular oversight has confounded it with one proposed subsequently by Sir W. Herschel. He has, consequently, omitted all reference to the "sloping sides" of the "excavations," on which Wilson's explanation of the penumbra essentially depends, and thus his arguments, as against that explanation, are entirely aimless. If we receive Kirchhoff's theory, we must be content to regard the superficial parts of the sun as consisting of molten matter in a state of perpetual agitation,—a fiery waste, wholly incompatible with the life of either vegetable or animal organisms. On the other hand, if the views and explanations advocated in this essay be true, or near the truth,—and I think I may say that they are at least as consistent with observed facts and scientific principles as any others that have been proposed,—we shall have reason for entertaining the belief that the sun, while it is the source of light and life to distant worlds, is itself the abode of life. We cannot be supposed to know all the conditions under which life is possible; but inasmuch as scientific research has led to the conclusion that the sun has really an atmosphere, and that it is not improbable that any organic bodies that may exist on its surface are protected from the direct impact of its fiery rays by a beneficent canopy of cloud, suspended in the atmosphere, and capable at the same time of dispensing on the land beneath the blessing of rain, the opinion will appear to be not altogether unfounded that "the great orb of day" may be the habitation of sentient and intelligent beings, breathing the breath of life, and possessing faculties proper for understanding the works of their great Creator and giving Him praise.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BY THE LATE A. H. CLOUGH.

WILLIAM COWPER was born in the year 1731, in the Rectory, Great Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire. His family was ancient, and had latterly been distinguished in the person of Lord Chancellor Cowper, the poet's great-uncle: on the mother's side he belonged to the family of Donne, the divine and satirist of the times of Charles I. Cowper lost his mother at the age of six; and was at that early age sent from home to his first school, where he suffered greatly from the cruelty of one of his schoolfellows. But the greater part of his schooltime was spent at Westminster, where he remained from 1741 to 1749, eight perhaps of the pleasantest years of his life. His animal spirits were still lively and undisturbed, and he was enjoying opportunities which he did not neglect for forming friendships and cultivating letters. These friendships he did not carry with him far into after life; but the books he there studied were with his mind to the last; and the influence of the public school was very great, if not on his character, at any rate on his tastes and capacities.

At the age of eighteen, in the year 1749, he left Westminster; a succeeding period of fourteen years he spent in a somewhat desultory study of the law—three in a solicitor's office, where his fellow-clerk was Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor, the rest in the Temple.

Intimate domestic intercourse with the family of his uncle, who had two daughters, and some literary society, formed his enjoyments. With Theodora, one of the two cousins, he formed an engagement which the father refused to sanction: apparently a great distress to both. His literary friends were his former schoolfellows: Thornton, a translator of Terence, and Lloyd an occasional magazine-writer, and Colman the dramatist.

This was the second era of British essayists.

The old fashion of the Guardian, Tatler, Spectator, Freeholder, &c., had been re-introduced. Johnson was writing the Rambler, Dr. Hawkesworth the Adventurer, Lord Chesterfield the World, and Cowper contributed a few papers to the Connoisseur, which his immediate friends were conducting.

In 1756 he lost his father, and three years after was made a Commissioner of Bankrupts; but law seems not to have had much of his attention. The enjoyments of domestic society and literary amusements were broken only by occasional anxiety for his future means of subsistence, and something of religious dejection and fear. One passing fit of this kind he has recorded, during his schoolboy years; another much more severe befell him when he first began to live alone at the Temple. It was dissipated by an excursion with his relations at Southampton.

The crisis of his life came in his thirty-third year, 1763. It found him disappointed in his attachment for his cousin; and anxious about approaching pecuniary difficulties.

The appointment to the office of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords was in the hands of his relation, Major, afterwards General Cowper. He had casually expressed a wish, which he afterwards regarded with horror as a crime, that on the death of the present official he might receive the place. This death shortly after did occur; and Cowper was nominated to fill a vacancy which it caused. This of itself seems to have disturbed him, but the appointment was disputed; and it was determined that Cowper's competency should be

tested by an examination at the bar of the House of Lords. The prospect of this public trial worked with such force on Cowper's mind, that he was driven to more than one attempt at suicide, the last of which was only defeated by the breaking of the garter with which he was hanging himself. This was shortly followed by a long fit of lunacy, during which he was placed under the charge of a physician at St. Albans.

But though restored by this care, to return to London was naturally most distasteful to him. His relatives subscribed to raise a fund for his support, and with a view of being near his brother, a fellow of a college at Cambridge, he took lodgings at Huntingdon. He visited his brother from thence occasionally, but otherwise withdrew from personal intercourse with his relations, and was forgotten by his old literary friends and schoolfellows, some of whom were now dead. It was in the solitude of this common country town, and in connections apparently accidental, but as he thought specially providential, that he found the atmosphere in which he could breathe freely, and took the course and character of life which he thenceforth never deserted. Religious feelings, of the strongly devotional and personal kind, revived in England by Wesley and Whitfield during Cowper's childhood, had since then permeated far through middle, lower, and even upper classes. One of Cowper's near relations had imbibed something of them, and a distant cousin a great deal. Cowper's own mind, sensitive and self-introspective, timid, reflective, and affectionate, was peculiarly open to this new epidemic influence; his recovery from insanity had been attended with the highest religious enthusiasm; in fact he believed it to be an immediate divine interposition; and to the development of such a temper of mind his present circumstances gave great scope.

At Huntingdon after some time he made the acquaintance of the Unwins, a clergyman with a wife and son and daughter. Mr. Unwin and the son in particular attracted him; he presently arranged to lodge in their house; and in their society found his devotional feelings and habits cherished and his separation from the outer world more and more completely established.

In the serenity of this domestication he passed about two years; but a change was suddenly caused by the accidental death of Mr. Unwin in July 1767. Cowper continued to live with Mrs. Unwin, and removed with her from Huntingdon to the village of Olney in Buckingham. The object of this choice was to attend the ministrations of John Newton, at that time curate of Olney, who was already well known and was afterwards famous as an evangelical preacher.

His introduction to this friend (for such he henceforward was) is another epoch in Cowper's life. Of a far severer and more exacting religious temper than the gentle family of the Unwins, his influence over Cowper seems to have bordered upon a tyranny, and the discipline he imposed to have been the main cause of Cowper's subsequent dejection and relapses into lunacy. Originally the captain of an African slave-ship, he had at Olney a popular repute for preaching people mad. Cowper, bowing with his natural timidity to a will far stronger than his own, was yet incapable of overcoming the repugnance of his nature. Employed by him during the long years of their daily intercourse as a sort of assistant curate, attending the sick and the dying, and called upon continually, in spite of his horror of publicity, to offer up extempore prayers, yielding up as he did his will in perfect submission to the directions of his spiritual master, Cowper's nature had no other refuge or defence but a second fit of insanity.

This occurred in 1774, seven years after the first removal to Olney. When it passed off it left the patient with impressions exactly the reverse of those which attended the previous recovery. A religious despondency far more determined than the religious confidence of the first occasion followed the second, and was henceforth never entirely removed. Mr. Newton had overstrained him, and his elasticity of spirit on this point was gone for ever. He now refused to join in devotional exercises, for which he deemed himself unworthy; and all conversation on topics of personal religion appears henceforth to have been a distress to him. In 1780 the burthen, for such it must have been, of his friend's society was taken away: Mr. Newton was removed to a more important pulpit in London, and Mrs. Unwin was now his sole companion.

Seeking in this solitude to divert his morbid melancholy by a variety of petty occupations, gardening, carpentering, keeping hares, drawing, &c., Cowper at last fell upon making verses, a task not indeed new to him, for during his earlier life in London he had produced love verses to his cousin Theodora, and other small pieces, sufficient, after his death, to fill a small volume; and under Mr. Newton's discipline he had contributed largely to the Olney hymns; but he now upon Mrs. Unwin's encouragement set himself to compositions of greater bulk and more purpose. She set him the subject of the Progress of Error. Mr. Newton approved of his performance, and others quickly followed. It was not long before he found himself sufficiently stocked to be able to propose a volume for publication, and correspondence with his publisher, correction of proof-sheets, and correction of the poems themselves were found more efficacious than any previous occupations in calling off his interests from the subjects which saddened him, and in relieving his diseased imagination.

The book appeared, and presented him for the first time to the public in the 52nd year of his age, 1782. It was not very successful. Franklin, then at Paris on American business, sent the author his thanks and approbation; but this was the highest homage he received. One of the great reviews of the time was extremely severe upon it. Cowper,

however, was well pleased with the pleasure expressed in it by his immediate friends, and was attracted, at the same time, and forced to continued composition by his own impulses and necessities. An incident also had occurred whilst he was still employed on the volume, which led the way most happily to the next publication. A certain Lady Austen chanced to come to the neighbourhood, and to accompany a relative to call on Mrs. Unwin. She was lively, had seen much of the world, and yet was natural and easy enough to please and not to alarm the recluse of Olney. She was admirably qualified to incite him to that interchange of light and happy pleasantry, in which he took particular pleasure and particularly excelled. On the whole their intercourse was so agreeable on both sides that Lady Austen resolved to take a house at Olney, and at Olney accordingly, in the vicarage deserted by Mr. Newton, with its garden adjoining, and opening into that of Mrs. Unwin and Cowper's house, she passed a considerable portion of the years '82 and '83. Her influence in prompting Cowper's literary exertions was most fruitful and well directed; his happiest compositions are almost all due to her. It was she who told the story of John Gilpin; her music suggested the dirge for the Royal George, and she set the "Task." What he might have done under other inspiration, we of course do not know, but certainly without the poems which he did write under her inspiration, his works would present little that could hope to live. "From a scene of the most uninterrupted retirement," he says to Mr. Unwin, "we have passed at once into a state of constant engagement. Not that our society is much multiplied; the addition of an individual has made all the difference. Lady Austen and we pass our days alternately at each other's château. In the morning I walk with one or other of the ladies, and in the afternoon wind thread. Thus did Hercules, and thus probably did Samson; and thus do I. And were both those heroes living, I should not fear to challenge them to a trial of skill in that business, or doubt to beat them both. As to killing lions and other amusements of that kind with which they were so delighted, I should be their humble servant, and beg to be excused."

It was one of these afternoons, when Cowper was beginning to sink into one of his fits of depression, that Lady Austen told the story of John Gilpin, which told by her lips seized his fancy, and the next morning he reported that he had been kept awake most of the night by the story, which he had turned into a ballad. The ballad was sent to Mr. Unwin, and was published in a newspaper anonymously. There it lay dormant for about three years, and then strangely enough blazed into a sudden flame of immense popularity. Henderson, a celebrated actor, gave it in a course of recitations during Lent; and, comparatively unknown before, it caught the taste of the audience, and thenceforth was in every one's mouth.

But this did not come about till 1785, when the "Task" was already on the eve of publication. The occasion of the "Task" and the explanation of the title bring us back to Lady Austen. What should be his subject? he asked of his lively lady friend when he had promised to comply with her often-urged request, that he should try the composition of blank verse. "Oh, you can never want a subject," was her answer; "you can write upon anything—write upon this sofa." Such was the task imposed; and to the subject thus given him, the poet applied himself in the well-known exordium,

"I sing the sofa."

To begin with a light and casual, unambitious and seemingly frivolous theme, and floated thus, as it were, into the waters, gradually to gather courage for severer topics and more difficult undertakings, was just the sort of style which suited Cowper's timid and feminine genius. The "Task" was begun early in the summer of 1783. It is characteristic of the poet, also, that he never named it to his most intimate friends and continual correspondents, Mr. Unwin and Mr. Newton, until it was finished. It gave him delight to surprise them, whereas to feel that they were conscious of what he was doing, and expecting the produce of his capricious powers, would probably have crippled if not paralysed them.

The autumn of the following year, 1784, found the *magnum opus* complete and transcribed ready for the press. In this condition it was now sent to Mr. Unwin; and information of its existence given to Mr. Newton. In the summer of 1785 it appeared before the public; John Gilpin figuring among some miscellaneous poems appended. And John Gilpin, now first claimed by Cowper as his, had, it is said, a considerable share in producing the popularity which presently attended the "Task." The fame of the ballad induced people to read the new moral poem; as again the beauties they found there led them to read further the poet's hitherto little noticed first volume. But the intrinsic merit of the "Task" was quite sufficient to maintain a popularity once, by whatever means, attracted. It fell in with, while at the same time it headed and led, the feelings and taste of the time. It was what people wanted to hear said, and more, it developed a taste which it found nascent only as yet, and hardly formed. It was found generally delightful, and generally elevating and purifying.

1785 is Cowper's culmination; rather a late one, for he was now 54 years old. To him personally the results were extremely agreeable; without being much persecuted in modern style as a wonder, or finding his country seclusion invaded and his privacy intruded on by inquisitive visitors, he was drawn into cheerful communication with relations, old friends, and new ones.

This is the period of his exuberant correspondence with the sister of that Theodora whom he was attached to in his youth, his other cousin, Harriet Lady Hesketh, the wife and now the

widow of a Sir Thomas Hesketh. Through her he received continual gifts and presents from an unnamed benefactor, not improbably his cousin Theodora herself. With General Cowper also (who had been the giver of the ill-omened situation in the House of Lords) he resumed a familiar correspondence. His mother's relatives wrote to him and sent him her picture, which was in their possession; an incident which was the occasion of the most admired of his minor poems. Another, a young man named Johnson, sought him out, and once introduced soon became intimate and dear to him. Two old schoolfellows claimed an interest in him, with the view to serve him, and at last even his taciturn and severe sometime fellow-clerk, Lord Thurlow, communicated with him.

Lady Hesketh came to Olney to stay with her cousin (occupying part of the neighbouring vicarage), in 1786. Through her kind assistance he and Mrs. Unwin were in a few months' time removed from a dwelling which seems to have been far from commodious to one far more convenient in the pleasantest situation of the whole neighbourhood—the Lodge, at Weston, a small village close by the house and domain of Mr. and Mrs. Throckmorton, who for some time back had shown Cowper great friendliness, that had ripened into intimacy, whose grounds had long been his pleasantest resort and are often alluded to in his letters and poems.

Before the "Task" had issued from the press, and within one week of the conclusion of his last composition for that volume, Cowper urged by the need of employment had found out for himself a new task sufficient to employ every leisure moment for some years to come.

Under the pressure of a fit of despondency he sat down and translated the first twenty lines of the Iliad; the same evil again drove him to the same remedy, and so he proceeded on his way, till at last, when he revealed his occupation in a letter to Lady Hesketh just a year from the date of its first commencement, he was completing the 21st book of the Iliad. "Tully's rule," he says, "*nulla dies sine lined*, will make a volume in less time than one would suppose. I adhered to it so rigidly in composing the 'Task, that though more than once I found three lines as many as I had time to compose, still I wrote, and finding occasionally and as it might happen a more fluent vein, the abundance of one day made me amends for the barrenness of another."

But of Homer he set himself 40 lines regular piecework per diem. While he was yet hardly more than a boy he had joined a friend in going through the whole of Pope's translation with the original before him; and the two students had satisfied their minds as to the flagrant discrepancy and unfitness of the English Homer. And his old Westminster acquirements were tolerably adequate to carry him through the Greek with very small help from commentators, to whom, living as he did without books (for he had sold his small library when he quitted London), he had no easy means of access. The Iliad and Odyssey together, he says, consist of about 40,000 verses. To translate these will furnish me with occupation for a considerable time. But as his letter at the end of the first year shows, he went on very rapidly with it in the first copy. With the revision he took infinite pains, and this occupied him long.

In this work and in the enjoyment of intercourse, face to face or by letter, with Lady Hesketh, and a few other newly-found or re-found relatives and friends, Cowper spent the seven years between 1784 and 1791. In 1791 the Translation was published.

Friends who had regretted that in his eagerness to seek employment he had taken refuge in translation, without awaiting the occurrence of some original subject, now were forward to suggest what they thought might produce a worthy successor to the "Task." But the Mediterranean or the Four Ages of Man's Life were topics too ambitious to kindle his inspiration. The latter indeed pleased him so well that he commenced upon it. But another and after theme had taken his fancy, an oak in Yardley Chase near enough to be reached by a walk and believed to be as old as the Norman Conquest. "He never bestowed more labour," says his not judicious biographer, "on any of his compositions, than on the commencement of a poem on this tree, nor did he ever labour more successfully." The style is certainly maturer and more simply powerful than that which prevails in the "Task," with more labour perhaps there is less appearance of effort. No hint of his intentions was ever given to any of his friends, that he might have the pleasure of surprising them, and he probably looked forward with the more confidence to completing it, as it would not have naturally extended beyond a few hundred lines. But he had already set himself an employment in an edition of Milton which he had engaged to superintend, with translations of the Latin and Italian poems, an employment which as it proved was more than enough to occupy all the literary leisure that was henceforth to be allowed him. For shortly after this commences the gloomy and overcast evening and nightfall of the life whose afternoon had been so sunny and cheerful.

In 1792 Mrs. Unwin had two strokes of paralysis, which also affected her mind. She who had so long been taken up in providing for Cowper's bodily and mental comforts suddenly became helpless and dependent, and worse than all, impatient and despotic in exacting those attentions which his affection and gratitude made him only too ready to tender with devotion and forgetfulness of himself. This state of things, a sad change indeed, was not at first so grievous in its effects. Cowper was able to proceed with his new task, which had had one pleasant result, in obtaining him the acquaintance of Hayley, a poet now forgotten except in connection with Cowper, but in his day of great celebrity. Mrs. Unwin was able to accompany him on a visit to this new friend at his country house on

the south coast in Sussex. Here he spent some time in a literary atmosphere that must have been new and strange to him. Here his portrait was taken by Romney, Flaxman's friend and Sir Joshua Reynolds' competitor; here he met Hurdis and Charlotte Smith, and was not far from meeting Thurlow. On his way back he met his aged relative, General Cowper, and actually revisited, after an interval of twenty-nine years, his little-loved London, and re-entered the dusky purlieus of the law to breakfast in chambers in Chancery Lane, with Rose, one of the young admirers who had sought him at Olney.

Some sunlight still was shining for him in this visit; yet whilst he was living amongst the literati of Eartham, and receiving the homage of affectionate admirers, it appears that he was in constant correspondence with a poor schoolmaster at Olney, whom Cowper believed to be visited by divine communications respecting himself and his spiritual condition and prospects. It was only on encouragement received from this quarter that the journey to the south was undertaken; and Mrs. Unwin in her enfeebled condition unfortunately was only too ready to join in her companion's belief. The religious cloud of gloom was evidently gathering. Visits which Hayley made repeatedly at this time to Weston (Lady Hesketh was kept away by circumstances) helped to keep it off. But in 1794 it settled never again to be removed.

The confinement and want of exercise, which his attention to his helpless charge now enforced on him, of themselves were enough to depress him. His engagement to edit Milton was even felt to be a burden. Mrs. Unwin's son, one of the most cheerful and happy-minded of his friends, had died a year or two before; Lady Hesketh, as I said, was kept away, household expenses also, which *he* now had to arrange, were an annoyance and an anxiety. Early in 1794, a pension of 300*l.* a year was granted him, and Lady Hesketh was already at Weston. But it was now too late.

In order to protect him from the despotic humour of Mrs. Unwin, in which, as supposed mistress of the house, she was at Weston more likely to indulge, and also to get rid of certain dependents who took advantage of the feebleness of their benefactors to pillage them, it was thought desirable to remove the two invalids from the neighbourhood they had so long been attached to. This was effected, not without difficulty, by Lady Hesketh and Mr. Johnson, to whose house in the country of Cowper's maternal relations they were conveyed.

He was moved about to various places in Norfolk with the hope of some benefit from change, and at last was settled at East Dereham, Mr. Johnson's living. No change however of place, or scene, or circumstance, during his five remaining sad years was found to avail, not even the death, in the second of the five, of Mrs. Unwin. His Homer was laid before him and he was thus induced to revise it once again, but when that was completed, an attempt to replace it by the Four Ages was made in vain.

The well-known pathetic stanzas to Mrs. Unwin were written not long before leaving Weston; his last original poem was "The Castaway," founded on an incident in Anson's Voyages, which seems to have struck him by its figurative applicability to his own supposed spiritual state.

They took at last to reading his own poems over to him. Beginning with the first volume, Mr. Johnson went through them, and he listened in silence till they came to John Gilpin, which he begged not to hear. His unpublished poems followed; he heard them willingly, but without remark.

His last employment was translating some of Gay's Fables into Latin verse. He died on the 25th of April, in the last year of the century, and the 70th of his age. He was buried in East Dereham church.

The "Task" is undoubtedly Cowper's greatest poem, as the ballad of John Gilpin was the most popular. Amongst his minor pieces should be mentioned the commencement of the unfinished poem on the "Yardley Oak," the "Stanzas to Mrs. Unwin," "The Castaway," the "Lines on Receiving his Mother's Picture," the "Soliloquy of Alexander Selkirk," the "Dirge on the Sinking of the Royal George," and the "Address of Boadicea."

SPIDERS.

By ADAM WHITE, late of the British Museum.

"Spiders!! What a subject for an article! Let us skip it, and get on to the next!" exclaims some one after reading the heading. But be in no hurry, my reader! Try to read this article. The subject is striking. In all creation there exists not a more remarkable set of beings than spiders. I will try to be brief in their story.

Let me venture to alter a word in the song of the Second Fairy, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and follow me, as the said Fairy calls,

> "Weaving spiders! come ye here:
> Come, ye long-legg'd spinners, come!"

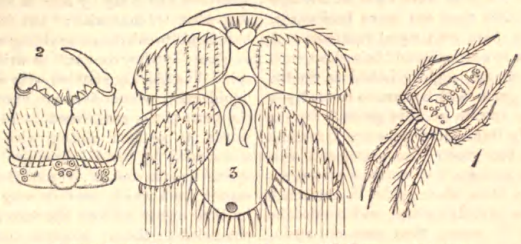
Shakespeare, in these two lines, has touched with his Master eye a leading peculiarity of the race.

Spiders are *weavers*. Who has not wondered at their webs?

A glance at any of our cuts will show that spiders have a body very different from that of insects, properly so called. They have their head and breast welded, as it were, into one piece,* while the body is in another piece, or division. To the first piece is attached that formidable apparatus, their

* Naturalists call it *cephalo-thorax*.

mouth (fig. 2); on its upper surface are generally six or eight eyes; the latter number prevailing, although one genus is said to have only two eyes. To the under side are attached eight legs. The breathing apparatus of spiders, and indeed their general structure, from their palpi to their spinnerets, would take many papers to describe. Their very curious legs, with their combs, spines, and brushes, would alone furnish matter for columns. These structures must only be alluded to incidentally in this paper. The figures will show parts of these in sufficient detail to point out the curious arrangement of eyes, claws, and spinnerets, at least in two of the genera. But let us glance at the webs of spiders for an instant.



1. Female Diadem Spider. 2. Eyes and mouth of Chelicera. 3. Spinnerets. Figs. 2 and 3 greatly magnified.

Come with me to that well-known point in Strathearn, called Whitehill, on an autumn morning. The sun is breaking through the mist, which conceals the lovely prospect all around. The view of the country, from the Ochils to the Grampians, from "fair" Perth to the woods of Strathallan and Drummond Castle, is spread out before you, but hidden. So having no scenery to engage your attention, on this autumn morning, the many pretty fungi, springing up all around, attract your notice. The whin and broom bushes are a mere mass of close webs. The sun is shining on these. At a distance they are seemingly grey and dull. You go near to examine them more closely, and to make acquaintance with their makers and tenants, and, perhaps, also to see what prey their webs contain.

As you look on them, the webs shine with the lustre of mother-of-pearl, or opal. If an entomologist, you might fancy that the colours somewhat resemble the lovely hues that may be seen on the backs of some eastern beetles, found by Mr. Wallace. Naturalists like to be particular; and this last resemblance, at the time, occurred to me as being exact. The sheen on these webs, on the autumn morning of 1865 when I viewed them, exactly resembled at a short distance that on the back of a species of Weevil, of the genus *Eupholus*, brought from Celebes or some other Eastern island. As you approached more closely, the twinkling iridescence became more glorious. The rainbow hues glittered and glowed. Seldom had I seen anything more delicately beautiful; although the general impression was such as I had often witnessed in similar circumstances. This iridescence, however, did not entirely arise from the reflection of the sun on the dewy drops. I observed that the threads, on webs that appeared quite dry, glittered as my eye closely approached them. Sir David Brewster* has described this, and gives Sir John Herschel's explanation of it: "These colours," says he, "may arise either from the cause that produces colour in a single scratch or fissure, or the interference of light reflected from its opposite edges, or from the thread itself, as spun by the animal, consisting of several agglutinated together, and thus presenting not a cylindrical but a furrowed surface."

If the reader examine the cut (fig. 3), he will find that each thread of a spider's web is formed by the combination of many threads from their spinnerets, so that each thread has lines throughout its length, which can cause the light of the sun, reflected to the eye, to show the prismatic colours. But whether this be the explanation or not, I had never seen a more fairy-like vision. William Blake or Noel Paton could have peopled it with airies. The glittering webs would have become the magic carpet of the "little people," whom a gifted fancy might have conjured up.

I was on my way to examine for a second time, the curious library of Lord Maderty at Innerpeffray, where are many books that belonged to the great Marquis of Montrose. I walked on, leaving the webs to entrap the flies, and the spiders to pounce on them from their secret recesses, while those gifted with fancy, like Shakespeare, might see or imagine, what they chose. Any spider's web is well worth examination. Whoever cares to look at them, will soon find that there are many different kinds of these very curiously fabricated net-like or woven webs. Some are close and dense; some loose and irregular: a perfect maze of lines. Many are geometric and concentrical. All are wonderfully and most skilfully constructed. Some have long tubes connected with them; others are only tubes. Several of the foreign kinds, as we shall see, have regular trap-doors.

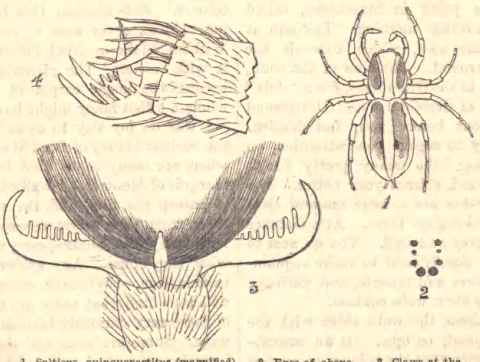
The habits of spiders are as various as their forms. Some spiders are essentially wanderers, regular vagabonds indeed! Naturalists in their books even call the Wolf spiders *Vagabondæ*. These Wolf spiders in summer and autumn may be seen wandering over fields or heaths, generally carrying their bag of eggs with them. The specimens you meet with are chiefly females. They are most careful of their precious charge of eggs. These eggs are enveloped in a cocoon, which is attached to the spinners by means of short threads of silk; on a summer or

* *Encycl. Brit.*, 8th ed. xvi., p. 622 (Optics).

autumn day, one when walking can scarcely fail to see on a heath or in a garden, a specimen of some species of Wolf spider carrying this precious burden. If my memory does not deceive me, Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time," has referred to it in his delightful story of the persecutions, "Helen of the Glen." He had often seen a spider of this kind (*Lycosa*) on the hills and heaths of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire, and he introduces it as a characteristic object of the scene.

Many of the Crab spiders have such an arrangement of the legs that they can move backwards, forwards, or to the sides, with equal readiness. A slight search under stones or round their edges, such stones especially as are slightly imbedded in the ground or among grass, will be sure to reward you with one or more species of this genus. In the valley above lovely Dunira in Perthshire I found a pretty species of the group (*Thomisus*), and witnessed its peculiar motions with renewed pleasure.

But, see! what little black spider is this on a sunny wall! How prettily spotted and banded he is with white! He stops, then goes on again, and stops, as if with these clear eyes of his he saw some ogre ready to arrest him. No doubt he has seen you, and tries to make you believe that he is only a black dot of a lichen on the wall. Do not look at him too closely, and you will soon see him, as Mr. Blackwall describes him, "moving with great circumspection, and occasionally elevating his front half or 'cephalo-thorax,' by straightening the anterior legs, for the purpose of extending his sphere of vision."



1. Salticus quinquepartitus (magnified). 2. Eyes of above. 3. Claws at the end of foreleg of Philodromus Clerckii. 4. Claws at the end of foreleg of Epeira Aurelia.

He runs with ease on the most perpendicular surface, for he has an apparatus below his toes by which he can take firm hold (fig. 4). Look how he jumps on his prey, some little fly or other insect! He drew a line of silk from the spinners while in the very act of springing, and from the very point whence he vaulted. So that our friend, *Salticus scenicus*, has well earned his name *Salticus*, the leaper. If he has lost the object he jumped at, he has not lost his hold of the ground. It would be well for us to look always before we leap. We have not, like the spider, a cord to attach us to our places.

Figs. 1 and 2 exhibit the form of a species of *Salticus*, and the peculiar arrangement of the eyes.

It would take a long treatise to enter into details of the manners of wandering spiders, or to describe the Vaulters, the Jumpers, the Crawlers and the Pouncers. There are many varieties of them. Reference must be shortly made to a sedentary race, who spread a net for the wings and feet of their enemies.

These spiders are the commonest of our garden spiders—the spider which constructs the geometric web. These "symmetrical snares," as our great spider lover, Mr. Blackwall, calls them,* are described distinctly by him in words which sound somewhat "Johnsonian;" but for which it would be difficult to substitute anything more short, simple, or clear. "They consist," he writes, "of an elastic spiral line thickly studded with minute globules of liquid gum, whose circumvolutions, falling within the same plane, are crossed by radii converging towards a common centre, which is immediately surrounded by several circumvolutions of a short spiral line devoid of viscid globules, forming a station from which the toils may be superintended by their owner without the inconvenience of being entangled in them. Examine the strong moveable spire near the end of the last joint of each hind leg in this spider, and you will find that they are of great use in the economy of the creature." "By the contraction of the flexor muscles," I again quote Mr. Blackwall, "they are drawn towards the foot, and are thus brought into direct opposition to the claws, by which means the animals are enabled to hold with a firm grasp such lines as they have occasion to draw from the spinners with the feet of the hind legs, and such also as they design to attach themselves to."

How true is Shakespeare's epithet, applied to Cardinal Wolsey in "King Henry VIII.":—

> "spider-like,
> Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
> The force of his own merit makes his way."
> Act i., scene i.

The assiduity, the patient working and watching of spiders are most note-worthy traits. The story of Robert the Bruce and the spider—and there seems to be little doubt of its truth—is even classical. The perseverance of a spider to fix its line, notwith-

* See his noble contribution to British Zoology—*The Spiders of Great Britain and Ireland*—published by the Ray Society in 1861 and 1864, p. 323.

standing many failures, attracted the attention of the Scottish King, and stimulated his courage in very adverse circumstances.

Watch the sudden issue of the spider from her recess when a fly is entangled in her web, and how soon she can secure her prey beyond possibility of escape!

But let me just allude to a fact mentioned by Mr. Blackwall, with regard to the web of *Epeira apoclisa*. He says that upwards of 120,000 viscid globules are distributed upon the elastic spiral line in a net of large dimensions, and that yet under favourable circumstances the time required for its completion seldom exceeds forty minutes! There is a wonderful weaver! Why, it beats any spinning jenny in the world, and yet the constructor is only a simple spider. Truly has the poet written:

"The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!"

In the month of May or June, you may see against palings, or on the posts of a garden door, a little agglomerated mass,—a ball of yellow points. Touch it; and down drop the little creatures from the loose web amidst which the little yellow ball was hung. These yellow balls are spiders just hatched. Their mother carefully enclosed them in a silken cocoon, and now warm spring has brought them out. How they drop, carefully suspended by their thread! The black spot on their abdomen sets off the yellow very nicely. If you look nearer, you will find a few members of the nest with a go-a-head tendency, like a Scot or a Saxon Yankee—commencing business for themselves—spinning very passable geometric webs; rather too near for savage nature to tolerate, when size has developed their powers. Pretty innocents! their strength is in combination. Midges are their prey; not blow-flies or buzzing *Volucellæ*: light filmy flies, juicy enough for their baby fangs, and with no struggle in their wings or legs. I have often noticed this species, it is one of the *Epeirœ*. Space warns me, however, that this is a paper, and not a book, on spiders. How wonderful, again, is the bell of the water-spider! and how clever the constructor of that rare production! Read Professor Bell's observations on the habits of the *Argyroneta*, or water-spider, and if you have an aquarium you may test them for yourself.

1. Trap-door Spider. 2 Its nest. Figures much reduced.

But I must conclude this too brief notice of the habits of spiders with a mere allusion to the trap-door spider (fig. 1). There are many species of these; I have seen only one alive. It was brought from Algeria. The nest was constructed in a clay bank, excavated by the cunning *Oteniza* or *Actinopus*. The tube, excavated to some depth, was lined with a dense web. The top of this tube, where it was flush with the ground, had a door so constructed as to close, or rather to fall down, after the tenant had quitted it on some foraging excursion (fig. 2). It was thinnest at the hinge, and gradually thickened, and became heavier, towards the outer edge. It is described as a curious sight, to see the spider suddenly escaping down this silken tube. I know he can hold down the door with his feet, so that it requires some force to raise it. The spider had actually holes on the under side of the lid, into which he must have placed his legs to resist any attempt at opening it. In the British Museum, we had two or three different specimens, which showed that, like a cunning workman, the trap-door spider could make a second door, when he had worked his way through the angle of a bank and had come out unexpectedly at the other side. Another spider of this group had evidently added a piece to his nest, and constructed a second door above the other. The fact was, some *débris* had fallen on the other door, and covered it up for an inch or so. Like a clever engineer, he had tunnelled through this, and to save trouble had left the old gate outside his work.

Had I space, I would be tempted to describe the great *Mygales* of the tropics, one of which, named by a naturalist *Mygale Emilia*, is most beautifully coloured. Another, almost as finely coloured, is named *M. Zebra*. Some of the *Mygales*, as Mr. Bates has seen them, can certainly destroy birds. I have seen a live *Mygale* tear a large Cockroach to pieces in double quick time.

A remarkable power that some, indeed many, spiders possess, is that of making themselves invisible. Any one may test this for himself. It has been described in so lively and admirable a way, by an author I had the privilege of knowing, that my readers will be sure to prefer his description to any that I could produce. Hugh Miller, when a boy, observed the habits of insects and spiders on Cromarty hill and its woods. He writes:—"The large Diadem Spider, which spins so strong a web that, in pressing my way through the furze thickets, I could hear its white silken cords crack as they yielded before me, and which I found skilled, like an ancient magician, in the strange art of rendering itself invisible in the clearest light, was an especial favourite; though its great size, and the wild stories I had read about the bite of its congener, the *Tarantula*, made me culti-

vate its acquaintance somewhat at a distance. Often, however, have I stood beside its large web, when the creature occupied its place in the centre, and, touching it with a withered grass-stalk, I have seen it suddenly swing on the lines 'with its bands,' and then shake them with a motion so rapid, that, like Carathis, the mother of the Caliph Vathek, who, when her hour of doom had come, 'glanced off in a rapid whirl, which rendered her invisible,' the eye failed to see either web or insect for minutes together. Nothing appeals more powerfully to the youthful fancy, than those coats, rings, and amulets of Eastern lore, that conferred on their possessors the gift of invisibility; and I deemed it a great matter to have discovered for myself, in living nature, a creature actually possessed of an amulet of this kind, that when danger threatened, could rush into invisibility."*

To Gossamer Spiders, those most ancient of aeronauts, and to *Tarantulæ*, exaggerated accounts of the effects of whose bites are given in most popular natural histories, I can only allude in passing. The wonderful forms of spiders, especially of some of the exotic *Epeiridæ*, whose bodies are covered or ornamented with spines and warts, may be seen in museums. The brilliant colours of some *Saltici* and species of *Eresus*, are very striking and remarkable. But to these and other things belonging to the history of spiders, an allusion must suffice.

The use of the threads of their cocoons by the optician would form an interesting subject. The micrometers, constructed for the astronomer and microscopist, have spiders' threads for their most essential parts. The finest lines yet obtained are those of a spider's thread.

Spiders' webs have also other uses, such as stanching the flow of blood, and even making pills. Mrs. Colin Mackenzie says, "After a very pleasant summer and rainy season at Chikaldah, I was attacked with Birar fever at the beginning of November, 1851, and continued for a year, having one or two attacks every month; after some time it became a regular intermittent fever, but set quinine at defiance. Cobweb pills, made of common cobwebs, and taken in doses of ten grains three times a day, not only stopped it, but greatly improved my general health, though they did not prevent my being ordered to Europe. They have been given with wonderful success in Labuan, and recently at Elichpur, in the hospitals."† Those skilful architects, the smaller British birds, often use spiders' webs and lines too in their beautifully constructed nests.

The web of the spider has at times afforded to the artist something to help him in illustrating his story. I need not refer to the wonderfully minute copies of groups of flowers and insects in which some of the Dutch painters excelled, although spiders and their webs are occasionally introduced. In this place I may, however, allude to the introduction of Arachne, or her web, by two British artists, William Hogarth and Noel Paton, R.S.A. In the fifth picture and plate of the "Rake's Progress," that in which the hero goes through the marriage ceremony with an antiquated dame, in the old church of St. Mary-le-bone, Hogarth has very cleverly introduced a dusty cobweb over the lid of the poor's box, a convincing proof that not even the widow's mite had for some time disturbed its repose. In the original drawings to illustrate the "Ancient Mariner," Mr. Noel Paton has very admirably given, in three of them, bits of spiders' webs on the ropes and wood-work of the becalmed ship. In the fine engraving by Mr. Ryall, of the touching picture called "Home," you may see on the rafters webs of the House Spider hanging over that feeling group, as mother and wife welcome home the Crimean soldier. These webs and spiders' works are introduced in the most natural and unobtrusive way. When observed, they strike you as being a true, though a very feeble part of the scene depicted. Mr. Noel Paton has a keen eye for objects of nature, and a rare power of drawing and painting them as accessories. He has ably introduced the story of two spiders into his great picture of "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," having every authority in Shakespeare's page for doing so. See that little imp on the side of the terminus of the statue of Pan; how aghast he looks at the great female spider who has left her fine concentric web over the fox-glove. Notice how the male *Epeira* is left on the web, in vain seeking for his mate who has wandered away. In the same picture he has introduced the tube of another British Spider, the *Agelena labyrinthica*, on the under side of a moss-covered stone. See how its tenant and maker drags in the Ichneumon fly through the entrance, covered with the wings and other remains of older captures.

With a quotation from a letter of the Poet Keats* to his friend Reynolds, I must close this paper. He writes, "The points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few, and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine web of his soul, and weave a tapestry empyrean,—full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wanderings, of distinctness for his luxury."

* *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, p. 64.

† *Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana; or Six Years in India*, quoted in *Literary Gazette*, Sept. 17, 1853.

* Given in *Lord Houghton's Life and Letters*, vol. i., p. 88.

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XIV.

AUNT AGATHA'S cottage was very different from Earlston. It was a woman's house, and bore that character written all over it. The Pysche and the Venus would have been dreadfully out of place in it, it is true, but yet there was not a spot left vacant where an ornament could be; little fanciful shelves nestled into all the corners—which it was a great comfort to Mary's mind to see were just above her boy's range—bearing little vases and old teacups and curiosities of all kinds, not valuable like Francis Ochterlony's, nor chosen with such refined taste, but yet dear to Aunt Agatha's heart. Nothing so precious as the ware of Henri II. had ever come in Miss Seton's way, but she had one or two trifling articles that were real Wedgewood, and she had some bits of genuine Sevrés and a great deal of pretty rubbish which answered the purpose quite as well as if it had been worth countless sums of money; and then there were flowers, wherever flowers could find a place. The rooms all opened out with liberal windows upon the garden, and the door stood open, and sun and air, sound and fragrance, went through and through the little house. It was the same house as that in which Mary had felt the English leaves rustling and the English breezes blowing as she read Aunt Agatha's letter in India, ages ago, before any of those great events had happened which had thrown such a shadow on her life. The two ladies of the cottage went to the railway to meet their visitors, and it was Peggy, the real head of the establishment, who stood in her best cap, in a flutter of black ribbons and white apron to receive "Miss Mary." And the glowing colour of the flowers, and the sunshine and the open house, and the flutter of womanish welcome made the difference still more marked. When Mrs. Ochterlony was placed in the easiest chair in the brightest corner in that atmosphere of sunshine and sweetness, and saw her forlorn little boys take their place in the foreground of the picture, elected autocrats over the household in general, the sense of relief and difference was so sweet to her that she no longer felt that yearning for some place of her own. The greatest infidel, the most hard-hearted cynic, could not have felt otherwise than at home under such circumstances. The children were taken out of Mary's hands on the instant, she whose time had been entirely devoted to keeping them invisible and inaudible, and out of the way—and Peggy took possession of the baby, and pretty Winnie flashed away into the garden with the two boys, with floating curls and flying ribbons, and all the gay freedom of a country girl, taking the hearts of her little companions by storm. Her sister, who had not "taken to her" at first, sat in Aunt Agatha's chair, in the first moment of conscious repose she had known in England, and looked out at the fair young figure moving about among the flowers, and began to be in love with Winnie. Here she was safe at last, she and her fatherless children. Life might be over for her in its fullest sense—but still she was here at peace among her own people, and again some meaning seemed to come back to the word home. She was lingering upon this thought in the unusual repose of the moment, and wiping some quiet tears from her cheeks, when Aunt Agatha came and sat down beside her and took Mary's hand. She had been partially incoherent with satisfaction and delight until now, but by this time any little tendency to hysterics which might be in Aunt Agatha's nature had been calmed down by the awe-inspiriting presence of Peggy, and the comfort of perceiving nothing but satisfaction in that difficult woman's countenance. The baby had behaved himself like an angel, and had made no objections whatever to the cap or features of his new guardian; and Peggy, too, was visible from the open windows walking up and down the garden with little Wilfrid in her arms, in all the glory of content. This sight brought Miss Seton's comfort to a climax, as it did Mary's. She came and took her niece's hand, and sat down beside her with a tearful joy.

"Ah, Mary, this is what ought to have been from the very first," she said; "this is different from Francis Ochterlony and his dreary house. The dear children will be happy here."

"Yes, it is very different," said Mary, returning the pressure of the soft little white hand; but her heart was full, and she could not find much more to say.

"And you, too, my dear love," Aunt Agatha went on, who was not a wise woman, looking into the new-comer's face—"you, too, Mary, my darling—you will try to be happy in your old home? Well, dear, never mind answering me—I ought to know it is not the same for you as for us. I can't help feeling so happy to have you and the dear children. Look at Winnie, how delighted she is—she is so fond of children, though you would not think so just at first. Doesn't it make you feel the difference, Mary, to think you left her a baby, as one may say, and find her grown up into such a great girl?"

"I have so many things to make me feel the difference," said Mary—for Miss Seton was not one of the people who can do without an answer; and then Aunt Agatha was very sorry, and kissed her, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, my love—yes, my dear love;" she said, as if she were soothing a child. "It was very foolish of me to use that expression; but you must try not to mind me, Mary. Cry, my dear, or don't answer

me, or do just as you please. I never mean to say anything to recall——Look at the dear boys, how delighted they are. I know they will be fond of Winnie—she has such a nice way with children. Don't you think she has a very nice way?"

"She is very handsome," said Mary, whose momentary rest was over, looking out wistfully upon the young imperious creature whose stage of existence seemed the very antipodes of her own. They were sisters, but there was little, very little likeness between them, and the presence of the one seemed to bring into fuller prominence all the individual features of the other's mind and lot.

"My dear love, she is beautiful," said Aunt Agatha. "Sir Edward told me he had never, even at court—and you know he was a great deal about the court in his young days—seen any one that promised to be such a beautiful woman. And to think she should just be our Winnie all the same! And so simple and sweet—such a perfect child with it all! You may wonder how I have kept her so long," continued Winnie's adoring guardian, "when you were married, Mary, before you were her age."

Mrs. Ochterlony tried hard to look up with the look of inquiry and interest which was expected of her in Aunt Agatha's face; but she could not. It was difficult enough to struggle with the recollections that hung about this place, without having them continually thrust in her face in this affectionately heartless way. Thus the wheel turned softly round again, and the reality of the situation crept out in bare outline from under the cloak of flowers and tenderness, as hard and clear as at Earlston. Mary's grief was her own concern, and not of very much consequence to anybody else in the world. She had no right to forget that fact, and yet she did forget it, not being used yet to stand alone. While Aunt Agatha, on her side, could not but think it was rather hard-hearted of Mary to show so little interest in her own sister, and such a sister as Winnie.

"It is not because she is not appreciated," Miss Seton went on, feeling all the more and more bound to celebrate her favourite's praises, "but I am so anxious she should make a good choice. She is not a girl that could marry anybody, you know. She has her own little ways, and such a great deal of character. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to me, Mary, my dear love, to think that now we shall have your experience to guide us," Aunt Agatha added, melting into tenderness again.

"I am afraid experience is good for very little in such cases," said Mary, "but I hope there will be no guidance needed—she seems very happy now."

"To tell the truth, there is somebody at the Hall—" said Aunt Agatha, "and I want to have your opinion, my dear. Oh, Mary, you must not talk of no guidance being needed. I have watched over her since ever she was born. The wind has never blown roughly on her; and if my darling was to marry just an ordinary man, and be unhappy, perhaps—or no happier than the rest of us," said Aunt Agatha, with a sigh. This last touch of nature went to Mary's heart.

"She is rich in having such love, whatever may happen to her," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "and she looks as if, after all, she might yet have the perfect life. She is very, very handsome—and good, I am sure, and sweet—or she would not be your child, Aunt Agatha, but we must not be too ready with our guidance. She would not be happy if her choice did not come spontaneously, and of itself."

"But, oh, my dear love, the risk of marrying!" said Miss Seton, with a little sob—and she gave again a nervous pressure to Mary's hand, and did not restrain her tears. They sat thus in the twilight together, looking out upon the young living creatures for whom life was all brightly uncertain—one of them regarding with a pitiful flutter of dread and anxiety the world she had never ventured to enter into for herself. Perhaps a vision of Francis Ochterlony mingled with Miss Seton's thoughts, and a wistful backward glance at the life which might have been, but had not. The other sat very still, holding Aunt Agatha's soft little fluttering hand in her own, which was steady, and did not tremble, with a strange pang of anguish and pity in her heart. Mary looked at life through no such fanciful mists—she knew, as she thought, its deepest depth and profoundest calamity; but the fountain of her tears was all sealed up and closed, because nobody but herself had any longer anything to do with it. And she, too, yearned over the young sister whose existence was all to come, and felt that it was hard to think that she might be "no happier than the rest of us." It was these words which had arrested Mary, who, perhaps, might have otherwise thought that her own unquestionable sorrows demanded more sympathy than Winnie's problematical future. Thus the two elder ladies sat, until Winnie and the children came in, bringing life and commotion with them. The blackbird was still singing in the bushes, the soft northern twilight lingering, and the dew falling, and all the sweet evening odours coming in. As for Aunt Agatha, her heart, though it was old, fluttered with all the agitation and disturbance of a girl's—while Mary, in the calm and silence of her loneliness, felt herself put back as it were into history, along with Ruth and Rachel, and her own mother, and all the women whose lives had been and were over. This was how it felt to her in the presence of Aunt Agatha's soft agitation—so that she half smiled at herself sitting there composed and tranquil, and soothing her companion into her usual calm.

"Mary agrees with me that this is better than Earlston, Winnie," said Aunt Agatha, when the children were all disposed of for the night, and the three who were so near to each other in blood, and who were henceforward to be close companions, yet who knew so little of each other in deed and truth, were left alone. The lamp was lighted, but the windows were still open, and the twilight still lingered, and a wistful blue-green sky looked in and

put itself in sweet comparison with the yellow lamplight. Winnie stood in one of these open windows, half in and half out, looking across the garden, as if expecting some one, and with a little contraction in her forehead that marred her fine profile slightly —giving a kind of careless half-attention to what was said.

"Does she?" she answered, indifferently; "I should have thought Earlston was a much handsomer house."

"It was not of handsome houses we were thinking, my darling," said Aunt Agatha, with soft reproof; "it was of love and welcome like what we are so glad as to give her here."

"Wasn't Mr. Ochterlony kind?" said Winnie, with half contempt. "Perhaps he does not fancy children. I don't wonder so very much at that. If they were not my own nephews, very likely I should think them dreadful little wretches. I suppose Mary won't mind me saying what I think. I always have been brought up to speak out."

"They are dear children," said poor Aunt Agatha promptly. "I wish you would come in, Winnie, my love. It is a great deal too late now to go out."

And at that moment Mary, who was the spectator, and could observe what was going on, had her attention attracted by a little jar and rattle of the window at which Winnie was standing. It was the girl's impatient movement which had done it; and whether it was in obedience to Miss Seton's mild command, or something more urgent, Winnie came in instantly with a lowering brow, and shut the window with some noise and sharpness. Probably Aunt Agatha was used to it, for she took no notice; but even her patient spirit seemed moved to astonishment by the sudden clang of the shutters, which the hasty young woman began to close.

"Leave that to Peggy, my darling," she said; "besides, it was nice to have the air, and you know how I like the last of the gloaming. That is the window where one can always see poor Sir Edward's light when he is at home. I suppose they are sure to be at home, since they have not come here to-night."

"Shall I open the window again, and let you look at the light, since you like it so much?" said the undutiful Winnie. "I closed it for that. I don't like to have anybody staring down at us in that superior sort of way—as if we cared; and I am sure nobody here was looking for them to-night."

"No, my dear, of course not," said Miss Seton. "Sir Edward is far too much a gentleman to think of coming the night that Mary was expected home."

And then Winnie involuntarily turned half round, and darted upon Mary an inquiring defiant look out of her stormy eyes. The look seemed to say, "So it was you who were the cause of it!" and then she swept past her sister with her streaming ribbons, and pulled out an embroidery frame which stood in a corner, and sat down to it in an irritated restless way. In that pretty room, in the soft evening atmosphere, beside the gentle old aunt, who was folding her soft hands in the sweet leisure that became her age, and in the fair, mature, but saddened presence of the elder sister, who was resting in the calm of her exhaustion, a beautiful girl bending over an embroidery frame was just the last touch of perfection needed by the scene; but nobody would have thought so to see how Winnie threw herself down to her work, and dashed at it, all because of the innocent light that had been lighted in Sir Edward's window, or, at least, so it seemed. Aunt Agatha did her best, by impressive looks and coughs, and little gestures, and transparently significant words, to subdue the spoilt child into good behaviour; and then, in despair, she thought herself called upon to explain.

"Sir Edward very often walks over of an evening," she said, edging herself as it were between Mary and her sister. "We are always glad to see him, you know. It is a little change; and then he has some nice young friends who stay with him occasionally," said the deceitful woman. "But to be sure, he has too much feeling to think of making his appearance on the night of your coming home."

"I hope you will make no difference for me," said Mary, with her heart settling down a little deeper into her breast.

"My love, I hope I know what is proper," said Aunt Agatha, with her little air of decision. And once more Winnie gave her sister a defiant, accusing glance. "It is I that will be the sufferer, and it is all on your account," this look said, and the beautiful profile marked itself out upon the wall with a contraction across the forehead which took away half its loveliness. And then an uncomfortable silence ensued. Mrs. Ochterlony could say nothing more in a matter of which she knew so little, and Aunt Agatha, though she was the most yielding of guardians, still came to a point of propriety now and then on which she would not give way. This was how Mary discovered that instead of the Arcadian calm and retirement of which the cottage seemed an ideal resting place, she had come into another little centre of agitated human life, where her presence made a jar and discord without any fault of any one. Her heart sank. Was she always to be a mistake and failure wherever she went,—she, who had once made home so sweet? And in spite of herself, the lonely little thatched cottage came back to her mind, and moved her once more to a longing so profound that it took entire possession of her. No palace was ever so wished and yearned for. It seemed to Mary that the stone floor, and the beds in the wall, and the rude hearth, would be Paradise itself, so long as they were her very own.

But it would have been worse than ungrateful, it would have been heartless and unkind, to have expressed such a feeling. So she, who was the stranger, had to put force on herself, and talk and lead her two companions back, so far as that was possible, from their pre-occupation; but at the best it was an unsatisfactory and forced conversation, and Mrs. Ochterlony was but too glad to

own herself tired, and to leave her aunt and sister to themselves. They had given her their best room, with the fresh chintz and the pictures. They had made every arrangement for her comfort that affection and thoughtful care could suggest. What they had not been able to do was to let her come into their life without disturbing it, without introducing forced restrictions and new rules, without, in short, making her, all innocently and unwittingly on both sides, the discord in the house. Thus Mary found that, without changing her position, she had simply changed the scene; and the thought made her heart sick.

When Mrs. Ochterlony had retired, the two ladies of the cottage said nothing to each other for some time. Winnie continued her work in the same restless way as she had begun, and poor Aunt Agatha took up a book, which trembled in her hand. The impetuous girl had thrown open the window when she was reproved for closing it, and the light in Sir Edward's window shone far off on the tree tops, shedding an irritating influence upon Winnie when she looked up; and at the same time she could see the book shaking in Aunt Agatha's hand. Winnie was very fond of the guardian of her youth, and would have indignantly declared herself incapable of doing anything to vex her; but at the same time there could be no doubt that Aunt Agatha's nervousness gave a certain satisfaction to the young tyrant who ruled over her. Winnie saw that she was suffering, and could not help feeling pleased, for had not she too suffered all the evening? And she made no attempt to speak, or take any initiative, so that it was only after Miss Seton had borne it as long as she was capable of bearing it, that the silence was broken at last.

"Dear Winnie," said Aunt Agatha, with a faltering voice, "I think, when you think of it, that you will not think you have been quite considerate in making poor Mary feel uncomfortable the first night."

"Mary feel uncomfortable?" cried Winnie. "Good gracious, Aunt Agatha, is one never to hear of anything but Mary? What has anybody done? I have been sitting working all the evening, like—like a dressmaker or a poor needlewoman; does she object to that, I wonder?" and the young rebel put her frame back into its corner, and rose to the fray. Sir Edward's window still threw its distant light over the tree tops, and the sight of it made her smouldering passion blaze.

"Oh, my dear, you know that was not what I meant," said the disturbed and agitated aunt.

"I wish then, please, you would say what you mean," said Winnie. "She would not come with us at first, when we were all ready for her, and then she would not stay at Earlston after going there of her own will. I dare say she made Mr. Ochterlony's life wretched with her trouble and her widow's cap. Why didn't she be burnt with her Major, and be done with it?" said Winnie. "I am sure it would be by far the most comfortable way."

"Oh, Winnie, I thought you would have had a little sympathy for your sister," said Aunt Agatha with tears.

"Everybody has sympathy for my sister," said Winnie, "from Peggy up to Sir Edward. I don't see why she should have it all. Hasn't she had her day? Nobody came in upon her, when she was my age, to put the house in mourning and banish all one's friends. I hate injustice," cried the young revolutionary. "It is the injustice that makes me angry. I tell you, Aunt Agatha, she has had her day."

"Oh, Winnie," cried Miss Seton, weeping, "Oh, my darling child! don't be so hard upon poor Mary. When she was your age she had not half nor quarter the pleasures you have; and it was I that said she ought to come among her own friends."

"I am sure she would be a great deal better in some place of her own," said Winnie, with a little violence. "I wonder how she can go to other people's houses with all that lot of little children. If I should ever come home a widow from India, or anywhere else——"

"Winnie!" cried Aunt Agatha, with a little scream, "for heaven's sake don't say such things. Sorrow comes soon enough, without going to meet it; and if we can give her a little repose, poor dear—— And what do a few pleasant evenings signify to you at your time of life?"

"A few pleasant evenings!" said Winnie; and she gave a kind of gasp, and threw herself into a chair, and cried too, for passion, and vexation, and disgust,—perhaps a little, too, out of self-disgust, though she would not acknowledge it. "As if that were all! And nobody thinks how the days are flying, and how it may all come to an end!" cried the passionate girl. After having given vent to such words, shame and remorse seized upon Winnie. Her cheeks blazed so that the scorching heat dried up her tears, and she sprang up again and flew at the shutters, on which her feelings had already expended themselves more than once, and brought down the bar with a clang that startled the whole house. As for Aunt Agatha, she sat aghast, and gazed, and could not believe her eyes or her ears. What were the days that were flying, or the things that might come to an end? Could this wild exclamation have anything to do with the fact that Captain Percival was only on a visit at the Hall, and that his days were, so to speak, numbered? Miss Seton was not so old as to have forgotten what it was to be thus on the eve of losing sight of some one who had, as she would herself have said, "interested you." But Aunt Agatha had never in her life been guilty of violence or passion, and the idea of committing such a sin against all propriety and good taste as to have her usual visitors while the family was in affliction, was something which she could not take into her mind. It looked a breach of morals to Miss Seton; and for the moment it actually seemed as if Winnie, for the first time in her life, was not to have her way.

CHAPTER XV.

"EVERYBODY has sympathy with my sister," was what Winnie had said—and perhaps that was the hardest thing of all to bear. She was like the respectable son who came in disgusted into the midst of a merry-making all consecrated to the return of his disreputable prodigal brother. What did the fellow mean by coming home? Why did not he stay where he was, and fill his belly with the husks? Though if Mary had but been left to her young sister's sympathy, Winnie would (or thought she would) have lavished tenderness upon her. But the fact was, that it was very very hard to think how the days were passing by, and how perhaps all the precious evenings which remained might be cut off for ever, and its fairest prospect taken from her life, by Aunt Agatha's complaisance to Mary. It was true that it was Captain Percival's visit that Winnie was thinking of. Perhaps it was a little unmaidenly of her to own as much even to herself. It was a thing which Aunt Agatha would have died sooner than do, and which even Mary could not have been guilty of; but then girls now are brought up so differently. He might find himself shut out from the house, and might think the "family affliction" only a pretence, and might go away and make an end of it for ever—and Winnie was self-willed and passionate, and felt as if she must move heaven and earth sooner than let this be so. It seemed to her as if the happiness of her life hung upon it, and she could not but think, being young and fond of poetry, of the many instances in books in which the magical moment was thus lost, and two lives made miserable. And how could it harm Mary to see a strange face or two about, she who had had the fortitude to come home all the way from India, and had survived, and was in sufficiently good health after her grief, which of itself was a thing for which the critic of eighteen was disposed to despise a woman?

As she brooded over this at night in her own room with the window open and her long hair streaming over her shoulders like a romantic heroine, and the young moonlight whitening over the trees, turrets, and windows of the Hall, a wild impatience of all the restrictions which were at that moment pressing upon her came upon Winnie. She had been very bright and pleasant with the little boys in the garden, which was partly because her heart melted towards the helpless children who were her own flesh and blood, and partly because at that time nothing had occurred to thwart or vex her—but from the moment when she had seen Sir Edward's window suddenly gleam into the twilight, matters had changed. Then Winnie had perceived that the event which had been the central point of her daily life for some time back, the visit of Sir Edward and his "young friend" was not going to happen. It was the first time it had occurred to her that Mary's arrival was in any way to limit or transform her own existence; and her pride, her independence, her self-love and self-will were all immediately in arms. She, who had a little scorned her sister for the faculty of surviving, and for the steadiness with which she bore her burden, now asked herself indignantly, if Mary wanted to devote herself to her grief why she did not go into some seclusion to do it, instead of imposing penance upon other people? And what harm could it possibly have done Mary to see some one wandering in the garden by Winnie's side whose presence made the world complete, and left no more to be desired in it? or to look at poor Sir Edward talking to Aunt Agatha who took an innocent pleasure in his talk? what harm could all this do to the ogress in the widow's cap who had come to trample on the happiness of the cottage? What pleasure could it be to her to turn the innocent old man, and the charming young one, away from the little flowery bower which they were so fond of?—for to be sure it did not occur to Winnie that Mrs. Ochterlony had nothing to do with it, and that it was of his own will and pleasure that Sir Edward had stayed away. Such were the thoughts which ran riot in the girl's mind while she stood in the moonlight at her open window. There was no balcony to go forth upon, and these were not sweet musings like Juliet's, but fiery discontented thoughts. Winnie did not mean to let her happiness slip by. She thought it was her happiness, and she was imperious and self-willed, and determined not to let her chance be stolen from her, as so many people do. As for Mary she had had her day. Let her be twenty times a widow, she had once been wooed, and had tasted all the delights of youth, and nobody had interfered with her—and Winnie too had made up her mind to have her day. Such a process of thinking could never, as has been already said, have gone through the minds of either of the other women in the cottage; but Winnie was a girl of the nineteenth century in which young ladies are brought up differently—and she meant to have her rights, and the day of her delight, and all the privileges of her youth, whatever anybody might say.

As for Aunt Agatha on the other side, she too was making up her mind. She would have cut herself up in little pieces to please her darling, but she could not relinquish those rules of propriety which were dearer than herself—she was making up her mind to the struggle with tears and a kind of despair. It was a heartrending prospect, and she did not know how she could live without the light of her pretty Winnie's countenance, and see her looking sulky and miserable as she had done that night. But still in consideration of what was *right*, Miss Seton felt that she must and could bear anything. To expect a family in mourning, and who had just received a widow into their house, to see visitors, was an inhuman idea; and Aunt Agatha would have felt herself deeply humiliated could she really have supposed that anybody thought her capable of such a dereliction of duty. But she cried a little as she considered the awful results of her

decision. Winnie disappointed, sullen, and wretched, roused to rebellion, and taking no pleasure in her life, was a terrible picture to contemplate. Aunt Agatha felt that all the pleasure of her own existence was over, and cried a few salt tears over the sacrifice; but she knew her duty, and at least there was or ought to be a certain comfort in that.

Sir Edward came next day to pay a solemn visit at the cottage, and it gave her a momentary gleam of comfort to feel that this was the course of conduct which he at least expected of her. He came and his "young friend" came with him, and for the moment smiles and contentment came back to the household. Sir Edward entered the drawing-room and shook hands tenderly with Mrs. Ochterlony, and sat down beside her, and began to talk as only an old friend could; but the young friend stayed in the garden with Winnie, and the sound of their voices came in now and then along with the songs of the birds and the fragrance of the flowers—all nature conspiring as usual to throw a charm about the young creatures, who apart from this charm did not make the loveliest feature in the social landscape. Sir Edward, on the other hand, sat down as a man sits down in a room where there is a seat which is known as his, and where he is in the way of doing a great deal of pleasant talk most days of his life. This was a special occasion, and he behaved himself accordingly. He patted Mary's hand softly with one of his, and held it in the other, and looked at her with that tender curiosity and inquiry which comes natural after a long absence. "She is changed, but I can see our old Mary still in her face," said the old man, patting her hand; and then he asked about the journey, and if he should see the children; and then the ordinary talk began.

"We did not come last evening, knowing you expected Mary," Sir Edward said, "and a most unpleasant companion I had all the night in consequence. Young people will be young people, you know—indeed, I never can help remembering, that just the other day I was young myself."

"Yes," said Aunt Agatha faltering; "but you see under the circumstances, Sir Edward, Winnie could not expect that her sister——"

"Dear aunt," said Mary, "I have already begged you to make no difference for me."

"I am sure, my love, you are very kind," said Aunt Agatha; "you always were the most unselfish ——But I hope I know my duty, whatever your good heart may induce you to say."

"And *I* hope, after a while," said Sir Edward, "that Mary too will be pleased to see her friends. We are all friends here, and everybody I know will be glad to welcome her home."

Most likely it was those very words that made Mary feel faint and ill, and unable to reply. But though she did not say anything, she at least made no sort of objection to the hope; and immediately the pleasant little stream of talk gushed up and ran past her as she knew it would. The two old people talked of the two young ones who were so interesting to them, and all that was special in Sir Edward's visit came to a close.

"Young Percival is to leave me next week," Sir Edward said. "I shall miss him sadly, and unless I am very much mistaken it will cost him a heart-ache to go."

Aunt Agatha knew so well what her friend meant that she felt herself called upon to look as if she did not know. "Ah," she said, "I don't wonder. It is not often that he will find such a friend as you have been, Sir Edward: and to leave you who are always such pleasant company—"

"My dear Miss Seton," said Sir Edward, with a gentle laugh, "you don't suppose that I expect him to have a heartache for love of me? He is a nice young fellow, and I am sorry to lose him; but if it were only *my* pleasant company——"

Then Aunt Agatha blushed as if it had been herself who was young Percival's attraction. "We shall all miss him, I am sure," she said. "He is so delicate and considerate. He has not come in, thinking no doubt that Mary is not equal to seeing strangers; but I am so anxious that Mary should see him—that is, I like her to know our friends," said the imprudent woman, correcting herself, and once more blushing crimson, as if young Percival had been a lover of her very own.

"He is a very nice fellow," said Sir Edward; "most people like him; but I don't know that I should have thought of describing him as considerate or delicate. Mary must not form too high an idea. He is just a young man like other young men," said the impartial baronet, "and likes his own way, and is not without a proper regard for his own interest. He is not in the least a hero of romance."

"I don't think he is at all mercenary, Sir Edward, if that is what you mean," said Aunt Agatha, blushing no longer, but growing seriously red.

"Mercenary!" said Sir Edward. "I don't think I ever dreamt of that. He is like other young men, you know. I don't want Mary to form too high an idea. But one thing I am sure of, that it will be a terrible pull for him to drag himself away."

And then a little pause happened which was trying to Aunt Agatha, and in the interval the voices of the two young people in the garden sounded pleasantly from outside. Sitting thus within hearing of them, it was difficult to turn to any other subject; but yet Miss Seton would not confess that she could by any possibility understand what her old neighbour meant; and by way of escaping from that embarrassment plunged without thought into another in which she floundered helplessly after the first dash.

"Mary has just come from Earlston," she said. "You knew that I think, Sir Edward—It has grown quite a museum, do you know?—every sort of beautiful thing, and all so nicely arranged. Francis—Mr. Ochterlony," said Aunt Agatha, in confusion, "had always a great deal of taste—Perhaps you may remember——"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Sir Edward—"such things are not easily forgotten—but I hope you don't mean to suppose that Percival——"

"I was thinking nothing about Captain Percival," Miss Seton said, feeling ready to cry—"What I meant was, I thought—I supposed you might have some interest—I thought you might like to know——"

"Oh, if that is all," said Sir Edward, "of course I take a great interest—but I thought you meant something of the same kind might be going on here. You must never think of that. I would never forgive myself if I were twice to be the unfortunate occasion——"

"I was thinking nothing about Captain Percival," said Aunt Agatha, with tears of vexation in her eyes; "nor—nor anything else—I was talking for the sake of conversation; I was thinking perhaps you might like to hear——"

"May I show you my boys, Sir Edward?" said Mary, ringing the bell—"I should like you to see them; and I am going to ask you, by-and-by, what I must do with them. My brother-in-law is very much a recluse—I should be glad to have the advice of somebody who knows more of the world."

"Ah, yes, let us see the boys," said Sir Edward. "*All* boys are they?—that's a pity. You shall have the best advice I can give you, my dear Mary—and if you are not satisfied with that, you shall have better advice than mine; there is nothing so important as education; come along, little ones. So these are all?—three—I thought you had had more than three. Ah, I beg your pardon. How do you do, my little man? I am your mamma's old friend—I knew her long before you were born—come and tell me your name."

And while Sir Edward got at these particulars, and took the baby on his knee, and made himself agreeable to the two sturdy little heroes who stood by, and stared at him, Aunt Agatha came round behind backs, and gave Mary a quiet kiss—half by way of consolation, half by way of thanks—for, but for that happy inspiration of sending for the children, there was no telling what bog of unfortunate talk Miss Seton might not have tumbled into. Sir Edward was one of those men who know much, too much about everybody—everything he himself thought. He could detect allusions in the most careless conversations, and never forgot anything even when it was expedient and better that it should be forgotten. He was a man who had been unlucky in his youth, and who now in his old age, though he was as well off as a man living all alone, in forlorn celibacy, could be, was always called poor Sir Edward. The very cottagers called him so, who might well have looked upon his life as a kind of paradise; and being thus recognised as an object of pity, Sir Edward had on the whole a very pleasant life. He knew all about everybody, and was apt by times to confuse his neighbours sadly, as he had just done Aunt Agatha, by a reference to the most private bits of their individual history; but it was never done with ill-nature—and after all there is a charm about a person who knows everything about everybody. He was a man who could have told you all about the Gretna Green marriage which had cost poor Major Ochterlony so much trouble, as well, or perhaps even better, than if he had been present at it; and he was favourable to marriages in general, though he had never himself made the experience, and rather liked to preside over a budding inclination like that between Winifred Seton and young Percival. He took little Wilfrid on his knees when the children were thus brought upon the scene, in a fatherly, almost grand-fatherly way, and was quite ready to go into Mary's plans about them. He thought it was quite right, and the most suitable thing she could do, to settle somewhere where there was a good grammar-school; and he had already begun to calculate where the best grammar-schools were situated, and which would be the best plan for Mrs. Ochterlony, when the voices in the garden were heard approaching. Aunt Agatha had escaped from her embarrassment by going out to the young people, and was now bringing them in to present the young man for Mary's approval and criticism. Miss Seton came first, and there was anxiety in her face; and after her Winnie stepped in at the window, with a little flush upon her pretty cheek, and an unusual light in her eye; and after her—but at that moment the whole party were startled by a sudden sound of surprise, the momentary falling back of the stranger's foot from the step, and a surprised, half-suppressed exclamation. "Oh!—Mrs. Ochterlony!" exclaimed Sir Edward's young friend. As it happened all the rest were silent at that moment, and his voice was distinctly audible, though perhaps he had not meant it to be so. He himself was half hidden by the roses which clambered all over the cottage, but Mary naturally turned round, and turned her face to the window, when she heard her own name—as indeed they all did—surprised at the exclamation, and still more at the tone. And it was thus under the steady gaze of four pairs of eyes that Captain Percival came into the room. Perhaps but for that exclamation Mary might not have recognised him; but her ear had been trained to quick understanding of that inflection, half of amusement, half of contempt, which she had not heard for so long. To her ears it meant, "Oh, Mrs. Ochterlony!—she who was married over again, as people pretended—she who took in the Kirkmans, and all the people at the station." Captain Percival came in, and he felt his blood run cold as he met all those astonished eyes, and found Mary looking so intently at him. What had he done that they should all stare at him like that? for he was not so well aware of what he had given utterance to, nor of his tone in giving utterance to it, as they all were. "Good heavens, what is the matter?" he said; "you all look at me as if I were a monster. Miss Seton, may I ask you to introduce me——"

"We have met before, I think," Mary said,

quietly. "When I heard of Captain Percival I did not know it was the same I used to hear so much about in India. I think, when I saw you last, it was at——"

She wanted by sudden instinct to say it out and set herself right for ever and ever, here where everything about her was known; but the words seemed to choke her. In spite of herself she stopped short; how could she refer to that, the only great grievance in her life, her husband's one great wrong against her, now that he was in his grave, and she left in the world the defender and champion of all his acts and ways? She could not do it—she was obliged to stop short in the middle, and swallow the sob that would have choked her with the next word. And they stood all gazing at her, wondering what it was.

"Yes," said the young man, with a confidential air—"I remember it very well indeed—I heard all about it from Askell, you know;—but I never imagined when I heard you talking of your sister that it was the same Mrs. Ochterlony," he added, turning to Winnie, who was looking on with great and sudden interest. And then there was a pause—such a pause as occurs sometimes when there is an evident want of explanation somewhere, and all present feel that they are on the borders of a mystery. Somehow it changed the character of the assembled company altogether. A few minutes before it had been the sad stranger in her widow's cap, who was the centre of all, whom all present paid, willingly or not, a certain homage to, and to whom the visitors had to be presented in a half apologetic way, as if to a queen. Aunt Agatha, indeed, had been quite anxious on the subject, pondering how she could best bring Sir Edward's young friend, Winnie's admirer, under Mrs. Ochterlony's observation, and have her opinion of him; and now in an instant the situation was reversed, and it was Mary and Captain Percival alone who seem to know each other, and to have recollections in common! Mary felt her cheeks flush in spite of herself, and Winnie grew pale with incipient jealousy and dismay, and Aunt Agatha fluttered about in a state of the wildest anxiety. At last both she and Sir Edward burst out talking at the same moment, with the same visible impulse. And they brought the children into the foreground, and lured them into the utterance of much baby nonsense, and even went so far as to foster a rising quarrel between Hugh and Islay, all to cover up from each other's eyes and smother in the bud this mystery, if it was a mystery. It was a singular disturbance to bring into such a quiet house; for how could the people who dwelt at home tell what those two strangers might have known about each other in India, how they might have been connected, or what secret might lie between them?—no more than people could tell in a cosy sheltered curtained room what might be going on at sea, or even on the dark road outside. And here there was the same sense of insecurity—the same distrust and fear. Winnie stood a little apart, pale, and with her delicate curved nostril a little dilated. Captain Percival was younger than Mary, and Mary up to this moment had been hedged round with a certain sanctity, even in the eyes of her discontented young sister. But there was some intelligence between them, something known to those two which was known to no one else in the party. The young man was astonished to find it the same Mrs. Ochterlony, and Mary that it was the same Captain Percival. This was enough to set off the thoughts of a self-willed girl, upon whose path Mary had thrown the first shadow, wildly into all kinds of suspicions. And to tell the truth, the elder people, who should have known better, were not much wiser than Winnie. Thus, while Hugh and Islay had a momentary struggle in the foreground, which called for their mother's active interference, the one ominous cloud of her existence once more floated up upon the dim firmament over Mary's head; though if she had but finished her sentence it would have been no cloud at all, and might never have come to anything there or thereafter. But this did not occur to Mrs. Ochterlony. What did occur to her in her vexation and pain was that her dead Hugh would be hardly dealt with among her kindred, if the stranger should tell her story. And she was glad, heartily glad, that there was little conversation afterwards, and that very soon the two visitors went away. But it was she who was the last to be aware that a certain doubt, a new and painful element of uncertainty stayed behind them in Aunt Agatha's pretty cottage after they were gone.

CHAPTER XVI.

THAT night was a painful night for Winnie. The girl was self-willed and self-loving, as has been said. But she was not incapable of the more generous emotions, and when she looked at her sister she could no more suspect her of any wrong or treachery than she could suspect the sun shining over their heads. And her interest in the young soldier had gone a great length. She thought he loved her, and it was very hard to think that he was kept apart from her by a reason which was no reason at all. She roved about the garden all the evening in an unsettled way thinking he would come again—thinking he could not stay away—explaining to herself that he must come to explain. And when she glanced indoors at the lamp which was lighted so much earlier than it needed to be for the sake of Mary's sewing, and saw Mary seated beside it in what looked like perfect composure and quietness, Winnie's impatience got the better of her. He was to be banished or confined to a formal morning call, for Mary's sake, who sat there so calm, a woman for whom the fret and cares of life were over, while for Winnie life was only beginning and her heart going out eagerly to welcome and lay claim to its troubles. And then the thought that it was the same Mrs. Ochterlony came sharp as a sting to

Winnie's heart. What could he have had to do with Mrs. Ochterlony? what did *she* mean coming home in the character of a sorrowful widow and shutting out their visitors, and yet awakening something like agitation and unquestionable recognition in the first stranger she saw? Winnie wandered through the garden asking herself those questions while the sweet twilight darkened, and the magical hour passed by, which had of late associated itself with so many dreams. And again he did not come. It was impossible to her when she looked at Mary to believe that there could be anything inexplainable in the link which connected her lover with her sister—but still he ought to have come to explain. And when Sir Edward's windows were lighted once more and the certainty that he was not coming penetrated her mind, Winnie clenched her pretty hands, and went crazy for the moment with despite and vexation. Another long dull weary evening with all the expectation and hope quenched out of it—another lingering night—another day in which there was as much doubt as hope. And next week he was going away! And it was all Mary's fault, however you took it—whether she had known more of him than she would allow, in India, or whether it was simply the fault of that widow's cap which scared people away. This was what was going on in Winnie's agitated mind while the evening dews fell upon the banks of Kirtell, and the soft stars came out, and the young moon rose, and everything glistened and shone with the sweetness of a summer night. This fair young creature who was in herself the most beautiful climax of all the beauty around her, wandered among her flowers with her small hands clenched and the spirit of a little fury in her heart. She had nothing in the world to trouble her, and yet she was very unhappy, and it was all Mary's fault. This was the first consequence of that coming home among her own people, which Aunt Agatha had been so deeply affronted with her niece for not doing at once. Probably if Mary could but have seen into Winnie's heart she would have thought it preferable to stay at Earlston, where the Psyche and the Venus were highly indifferent and had no hearts, but only arms and noses that could be broken. Winnie was more fragile than the Etruscan vases or the Henri II. porcelain. They had escaped fracture, but she had not; but fortunately this thought did not occur to Mrs. Ochterlony as she sat by the lamp working at Hugh's little blouses in Aunt Agatha's chair.

And Aunt Agatha, more actively jealous than Winnie herself, sat by knitting little socks—an occupation which she had devoted herself to, heart and soul, from the moment when she first knew the little Ochterlonys were coming home. She was knitting with the prettiest yarn and the finest needles, and had a model before her of proportions so shapely as to have filled any woman's soul with delight; but all that was eclipsed for the time by the doubt which hung over Mary, and the evident unhappiness of her favourite. Aunt Agatha was less wise than Winnie, and had not eyes to perceive that people were characteristic even in their wrong-doing, and that Captain Percival of himself could have nothing to do with the shock which Mary had evidently felt at the sight of him. Probably Miss Seton had not been above a little flirtation in her own day, and she did not see how that would come unnatural to a woman of her own flesh and blood. And she sat accordingly on the other side of the lamp and knitted, with a pucker of anxiety upon her fair old brow, casting wistful glances now and then into the garden where Winnie was.

"And I suppose, my dear, you know Captain Percival very well?" said Aunt Agatha, with that anxious look on her face.

"I don't think I ever saw him but once," said Mary, who was a little impatient of the question.

"But once, my dear love! and yet you both were so surprised to meet," said Aunt Agatha with reasonable surprise.

"There are some moments when to see a man is to remember him ever after," said Mary. "It was at such a time that I saw Sir Edward's friend. It would be best to tell you about it, Aunt Agatha. There was a time when my poor Hugh——"

"Oh, Mary, my darling, you can't think I want to vex you," cried Aunt Agatha, "or make you go back again upon anything that is painful. I am quite satisfied, for my part, when you say so. And so would Winnie be, I am sure."

"Satisfied?" said Mary, wondering, and yet with a smile; and then she forgot the wonder of it in the anxiety. "I should be sorry to think that Winnie cared much for anything that could be said about Captain Percival. I used to hear of him from the Askells who were friends of his. Do not let her have anything to do with him, Aunt Agatha; I am sure he could bring her nothing but disappointment and pain."

"I—Mary?—Oh, my dear love, what can *I* do?" cried Miss Seton in sudden confusion, and then she paused and recovered herself. "Of course if he was a wicked young man, I—I would not let Winnie have anything to do with him," she added, faltering; "but—do you think you are sure, Mary? If it should be only that you do not—like him; or that you have not got on—or something——"

"I have told you that I know nothing of him, Aunt," said Mary. "I saw him once at the most painful moment of my life, and spoke half-a-dozen words to him in my own house after that—but it is what I have heard the gentlemen say. I do not like him. I think it was unmannerly and indelicate to come to my house at such a time——"

"My darling!" said Aunt Agatha, soothing her tenderly. Miss Seton was thinking of the major's death, not of any pain that might have gone before; and Mary by this time in the throng of recollections that came upon her had forgotten that everybody did not know.

"But that is not the reason," Mrs. Ochterlony said, composing herself: "the reason is that he could not, unless he is greatly changed, make Winnie

otherwise than unhappy. I know the reputation he had. The Hesketh's would not let him come to their house after Annie came out; and I have even heard Hugh——"

"My dear love, you are agitating yourself," cried Aunt Agatha. "Oh, Mary, if you only knew how anxious I am not to do anything to recall——"

"To you," said Mrs. Ochterlony with a faint smile; "it is not so far off that I should require anything to recall all that has happened to me—but for Winnie's sake——"

And it was just at that moment that the light suddenly appeared in Sir Edward's window, and brought Winnie in, white and passionate, with a thunder-cloud full of tears and lightnings and miserable headache and self-reproach, lowering over her brilliant eyes.

"It is very good of Mary, I am sure, to think of something for my sake," said Winnie. "What is it, Aunt Agatha? Everything is always so unpleasant that is for one's good. I should like to know what it was."

And then there was a dead silence in the pretty room. Mary bent her head over her work, feeling her position very bitter and painful, and Aunt Agatha, in a flutter of uncertainty and tribulation, turned from one to the other, not knowing which side to take nor what to say.

"Mary has come among us a stranger," said Winnie, "and I suppose it is natural that she should think she knows our business better than we do. I suppose that is always how it seems to a stranger; but at the same time it is a mistake, Aunt Agatha, and I wish you would let Mary know that we are disposed to manage for ourselves. If we come to any harm it is we who will have to suffer and not Mary," the impetuous girl cried, as she drew that unhappy embroidery frame out of its corner.

And then another pause, severe and startling, fell upon the little party. Aunt Agatha fluttered in her chair, looking from one to another, and Winnie dragged a violent needle through her canvas, and a great night moth came in and circled about them, and dashed itself madly against the globe of light on the table. As for Mary, she sat working at Hugh's little blouse, and for a long time did not speak.

"My dear love!" Aunt Agatha said at last, trembling, "you know there is nothing in the world I would not do to please you, Winnie,—nor Mary either. Oh, my dear children, there are only you two in the world. If one says anything, it is for the other's good. And here we are, three women together, and we are all fond of each other, and surely, surely, nothing ever can make any unpleasantness!" cried the poor lady, with tears. She had her heart rent in two, like every mediatrix, and yet the larger half, as was natural, went to her darling's side.

"Winnie is right enough," Mary said, quietly. "I am a stranger, and I have no right to interfere; and very likely, even if I were permitted to interfere, it would do no good. It is a shame to vex you, Aunt Agatha. My sister must submit to hear my opinion one time, but I am not going to disturb the peace of the house, nor yours."

"Oh, Mary, my dear, it is only that she is a little impatient, and has always had her own way," said Aunt Agatha, whispering across the table. And then no more was said. Miss Seton took up her little socks, and Winnie continued to labour hotly at her embroidery, and the sound of her work, and the rustle of Mary's arm at her sewing, and the little click of Aunt Agatha's knitting-needles, and the mad dashes of the moth at the lamp, were all the sounds in the room, except, indeed, the sound of the Kirtell, flowing softly over its pebbles at the foot of the brae, and the sighing of the evening air among the trees, which were sadly contradictory of the spirit of the scene within; and at a distance over the woods gleamed Sir Edward's window, with the ill-disposed light which was, so to speak, the cause of all. Perhaps, after all, if Mrs. Ochterlony had stayed at Earlston, where the Psyche and the Venus were not sensitive, and there was nothing but marble and china to jar into discord, it might have been better; and what would have been better still, was the grey cottage on the roadside, with fire on the hearth and peace and freedom in the house; and it was to that, with a deep and settled longing, that Mary's heart and thoughts went always back.

When Mrs. Ochterlony had withdrawn, the scene changed much in Aunt Agatha's drawing-room. But it was still a pretty scene. Then Winnie came and poured out her girlish passion in the ears and at the feet of her tender guardian. She sank down upon the carpet, and laid her beautiful head upon Aunt Agatha's knee, and clasped her slender arms around her. "To think she should come and drive every one I care for away from the house, and set even you against me!" cried Winnie, with sobs of vexation and rage.

"Oh, Winnie! not me! Never me, my darling," cried Aunt Agatha; and they made a group which a painter would have loved, and which would have conveyed the most delicate conception of love and grief to an admiring public, had it been painted. Nothing less than a broken heart and a blighted life would have been suggested to any innocent fancy by the abandonment of misery in Winnie's attitude. And to tell the truth, she was very unhappy, furious with Mary, and with herself, and with her lover, and everybody in the wide world. The braids of her beautiful hair got loose, and the net that confined them came off, and the glistening silken flood came tumbling about her shoulders. Miss Seton could not but take great handfuls of it as she tried to sooth her darling; and poor Aunt Agatha's heart was rent in twain as she sat with this lovely burden in her lap, thinking, Oh, if nobody had ever come to distract Winnie's heart with love-making, and bring such disturbance to her life; oh, if Hugh Ochterlony had thought

better of it, and had not died! Oh, if Mary had never seen Captain Percival, or, seeing him, had approved of him and thought him of all others the mate she would choose for her sister! The reverse of all these wishes had happened, and Aunt Agatha could not but look at the combination with a certain despair.

"What can I do, my dear love?" she said. "It is my fault that Mary has come here. You know yourself it would have been unnatural if she had gone anywhere else; and how could we go on having people, with her in such deep mourning? And as for Captain Percival, my darling——"

"I was not speaking of Captain Percival," said Winnie, with indignation. "What is he to me?—or any man? But what I will not bear is Mary interfering. She shall not tell us what we are to do. She shan't come in and look as if she understood everything better than we do. And, Aunt Agatha, she shan't—she shall never come, not for a moment, between you and me!"

"My darling child! my dear love!" cried poor Aunt Agatha, "as if that was possible, or as if poor Mary wanted. Oh, if you would only do her justice, Winnie! She is fond of you; I know she is fond of you. And what she was saying was entirely for your good."

"She is fond of nobody but her children," said Winnie, rising up, and gathering her bright hair back into the net. "She would not care what happened to us, as long as all was well with her tiresome little boys."

Aunt Agatha wrung her hands, as she looked in despair at the tears on the flushed cheek, and the cloud which still hung upon her child's brow. What could she say? Perhaps there was a little truth in what Winnie said. The little boys, though Miss Seton could not help feeling them to be so unimportant in comparison with Winnie and her beginning of life, were all in all to Mrs. Ochterlony; and when she had murmured again that Mary meant it all for Winnie's good, and again been met by a scornful protestation that anything meant for one's good was highly unpleasant, Aunt Agatha was silenced, and had not another word to say. All that she could do was to pet her wilful darling more than ever, and to promise with tears that Mary should never, never make any difference between them, and that she herself would do anything that Winnie wished or wanted. The interview left her in such a state of agitation that she could not sleep, nor even lie down, till morning was breaking and the new day had begun—but wandered about in her dressing-gown, thinking she heard Winnie move, and making pilgrimages to her room to find her, notwithstanding all her passion and tears, as fast asleep as one of Mary's boys—which was very, very different from Aunt Agatha's case, or Mary's either, for that matter. As for Mrs. Ochterlony, it is useless to enter into any description of her feelings. She went to bed with a heavy heart, feeling that she had made another failure, and glad, as people are when they have little comfort round them, of the kind night and the possible sleep which, for a few hours at least, would make her free of all this. But she did not sleep as Winnie did, who felt herself so ill-used and injured. Thus, though her friends were so kind, Mary's arrival among them carried but little comfort with it; and it was heavy and hard to think so; and she could not go away again immediately from them any more than from Earlston, leaving a sense of pain behind her, but must stay on and make the best of it for the moment. Thus, Mrs. Ochterlony's return, a widow, brought more painful agitation to Miss Seton's cottage than had been known under its quiet roof since the time when she went away a bride.

CHAPTER XVII.

And after this neither Sir Edward nor his young friend appeared for two whole days. Any girl of Winifred Seton's impetuous character, who has ever been left in such a position on the very eve of the telling of that love-tale, which had been all but told for several weeks past, but now seemed suddenly and artificially arrested just at the moment of utterance—will be able to form some idea of Winnie's feelings during this dreadful interval. She heard the latch of the gate lifted a hundred times in the day, when, alas, there was no one near to lift the latch. She was afraid to go out for an instant, lest in that instant "they" should come; her brain was ringing with supposed sounds of footsteps and echoes of voices, and yet the road lay horribly calm and silent behind the garden hedge, with no passengers upon it. And these two evenings the light came early into Sir Edward's window, and glared cruelly over the trees. And to be turned inward upon the sweet old life from which the charm had fled, and to have to content oneself with flowers and embroidery, and the canary singing, and the piano, and Aunt Agatha! Many another girl has passed through the same interval of torture, and felt the suspense to be killing, and the crisis tragic—but yet to older eyes perhaps even such a dread suspension of all the laws of being has also its comic side. Winnie, however, took care to keep anybody from laughing at it in the cottage. It was life and death to her, or at least so she thought. And her suppressed frenzy of anxiety, and doubt, and fear, were deep earnest to Aunt Agatha, who seemed now to be living her own early disappointments over again, and more bitterly than in the first version of them. She tried hard to remember the doubt thrown upon Captain Percival by Mary, and to persuade herself that this interposition was providential, and meant to save her child from an unhappy marriage. But when Miss Seton saw Winnie's tragic countenance, her belief in Providence was shaken. She could not see the good of anything that made her darling suffer. Mary might be wrong, she might be prejudiced, or have heard a false account, and it might

be simply herself who was to blame for shutting her doors, or seeming to shut her doors, against her nearest and oldest neighbours. Could it be supposed that Sir Edward would bring any one to her house who was not a fit associate or a fit suitor, if things should take such a turn, for Winnie? Under the painful light thrown upon the subject by Winnie's looks, Aunt Agatha came altogether to ignore that providential view which had comforted her at first, and was so far driven in the other direction at last as to write Sir Edward a little note, and take the responsibility upon her own shoulders. What Miss Seton wrote was, that though, in consequence of their late affliction the family were not equal to seeing visitors in a general way, yet that it would be strange indeed if they were to consider Sir Edward a stranger, and that she hoped he would not stay away, as she was sure his company would be more a comfort to Mary than anything else. And she also hoped Captain Percival would not leave the Hall without coming to see them. It was such a note as a maiden lady was fully justified in writing to an old friend — an invitation, but yet given with a full consideration of all the proprieties, and that tender regard for Mary's feelings which Aunt Agatha had shown throughout. It was written and despatched when Winnie had gone out, as she did on the third day, in proud defiance and desperation, so that if Sir Edward's sense of propriety and respect for Mary's cap should happen to be stronger than Aunt Agatha's, no further vexation might come to the young sufferer from this attempt to set all right.

And Winnie went out without knowing of this effort for her consolation. She went down by Kirtell, winding down the wooded banks, in the sweet light and shade of the August morning, seeing nothing of the brightness, wrapped up and absorbed in her own sensations. She felt now that the moment of fate had passed,—that moment that made or marred two lives;—and had in her heart, in an embryo unexpressed condition, several of Mr. Browning's minor poems, which were not then written; and felt a general bitterness against the world for the lost climax, the *dénouement* which had not come. She thought to herself even that if the tale had been told, the explanation made, and something, however tragical, had happened *after*, it would not have been so hard to bear. But now it was clear to Winnie that her existence must run on soured and contracted in the shade, and that young Percival must stiffen into a worldly and miserable old bachelor, and that their joint life, the only life worth living, had been stolen from them, and blighted in the bud. And what was it all for?—because Mary, who had had all the good things of this life, who had loved and been married in the most romantic way, and had been adored by her husband, and reigned over him, had come, so far, to an end of her career. Mary was over thirty, an age at which Winnie could not but think it must be comparatively indifferent to a woman what happened—at which the snows of age must have begun to benumb her feelings, under any circumstances, and the loss of a husband or so did not much matter; but at eighteen, and to lose the first love that had ever touched your heart! to lose it without any reason—without the satisfaction of some dreadful obstacle in the way, or misunderstanding still more dreadful; without ever having heard the magical words and tasted that first rapture!—Ah, it was hard, very hard; and no wonder that Winnie was in a turmoil of rage, and bitterness, and despair.

The fact was, that she was so absorbed in her thoughts as not to see him there where he was waiting for her. He had seen her long ago, as she came down the winding road, betraying herself at the turnings by the flutter of her light dress—for Winnie's mourning was slight—and he had waited, as glad as she could be of the opportunity, and the chance of seeing her undisturbed, and free from all critical eyes. There is a kind of popular idea that it is only a good man, or one with a certain "nobility" or "generosity" in his character who is capable of being in love; but the idea is not so justifiable as it would seem to be. Captain Percival was not a good young man, nor would it be safe for any conscientious historian to claim for him generous or noble qualities to any marked degree; but at the same time I am not disposed to qualify the state of his sentiments by saying, as is generally said of unsatisfactory characters, that he loved Winnie as much as he could love anything. He was in love with her, heart and soul, as much as if he had been a paladin. He would not have stayed at any obstacle, nor regarded either his own comfort or hers, or any other earthly bar between them. When Winnie thought him distant from her, and contemplating his departure, he had been haunting all the old walks which he knew Miss Seton and her niece were in the habit of taking. He was afraid of Mary—that was one thing indisputable—and he thought she would harm him, and bring up his old character against him; and felt instinctively that the harm which he thought he knew of her, could not be used against her here. And it was for this reason that he had not ventured again to present himself at the cottage; but he had been everywhere about, wherever he thought there was any chance of meeting the lady of his thoughts. And if Winnie had not been so anxious not to miss that possible visitor; if she had been coming and going, and doing all she usually did, their meeting must have taken place two days ago, and all the agony and trouble been spared. He watched her now, and held his breath, and traced her at all the turnings of the road, now by a puff of her black and white muslin dress, and then by a long streaming ribbon catching among the branches—for Winnie was fond of long ribbons wherever she could introduce them. And she was so absorbed with her own settled anguish, that she had stepped out upon him from among the trees before she was aware.

"Captain Percival!" said Winnie, with an in-

voluntary cry; and she felt the blood so rush to her cheeks with sudden delight and surprise, that she was in an instant put on her guard, and driven to account for it.—"I did not see there was any one here—what a fright you have given me. And we, who thought you had gone away," added Winnie, looking suddenly at him with blazing defiant eyes.

If he had not been in love, probably he would have known what it all meant—the start, the blush, the cry, and that triumphant, indignant, reproachful, exulting look. But he had enough to do with his own sensations, which makes a wonderful difference in such a case.

"Gone away!" he said, on the spur of the moment—"as if I could go away—as if you did not know better than that."

"I was not aware that there was anything to detain you," said Winnie, and all at once from being so tragical, her natural love of mischief came back, and she felt perfectly disposed to play with her mouse. "Tell me about it. Is it Sir Edward? or perhaps you, too, have had an affliction in your family. I think that is the worst of all," she said, shaking her pretty head mournfully—and thus the two came nearer to each other and laughed together, which was as good a means of *rapprochement* as anything else.

But the young soldier had waited too long for this moment to let it all go off in laughter. "If you only knew how I have been trying to see you," he said. "I have been at the school and at the mill, and in the woods—in all your pet places. Are you condemned to stay at home because of this affliction? I could not come to the cottage because, though Miss Seton is so kind, I am sure your sister would do me an ill turn if she could."

Winnie was startled, and even a little annoyed by this speech—for it is a fact always to be borne in mind by social critics, that one member of a family may be capable of saying everything that is unpleasant about another, without at the same time being able to hear even an echo of his or her own opinion from stranger lips. Winnie was of this way of thinking. She had not taken to her sister, and was quite ready herself to criticise her very severely; but when somebody else did it, the result was very different. "Why should my sister do you an ill turn?" she said.

"Oh!" said young Percival; "it is because you know she knows that I know all about it——"

"All about it!" said Winnie. She was tall already, but she grew two inches taller as she stood and expanded and looked her frightened lover into nothing. "There can be nothing about Mary, Captain Percival, which you and all the world may not know."

And then the young man saw he had made a wrong move. "I have not been haunting the road for hours to talk about Mrs. Ochterlony," he said. "She does not like me, and I am frightened for her. Oh, Winnie, you know very well why. You know I would tremble before anybody who might make *you* think ill of me. It is cruel to pretend you don't understand."

And then he took her hand and told her everything—all that she looked for, and perhaps more than all—for there are touches of real eloquence about what a man says when he is really in love (even if he should be no great things in his own person) which transcend as much as they fall short of, the suggestions of a woman's curious fancy. She had said it for him two or three times in her own mind, and had done it far more elegantly and neatly. But still there was something about the genuine article which had not been in Winnie's imagination. There were fewer words, but there was a great deal more excitement, though it was much less cleverly expressed. And then, before they knew how, the crisis was over, the *dénouement* accomplished, and the two sitting side by side as in another world. They were sitting on the trunk of an old beech-tree, with the leaves rustling and the birds twittering over them, and Kirtell running, soft and sweet, hushed in its scanty summer whisper at their feet; all objects familiar, and well-known to them—and yet it was another world. As for Mr. Browning's poems about the unlived life, and the hearts all shrivelled up for want of a word at the right moment, Winnie most probably would have laughed with youthful disdain had they been suggested to her now. This little world, in which the fallen beech-tree was the throne, and the fairest hopes and imaginations possible to man crowded about the youthful sovereigns and paid them obsequious court, was so different from the old world, where Sir Edward at the Hall and Aunt Agatha in the cottage were expecting the young people, that these two, as was not unnatural, forgot all about it, and lingered together, no one interfering with them, or even knowing they were there, for long enough to fill Miss Seton's tender bosom with wild anxieties and terrors. Winnie had not reached home at the early dinner-hour—a thing which was to Aunt Agatha as if the sun had declined to rise, or the earth (to speak more correctly) refused to perform her proper revolutions. She became so restless, and anxious, and unhappy, that Mary, too, was roused into uneasiness. "It must be only that she is detained somewhere," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "She never would allow herself to be detained," cried Aunt Agatha, "and oh, Mary, my darling is unhappy. How can I tell what may have happened?" Thus some people made themselves very wretched about her, while Winnie sat in perfect blessedness, uttering and listening to all manner of heavenly nonsense on the trunk of the fallen tree.

Aunt Agatha's wretchedness, however, dispersed into thin air the moment she saw Winnie come in at the garden-gate, with Captain Percival in close attendance. Then Miss Seton, with natural penetration, saw in an instant what had happened; felt that it was all natural, and wondered why she had not foreseen this inevitable occurrence. "I might have known," she said to Mary, who was the only mem-

ber of the party upon whom this wonderful event had no enlivening effect; and then Aunt Agatha recollected herself, and put on her sad face and faltered an apology. "Oh, my dear love, I know it must be hard upon you to see it," she said, apologizing as it were to the widow for the presence of joy.

"I would be a poor soul, indeed, if it was hard upon me to see it," said Mary. "No, Aunt Agatha, I hope I am not so shabby as that. I have had my day. If I look grave, it is for other reasons. I was not thinking of myself."

"My love! you were always so unselfish," said Miss Seton. "Are you really anxious about *him?* See how happy he looks—he cannot be so fond of her as that, and so happy, and yet a deceiver. It is not possible, Mary."

This was in the afternoon, when they had come out to the lawn with their work, and the two lovers were still together—not staying in one place, as their elders did, but flitting across the line of vision now and then, and, as it were, pervading the atmosphere with a certain flavour of romance and happiness.

"I did not say he was a deceiver—he dared not be a deceiver to Winnie," said Mrs. Ochterlony; "there may be other sins than that."

"Oh, Mary, don't speak as if you thought it would turn out badly," cried Aunt Agatha, clasping her hands; and she looked into Mrs. Ochterlony's face as if somehow she had the power by retracting her opinion to prevent things from turning out badly. Mary was not a stoic, nor above the sway of all the influences round her. She could not resist the soft pleading eyes that looked into her face, nor the fascination of her young sister's happiness. She held her peace, and even did her best to smile upon the spectacle, and to hope in her heart that true love might work magically upon the man who had now, beyond redemption, Winnie's future in his hands. For her own part, she shrank from him with a vague sense of alarm and danger; and had it been possible to do any good by it, would have felt herself capable of any exertion to cast the intruder out. But it was evident that under present circumstances there was no good to be done. She kept her boys out of his way with an instinctive dread which she could not explain to herself, and shuddered when poor Aunt Agatha, hoping to conciliate all parties, set little Wilfrid for a moment on their visitor's knee, and with a wistful wile reminded him of the new family relationships Winnie would bring him. Mary took her child away with a shivering sense of peril which was utterly unreasonable. Why had it been Wilfrid of all others who was brought thus into the foreground? Why should it be he who was selected as a symbol of the links of the future? Wilfrid was but an infant, and derived no further impression from his momentary perch upon Captain Percival's knee, than that of special curiosity touching the beard which was a new kind of ornament to the fatherless baby, and tempting for closer investigation: but his mother took him away, and carried him indoors, and disposed of him carefully in the room which Miss Seton had made into a nursery, with an anxious tremor which was utterly absurd and out of all reason. But though instinct acted upon her to this extent, she made no further attempt to warn Winnie or hinder the course of events which had gone too fast for her. Winnie would not have accepted any warning—she would have scorned the most trustworthy advice, and repulsed even the most just and right interference—and so would Mary have done in Hugh Ochterlony's case, when she was Winnie's age. Thus her mouth was shut, and she could say nothing. She watched the two with a pathetic sense of impotence as they went and came, thinking, oh, if she could but make him what Hugh Ochterlony was; and yet the major had been far, very far from perfect, as the readers of this history are aware. When Captain Percival went away, the ladies were still in the garden; for it was necessary that the young man should go home to the Hall to join Sir Edward at dinner, and tell his story. Winnie, a changed creature, stood at the garden-gate, leaning upon the low wall, and watched him till he was out of sight; and her aunt and her sister looked at her, each with a certain pathos in her face. They were both women of experience in their different ways, and there could not but be something pathetic to them in the sight of the young creature at the height of her happiness, all-confident and fearing no evil. It came as natural to them to think of the shadows that *must*, even under the happiest conditions, come over that first incredible brightness, as it was to her to feel that every harm and fear was over, and that now nothing could touch or injure her more. Winnie turned sharp round when her lover disappeared, and caught Mary's eye, and its wistful expression, and blazed up at once into momentary indignation, which, however, was softened by the contempt of youth for all judgment other than its own, and by the kindly influence of her great happiness. She turned round upon her sister, sudden and sharp as some winged creature, and set her all at once on her defence.

"You do not like him," she said, "but you need not say anything, Mary. It does not matter what you say. You had your day, and would not put up with any interference—and I know him a hundred—a thousand times better than you can do; and it is my day now."

"Yes," said Mary. "I did not mean to say anything. I do not like him, and I think I have reason; but Winnie, dear, I would give anything in the world to believe that you know best now."

"Oh, yes, I know best," said Winnie, with a soft laugh; "and you will soon find out what mistakes people make who pretend to know—for I am sure he thinks there could be something said, on the other side, about you."

"About me," said Mary—and though she did

"HER AUNT AND HER SISTER LOOKED AT HER."

not show it, but stood before her sister like a stately tower firm on its foundation, she was aware of a thrill of nervous trembling that ran through her limbs, and took the strength out of them. "What did he say about me?"

"He seemed to think there was something that might be said," said Winnie lightly. "He was afraid of you. He said you knew that he knew all about you; see what foolish ideas people take up! and I said," Winnie went on, drawing herself up tall and straight by her stately sister's side, with that superb assumption of dignity which is fair to see at her age, "that there never could be anything about you that he and all the world might not know!"

Mary put out her hand, looking stately and firm as she did so—but in truth it was done half groping, out of a sudden mist that had come up about her. "Thank you, Winnie," she said, with a smile that had anguish in it; and Winnie with a sudden tender impulse out of her own happiness, feeling for the first time the contrast, looked at Mary's black dress beside her own light one, and at Mary's hair as bright as her own, which was put away beneath that cap which she had so often mocked at, and threw her arms round her sister with a sudden thrill of compassion and tenderness unlike anything she had ever felt before.

"Oh, Mary dear!" she cried, "does it seem heartless to be so happy and yet to know that you——"

"No," said Mary steadily—taking the girl, who was as passionate in her repentance as in her rebellion, to her own steadfast bosom. "No, Winnie; no, my darling—I am not such a poor soul as that. I have had my day."

And it was thus that the cloud rolled off, or seemed to roll off, and that even in the midst of that sharp reminder of the pain which life might still have in store for her, the touch of nature came to heal and help. The enemy who knew all about it might have come in bringing with him sickening suggestions of horrible harm and mischief; but anything he could do would be vain here, where everybody knew more about her still; and to have gained as she thought her little sister's heart was a wonderful solace and consolation. Thus Mary's faith was revived again at the moment when it was most sorely shaken, and she began to feel, with a grateful sense of peace and security, the comfort of being, as Aunt Agatha said, among her own friends.

HIS NAME.

By THE VERY REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, DEAN OF EMLY.

O Wonderful! round whose birth-hour
Prophetic song, miraculous power,
Cluster and burn, like star and flower,

Those marvellous rays that at Thy will,
From the closed Heaven which is so chill,
So passionless, stream'd round Thee still,

Are but as broken gleams that start,
O Light of lights, from Thy deep heart,
Thyself, Thyself, the Wonder art!

O Counsellor! four thousand years,
One question tremulous with tears,
One awful question, vex'd our peers.

They ask'd the vault, but no one spoke;
They ask'd the depth, no answer woke;
They ask'd their hearts, that only broke.

They look'd, and sometimes on the height
Far off they saw a haze of white,
That was a storm, but look'd like light.

The secret of the years is read,
The enigma of the quick and dead
By the Child voice interpreted.

O everlasting Father, God!
Sun after sun went down, and trod
Race after race the green earth's sod,

Till generations seem'd to be
But dead waves of an endless sea,
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.

But Thou hast come, and now we know
Each wave hath an eternal flow,
Each leaf a lifetime after snow.

O Prince of Peace! crown'd yet discrown'd,
They say no war nor battles' sound
Was heard the tired world around;

They say the hour that Thou didst come,
The trumpet's voice was stricken dumb,
And no one beat the battle-drum.

Yea, still as life to them that mark
Its poor adventure seems a bark,
Whose track is pale, whose sail is dark:

Thou who art Wonderful dost fling
One ray, till like a sea-bird's wing
The canvas is a snowy thing,—

Till the dark boat is turn'd to gold,
The sunlit-silver'd ocean roll'd
With anthems that are new and old,

With noble path of luminous ray
From the boat slanting all the way
To the island of undying day.

And still as clouding questions swarm
Around our hearts, and dimly form
Their problems of the mist and storm:

And still as ages fleet, but fraught
With syllables, whereby is wrought
The fullness of the Eternal thought;

And when not yet in God's sunshine,
The smoke drifts from the embattled line
Of warring hearts that would be Thine;

We bid our doubts and passions cease,
Our restless fears be still'd with these—
Counsellor, Father, Prince of Peace!

A DAY WITH THE OUT-PATIENTS OF A HOSPITAL.

About a couple of months ago, in running back by train to Town after a consultation, I chanced to get into a carriage containing, amongst others, one of those men to be met with in every grade of society, who are always complaining of their share of the "ills that flesh is heir to," who live in an atmosphere of gall and bitterness, and who never appear to absorb, or at any rate retain for any time, one single genial ray. They have, too, the unenviable faculty of hunting out, with peevish haste, some unsatisfactory state of child or wife, until at last, by force of habit, microscopic fancies become positive creations. If you reason with such men, they will, hesitatingly, admit that a principle of compensation is at work to some extent, in the existence of many blessings; but such is the power of the demon Discontent, that they very speedily lapse into the old grumbling mood again. The character of our fellow-traveller was detected in this wise: a gentleman sitting next to us had asked for his neighbour's family. He did this, we presume, from sheer politeness, and with an evident dread of consequences; for the malcontent on entering had loudly complained of the stuffy carriage, the damp seats, and the horrid weather; and only needed the key-note to be sounded, when pell-mell and glibly there slipped out a host of grievances. To the rescue came a grey-headed gentleman—one whom ladies would call a dear old man. With peculiar coolness he recounted the simple tale of a thrice-performed horrible operation he had undergone, with *an addendum* of "Thank God, I believe I'm much better for it." For the nonce, my discontented friend was forced to admit that some of his fellow-men were worse off than himself; but whether the stern fact worked any lasting change in his feeling, I know not.

A few days after this occurrence, a friend just starting on a tour called, and asked me to take charge of the out-patients of one of the hospitals for a month. It soon occurred to me, that I could thus become acquainted with a class of the community of which the public knows but little,—the poor folk who attend the *out-patient* departments of our large hospitals, and that I might also be able to give information regarding them which would deserve the appellation of truthful, and be free from personal prejudice. In contrast to the case of my grumbling friend, there is an utter want of compensation in the great majority of *deserving* cases. Theirs is a scant existence without comfort; disease and distress in all their varied forms go hand in hand. I will just outline my picture, and send my readers (and my discontented fellow-traveller could I but find him) away with a thankful realisation of their comparative happiness.

Now it is a serious mistake, though it is one frequently made, to take what is known in regard to the condition of the *in*-patient, as a criterion of that of the *out*-patient. The former, if he chances to meet with a serious accident, or gets "knocked down" by an acute disease, is provided with most comfortable quarters, good nursing, food in all quantity and kind he may require; in fact, finds a home probably far superior to what he has ever had before. Everything conducive to cleanliness and comfort is attended to. The chaplain pays visits and makes inquiries; the lady visitors attend frequently, scanning each nook and corner with approving eye and gesture; and on visiting days friends flock around his bed, and help to blunt the sharpest edge of misery and pain. But it is not so with the out-patients: they suffer from ailments *almost* but not quite incapacitating them, and the germs of these have been steadily growing for months and years. Ties of home, large families of little ones, and the like, stimulate these poor creatures to drudge along till within an inch of their lives. Their home is damp and cheerless, they have no nurse, bread and bread alone for food, and no word of comfort, but the harsh voice of Bumbledom—that guardian of starvation—looming in the distance; a weariness of spirit is stamped upon each feature, and besides this, there is a cultivated negation of pain. You will perhaps reply that improvidence and the "tippling" habits of the poor, have eaten up the "provision for another day." I deny that this is in any degree the average truth.

The physician has the best opportunities of seeing all grades of social life, and patients at the hospital *as a rule* come to him divested of all trickery. For the most part they have a natural manner, and tell a plain tale which is borne out by every circumstance. Indeed there can be no reason for deception; most of the cases show that when the food supply falls off, the enemy Disease stalks in at the door. Our clients shall speak for themselves.

The different modes in which the patients enter are amusing. Domestics are flaunty, and assert those notions of female dignity which are peculiar to the more uneducated; the widow is respectful and quiet; the mother with the young daughter is sharp, short, to the point, but peculiarly attentive to every word that is dropped, and very thankful; the old man pulls his front locks, if he has any; and the youngster, cap in hand, is very vacant, and stands in very considerable awe of the "doctor."

Patient No. 1 is a farrier, as you detect from the aroma about him. He tells you that he has a pain in his side and a "fluttering at his 'art." He looks like a man pallid from drink, and on being questioned admits taking "three or four pints a day; but he's a good deal over the fire; and it's very 'ot in his trade; in fact in summer he wants six or seven pints, tho' it don't agree with him." He works fourteen hours a day, and in the winter he is "out in the draughts a good deal and gets chilled." He is married, and has one child. Here is a brawny fellow, nearly fifty, who has simply been experimenting as to how long Nature will last without a break-down, when liberties are taken with her. He has been what he considers a healthy man, and the ill effects of the beer system have been apparently worked off, so to speak, by the hard exercise demanded by his trade. He has lasted well so far, but having now begun to fail, he will find his powers are exhausted; some organ of importance will get out of order, and he will not unlikely die pretty soon.

No. 2 is a single woman, twenty-nine years of age. She casts a doubtful glance as she enters, as much as to say, "I wonder if you will be unkind or harsh to me." She speaks timidly, and presents her letter as required by the rules. In reply to the question, "What is the matter?" she tells you that she has been bad a long while, has had great pain in the chest, with a troublesome cough, and can't get any sleep at night; has never been well since sleeping in a damp bed at Liverpool three years ago; and has been a patient at the Brompton Hospital, where she got a little better. She understands that she is in a *decline;* was so weak on Sunday that she fainted away; is unable to do anything except "about the house," but is pretty comfortable, and is living with her parents. This is a case that will probably go from worse to worse; and it is one which brings out a very common phenomenon in medical practice,—the migration of patients from one hospital to another. One frequently meets with persons who have been to almost all the institutions in London in turn. In the end they often seem to become afflicted with an incurable hypochondriasis or mania for "walking the hospitals," which they do after their own fashion. They will tell you the opinions of eminent men in technical language, offer a lucid and clear explanation of their case, oftentimes accompanied by amusing yet really sensible suggestions; but their many crotchets entirely bar their chances of cure. They know too much, in fact, and have dwelt so long upon their own state, that there would appear to be an almost tangible imprint of their maladies upon their very brains. I am acquainted with one poor fellow who, unfortunately for his own comfort, once heard a physician pronounce the name of his disease; and from that moment he was doomed to a life of self-torture. He procured and read the various treatises which had been written about his peculiar malady, really coached himself up in the literature of the subject, tried to balance the bearings of his own case, and at last resigned himself almost entirely to the study of each particular symptom. At last this habit intruded itself upon him under all circumstances. His imagination coined so many hypotheses, that ideas became facts which no amount of reasoning could dispel. At last, the most horrid spectres and illusions were seen by him in his sleep, and the man's existence became a prey to phantoms even in the daytime.

No. 3 is the case of a child eleven months old, brought by the mother, with a story of "two teeth cut last week," and a rash following which turns out to be chicken-pox. This is soon disposed of. Mothers attribute no end of things to teething, and rightly so in some cases; but no common sense could tolerate the absurd remedies used, and one finds it better among the poorer people to encourage the most simple and harmless practice.

No. 9 begins his story at once. "Please, sir, I ain't got no letter; it's my fust time of attendin'. I got a werry bad cold; had my feet wet thro' last week, and different times this snowy weather; my 'ead feels awful bad, enough to split; my throat's sore, and I got pains in all my limbs." We write on his card—after seeing that he has a glistening eye, a hot skin, a quick pulse, and trembling tongue—"Severe cold." We find he drives a horse and cart, is eighteen years of age, is not in any club, and will have no means of support if he gets knocked up. He has no father nor mother, and is lodging by himself. In about a week's time he may get well, or an attack of low fever may set in, and then a six weeks' illness and convalescence must be accompanied by much want and distress.

No. 10 is a mother, a supplicant for her baby eight months old, ill with bronchitis. No letter. The woman says she has failed to get one, having been to several places, and "she can't drag him about in the cold and wet, and can't leave him behind." Circumstances more fitted to ensure or, at any rate, help on the death of her babe could not be desired.

The next three that enter are better; the fourth is much worse. Several slight ailments follow.

No. 18 is a young married woman, eighteen years of age, with a decided pout, and a closely-set pair of lips. She reminds one of a snappish terrier. Last week a prescription for an ordinary cold had been given her; to-day she at once tackles your "Well?" with—"The medicine didn't do me any good at all, and my throat's uncomfortable." She has an un-

happy and dissatisfied aspect, and by the exercise of a little tact you make out that she has not a very good temper, "often gets put out," and that it is not at all unlikely she and her husband look at matters through very different coloured glasses. The husband is a bricklayer, and, like the majority of his class, has a propensity to visit the public-house. This is in nowise counteracted by the fact that she is wont to be constantly at her mother's in the evening, "to take care of the children, because there's no one else to do it." Under these circumstances, she is putting the cart before the horse, in seeking cure through the medium of remedies applied to the body. Perhaps, in the course of a few visits, one might be able to give a little good advice of a moral kind, for the hospital Pharmacopœia does not happen to contain any remedy for the peculiar affection of temper from which she suffers.

No. 19 is a very sad case. It is that of a woman forty-one years old, who sobs a little as she enters, trembling with nervousness. The medicine she had has made her feel a little better. She almost cries as she speaks. This you can stop, if you like, by speaking harshly to her, and thus driving her back again upon the old smoulderings in her heart. A kind word or two, and she is overcome; but even that loss of force relieves her, and she plucks up courage to tell her tale. She has had great trouble and hard times for the last three years, and has not been well during all that time. Her husband was a lighterman, earning from thirty shillings to two pounds a week, a hard-working, kind fellow. He fell and injured himself whilst carrying a sack of corn; this was followed by a long illness, the formation of an aneurism, and death. She has been a widow now these fifteen months, with six little ones; the eldest, about sixteen, "does what little he can." The poor soul, when able, used to go out washing, but that is now an impossibility. She sleeps badly, and lives still worse, scarcely ever eating anything but bread. The parish allows her five loaves a week. How well these troubles have painted care upon her face! But with it all, she still has an air of great respectability. These are the cases where one wishes for the power to second the use of the pen of the prescriber by a tonic from another dispensary—the pocket.

No. 20 is a Mrs. MacSomething, thirty-seven years of age, one of the descendants of the aborigines of the Emerald Isle, who for the life of her can't tell her own name, and never could. One need not ask many questions; the only thing absolutely necessary is to attempt to gather from her loquacity (either the result of studious preparation for the "dochthor" or a natural peculiarity) a carefully calculated diagnosis, by dividing the facts by four, and accepting one part. She didn't sleep this month, has got the rheumatism all over, and was up "all last night walking the floor wid' the baby, and it's more than a month since he's complaining. I got four childer, and I'm delicate since my third:" all of which really means, that the child has a little cough, is fretful in the night, and has been so occasionally for the last month; that her children are troublesome, and that she, a very strong healthy-looking woman, has a little more to do than usual. She blarneys you, and you blarney her, and, as a parting word, she utters a blessing upon "you dochthor."

No. 21 is always at the wash-tub, is about forty-nine years old, and suffers from nervous debility. It appears that in the court where she lives there was a "row." She had been in bed a couple of hours, and was suddenly awakened by a noise. On looking out of the window she saw two men stabbing each other, and "it turned the whole of her blood," so that she has not been well since. Poor people are not supposed to have any nerves; these are only allowed to exist in high society. Our experience is, that the nerves of the luxurious are sources of positive enjoyment, in comparison with those of the lower orders. Lady A—— or Lady B—— can recline on her couch, receive the sympathies of her friends and *beau idéal* of a doctor, and have every wish attended to by lackeyed menials. This poor woman has to earn her bread by an extra strain upon a shattered mechanism, each movement of which is torture.

No. 22 will require the doctor's kind offices by-and-by. Her parents were in good circumstances, but she preferred, ten years ago, to run away and marry a poor man for love. Her father would never have her home again, and recently, on his death-bed, would not even see her, which has depressed her. Judging from her general demeanour, her story would appear to be quite true. Her husband is very kind to her, and her sisters also, but still she "feels very low" since her father's death. A little tonic upon which to fix her attention will soon prop her up again.

No. 23 is the wife of a man-servant, and the two once lived in service together. They married, and one result has been that the wife fares much less sumptuously than she did before. The husband passed before marriage as a widower with one little child, which turns out to be illegitimate. He is in out-door service, and stays generally at some distance from his wife's home. This arrangement he justifies on the ground that "he does not like to let the people he serves know that he is married." The poor wife gets very little money, and lives as she can. She has just opened a school. Of course, the husband drinks. The woman has simply got out of health from want of proper food and attention. The domestic arrangements, and the plea given in their justification, would probably be interpreted by a shrewd person to mean the existence of a couple of wives, or some such thing.

Case 24 is a young fellow who has had some eruption on the skin for nine months, which might originally have been cured in a few days.

No. 25. An old woman, aged seventy, has "bin

bad all the week, and could creep into a egg-shell; she has terrible nights, and can't get no rest." She has had twenty children, but "a great many of 'em went off in fits. Bless ye! there's no inside of me, I be so holler." Her husband is bedridden, and "a-getting out o' bed o' night kills me, and I wants a drop of something nice then, for I'm all of a shake and tremble." She says moreover, in answer to your remark that it is very hard at seventy not to be comfortable, "Ah, 'tis hard to think I should want in my old age!" She has had a cough for two months, always has fits two or three times a day, and had "the airysiplas" a twelvemonth ago, and then came here. She makes special request for some pills she had before, because "she can't sleep without 'em," and for "a little bit of a note to take to the minister, to get a little wine. They won't give me any at the parish, because I come here to the infirmary; but I've been here this eight year, and don't like to leave." It appears that her husband has been ill for two years. The parish give him a little wine and beef, but she has "got rid of everything but what I stand upright in, and that's how I get on with, for I don't like to see him die for want. It is impossible to move him about, his breath is so bad. He do have his bed made once a day, but then it's a hard matter to get him in again," and she "wishes the Lord would take 'em both." What can medicine do here? Food is the remedy.

The next two cases are minor ones. A husband comes for a repetition of his wife's physic—a case of mild bronchitis; the other is a boy with bad eyes, who is a pupil at a National School, and is punished for non-attendance.

Next comes a young woman (No. 28), aged eighteen, who looks as though she had lost every drop of red blood, and had been turned into wax. She works very hard in a laundry, at skirt ironing and drying. The room has a red-hot stove in it, whilst lots of clothes are steaming over it all the while. Her worst troubles are that she is weak, has a headache, and a bad "stitch" in the side. She works from seven in the morning till eight at night; gets about ten minutes at 10 a.m. for lunch, as she calls it, viz., half a pint of beer and a bit of bread, and about half an hour for dinner at mid-day. She is on her legs the whole day, besides walking to and from home. She is an orphan; has an uncle, but he can't help her. Her earnings are about one-and-ninepence a day; if she were better she might earn more. Should she fall ill she has no one to support her. On Sunday she gets out for a walk with some young friends. Now this is a very common case. A nice-looking, respectable young woman, without friends, tries to gain an honest living; by-and-by she breaks down; want comes on; the consumptive tendency shows itself too plainly, and either the workhouse is the inevitable termination, or the girl gets better, temptation meets her, and she falls. Happily this one is coming round, and, be it by medicine or chance, the hospital at any rate is the means whereby the devil is defeated.

No. 29 is the mother of four children. She is aged twenty-six, is suffering from nervous debility, and cries when spoken to. Her husband is a soldier, but she "did not marry him a soldier." He was a wheelwright. After she had had two children "he fell into company, and into drink, and enlisted." Before that she was doing well, and at the time of his enlistment she was expecting her confinement, and had a child in arms. After he left her she started a laundry business, and failed, and now goes out to work when she can; but her children are a burden to her, and besides, she is not well, and unfitted for work. She can get no intelligence of her husband, whom she believes to be in ——. Sometimes he sends her a trifle. Her children are of the ages of eight, seven, four, and two. "If any one," she adds, "had told me before I was married I'd come to this! But then we don't know what we're born to."

No. 30, the case of a child, three months old, is a terrible illustration of that portion of the second commandment which declares that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children.

No. 31 is a servant, twenty years old, out of place, who has received her *congé* in consequence of illness, and is suffering from influenza. She has saved nothing, is in lodgings, but hopes to get a situation soon. This is one road to prostitution, and a well-trodden one; but, luckily, another place has turned up for her should she be able to go to it next week, which she will likely be.

We have then, in succession, a sugar-refiner, suffering from bronchitis; a candidate without a letter, attacked with dyspepsia, and a great admirer of *pil acotia;* another without a letter, with headache; a little boy suffering from typhoid fever, who is well taken care of by a sharp, intelligent sister; another "no letter;" a baby with water on the brain; one who has tried eight or nine places, and can't get a letter; a woman "very weak in the back."

No. 41, a very distressing case indeed; a woman about thirty-four, who is "in a flurry all over," and whose "legs is so bad and swells up as big as her body." She is the wife of a market-gardener, who earns fifteen shillings a week; there is a family of six children, the eldest is twelve years old, the youngest eleven months. She has the appearance of being very seriously ill; there is a short cough, apparent difficulty of breathing, a distressed and anxious countenance, but her pulse is good, and there is no weakness in the chest. Her disease is hysterical in character, and you write as the diagnosis:—General debility from want of food (for all she lives on is bread-and-butter and tea) and hysteria. Inquiring more fully into the case, you find that she can't sleep, and has horrid dreams, and she feels at times inclined "to jump right out of the house—occasionally she fancies she can hear the child still." This gives you the clue to all her misery. "Five

years ago co[illegible] 9th of next month," her child was run over, under her own eyes, by a train, and suffered great agony till the third day, when it died. The nights are always worse than the days; she tries to pluck up, but can't. This case is a type of a host, in which debility is the occasion for the play of sorrows and griefs. Given a man in health, he has his resistant power strung up; but depress him, and the blue-devils have him at an awful advantage. Feed this poor woman and put more flesh on her bones, and for a while the sharp edge of her misery is blunted.

Several "no letter" cases follow: the standing orders are to prescribe once or twice, but after that a letter must be produced. An old man, aged sixty-five, is "bilious;" has a little annuity, lives as closely as he can, so much so that he "never has a pint of beer unless it will do him good."

No. 47 follows in the shape of a stableman, a rheumatic subject. "Last night, when in bed, something rolled about in his head like a wheel, and so it does now, and he has got to mind he don't fall; his head feels as big as two heads." He is forty-nine years old, and has consumed a very respectable amount of beer, the daily average being about four or five pints. Six hours abed is as much as he gets, and he works under the influence of changes of temperature from six a.m. till twelve or one. He is a thorough muddler in his household, and tells you he has had very bad luck in the shape of the erysipelas last spring, which laid him up seven or eight weeks, and then, as he has never joined any club, he's been badly off, and so have his family, of whom there are five—two at home and three out. His logic is unassailable: "If I comes to have three or four bouts a year, I gets pulled back, of course, very much." Here is a specimen, then, of improvidence in young days, and of effects that might have been entirely prevented;—first of all, want; and, secondly, as a consequence of drinking, threatened apoplexy, and disease elsewhere, which will probably give him dropsy, and he will linger on, now better, now worse, not fit for any hard or continuous work, till, by-and-by, he enters a hospital and dies.

The next patient is a young woman with rheumatism, followed by another trivial case, a woman (No. 50), aged forty-nine, "who feels all to pieces," and whose side has been "terrible bad" these two days. She is the mother of ten children, six of whom are at home. She has "to do for" her husband, who works in the brickfields, is not kind, and has been away three weeks, not having sent her anything. She cannot go out to work because of her house; two of the children go to school. When she rests she is better, but the washing knocks her up. "She has worked hard for her children all her life, and they can't help her much now."

Three "no letter" cases succeed—a case of dyspepsia; a laundress out of health; a little boy four years and a half old, suffering from inflammation of the ear. These bring us to the case of an older boy with threatened fever,—"delirious tremors" as the mother calls it,—seven years old, who had always been a deal of trouble, and, according to the mother's notions, is very delicate.

No. 57 is a married woman, aged thirty-two, who has lost her voice, and has a violent cold "all over her." Her husband is a labourer, out of work at present, and she is acting the part of cook in a family.

No. 58 is a woman who does not look you straight in the face, and keeps her hands covered up with her shawl. She has all the appearance of a dram-drinker. She can't eat, feels debilitated, and so on, but declares that she is almost a teetotaller. However, one must take the liberty of not exactly believing her.

The day's work finishes up with another example of improvidence. An engineer, bronchitic, aged thirty-five, married, and with a family of three. He is out of work, and allows that he has been a drinker. His earnings have averaged 34*s.* to 36*s.* a week; but he has not cared to keep his club payments up, and now that illness has overtaken him he is unable to derive any benefit from former payments.

You now imagine you have quite done. To chat to some sixty people, and to guess the exact remedies for each case, are no easy matters. Give them three minutes apiece,—which is decidedly below the average,—and you will have been at work for three consecutive hours. But on your exit from the consulting-room you are beset by half-a-dozen or more of your clients, who put all manner of questions to you about things they have "forgotten to ask you." One wishes just one word about her daughter; another shows a huge orange-wine bottle, and wants to know whether "this is the right medicine;" a fourth puts in a claim to know whether you said "before or after meals," and so on. Now, it is no little puzzle to recollect the exact detail you have recommended to the whole sixty, or heard from them. Still, this is expected of you; and it is wonderful how easy it becomes after a little practice. You leave the hospital, and never fail to see several of your friends consulting over their cases, comparing notes, giving vent to their views on the doctor, the treatment, and the quality of the physic, with a stray suggestion to "ask next time for the stuff as he give *me* for *my* cough." Occasionally there is a dose taken in the open air, and an interchange of friendly physic between two parties (generally old women). One never fails to get a smile of recognition, and one should never fail to return it. I believe this does as much good as the physic, and gives a body to it, as it were. Such is a true picture, without a grain of exaggeration.

I admit the existence of intemperance in some of the applicants, but these are the minority. One has no need to be harsh even if it were more frequent, for sobriety is inconsistent with the want of various

comforts. The last case mentioned is one that deserves retribution—that of a mechanic who earns good wages, and deliberately drinks away his bread-and-cheese; but can we not make some excuse for the hard-working, scantily-paid labourer who tries to drown his privations, and to make up for the cheerless comfort of his *home*, by a visit to the public-house on a Saturday night? We have our comforts—cleanliness, a decent bed, plenty of food, intellectual recreation, the sympathy of friends, interchange of sentiment, charming conversation, correspondence, and special amusements. But everything of a wholesome nature is crushed in him and his, who "awake to toil, and sleep the sleep of the exhausted." One may carry one's head with a jaunty toss as one taxes the applicant for the letter of recommendation, and attach, in fancied superiority, the epithet "degraded;" but we cannot fairly expect that, upon a soil which is tilled by no healthy process, any virtue should flourish. But the majority of applicants have no such failing, and most of them are women. How they bear up against such a tremendous weight of adverse circumstances, as is pictured by some of the histories I have given, is a marvel beyond my comprehension. In many cases where illness incapacitates the husband, home and the little it contains are kept together by the strivings of a poor weak woman in fight with terrible odds against her. The public disburses with a liberal hand, and it must be a certain satisfaction to it to be assured that the great mass of the deserving poor are greatly benefited thereby. Very near the Broadway, Hammersmith, stands the West London Hospital, which casts the shadow of its good deeds many miles around; and it has at its credit a large sum total of relief afforded to human miseries of mind and body. Should any inveterate discontents feel disposed, I will take them with me on my next visit to it, and after our consultations are over, I am sure their parting wish shall be that the Hospital were ten times larger and ten times better known.

TILBURY FOX.

OUR COMMON FAITH.

"I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH."

THE title of the series which opens with this paper, and the names of the writers with whom I am associated, bear witness that we believe that there is, below all the discords and divisions of Christendom, a ground on which we can stand, as belonging to us all, a faith in the strength of which, in spite of the inherited antagonisms and antipathies of many centuries, we can claim each other as brethren. To some, it may be, that belief may seem visionary and unreal, synonymous with the rejection of all distinctive truths. I must assert my own conviction, hoping hereafter to give the reason of the hope that is in me, that, just in proportion as we believe this, we can maintain our distinctive truths with boldness and freedom, without panic, and therefore without bitterness.

Signs that we who undertake to write in this series do not stand alone in our convictions, have of late multiplied around us. They seem at first, indeed, to point in very different directions. The acknowledged leader of one great theological party in the Church of England has published an Eirenicon, or Peace Manifesto, in the hope of showing that the documentary standards of that Church and of the Church of Rome are not incompatible with each other, however wide may be the chasm between the statements of individual teachers, however great may be the practical corruptions on the one side and the practical defects on the other, and of opening, if it be possible, negotiations for a treaty of peace. A society for promoting the union of Christendom, reckoning a considerable number of clergy and laymen among its members, has been working for two or three years past, and has endeavoured to seek intercommunion and brotherhood with the Churches of the East, as well as with the great Latin Church of the West. An actual overture towards negotiation has been made in an address to the Pope, signed by about one hundred and eighty clergymen, and has been met, as was indeed to be expected, by an answer rejecting all terms but those of absolute submission. Few tasks would be easier than to try to gain the applause of popular Protestant feeling by denouncing these and all other like attempts as treacherous and disloyal. The phrases already ring in one's ears, and come to the tip of one's tongue, and the point of one's pen, which most men would look upon as natural, justifiable, necessary. I own that I for one cannot use them. I cannot look on these movements with any other feeling than that of sympathy and respect. I may have very little hope of any immediate practical result for good. Men may seem to me to be pursuing a very unlikely path to union when they seek to find a basis for it in documents that bear in every page the impress of the time of hottest conflict, and try, with fruitless efforts, to turn declarations of war into a treaty of peace. But the feeling that Christendom is crippled and trammeled by disunion, that many of our disputes are questions of words and names, that many more rise out of usages and customs that may and ought to vary with the "diversities of countries, times, and men's manners,"—this deserves respect and sympathy wherever it shows itself.

And therefore I am prepared to watch with no different feeling the tokens of its presence in quite another quarter of the theological firmament. For

some years past, I believe, two great divisions of the Christianity of Scotland—the Free Church and the United Presbyterians, conscious of the evil of the multiplied growth of sects, and differing but little, if at all, from each other in doctrine and in worship, have been endeavouring to bridge over the chasm, and effect an amalgamation. I am informed by a printed circular, issued last February, that the desire for union has shown itself on a wider scale, and that it is proposed to hold in the course of the present year a "Catholic Church Congress," with a view to promoting the restoration of the "visible unity of the Church." It is stated that "bishops, deans, and clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland, the chairman of the Congregational Union, the chairman of the Baptist Union, the president of the Wesleyan Conference, the moderator of the United Presbyterian Church in England, the moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, the principal of the Irish Presbyterian College, and others, have expressed their warm interest in the proposal." I have no further knowledge of this movement. It may be the work of a man of enthusiastic and sanguine temperament, looking at the vision of a glorious future, and not able to estimate its distance from us or the difficulties that have to be overcome before we can attain to it, taking the civil answers of persons in official positions as tokens of a deeper interest than the writers ever dreamt of. But so far as there is such a feeling at work, so far here also it claims respect. If it takes any outward form, if it embodies itself in any document, it should be met by us of the English Church with the most patient consideration. But there is, I believe, an evil very likely to insinuate itself, even if it has not done so already, into all these movements. The predominating motive in those who originate or join them may be fear and not love. Those who contemplate the union of the Greek, Roman, and Anglican Churches, may do so in order that they may more effectually check and crush the spirit of free inquiry which they regard with so much alarm, and the popular Protestantism against which they cherish so long-standing an antipathy. Those who urge the union of the Free Church and the United Presbyterians, may do so only or chiefly in order that they may make a final stand against what seems to them the growing laxity and latitudinarianism of the Establishment. Those who take a wider range, and think it possible to unite all such Churches and sects within the Queen's dominions in a new Evangelical Alliance, may be hoping for a more effective machinery to put down what they would describe as Romanism and ritualism on the one hand, and rationalism on the other. If so, and in proportion as it is so, they will one and all of them fail, as they deserve to do, and as other like attempts have failed before. The alliance will last just as long, and no longer, perhaps not so long, as the enemies are still formidable, and then the discords and divisions will show themselves again. The foundations of the city of a new Catholic Christendom are not to be laid in the hatred or the fear of a common foe. If its builders and defenders concentrate their attention on the construction of catapults, the walls which they erect will be daubed with untempered mortar, and when the overflowing storms and the great hailstones come, they will bring it down to the ground, and men will point to it, as they point to other dreams and delusions, and say, "The wall is no more, neither they that daubed it."

The object of the writers of this series of papers is, I believe, to point to a more excellent way. They are less ambitious—it may be, less hopeful—than others. They do not see their way to any organised union of the Christian societies with which they are severally connected. They do not expect that any amount of negotiation and diplomacy would bring about such an union in their own time. They doubt if it would do so at any time. They are content to wait and do their work, each in his own place, and possess their souls in patience. But, in the meantime, they wish to lay aside, at least, the prejudices and dissensions of the past; to ask what they have in common—what ground for mutual esteem, sympathy, co-operation, that common element supplies. Something, at least, is gained—one step taken towards the more distant unity—if we learn to think how many share our belief rather than how few. They feel that even where that common element sinks to a minimum, or seems to sink (for men's words do not always adequately express their faith, and there may be a real acceptance latent under an apparent denial), it is still truer and therefore wiser to recognise its existence. That common faith they find in what has embodied, almost from the very first, the faith of Christendom. In the truths of which the Apostle's Creed is the witness, and which may be and are held even by societies and individual men who do not receive it as a symbol, they see what may unite all who hold them as with the sense almost of a common nationality, though they live in different provinces, and speak in different dialects, with more or less *patois*, of the one heavenly speech.

The first of these truths is that which the Creed expresses in the words, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth." The subject of this paper is, "the Fatherhood of God." If I might preach as from a text, I should choose the words of the Apostle to whom that truth was revealed in all its wonderful fulness, and who carries on his thoughts of unity as in an ascending scale, through the "one body," and the "one spirit," and the "one hope," the "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," to the "one God and Father of all." In these words we may at least find that which gives us a point of contact with every Church in Christendom. Wherever men utter that "I believe," wherever they pray in the words or after the pattern of the great prayer of Christ, there are

those whose primary religious convictions are one with ours. We may go further, and say that this belief supplies a common ground on which to stand, even with the great heathen world, which, to the shame of Christendom, still includes by far the greater part of the human race. So far as they have risen above the merest *fetiche* worship, or the adoration of a tyrant whom they fear, so far as they turn to a "great Father," so far as they have that faith which from the beginning of the world has justified the belief that "God is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him;" so far as that faith brings forth its fruit in works of truth and love; so far they, too, are one with us: and as we believe that He does not refuse to own them as his children, we, on our part, need not be ashamed to call them brethren. Appealing to this belief, we can say to them, "Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare we unto you." This is the first step upwards, out of the lowest degradation and most brutal ignorance, to a true and complete theology. If we do not find men on this level, we must lead them up to it before they can advance one step further. It may exist even where it is overlaid by superstition, polytheism, idolatry. Our onward progress, so far as it is into the truth, and under the guidance of the Spirit of Truth, does but bring out its meaning with fuller clearness till we reach that complete revelation of the Fatherhood of God which "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past to the fathers by the prophets, hath, in these last days," given to us "through His Son."

The name "father," like all other names which men have used to express their thoughts of God, or by which God has revealed Himself, is of immense significance. Starting as it does from a primary human relationship, it testifies that it is through such relationships that man mounts upwards to true thoughts of God. It is not merely from "the *things* that are seen," though they reveal the "eternal power and Godhead," but from his own personal feelings, that he gains, as he becomes conscious of them, a glimpse of the Divine perfections. While men need to be taught, as God has taught them, the limits of this likeness, and to be warned of the danger of thinking that God is even such an one as themselves, in outward form, or in what in themselves they recognise as evil, it yet remains true that man is made in the image of God, and that it is only through human affections that we learn to think of God as one in whom there is the pattern and archetype of all our excellence, of whatever in ourselves we recognise as good. As soon as men have come to see that the relation of fatherhood is something more than a merely animal one, they have also come to think of it as a parable of the relation between themselves and God. It follows that the thoughts which men connect with the Fatherhood of God will vary according to the feelings with which they look upon human fatherhood. In proportion to the variety of emotions and thoughts in the latter case, will be the variety also in the former. Out of the immense range of such thoughts which the history of mankind presents, I select three, as representative examples—as having been held by large and influential portions of the human race, and as being traceable, in greater or less purity, in many others.

1. The poetry of Greece gives abundant proof of the strength of fatherly affection in its earlier and better days. Hector's loving glance at the babe who shrinks from his gleaming helmet, and the tender farewell of Ajax to his infant boy, belong to the touches of nature that make the whole world kin. But the household life of the Greeks—of the Athenian and Asiatic Greeks especially—was predominantly one of enjoyment. The work of educating was either essentially public, as at Sparta, or handed over to masters, sophists, slaves. In a very scanty measure did the father enter into his work as the trainer and teacher of his son. The relation was one chiefly of kindness and rejoicing, varied at times by fits of passion and caprice. So, reasoning upward from their own experience, men thought of a Father of gods and men, dwelling on the Olympian heights, giving them rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness. Their worship was one of revelling, dancing, riot, the full exuberance of merely animal life, of mental life so far as it did not reprove or restrain the animal. Sometimes dark thoughts of the gods, as arbitrary or vindictive, crossed their minds, and then they had recourse even to human sacrifices to appease them. But the thought of a God who should be the God of the barbarians as well as of the Greeks, of a Father who should show no forgetfulness of any of His children, who trained them and watched over them—this was hardly in their thoughts at all. Here and there a spirit rising to a loftier height than his fellows might get a glimpse of it, and then it died away.

Very striking was the effect of the later systems of Greek thought, first on their estimate of human, and then on their thoughts of the Divine fatherhood. The Stoic crushed parental affection as he crushed all other emotions, as incompatible with the lofty serenity after which he strove. The Epicurean looked on it as in most cases a disturbance of the ease and enjoyment which seemed to him the supreme good. In proportion as both systems broke down the old reverence for the natural sanctities of home, they also came as a thick cloud between the souls of men and the glimpses they had once had of the Fatherhood of God. The Stoic stripped Him also of all personal affection, and made His will but part of an inevitable succession of events. The Epicurean in his heart denied a God when he had ceased to acknowledge a father, and if at times he assumed a conformity to popular religious language, it was to speak of the gods as beings we could not know, finding *their* supreme good in their own enjoyment, careless of mankind. The

belief in a Father in heaven had so utterly died out under the influence of the two systems, that it needed a new revelation to restore it.

2. Among the Romans the case was very different. Reverence for the fatherly relationship was the groundwork of their life, their character, their institutions. The obedience of a son to his father was almost as unconditional and entire as that of a slave. He was absolutely in his father's power, originally even to the extent of life and death. He was as his father's chattel, and during his father's lifetime could neither hold property nor possess slaves of his own, might even be sold or emancipated as a slave was. As was the household life, so also was the theology. At first the groundwork of the national religion was the acknowledgment of a Father. The thought entered, as it nowhere did among the Greeks, into the very name of their supreme God. Jupiter was the "heavenly father." He gave victory in battle, and was the guardian of law, and watched over oaths and covenants. There was doubtless an element of strength in this, but in proportion as the principle of slavish obedience was substituted for filial love in human life, their thoughts of God also became slavish. Upon them too came, in their later days, deteriorated and in coarser forms, the influence of the two Greek sects. They, with the craving for sovereignty which they could not get rid of, welcomed an *Imperator*, a mere commander of the legions, as the father of his people, and so the Emperor was to them the type and pattern, not of the true fatherly relation, but of the extremest denial of it. And, in like manner, Imperialism infected their theology. At the best their thought of the supreme God was, that He was, like the Emperor on earth, tolerant of all creeds and systems so long as His own sovereignity was acknowledged. The gayer, easier Epicureans, like Horace, shut Him out of their thoughts, and dreamt that He took no heed. Sterner souls, like Lucretius, denounced belief in Him as the most hurtful of all superstitions, the root of all evil. Rome could not have supplied this element to a new religion any more than Greece.

3. With the Israelites the case stood differently. Among no people are there more touching proofs of the strength of the fatherly affections. The deep interest of every part of the patriarchal, and even later, history turns on it. Abraham and Isaac, Isaac and Esau, Jacob and Joseph, David and Absalom, are all familiar to our memories. The fifth commandment gives to the obedience of sons a place among the foremost duties. It stands, according as we divide the Decalogue, either as the last of the obligations which come under the head of devotion, or as the first of all the duties which man owes to man. And yet, strange to say, the idea of fatherhood is not prominent in the early thoughts of the Israelites, nor in the early revelations of the Divine name. The acts are the acts of a father, and here and there He claims His people as the children whom He has begotten, but it is not yet *the* name by which He reveals Himself. To the patriarchs He is chiefly the Almighty God (El Shaddai). To Moses He is revealed as Jehovah, I AM THAT I AM, the source of all life, the absolute and eternal Being. The fact is every way significant. The theology of Israel was not merely the reflection of their national character and life. They were not at first to think of God as being such an one as themselves, even in what was good, lest they should be led on to identify His character with their own in what was evil. They must first learn to think of His name as "great and terrible," and of Him as infinitely above them, the supreme King, the Judge, "merciful and long-suffering," and yet One that "will by no means clear the guilty."

The thought of the Divine Fatherhood comes out, like other great truths, with increasing prominence in the writings of the Prophets. But it appears with a singular and almost startling sadness. They speak of the blessedness of sons as something which they have lost, which they are hoping at some distant day to regain. The complaint of Jehovah to His people is, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." "If I be a father, where is mine honour?" The promise for the remote future of the Messiah's kingdom, of the new covenant, is, that "It shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, Ye are the children of the living God." "Ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." And with this hope of a new covenant, resting on this relation, there was also in the closing words of the best of the Prophets of the Old Testament, a wonderful and striking indication of the way in which it was to be established. The restoration of the life of the family, the elevation of the fifth commandment to its true position, was a necessary prelude to it. Elijah the prophet, who was to be sent "before the great and dreadful day of the Lord," was to "turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers." And such a mission, such a conversion, were indeed necessary. The traditions of the Scribes, with their Corban casuistry, were setting at nought the obligation of the reverence and love due to their fathers upon earth. It was no wonder that they forgot that which was due to their Father in heaven, and practically did not believe that they had one, or translate their human experiences into a pattern of things divine. In proportion as they thus denied or forgot it for themselves, the thought that it could be claimed by others irritated them to frenzy.

Our Lord came with the message of glad tidings, and side by side with the Gospel of forgiveness was that of the Fatherhood of God. If we were judging of Him as men judge of a human teacher, we could not otherwise describe His preaching than by pointing to this as the key-note of all, the thought which filled His soul and would

find utterance. When He speaks to the whole multitude in the Sermon on the Mount, it is to tell them of a Father in Heaven who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. They are to strive to be perfect in forgiveness, that they may be the "children of their Father," and are to trust in His care and love. They are taught to reason upward from their experience of earthly fatherhood to the belief in that of God. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much shall your Father which is in heaven give good gifts to them that ask Him?" When they pray, it is to be with the opening words, "Our Father." True it is that before men can enter into the blessedness of that relationship they must claim it, must admit God's claim to them. The sensual, selfish, worldly, could not enter into His kingdom. "To as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God." There was an inner circle of conscious inheritance, children knowing their Father, born again of water and the Spirit; but the more they entered into that blessedness, the closer they drew to the mind and will of God, the more clearly they would discern that what was true there was true in varying degree of all circles exterior to their own. As Christ is the Saviour of all men, specially of them that believe, so there is one God and Father of all, whom some "ignorantly worship," whom some "see as through a glass darkly," and some again behold as "with unveiled countenance." Every convert that was baptised into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, entered into the inner circle of the kingdom. Within that there was the innermost and most blessed of all, taking in those whose life was according to that beginning—who, being led by the Spirit, were truly the children of God, children of light. This, the universal Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of mankind in Christ, was the mystery which had been hid from ages and generations, and was now revealed to prophets and apostles by the Spirit, and was given to St. Paul as his special trust. Of this St. John speaks when he calls on his disciples to "behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." There was no longer any limit of race or country. The family of God was catholic. The human relationship was ennobled by the fuller revelation of the Divine. Of Him, the God and Father of all, every fatherhood, every fatherland, in Heaven and earth, was named. That was seen to be the archetype and pattern of all paternal authority and love, of all true government in the Church or in the world.

What then does this Fatherhood of God involve? In what relation does it stand to our belief and to our life? I dare not attempt to throw into formal statements and definitions all that the answers to these questions would imply. I dare not leave them altogether unanswered. What follows must be received as of the nature of hints, suggestions, outlines, which those who read and think may develope and fill up for themselves.

If we believe in God the Father, we believe in One who "has made us and all the world." We assign the whole order and beauty of the universe, its complicated structure, its marvellous design, to a personal and sovereign Will. That Will may work by laws, wide, permanent, reaching through the ages. But the laws are the expression of a Will, and are in their operation but uniform modes in which the Will acts. They are not forces themselves, nor are they mere symbols of the uniformities of the self-evolving powers of Nature. It may be that in proportion as "knowledge grows from more to more," we shall trace Law where at present we see an apparent absence of it. The abnormal and the irregular are but untravelled, unexplored regions of God's great domain. But in proportion as we ascend to the height from which we look out upon the past, the present, and the future, in that proportion—if we are true to our belief in God the Father Almighty—we shall acknowledge that that Will has never abdicated its functions, that it keeps the forces of Nature and the laws which regulate them, as under its own control. The true spirit of scientific inquiry is not that of weary travellers groping through the dark, nor of searchers for hidden treasures baffled in their pursuit and dashing themselves, in their disappointment, into the abyss of the Unknown and Unknowable, but much more that of children who seek to read their Father's will and trace His wisdom. The very beauty that is so profusely scattered over creation has in it a token of a fatherly tenderness, distinct from the majesty of a Sovereign or a Creator, inviting men to the wonder in which all knowledge begins, and mingling that wonder with delight and joy.

I can but barely touch here upon the bearing of this thought on the great question of miracles as probable or possible. It is manifest that the whole problem turns on the question whether we may start with the belief in God as more than a name for the unknown forces of the universe, or for the universe itself, or may recognise a Will, with a character, purpose, plans, like those which we identify with human wills. I am more concerned now to show how this truth bears on another analogous set of questions—those, I mean, connected with what we commonly speak of as the providential government of God. Here there is no manifest suspension of law, or interference with it. May we recognise guidance and direction? Does the rain from heaven fall, are the fruitful seasons given, in subservience to any moral ends, or are they governed only by material laws which work blindly, irrespectively of any such reference? The scientific spirit of the present time tells us that to introduce that thought is to throw confusion into everything. "Prayer cannot stay the order of the seasons, or the rising and the setting of the stars, or eclipses of the sun and moon. Why should we

think that it affects the clouds as they float filled with rain, or can arrest the progress of pestilence or murrain? To believe that eclipses or pestilences were signs of the wrath of God, His judgments upon a guilty land, was but the first and lowest stage in the progress of knowledge, from the night of ignorance, through the twilight of conjecture, to the clear day of certainty. We have left it far behind. To interpret the facts of nature or history on that theory now is to go backwards into darkness, not forward into light."

So it is that when disasters of this kind come upon a land, men who thus think betake themselves with all their strength to the work of investigating their phenomena. They can all but ascertain their laws, and calculate their movements, and stay their onward march. True, the "all but" remains. Something there is which ever more baffles them. They advance a certain distance, and are thrown back. Beyond all discoveries, there lies a region yet undiscovered. If they believe in uniformity of succession everywhere, it must be by an act of faith, by reasoning from analogy, arguing from the known to the unknown. Actual experience is against it. They supplement it by belief.

I am constrained to say that I believe many have been thrown back upon that kind of faith by the want of faith in the Fatherhood of God in those who are the appointed witnesses of it. Shocked at what seems to them the boastful pride of intellect, they have said, "No; your search into physical Laws is vain. You cannot here act on the methods which succeed elsewhere. Unwonted suffering must come upon nations and individual men as the punishment of unwonted sins. The only way to deal with calamities like these is to receive them as judgments. We must try to discover what the sins are, and put them away. We must deprecate the wrath of the Judge by prayers and fasting. The more solemn and public our fasting and humiliation the better." So oftentimes those who ought to work in counteracting evils with the means which God has put into their hands, sit down in inactive submission, almost as blind and unloving as the fatalism of Mohammedans. So our very prayers are confined too often to mere deprecations of physical evil, mere vague acknowledgments of the moral evil which we look upon as its one explanation. But seldom do such prayers rise, as surely they ought to do, for wisdom to see what the evil calls for, courage to do it thoroughly, patience to bear the suffering meekly, illumination to read its lessons rightly. We too often cease to pray as to a Father in whom we trust, and turn with a lip-homage to propitiate a Sovereign whom we dread.

And then there comes, often in men otherwise good and kind, a very subtle and perilous temptation. Having assumed, not only that the physical suffering is subservient to a moral end, but that it must be the special punishment of a special sin, they proceed to ask, as some did of old concerning the man that was born blind, "Who has sinned? Where is he that troubleth Israel?" And then, with a marvellous variety, and jarring discord, and yet with a strange identity underlying them all, we hear on every side different conjectures. Each sect, party, and teacher fixes on the evil that they are not inclined to themselves, that they stigmatise and condemn in their opponents. "The pestilence or the murrain comes," we are told, "as the punishment of national apostacy because we have admitted Papists and Jews to Parliament. It is a judgment on our Erastianism and Latitudinarianism, or our tolerance of free thought and unbelief, or our postal and railway labour on the Sabbath, or on our non-observance of Lent, or on our ritualism and sacerdotalism." So the judgments of God, instead of humbling all men before the judgment throne, or bringing them into a deeper sense of their common brotherhood, are turned into occasions of angry railing and bitter recrimination. Each man who so acts practically says within himself, "This is what I would have sent the pestilence for, had I been seated on the throne of God or wielding the rod of His sovereignty." And then, reasoning as if God were altogether such an one as himself, he assumes that as *the* explanation of His action whose way is in the sea, and his paths in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known. No, the confession of sins, to which all suffering calls us, is the confession of our own transgressions, not that of our neighbours'. Each man, as in the sight of One from whom no secrets are hid, must unveil the plague of his own heart, his share in the great accumulated guilt of the nation's sin. At the best, this rash interpretation of the Divine will darkens and bewilders men. In proportion as any one interpretation gains possession of the minds of great multitudes, and suffering passes into panic, and panic into frenzy, it may lead to yet worse evils. If men come to believe that the cattle plague is owing to the Papists, they will take to burning Popish chapels, or churches that they think Popish, as an effectual remedy. So it was that men interpreted what they thought the wrath of the gods of old, and when crops failed, or the Tiber overflowed, or pestilence smote down its thousands, shouted out, "The Christians to the lions! the Christians to the lions!" as their one hope of deliverance.

Mere scientific scepticism will not avail, I believe, to save us from these wild confusions of thought and the atrocities in which they issue. Men will not and ought not to assent to the mere denial that there can be a Divine purpose in such calamities. But in proportion as we believe in the Fatherhood of God as the true completion and explanation of His sovereignty, we shall recognise that He gives us, often in the very character and laws of the calamity, so far as laws are traceable, a clue to the sins which it visits, and the duties to which it calls us. Typhus, cholera, all forms of disease which are generated or propagated in the foulness and squalor of our large towns, or our neglected villages—do not these point

to our selfishness, sensuality, luxury, our sloth, indifference, procrastination (evils not of one class or party, but of all), as the besetting sins with which we have to wrestle? Diseases which affect brute life may remind us that there, too, we have neglected duties, acquiesced in cruelty, been satisfied so long as our appetites were pampered, or our wants supplied. The lesson which we have to learn is that a nation's life as well as a man's life, "does not consist in the abundance of the things that it possesses," that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." In proportion as we acknowledge a Father, and not a despot, we shall strive to act after His will who remembered in the great heathen city the "three score thousand" who in their helpless infancy knew not "their right hand from their left," and the "much cattle" which were fattening in their stalls. We shall believe that if we ask for wisdom, He will give it liberally. We shall welcome all inquiries and experiments made with the hope of ascertaining the physical laws which may be, at least, self-imposed limits and conditions of the working of the Divine Will; and believe that it may be one purpose of that Will, through these visitations, to lead us, as our forefathers were led by the terrible scourge of small-pox, to new facts and undiscovered laws of human or of brute life which may be fruitful in blessings for the future.

But the thought of a Father in Heaven, as it involves the thought of one who gives and who chastises, and whose love we recognise in both, so does it also involve the truth that He educates and trains. He makes each man's outward life a discipline for the inward. And in proportion as any man enters into the sense of worship, and claims its blessedness, he enters also into the purpose of the education, and it does its work, however unpromising his outward circumstances may at first appear to him. If the Greek poet could put into the mouth of one who thought of the sons of God with heathen thoughts,

> "For who hath seen in Zeus forgetfulness
> Of those He children owns?"

we may rest upon the assurance that here also of the meekest and lowest of the children of our Father in Heaven, it is true that not one of them is forgotten before God. Life itself, with its joys and its sorrows, its losses and its gains, its friendships and its bereavements, its affections and its strivings, is an education without which we could not attain to the perfection of which we are capable, and to which the Father of our Spirits calls us as the condition of eternal life. And then, too, if the education has seemed fruitless—if we have thrown aside the lessons of infancy and youth, and gone into a "far country" with what we madly claimed as "our portion of goods," and there "wasted our substance in riotous living"—if then we are conscious of the measureless degradation of a wasted life, and talents squandered, and trusts abused, and affections slighted, then, too, it is in the thought of the Fatherhood of God that we find the starting point of repentance and restoration. When the prodigal came to himself, and thought of all the blessings he had forfeited, the new starting point of life was found in the cry, "I will arise, and go to my Father." If the thought added, as it did, to the bitterness of his sorrow, it made the sorrow nobler and more purifying. When he claimed that relationship which he seemed to have forfeited so utterly, there was a marvellous and rapid restoration to it: "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

I have spoken hitherto of the Divine name of "Father" as disclosing the relation in which God stands to the creatures of His hand and the children of His adoption. I have no wish to draw a veil over the fact that in the "common faith" of Christendom, in all its confessions of faith, the word has yet another meaning. The names "Father" and "Son" correspond, we are taught, to realities within the Divine nature itself. In the unity of the Godhead we recognise a distinctness of which these two names are partly, though not completely, the expression. Of that other name of the "Spirit of God," which is wanted for the completeness, another will speak hereafter. I will confine myself to the two that connect themselves with the truths of which I am now writing.

It is not my purpose in treating of them to bring together a large aggregate of texts such as are usually adduced in proofs of doctrine. Those proofs are familiar enough to most of us. The name by which our Lord for the most part spoke of Himself might be the "Son of Man," but that in which He recognised the highest and fullest revelation of the truth was that of the "Son of the living God." He claimed God as His Father, one with Himself, dwelling in Him; He came from His Father into the world, and went from the world unto His Father. There was here a Sonship transcendent, incomparable, wonderful, beyond that of all other children of God that had been or ever could be. And that Sonship we might show by the same process to have been from everlasting, not the growth of any beginning or origination, conceivable within true limits. The glory which He had with the Father before the world was, the manifestation of that glory in order that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father,—all this is incompatible with the thought of any lower sense, and can admit of no other interpretation than that of the Apostles' Creed, as expanded and interpreted in the Nicene.

We may receive this as a revealed fact to be believed on the authority of Him who reveals it. We may accept the Divine names, because they have been given us as from the mouth of God. But it.

may add strength to the convictions and clearness to the thoughts of some if they ask themselves to what conclusions the names themselves point—what cravings and yearnings of man's heart they satisfy? We recognise the truth that we must mount upward from man's excellence to God's, from whatever is most perfect in the human to that which is Divine. We find the type and pattern of all fatherly goodness in the Divine Fatherhood. But when we think of human excellence, can we look on the filial virtues, willing obedience, perfect love, unvarying submission, as less lovely, less glorious, less heavenly than the paternal? Do we not feel as if something would be wanting to the Divine perfection unless these also found their archetype and exemplar there? Must there not be a Divine Sonship as well as a Divine Fatherhood? Must we not believe in a Son coming into the world to do His Father's will, speaking the things which He had seen the Father do, sharing the Father's glory? And if this be essential to our thoughts of the Divine perfection, can we think of that as ever having been less perfect, and at any point of time becoming more so? If the relation indicated by the manner of the Father and the Son be a true relation at all, must it not have been from everlasting? Words may fail to describe adequately that which transcends the limits of all thought and all language. Men may have used many words without knowledge which darken counsel, but if we believe in God the Father Almighty, are we not led on to believe in the Son of God, as of one substance with the Father, co-equal and co-eternal?

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

A NIGHT WITH THE RAMSGATE LIFE-BOAT.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY LIVES SAVED.

I.—DISASTERS AT SEA. THE LIFE-BOAT TO THE RESCUE.

How impressive it is to lie awake listening to the storm,—to hear the rush of the wind, now moaning in the chimney, now thundering at the windows, against which the rain beats and hustles,—to feel or fancy that the house trembles, shaken in the rude hurry of the blast,—to hear the waves breaking on the beach, a half suppressed tumultuous uproar, like the faintly-heard riot of a distant angry mob,—to get yet further to sea in one's thoughts, and to picture a noble ship with close-reefed topsails running before the gale, or beating away from the dread neighbourhood of dangerous sands, while the pilot, anxious and watchful, and the crew eager and alert, peer through the darkness to catch the welcome guidance of some bright warning light, or the fainter rays of some ship's light hovering perilously near, the passengers all the time wistful and anxious, asking many questions, and receiving cheering answers, but given with that unreality of tone that makes the hearer fear the sound more than he can believe the sense! Or to imagine a vessel at anchor, the cables swinging out at their full length, the sails all closely furled, but the gale beating against the hull and rigging with a power that seems more than able to drag the ship and its living freight to a speedy destruction,—to picture the ship lifting and pitching and surging in a cloud of spray, the hungry waves leaping at it as if to devour it before its time, the anchors yielding inch by inch, or the cable giving, and the terrible sands under the lee,—to fall into an uneasy sleep oppressed by the weight of undefined horrors, and in the morning to look from the tall cliffs upon a golden beach, then upon the fretting surf beyond, and upon the sea bright in the sunshine, smooth-browed but like a great giant rolling his huge limbs in uneasy sleep, quick with great billows rising and falling in restless heavy swellings. Then to look at the distant Goodwin Sands, and see the white leaping surf, the fangs in the jaws of death, still gnashing and mumbling after their midnight meal, in which they ravened on a goodly ship and mangled many brave sailors, weeping women, and trembling wondering children.

Such pictures are often suggested by the midnight gale, and such after-scenes are witnessed in the morning's calm at Ramsgate, as at many another spot on the bold coast of our sea-girt island home, where each howling wind as it rushes on breathes the trumpet blast that calls to the struggle of life and death. Our narrative has for its date the 3rd of December. During the whole of the day the wind has been blowing hard from the west-north-west; the weather has been very unsettled for some days, squally, with the cloud-scud low and flying fast; now it is becoming worse, and the blasts more frequent and more fierce, rapidly growing into a continuous-rising and heavy gale. The Fitzroy signal hangs ominously from the flag-staff, giving a warning (for which experience has gained respect) of the dangerous winds which may be expected. The Downs anchorage is crowded with shipping, so much so, that the lights of the vessels anchored there shed a glow upon the darkness, like the lights of a populous town. Every now and then a vessel leaves the fleet and running before the gale seeks surer refuge; or perhaps one homeward bound swiftly threads her way through the crowd of vessels, the crew half rejoicing in the gale which at every blast bears them nearer home.

On Ramsgate Pier rumours of disasters bring the watchful lookers-on together in anxious gossip: many partially disabled vessels have already found refuge in the harbour; and now a schooner is

brought in by some Broadstairs boatmen. When they boarded her in answer to her signals of distress they found that the mate with a woman and child alone remained in her. She had been in collision during the previous night, and whether the rest of the crew had escaped to the other vessel or had been lost overboard was left a matter of dread uncertainty.

As it is a stirring sight to see the vessels making through the heavy seas for the harbour, so it is an exciting and withal a gallant sight to watch the luggers, heavily freighted with anchors and chains to supply vessels that have slipped their cables, bearing away bravely in all the rush of the storm upon their errand of daring enterprise. The afternoon creeps on: it is half past three; a puff of smoke is seen coming from the Gull Light-ship, but the wind is too strong, and in the wrong direction for the report of the gun to be heard. But the signal is accepted, and soon the steamer and life-boat are away in the hurricane. They make for the light-vessel, that they may learn for what their services are required. A squall of thick rain hides the Downs and south end of the Goodwin Sands from view. Suddenly the squall clears away, passing rapidly to windward; and from the pier and cliff, although not from the lower level of the steamer's deck, or from the life-boat, it is seen which vessel is in danger. A large light schooner has driven from her anchorage, and is now dragging perilously near the sands. She is too near, with the wind as it is, to have any chance of escaping by slipping her cable and trying to sail clear: she is driving fast, and we can plainly see from the cliffs the large flag she has hoisted at her main-topmast head as a signal of distress. It is an alarming sight. By taking her bearings it is plain to the watchers on shore that she is fast dragging her anchors and nearing her doom, and the nature of the terrible sea she is in is also very evident. She is light, buoyant, and lifts to every wave; she looks like a gallant charger taking a succession of desperate leaps, as first her bow is thrown up in the air and for a moment rides high on the top of the wave, and then again her stern is thrown up and her bow almost buried as the huge short waves pass under her stern. Repeatedly our fears, as we watch her, make us fancy that her cable has at last parted, and that she is in full career for the waiting and deadly sands. The spray clouds drift to leeward, and again we are assured by finding from carefully-taken bearings that her position has not much changed for the worse. We only take our eyes off her to look occasionally at the steam-boat and life-boat, as they are making their way with all speed to the rescue. The steamer rolls and plunges on, nothing daunted, nothing disturbed by all the buffeting she gets; the life-boat rises like a cork to every wave, and plunges through the crests as she feels the drag of the steamer, while the foam spreads out on either side like a fan, and the scud and spray fly over her in a cloud. We see them making their way to the Gull Light-ship, where they learn that a schooner was seen in distress bearing south-south-west, supposed to be on the South Sand Head. On through the giant seas and driving surf, in the very teeth of the gale, they make gallant way, and are about to take up a position from which the life-boat can plunge in through the broken water to the rescue of the crew. A large Deal lugger is beating up to windward from the neighbourhood of the Sands: they speak her, and learn that she has rescued the crew of the schooner. The lugger, one of the finest of all the noble boats that sail from Deal beach, had some time before the schooner had got into her present dangerous position, sheered alongside at no slight risk, and as she shot by the crew had jumped into her for their lives, forgetting in their hurry and excitement the flag of distress which they had left flying high, pleading still, and not unheeded, for help that was no longer required. Nothing could be done for the schooner; driving fast she soon began to thump on the Sands; darkness settled down upon her, the fierce waves had her for their prey, and in the morning not a vestige of her was to be seen. The steamer and life-boat having left her to her fate, now made for a barque which, with main and mizen masts cut away, had still a chance of weathering out the gale. The wind was too heavy, and the tide too strong to tow her to a safer position: her crew had already made their escape, and she was left in turn, but not, as it proved, to meet the sad fate of the schooner, for she successfully rode out the gale.

A further cruise round the Sands, to see if their services are required by any distressed vessel, and they make again for Ramsgate, which they reach about half-past six. The steamer and life-boat are moored, ready for any fresh call which may be made for their services, the probability of which seems very great.

In such a storm, anxious watchers are on the alert on all the stations of the coast. Boatmen under the lee of boat-houses and boats, are grouped together at friendly corners. One or two every now and again take a few strides in the open for a wider range of view, and then back again to cover. The coastguard-men, sheltered in nooks of the cliff, or behind rocks, or breasting the storm on the drear sands as they walk their solitary beat, peer out into the darkness, watching the signals from sea,—the gun-flash, or the rocket's light, which, while they speak of hope to the imperilled, tell to those on shore of lives in danger and of waiting death. Or the watchers listen for the dull throb of the signal gun, the sign of wild warfare and struggles for life mid breaking waves and dashing seas, and calls for the rescuers to rush into the contest that they may snatch their powerless brethren from the very jaws of death. Often, too, the whisper runs along the telegraph wires telling of some distant scene of sad distress. It is so in this case. About a quarter-past eight in the evening, the harbour-master of Ramsgate receives a telegram. It intimates that far from Ramsgate—away round the

stormy North Foreland, some miles to the westward of Margate, the Prince's Light-ship is firing signal guns and rockets. The Tongue Light-ship repeats the signals: the vigilant coastguard-men hurry to bear the tidings on to Margate, but there the fine life-boats are powerless to help. The wind is blowing a hurricane from the west-north-west, and drives such a tremendous sea upon the shore that neither life-boat nor any other boat can possibly get off. The coastguard officer at Margate sees at once how hopeless any attempt of that kind would be, and hurries to send a telegram to Ramsgate. The harbour-master there receives it; and in a few minutes hurried action takes the place of wistful anxious waiting. For hours the steamer and life-boat have rested quietly in the sheltered harbour, lifting gently to the small waves that have been playing against their sides; the men for hours have been gazing out into the darkness, listening to the roar of the gale, and the murmur and tumult of the tumbling waves. The expected challenge comes—a call to action that they do not one moment hesitate to accept. They know the hardship and peril, but do not think of these, for they know what it is for brother sailors to cling perhaps to a few spars of still-standing wreck, while the wild waves leap around, and only a few inches of creaking, yielding timber shield them from their fury. They know the power of the waves to tear the strongest ship to fragments in a few hours; and they are ready for any stern deadly wrestle, to rescue their drowning fellow creatures. The order is given, and directly there is a rush to the life-boat. Ten Ramsgate boatmen, the coxswain, and two men from the revenue cutter "Adder," which happens to be in the harbour, speedily man her. The men on board the ever-ready steam-tug "Aid" are no less prompt; and within half-an-hour both steamer and boat are again making their way through the broken seas, and breasting the full fury of the gale. Imagine the picture that was hid in the pitch-darkness of that wild night. The steamer, strong and powerfully built, and which has never failed in any of its tussles with the storms, but in its every part worked true and well, when failure in crank, rod, or rivet might have been death to many lives, is thrown up and down by the raging sea, now half buried in the wash of surf, or poised for a moment on the broad crest of a huge wave, and again shooting bows under into the trough, rolling and pitching and staggering in the storm, but still true to her purpose. Still onward and onward she goes—the beat of the paddles, the roar of the steam-pipe, the throb of the engines mingling with the hoarse blast of the gale, and the lash and hiss of the surf and fleeting spray; while to the watchers on shore her light alone tells of her progress. The life-boat is almost burrowing its way through surf and sand. Each man bends low on his seat, and holds on by the thwart or gunwale; the wind has changed, and the boat being towed in the face of the gale and sea, does not ride over the waves as she would do if she were under canvass only, but is dragged on and on, cleaving their crests. "It was just like as if a fire-engine was playing upon your back, not in a steady stream, but with a great burst of water at every pump," said one of the men, whose station was in the bow. The ends of the life-boat are high, the air-tight compartments in the bow and stern giving her the self-righting power; the waist is low, that she may hold as little water as possible. When a sea comes on board, it is rolled out over the low sides, or escapes through the valves in the floor of the boat, so that within a few seconds of being full of water, even up to the gunwales, she frees herself to the floor. In a wild sea, when the waves and surf break over the bows of a big ship, and send the spray flying up almost to the topmast head, the life-boat, towed on in the teeth of the storm, is constantly deluged with water, or buried in surf and spray. At times, indeed, the water runs over the boat in volume sufficient to wash every man out of her who is not holding on. Now, the waves rush over the bow, and again a cross wave catches the side of the boat, staggers her, and fills her with water, while she pitches and rolls with a motion quick as that of a plunging horse. But the men know her well, and trust her thoroughly, and with a firm hold and stout hearts they resolutely journey onwards.

The wind has veered a little, and the high cliffs somewhat break its force; the men do not feel the full power of the gale until they are well round the North Foreland. The tide is strong, and on its ebb, the wind is dead on end, and they work their way with great difficulty.

The rain ceases, the clouds of flying scud lift a little; it is still pitch dark, but free from mist and rain. The men see the Margate Pier and town lights, which shine out steadily and clearly, and it seems strange to look, from their rough post of danger, action, and hardship, upon the town resting in quiet peace, scarce conscious of the storm. They make for the Tongue Light-ship, nine miles off Margate.

Every five minutes the darkness of the horizon is broken by a rocket from the light-ship. It goes flying up against the gale, and, bursting, gives a moment's flash, as its stars, caught by the fierce wind, go in a short stream of light to leeward. The steamer's crew make for the light-ship, looking anxiously the while in all directions for any signal which may guide them more directly to the vessel in distress. But they see none, and therefore make for the light-ship. The captain is told that signals had been seen from the high part of the Shingles sand-bank, and that they were supposed to be from a large ship in distress. The life-boat sheered near as she passed and the crew heard the same report. Again they urge their way onward against tide and wind, but can see no sign of any vessel, and no vestige of wreck. Perilous and anxious work this, for they actually feel their way in the tempest, and skirt the very edge of the dangerous

Sands. The roar of the gale is too great for any cries of distress to be heard. The hull of the vessel may be overrun with the sea, and the crew, clinging to the masts and rigging, be utterly unable to give any signal by firing rockets or guns, or showing lights, for the night is so dark that nothing can be seen except the steamer's light ahead, and the gleam of the foam within a few yards of the boat. Thus the men on board the steamer and life-boat are doubly anxious, not liking to leave the neighbourhood without thoroughly examining it, and fearing that they may leave behind, to a despair rendered the more bitter by the false hopes that had been excited, some poor fellows clinging desperately, with their remaining strength, to some few trembling fragments of wreck.

They can see nothing, and hear nothing. The vessel must either have gone utterly to pieces, or the men on board the Tongue Light-ship have been mistaken in the position of the signals they had seen. Intently they listen, and fancy they hear the boom of a gun fired at intervals; in a lull in the storm they hear it more plainly, and see in the far distance the flashing of rocket lights. They soon discover that the Prince's and Girdler Light-ships are at the same time repeating signals of distress. They think it best to make for the Prince's light first; and on arriving there, they are told that a large ship had been seen, on the Girdler Sands, they think, but it might be on the Shingles. Away again, in the darkness, they speed on their noble mission. At last they plainly discern a light on the south part of the Shingles; they make for it, and are again disappointed—it is the light of the steam tug, "Friend of all Nations," which is laying-to under the Shingles for protection from the rush of the sea. But here they are somewhat repaid for their efforts, for they learn beyond doubt that the vessel in distress is a large ship on the Girdler Sands, and, more than this, that another large ship, disabled and in great distress, has been seen driving down the "Deeps"—a very narrow channel between the Shingles and Long Sand: it must have been the signals from this vessel that were seen by the men on board the Tongue Light-ship. They are unwilling to pass on their way to the Girdler without making an effort to find the vessel which had been seen in such great distress, and which in every probability had gone ashore somewhere in the neighbourhood. So they make a cruise in the direction of the Deeps. They search narrowly, but in vain, and at last hurry away, as the Girdler Light-ship still continues to fire heavy guns, leaving, as they afterwards found, a ship's crew clinging to a remnant of wreck and in the most deadly peril, of whom in the darkness they could see nothing and hear nothing, although not very distant from them. At last their long, persevering, and hazardous search is crowned with success. Upon nearing the Girdler Light-ship they see on the Sands the flare of blazing tar barrels, signals made from the vessel on shore, and they at once make preparations for going to the rescue. The steamer is obliged to steer clear of the broken water—not only owing to the danger of grounding on the Sands, for the surf from the clashing waves would be enough to sweep her decks and almost swamp her. She skirts the Sands, and tows the life-boat well up to windward. The men on board the boat cast off the tow rope, and the wind and sea at once swing the boat's head round, and she plunges into the broken water which is rushing over the sand. It is indeed a wild waste of water. It boils and foams in tumultuous uproar, as, checked by the Sands, the waves break and rebound and dash together, leap high in air, and then recoil and fall with the roar of an avalanche, while their curling crests, caught by the gale, fly far away in broad feathers of cloud-like spray. It is a desperate strife of waters, and into the midst of it the boat rushes. All the men dare to do is to hoist a close reefed foresail, the gale is so strong. But swiftly it bears the boat along; the waves battle around like hungry wolves, and at times the boat is so overrun with broken water and surf that the men can scarcely breathe. They cling resolutely to the boat, however, and again and again she shakes herself free of water, rises buoyantly over the tops of the waves, and the men are free for one moment again: the next wave comes, and down she plunges into the trough of the troubled seas, which from all sides break on board her, and thus she undauntedly works her way in to the wreck.

II.—THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

It is one o'clock in the morning; the moon gleams out through gulfs in the dark deep clouds which sweep swiftly across her.

The men see a large ship hard and fast on shore, and in a perfect boil of waters. The tremendous seas are surging around, and shaking her from stem to stern, as they wildly leap against her. The spray is flying over her in all directions, and mingles with the dark masses of smoke which rise in thick clouds from the flaming tar barrels, while the smoke and spray are swiftly swept to leeward. She is making all possible signals of distress. The fierce wind had driven her at each lift of the sea higher on the Sands, until she reached the highest part, and there she has been left. When the tide fell, the waves could no longer lift the vessel, and let her crash down upon the sand, else long since she would have been utterly broken to pieces.

The boat makes in for the ship, the people on board see her, and cries and cheers of joy greet her approach. The foresail is lowered, the anchor thrown overboard, and the boat fast sheers in towards the ship. The cable goes out by the run and is too soon exhausted, for with a jerk it brings the boat up within sixty feet of the vessel, which they see to be an emigrant ship crowded with passengers. As the poor people see the boat stop short their cries for help are frantic, and sound dismally in the men's ears as slowly and laboriously

they haul in the cable, and get up the anchor before making another attempt to fetch alongside the ship. In the meantime they answer the people with cheers, and the moon shining out, the emigrants see that they are not deserted. The sea is so heavy, and the boat's anchor has taken so firm a hold, that it is a long time before they can get it up; and they now sail within fifty fathoms of the ship before they heave the anchor overboard again. It is necessary to let the anchor down as far as possible from the ship, that they may get plenty of sea room when they haul up to it again. This is done in order that they may set sail and get away from the wreck, upon which they must of necessity be driven if they have not allowed themselves sufficient room to sail clear of her. They let the cable out gradually and drop alongside; they get a hawser from the bow and another from the stern, and by these they are enabled to keep the boat in pretty good position, the men on board hauling and veering to keep the boat sufficiently near without letting her strike against the sides of the vessel; and this, in the broken seas and rapid tide, is a matter of no little difficulty. The captain and pilot of the vessel, (the "Fusilier,") shout out, "How many can you carry?—we have more than one hundred on board, more than sixty women and children." It was with no little dismay that the passengers looked down upon the boat half buried in spray, and wondered how she could be the means of rescuing such a crowd of people. The men shout from the boat that a steamer is near, and that they will take off the passengers in parties to her. Two of the boatmen spring as the boat lifts, catch the manropes, and climb on board the ship. "Who comes here?" cries the captain, as the two boatmen, clad in their oilskin overalls, and pale and half exhausted with their long battling with wind and sea, jump from the bulwarks amid the excited passengers. "Two men from the life-boat," is the reply, and the passengers crowd around them, seize them by the hands, and some even cling to them with such an energy of fear as requires force to overcome. The light from the ship's lamps and the faint moonlight reveal the mass of people on board,—some deadly pale and terror-stricken, some fainting, others in hysterics, while many are more resigned. It had been a long, long night of terror and most anxious suspense, and many who during its terrible hours had held up bravely, now broke down at the crisis of the life-boat's arrival. But the night had not been one of unreasoning fear to all. There were those on board who, filled with a calm heroism, had by their example of holy faith exerted great influence for good,—one woman especially, who had been for some time employed by a religious society in London visiting among the poor, proved herself well-fitted for scenes of danger and distress. Gathering many around her, she read and prayed with them; and often, as the wild blasts shook the vessel to its keel, there mingled with the roar the strains of hymns, and many a poor creature gathered consolation and confidence, and learnt to look from his, or her, own weakness to the Almighty arm of a loving God; and many who had already learnt those truths which take the sting from death, were encouraged to draw nearer, in more full reliance upon the sufficient atonement of Him who has declared, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." Thus there was light in the darkness, and songs in the night, and the voice speaking in the tempest said, "Peace, be still;" and many felt, although the warring elements still raged, a calm which recklessness may assume, but which faith alone can give at such an hour.

This is no fancy sketch, no bit of imagined and attempted pathos dragged in. One hundred immortal souls were expecting momently the summons which should launch them into eternity, and a most terrible shade in the tragic picture it would indeed have been had none of that throng been prepared for the summons by the exercise of humble and earnest faith,—if by all of them the expected messenger was thought of as the King of Terrors, and by none as the Messenger of Peace. Now, as the prospect of safety dawns upon all, a wild excitement for a moment prevails, and there is a rush made for the gangway:—mothers shriek for their children, husbands strive to push their wives through the throng, and children are trodden down in the crowd. It is a few moments before the captain can exercise any authority, but the passengers, checked for a minute, regain self-control, fall back from the side of the vessel, and wait for orders. "How many will the life-boat carry?" the captain asks. "Between twenty and thirty each trip," is the answer. "There is a very nasty dangerous sea and surf over the Sands; if too crowded we may get some washed out of her."

It is at once decided, of course, that the women and children are to be taken first, and the crew prepare to get them into the boat. Two sailors are slung in bow-lines over the side of the vessel to help the women down. The boat ranges to and fro in the rush of the tide; though the men do their best to check its swing with the hawsers which are passed from the ship to the bow and stern of the boat. But still she sheers violently—is now lifted on the crest of a wave to within a few feet of the vessel's deck, and again falls into the trough of the sea after the waves pass under her, and, suddenly dropping many feet below, or, sheering away, leaves a dismal yawning gap of water between her and the vessel's side. It is a terrible scene, most dangerous work, and calling for great courage and nerve. It would have been difficult, even though all had been active men, but how much more so when many are frightened and excited women, some aged and very helpless. The mothers among the women are called for first. One is led to the gangway, and shrinks back from the scene before her. The boat is lifted up, and she sees men standing on

"TWO MEN FROM THE LIFE-BOAT CLIMB ON BOARD, AND THE PASSENGERS CROWD AROUND THEM, SEIZE THEM BY THE HANDS, AND EVEN CLING TO THEM."

the thwarts with outstretched arms, ready to catch her if she falls, and the next moment the boat is in a dark gulf many feet below, and half covered with the fleeting spray. The frightened woman is urged over the side, and now hangs in mid-air, held by either arm of the two men, who are suspended over the side. As the boat again lifts, the boatmen cry, "Let go!" The two men do so, but the poor woman clings to one of them with a frantic grasp. One of the men standing on the thwarts of the boat springs up, grasps her by the heels, which he can just reach, drags her down, catches her in his arms as she falls, and the two together roll down into the boat, their fall broken by the men below, who stand ready to catch them. It is no time for ceremony, but for quick, prompt, unhesitating action. The number to be rescued, and the time that must of necessity be occupied in going to and from the steamer, make all feel there is not a moment to be lost. The next woman makes a half spring, and is got into the boat without much trouble. Now the boat lifts, but does not rise enough, she rather falls and sheers off. A woman is being held over the side by the two men; she struggles, the men in their awkward position can scarcely retain their hold, and she is slipping from them, while the mad waves leap beneath, a ready grave. Just as she falls the boat sheers in again, and she is grasped by one of the active boatmen: by a great effort her course is directed into the boat, and she is saved. Another, who is very near her confinement, cries out piteously, "Oh, don't shake me, don't hurt me!" but she falls from the hands of the men holding her, is caught by the boatmen, and rolls over with them into the bottom of the boat. Some of the men on board throw blankets down to the half-dressed women, many of whom are crying aloud for their children. A passenger rushes frantically to the gangway, cries "Here, here!" and thrusts a big bundle into the hands of one of the sailors, who supposes it to be merely a blanket, which the man intends for his wife in the boat. "Here, Bill, catch," the man shouts, and throws it to a boatman standing up in the boat, who just manages to catch it as it is on the point of falling into the sea, and is thunderstruck to hear a baby's cry proceed from it, while a shriek, "My child, my child!" from a woman, as she snatches the bundle from him, tells further of the greatness of the danger through which the child has passed. In spite of all their care, the boat, every now and then, lurches against the ship's side, and would be stove-in but for the cork fenders which surround her. Still she is flying and tossing about, now high as the main chains, now deep in the trough of a big sea, whose hollow leaves little water between her and the sands; but in spite of all this, about thirty women and children, one after another, are taken on board, and the boat is declared to be full. They cast off the hawsers from the bow and stern, and all hands begin to haul in upon the cable. They get the anchor up with much difficulty, and as the range of cable gets shorter, the boat jerks and pitches a great deal in the rush of sea and tide. The anchor is at length up, the sails are hoisted, the boat feels her helm, gathers way swiftly, and shoots clear of the ship. A half-hearted cheer greets them as they pass astern—the remaining passengers watching them with wistful and somewhat anxious glances as they plunge on through sea and foam. Away the boat bounds before the fierce gale—on through the flying surf and boiling sea—on, although the waves leap over her and fill her with their spray and foam. Buoyantly she rises and shakes herself free, staggering as the waves break against her bows, and then tossing her stem high in the air as she climbs their crests. She pitches almost bows under as the waves pass under her stern, and rolls as she sinks in the trough of the seas. The poor emigrants, trembling with cold and excitement, crowd together, and hold on to the boat, to each other, or to anything, scarcely realising their safety as the boiling seas foam fiercely around them, and the rising waves seem to threaten at any moment to overwhelm them. They take a more convulsive and firm grasp, as the cry of warning from the men to "hold on" every now and then is heard, and bend low as the broken seas make a clean sweep over the boat, filling her and threatening to wash all out of her. The steamer, as has been said, towed the life-boat well to windward, that she might have a fair wind in for the wreck; but as soon as the life-boat left her she made her way round the sands to leeward, that the boat might have a fair wind to her again, and now waits the boat's return. On she comes: the broken water is now passed, the scud and spray fly all around her; but the cross seas overrun her no longer, and the emigrants lift their heads and rejoice as the lights of the steamer are pointed out to them shining brightly and very near. Thirty women and children are on board, and with this first instalment of the shipwrecked emigrants the boat runs alongside the "Aid." The steamer is put athwart the sea, to form a breakwater for the boat, which comes under her lee; the roll of the steamer, the pitching of the boat, the wild wind and sea, with the darkness of the night only a little broken by the light of the steamer's lanterns, render it a somewhat difficult matter to get the exhausted women into the steamer. As the boat rises, the men lift up a woman and steady her for a moment on the gunwale, two men on the steamer catch her by the arms as she comes within reach, and she is dragged up the side on to the steamer's deck. There is no time for ceremony here either: a moment's hesitation, and the poor creature might have a limb crushed between the steamer and the boat. Each woman is thus got on deck, and two men half lead, half carry her to the cabin below. One struggles to get back to the boat, shrieking for her child; the men do not understand her in the roar of the gale: there is no time for explanations, and she is gently forced below. Again the rolled-up blanket appears; it is

handed into the steamer, and is about to be dropped on the deck, when half-a-dozen voices shout out, "A baby in the blanket!" and it is carried below and received by the poor weeping mother with a great outburst of joy. "God bless you!—God bless you!" she exclaims to the man, and then blesses and praises God out of the abundant fulness of her heart.

Many, who during the hours of danger had been comparatively calm and resigned, can no longer restrain their feelings. They at last feel themselves safe, and at the same moment realise the greatness of the peril they have escaped and that which those left on board the ship still encounter. Some throw themselves on the cabin floor, weeping and sobbing; some cling to the sailors, begging and entreating them to save their husbands or children who are left behind; while others can do little else than repeat some simple form of praise and blessing to God for his great mercy. The boat is towed to windward again, and when the straining cable is let go, her sails are hoisted cheerily, she heads round, swiftly gathers way, and bounds in like a greyhound through the troubled seas towards the ship. A slant of wind comes however and drives her from her course; they find that they cannot reach the ship, and make out into the open water. The steamer soon picks her up, tows her into a more favourable position, and the boat speedily runs in again alongside the vessel. There are still on board more women and children than would fill the boat, and they have to leave some half-a-dozen behind. All the old difficulties in getting the women down the side of the vessel are repeated, although the wind has now fallen a little. They make for the steamer, and as each new-comer is handed down into the cabin, the anxiety of those who are eagerly looking for some loved one is great indeed, and the greetings, when such are met with, are very earnest. For the third time the boat reaches the stranded ship, and brings away the remaining passengers. The cabin of the steamer is full of women and children, in every stage of exhaustion and excitement. They are very thankful to God for the full answers vouchsafed to the earnest prayers of the last night. It has taken more than three hours to get the emigrants on board the steamer, and there has been additional delay by the boat twice failing to reach the ship; but this very delay, which at the time seemed so unfortunate, was, under God's providence, the means of saving further life.

The life-boat again makes for the "Fusilier," to see what the crew of the ship will do. The gale has now gone down very considerably, and the tide has been falling fast for some time. The ship being light is firmly settled on the sands, and there is now no immediate danger, although should the wind get up again with the returning tide, the ship may be very speedily knocked to pieces.

The captain of the vessel thinks it very probable that, if the gale continues to abate, the ship, as she has not been much knocked about, may be got off at the next high tide; but while he is unwilling to abandon the vessel as long as there is a chance of her rescue, he feels the greatness of the risk, and wishes the life-boat to remain with him. It is nearly day-light, the night is clear, and the wind is still blowing very hard; the life-boat takes an order to the steamer to send luggers with anchors and cables, that they may make every effort to get the ship off, if the weather continues to moderate. She then returns and lies by the ship, while the steamer, heavily freighted with the rescued emigrants, makes the best of her way towards Ramsgate.

III.—THE "DEMERARA."

THE emigrants describe their perils, and mention that during the previous evening, while their ship was driving, and some time before she struck, they saw a large ship in great distress and apparently drifting fast upon the sands: that darkness set in, and they lost sight of her.

The crew of the steamer keep a sharp look-out for this vessel, or any signs of her wreck. It is evidently the one of which they heard, and for which they searched before they discovered the "Fusilier." They see part of a mast, and other wreckage entangled in the sands, and conclude that the vessel must have gone entirely to pieces, with the loss of all hands, during the night. But for the delay that had been occasioned, they would have proceeded to Ramsgate before there was sufficient light to scan the sands so narrowly as they did; but now, as they proceed down the Prince's Channel and get near to the light-vessel, they see the small remnant of a wreck, which they think may be the bowsprit and jib-boom of a vessel dismasted and on her beam-ends. They get nearer to her, and find that she is well over on the north-east side of Girdler or Shingle Sands; some of the crew wish to launch the steam-tug's small life-boat, eighteen feet long, and make in through the surf to the wreck, to which, they think, they can see some of the crew clinging. But it is thought too great a risk to take so small a boat through such a broken sea, and it is agreed that they had better go back for the large life-boat. They put back, and, passing to windward of the "Fusilier," strike their flag half-mast high, as a sign that the boat is to join them: this she speedily does, and they together make for the newly-found wreck. As they approach her they can see that it is a vessel on her beam-ends, with only her foremast standing.

The life-boat, having been towed into a favourable position, makes in for the vessel. The men wonder that she has held together so long, for she is broken and torn almost to pieces, the copper peeled off her bottom, the timbers started, broken, and twisted, the planking is torn off, almost all the cargo is washed out of her shattered hull, and here and there the light to be seen through her bottom.

There was now little more than a portion of the skeleton of the ship that a few hours before, taut and trim, had buoyantly bounded over the seas.

The foremast, feebly held in position by a remnant of the deck, lay stretched a few feet above the water. The crew and pilot had been lashed to it for many hours, and for that time had seemed trembling over their fearful and ready grave. The heavy waves foam up and beat against the hull, and the doomed ship is, bit by bit, being torn to pieces. The crew, as they cling on, hear the timbers creaking and snapping. The deck has been blown up by the force of the waves, and the fragments of wreck are swept away in the swift tide, the heavy seas making more and more a breach over the ship. Sometimes the ship lifts a little from the mere force of the blow given by the tremendous seas; at any moment she may snap the foremast and roll right over; the mast quivers at every shake and heave of the wreck, the fierce tide rushes five feet beneath them, and the waves leap up and beat over them, and still they hold on. An hour passes, and they are spared; still another and another: they see a steamer's lights in the distance: it nears, it hovers beside them. A few of the trembling storm-beaten sailors shout once or twice, but the rest smile grimly at the folly of supposing that any voice can be heard, even a few yards off, in the roar of such a gale. They watch the steamer's lights in a very agony of suspense, but without any hope that they can be discovered in the darkness. They see the smaller light astern of the steamer, and imagine it to be that of the life-boat; they hear the dull throbs of the heavy guns from the light-ships, they see the faint flashes of light from the rockets, they know that these signals are calling for the steamer and life-boat to speed on elsewhere to the rescue of other drowning ones, and they watch the steamer's lights grow fainter and fainter until they are lost in the darkness. So they are left alone to their desolation and despair, while the wild winds roar, and the raging waves hunger around them. The moon goes down, the darkness thickens, the gale rushes by more furiously than ever; then comes a slight lull, and a faint light streaks the eastern horizon. They tighten their grasp upon the trembling mast and torn rigging, and speak a few words of hope. They may yet see another sun-rise; for in the dull grey light of the early dawn they faintly see a steamer in the distance, but her course will not bring her quite near to them. Intently they watch her: she alters her course and makes directly for the sands upon the edge of which their frail wreck rests: they begin to hope again, and joy comes in upon them like a flood. They shout aloud, and wave a rag of canvas, the only means of signalling that is left to them; the steamer sees them, she dips her flag as a signal, and then slowly turns round and steams away full speed in the direction from which she came. An agony of fear comes over them again; they feel that they cannot be altogether deserted, but they shudder as the creaking mast trembles beneath them, and look at the yawning gulf of wild waters which gapes so close below, and in their hearts they fear that the steamer on her return with aid may find no trace of them left. A short time, which however seems long indeed to them, measured as it is by their danger and the greatness of their suspense—a short time, and they again see the steamer, and soon are enabled to make out, to their great joy, that she has the life-boat in tow. Still the flying surf beats upon them and drives them with its sheer weight closer to the mast: still the water rages around, while they cling with all their desperate energy to the quivering shrouds: but the time of despair has passed.

The life-boat comes swiftly on, running before the still heavy gale, now rising like a cork to the mounting seas, or again plunging boldly through the surf or broken water. Her men forget the long night-struggle of fatigue and danger through which they have passed: much noble work have they done, but they have still noble work to do,—more lives to save by the help of God: and with cool determination they cheerfully proceed to their new labours. They find the water more and more broken as they near the vessel, the waves are flying high over the lost ship, the ebb tide is running strongly. From the breaking seas and from the position of the ship, now on her broadside with her keel to windward, they cannot anchor on the windward side, and let the boat gradually drop in upon the wreck: their only chance is to run with the wind abeam right in upon the fore-rigging. It is true there is considerable danger in this; but at such times they cannot stop to calculate danger, and must be ready to risk much in their attempts to save life. They charge in amid the floating wreckage, and the boat hits hard upon the iron windlass which is hanging still to the deck of the vessel. A rope is thrown round the fore-rigging, and the group of exhausted sailors shout with joy as they greet the glad friendly faces coming in upon them out of the storm of desolation which rages around. The crew, sixteen in number, including the pilot and a boy of about eleven years of age, are pale and exhausted, and drop one by one from the mast into the boat, and leave the storm-torn fragment of the "Demerara" to her speedy fate. "Oars out" is the cry, and by hard pulling the boat is got clear of the raff of the wreck. There is then a moment's waiting ere they hoist the sail, and a great shaking of hands all round, and warm greetings, and heartfelt thanks from the saved ones.

It is now nearly ten o'clock in the morning; they set sail and soon reach the steamer which is waiting to leeward. The emigrants, who have so recently passed through similar scenes of danger, now crowd the deck. All their keenest sympathies are aroused, shout after shout greets the boat, the women cheer at the top of their voices, and welcome with outstretched arms alike the rescued and the rescuers. One warm-hearted creature seizes the coxswain's

hands in both hers, and shakes them with might and main, sobbing out, as the tears roll down her cheeks, "I'll pray the Holy Father for you the longest day that I live." Many fell on their knees, and out of full hearts poured forth thanks to God.

The steamer is now full of people; the cabins are given up to the women and children, and are crowded in every part; and the poor people, wet and shivering, are full of thankfulness for their safety; while the steamer, with quick motion, rolls and pitches as she makes her way through the cross seas, which still run high and broken, although the fierceness of the tempest is past.

It is no unusual occurrence at Ramsgate for a crowd of people to be grouped at the Pier-head, watching with interest for the appearance of the steamer, with her flags flying in token of the goodly freight which she bears with her; but with deeper interest than ever such summer scenes excited is the steamer waited for now.

It is one of those bright genial winter mornings of which Ramsgate has so goodly a share. Many have been attracted to the Pier to take, on that pleasant promenade, a good instalment of the fresh breeze, and to watch the sea bright with sunshine, and the waves glistening and flashing in their turmoil of unrest. The rumour spreads that the steamer and life-boat have been away all night, and are every minute expected to round the point and appear in sight. The throng on the Pier increases, for long there has been an anxious look-out eastward for the appearance of the returning steamer, and great is the feeling of gladness and deep the murmur of satisfaction as the gallant "Aid" appears, with her flags flying at the life-boat's masthead, telling the glad tale of successful effort. The crowd rejoices greatly in the good work done, and as the steamer comes nearer it is seen that never on a summer's day did steamer bear through calm seas a fuller freight of holiday-seekers. From the Pier the crowd looks down upon the multitude on board, and knows that they are just snatched from the very jaws of death, and a thrill of wonder and gladness passes through them all, with that half-formed sense of fear which a realisation of danger recently escaped either by ourselves or others always gives. The crowd waves, and shouts, and hurrahs, and gives every sign of glad welcome and deep congratulation; and as the steamer sweeps round the Pier-head, the pale upturned faces of one hundred and twenty rescued men, women, and children smile back a glad acknowledgment of the hearty welcome so warmly given. It is a scene almost overpowering in the deep feeling it produces.

The emigrants land, they toil weakly up the steps to the pier, all bearing signs of the scene of danger and hardship through which they have passed. Some are barely clothed, some have blankets wrapped round them, and all are weary and worn, and faint with cold and wet and long suspense. There are some aged women among them, who had been unwilling to be left behind when those most dear to them were about to seek their fortunes abroad; others had been sent for by their friends, and to them the thoughts of the terrors and trials of a sea-voyage had been overcome by the longing to see once again before they died the faces long loved and long missed—to see perhaps the grandchildren who, although they had never looked upon them, yet they had thought of until they had become almost part of their daily life. It is piteous to see some of the aged women totter from the steamer to the Pier. But young men and young women are there too, who, crowded in the race at home, had sought in a wider field to make better way. Here a poor sorrow-stricken mother, deadly pale and sobbing bitterly, looks wistfully upon the white face and almost closed eyes of the baby in her husband's arms. This is the poor child that was so nearly lost overboard, as it was thrown into the boat wrapped up in a blanket. (The mother's fears were not realised: the baby speedily recovered.)

It now became the glad office of the people of Ramsgate to bestir themselves on behalf of those thus suddenly thrown upon their charity. The agent of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society at once took charge of the sailors. Accommodation was found for the emigrants in houses near the Pier, and a plentiful meal was at once supplied; many of the residents busied themselves most heartily; and clothes, dresses, coats, boots, hats, bonnets, stays, and other garments were liberally given. Subscriptions were at once raised to pay all expenses, and to put into the hands of the poor creatures some little ready money. In the meantime one of the shipping agents telegraphed to the owners of the wrecked emigrant ship, and was empowered by them to render all required aid. He therefore found the emigrants all needed board and lodging, and next morning forwarded them to London; a crowd of Ramsgate people bade them good-bye at the station, and received grateful acknowledgments of the kindness and sympathy which had been shown.

The emigrants were cared for in London by the owners of the "Fusilier." The weather moderating the morning after the wreck, the emigrants' things were get out of the vessel and sent on to them; and the owners of the "Fusilier" soon obtained another ship in which they forwarded the passengers, and they had a prosperous voyage to Melbourne.

The good old Ramsgate life-boat has done some good work since; but her time has come, and she is now condemned, and I fear will soon be broken up. A most noble substitute, a present to the Life-boat Institution from the people of Bradford, supplies her place. She is named the "Bradford;" and our wish is that she may have as noble a career, and ever find ready to speed her on her errands of mercy as many stout hearts and strong hands as have fallen to the lot of the good old Ramsgate Life-boat.

JOHN GILMORE.

THE FRENCH CHURCH IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

THE stranger who visits Canterbury Cathedral, in making the ordinary round of the place under charge of the verger, is usually pointed to an apartment walled off from the crypt in the south side-aisle, which he is informed is "the French Church." If the visitor be curious, he will be taken up to a window overlooking the interior, through which he will observe that the place is fitted up with pews, and furnished with a pulpit and precentor's desk, like a dissenting place of worship. His attention will probably also be directed to the long table, round which the communicants sit when receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after the manner of the Geneva brethren; and he will further be informed that the entire service is conducted in the French tongue. If the visitor's curiosity be further roused, and he inquire how it is that a Calvinistic congregation should be found carrying on their worship here in the high Cathedral of England, almost within sound of the choral service of the Episcopal Church overhead, he will obtain little further information beyond that the French Church has met there, and that successive congregations of Calvinists of foreign descent have carried on their worship undisturbed there, for a period of more than three hundred years.

The circumstances connected with the origin of this church are nevertheless full of curious interest to such as love to tread the by-paths of history. Though now but a mere vestige of an institution once full of life and vigour, it has lessons to teach not without their value; for it will be found that the asylum which the English nation, as well as the English Church, have afforded to men of other countries persecuted for conscience' sake in past times (of which this French Church is one of the very few remaining instances) has contributed in no small degree to the establishment of our own religious liberty, as well as to the growth and development of the skilled industry of the nation.

The first foreign immigrants who sought asylum in this country in any large numbers were Flemings. For many centuries, Flanders had been the chief seat of commercial and manufacturing industry in the north of Europe. English monarchs at various times endeavoured to induce Flemish artizans to settle among us, and teach our people to work up the English wool into cloth, instead of sending it abroad for the purpose. Early colonies of them settled at Gower in South Wales, at Worstead near Norwich, at Norwich itself, at Cranbrook in Kent, and in other parts of the west and south of England, where they established and carried on various branches of manufacture. But it was not until the accession of Philip II. to the throne of Spain, on the abdication of Charles V. in 1556, that the foreign immigration began to assume an important aspect.

The provinces of the Netherlands had greatly prospered under the comparatively mild sway of the Burgundian dukes. They were inhabited by a hard-working and intelligent race,—great alike as artists and artizans, painters and weavers, architects and tradesmen, agriculturists and iron-workers, as the decayed glories of Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent testify to this day. Many of these skilled men were, however, Protestants; and Philip II., who had succeeded to the rich inheritance of Burgundy, determined to stamp out Protestantism wherever found throughout his dominions. With this object he proceeded to establish a branch of the Spanish Inquisition in Flanders, appointing Cardinal Granville, his favourite minister, Inquisitor-General. Notwithstanding, however, the extraordinary powers put in force by the king, he found, to his intense mortification, that the Protestants would not conform. Sir Thomas Gresham wrote to Cecil from Antwerp in 1566,—"There are above 40,000 Protestants in this towne, which will die rather than the word of God should be put to silence." At length the discontent of the people broke forth, and a civil war ensued, which extended over many years. The king's armies were led by the bravest of his generals—by the Duke of Alva, the Prince of Parma and others; and though they eventually failed in establishing the Inquisition in the Netherlands, they succeeded in ruining its commerce, destroying its manufactures, and reducing the great mass of the people to destitution and beggary.

At an early period in the civil war, the merchants, tradesmen, and artizans began to fly the country, leaving their property a prey to the spoiler; and it is said that for some years the plunder of the proscribed Protestants brought into the royal treasury about twenty millions of dollars annually. Many, however, contrived to escape with part of their possessions, crossing the frontier into Holland, or putting out to sea from any port that was open. The Duchess of Parma, the Governess, wrote to Philip in 1567, "that in a few days 100,000 men had already left the country with their money and goods, and that more were following every day." Clough, in the same year, wrote Gresham from Antwerp,—"It is marveylus to see how the pepell packe away from hense; some for one place, and some for another, as well the papysts as the protestants; for it is thought that, howsomever it goeth, it cannot go well here; for that presently all the wealthy and rich men of both sydes, who should be the stey of matters, make themselves away." *

The exodus continued for many years. The best and most industrious fled in all directions, carrying with them into other countries their skill, their intelligence, and their spirit of liberty. Only the

* Flanders Correspondence: State Paper Office.

weak, the helpless, and the hopeless remained behind. The greater number passed into Holland, then gallantly struggling for independence against the dominant power of Spain; but large numbers also passed over into England, which they hailed as "asylum Christi." It was then a turning point in the history of England. The balance of tendencies in favour of the old and the new religions was not very decided either way. Philip II. yet hoped to force England back into the old faith; and he was actively employed in building his sacred Armada for the purpose. The influx of the persecuted Protestants which now occurred may possibly have had considerable influence in turning the scale. Settling in various parts of the kingdom, they would serve as so many missionaries to rouse the people to resist the tyranny of the persecutors who had driven them forth from their homes abroad. Alva boasted that he had put to death 18,000 heretics in the Low Countries alone; so that England knew what she had to expect if Philip succeeded in his daring attempt on England. But every reader of history now knows what was the end of his sacred and invincible Armada.

The first of the persecuted Flemings who made their escape by sea landed at that part of England which is the nearest to the Flemish coast. They put in at Sandwich, near Deal, where we find a body of them established as early as the year 1561, in the third year of the reign of Elizabeth. When the Queen was informed of the landing of the foreigners, she wrote enjoining the mayor, jurats, and commonalty to give liberty to the foreigners to settle in the place and carry on their respective callings. She further recommended the measure as calculated to benefit the town by "plantynge in the same men of knowledge in sundry handicrafts," in which they were "verye skilfull;" and she more particularly specified that the trades they were to follow were "the makinge of says, bays, and other cloth, which hath not been used to be made in this our realme of Englonde." The local authorities readily responded to the wishes of the Queen. They did all that she required, and appointed two markets to be held weekly for the sale of cloths; and, as the number of Flemings was considerable, the old church of St. Peter's was appropriated for their special use, but at the same time they were enjoined not to dispute openly about their religion.

Before the arrival of the Flemish Protestants, Sandwich was a poor decayed place. It had originally been a town of considerable importance, and was one of the chief Cinque Ports. But when the river Stour became choked up with silt, the navigation, on which it had chiefly depended, was interrupted, its trade decayed, and great poverty fell upon the inhabitants. No sooner, however, had the first colony of Flemings, above four hundred in number, settled there under the Queen's protection, than the town at once became instinct with new life, and was restored to more than its former importance. The London merchants resorted to the bi-weekly markets, and bought up at remunerative prices all the goods that the foreign artizans could manufacture. The people of the town shared in the general prosperity; and the native working folks learned from the strangers the new arts of making says, bays, and flannel, from which they greatly profited. Before many years had passed, the townspeople, forgetful of the benefits they owed to the strangers as the authors of their prosperity, became jealous, and sought to impose heavy local taxes on them, against which the Dutch congregation stoutly expostulated;* and it was not until the intercession of the Queen on their behalf that they were relieved from the unequal burden.

Another body of the Flemish refugees shortly after settled in like manner at Canterbury. While those at Sandwich were Flemings or Dutch, the Canterbury settlers were Walloons, from the provinces situated along the French frontier. Early in Elizabeth's reign, we find eighteen families, led by their pastor, Hector Hamon, "minister verbi Dei," memorialising the mayor and aldermen for liberty to worship God within the city according to the dictates of their conscience. They represented that they had fled from their own country, leaving goods and property behind them, for the sake of the Truth which they prized; and they prayed that they might have a place assigned them for worship, as well as a burial-place for their dead. They further requested that, in order to prevent the settlement amongst them of profane and evil-disposed persons, none should be permitted to join their body without exhibiting sufficient testimonials of probity and good character. They also solicited permission to maintain a teacher for the instruction of their children in the French tongue. The trades which they specified as those which they intended to earn their living by, were the weaving of various kinds of fabrics, such as silk brocade, bombazin, orleans, serge, bays, and moucquade.

All that the poor immigrants requested was readily conceded. The mayor and aldermen gave them full permission to carry on their trades within the precincts of the city. The eminent and liberal-minded Matthew Parker, then Archbishop of Canterbury, with the sanction of the Queen, granted them the free use of the undercroft of the cathedral: and there "the gentle and

* Their memorial to the Corporation, preserved amongst the town records, concludes as follows:—"Which condition [viz., the having to bear the extra local burdens] is suche, that by means of theis chardgis they should finally be secluded and syndered from the liability of those manifolde and necessary contributions which yet in this our exile are practised amongst us, as well towards the maintenaunce of the ministry of God's word as lykewyse in the sustentation of our poore: performing therefore our foresayde humble petition, we shall be the more moved to directe our warmest prayers to our mercyfull God, that of his heavenly grace he will beatify your common weale more and more, grauntynge to ytt his spiritual and temporall blessyngs, which he graciously powreth uppon them that show favour and consolation to the poore afflicted straungers."

profitable strangers," as the archbishop styled them, set up their looms and carried on their trade.

The under-croft or crypt is of great extent, though damp and ill lighted. In former times it was dedicated to the Virgin, and was known as the "Chapel of our Lady Under-croft." The open stone-work which surrounded the shrine is still to be seen, stripped of its former gorgeous decorations. The wealth of this shrine was indescribable; and only a few magnates were permitted to see it.* Over the statue of the Virgin, in gold, was a royal-purple canopy, starred with jewels and precious stones; and from the roof in front of the shrine were suspended a row of silver lamps from rings, which are now all that remains of them; for the gold and silver, the jewels, and all the treasures of the shrine were seized and carted off to London in Henry the Eighth's time, so that when the Walloons took possession the crypt must have been comparatively desolate.

The Walloons not only carried on their trade, but they held their school and their church also in the crypt. Over the capitals of the columns on the north side are several texts of scripture still to be seen in old French, written up for the instruction of the young people, and doubtless taught them by heart. The texts are from the Psalms, Proverbs, and New Testament. At other times the place was used for purposes of worship. The poor strangers needed no golden star-canopied shrine, nor silver lamps, to lead their minds and hearts up to their Creator. Morning and night they "sang the Lord's song in a strange land, and wept when they remembered Zion."

The immigrants prospered. They maintained themselves; they supported their own poor; and they succoured the destitute refugees, still flying from the persecution in Flanders, who from time to time joined them. Most of the Walloons came from Lille, Nuelle, Turcoing, Waterloo, Darmentures, and the intermediate towns. Among those who came over from Lille in 1567 was one Lawrence des Bouveryes, who first settled at Sandwich as a maker of bays, but in the following year he joined the French congregation at Canterbury. The Bouverye family prospered, and eventually arrived at distinction and honour, their lineal descendant now sitting in the House of Lords as Earl of Radnor. The Hugessens came over about the same time from Dunkirk, settling first at Dover and afterwards at Sandwich, which place the representative of the family, E. Knatchbull Hugessen, Esq., now represents in Parliament.

Meanwhile the settlers at Sandwich continued to prosper in like manner as those at Canterbury had done, and in the course of a short time they were found to constitute about one-third part of the population of the place. Although the principal occupation of the strangers was the making of bays, linsey-wolsey, and such-like fabrics, they did not confine themselves to weaving. Some were hat-makers, and others carpenters, brewers, and shipwrights. Windmills were erected for grinding, and two potters introduced the pottery trade. The town soon became more prosperous than it had ever been before; new buildings arose on all sides; and Sandwich almost became transformed into a Flemish town. Though now fallen into comparative decay, the quaint, foreign-looking aspect of the place never fails to strike the modern visitor with surprise. The foreign element in its population long continued to be recognisable, though in every succeeding generation it necessarily became less marked. As late as 1713—1737, Gerard de Gols officiated at the same time as rector of St. Peter's and minister of the Dutch congregation. He was an able English writer, and was so much esteemed by his fellow-kinsmen that he was one of the persons appointed by the corporation to support the canopies at the coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline. At length the Flemings and their descendants, becoming absorbed in the general population, ceased to form a separate part of the Sandwich community, though a considerable number of the inhabitants to this day bear the names of their Flemish ancestors.

In addition to the several branches of industry above mentioned which were introduced by the Flemings, that of gardening is worthy of passing mention. The people of Flanders have always excelled in horticulture, and one of the first things the settlers did at Sandwich was to turn to account the excellent qualities of the soil there for garden purposes. Until then, gardening was almost unknown in England; and cabbages, carrots, turnips, and ordinary vegetables were scarcely to be had. It is said that Queen Katherine could not obtain a salad for her dinner in all England, and that her table was supplied from the Low Countries. Hartlib, writing in 1650, says that some old men then living, "remembered the first gardener who came into Surrey to plant cabbages and cauliflowers, and to sow turnips, carrots, parsnips, and early pease,—all of which at that time were great wonders, as having few or none in England but what came from Holland or Flanders."

The first cabbages were grown at Sandwich from seed brought from Artois, from which province were also brought the first hops grown in Kent. The gardens proved very prolific, and the Flemings readily sold the produce they raised at high prices. Their cabbages, carrots, and celery were sent to London in large quantities; and "Sandwich celery" still maintains its reputation. In course of time a body of gardeners removed from Sandwich to the neighbourhood of London, more particularly to Wandsworth, Battersea, and Bermondsey, where the rich garden grounds, first tilled by the Flemings, continue to be the most productive in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

So long as the persecution abroad continued to

* "Handbook of the Cathedrals of England," ii. 384.

rage, successive bodies of emigrants flocked into the kingdom. The city of Norwich having fallen into decay, the greater number of the houses in the place being unoccupied, the corporation took steps to induce a body of the Flemish artizans to settle there; and in 1564 we find three hundred Dutch families settled at Norwich, where they began the manufacture of bays, arras, mouequade, and other stuffs.

When Philip II. found that his subjects continued to fly from the blessings of the Inquisition which he had set up, he endeavoured to check the emigration by preventing the fugitives from obtaining asylum elsewhere. The Pope accordingly proclaimed the Protestant Walloons to be "drunkards and schismatics," and warned the faithful against giving them help or succour in any form. In 1569, he launched a bull against Queen Elizabeth, in which he denounced the refugees whom she protected as among the worst of mankind,—declaring the Queen herself to be a heretic, and absolving her subjects from all further allegiance to her authority. This was a strong measure to adopt against the Queen, at a time when probably as many of her subjects were Catholics as Protestants; but she was not dissuaded from her course, and wherever the fugitives landed, the royal protection was at once extended to them. Bishop Jewell thought it right to justify the Queen's policy in his "View of a Seditious Bull," wherein he defended the refugees as worthy, well-conducted, and industrious citizens. "They are," said he, "our brethren. They live not idly. If they have houses of us, they pay rent for them. They hold not our grounds but by making due recompense. They beg not in our streets, nor crave anything at our hands, but to breathe our air and to see our sun. They labour truefully, they live sparefully. They are good examples of virtue, travail, faith, and patience. The towns in which they abide are happy; for God doth follow them with his blessings."*

The immigration continued, until in the course of about ten years, we find about five thousand Dutch and Walloons settled at Norwich, fifteen hundred at Canterbury, four hundred at Sandwich, and various other bodies of them planted in different parts of the country, besides about ten thousand in London, of whom we will presently speak. At Norwich, as elsewhere, the immigrants were organised in congregations, and the authorities granted them places for holding public worship; the choir of the Friars' Preacher's Church being assigned for the use of the Dutch portion of the settlers, and the Bishop's Chapel, and afterwards the church of St. Mary's Tombland, for the use of the Walloons.

Many new branches of industry were now introduced into Norwich. The striping and flowering of silks and damasks became a large branch of trade. Anthony Solen set up the first printing office in the city, for which he was awarded the freedom. Two potters from Antwerp, Andries and Janson, started a pottery. Others began the manufacture of felt hats, which had before been imported from abroad. The result was, that the prosperity of the place was completely restored, and there was ample employment for all; Bishop Parkhust declaring his persuasion "that these blessings from God happened by reason of the godly exiles who were here kindly harboured." But this state of contentment with the foreigners did not last long. The sour native heart grew jealous; and more artizans flocking into the place to take refuge among their fellow exiles, the Norwich people began to mutter discontent against them. A conspiracy was even set on foot for the purpose of expelling them by force; but it was discovered in time, and Throgmorton, the leader, was executed, with two others; after which the strangers were permitted to continue their peaceful callings as before.

The Queen continued the fast friend and protector of the foreign artizans. In a letter written by her from Greenwich, dated the 19th March, 1570, she strongly expostulated with the townspeople of Norwich against the jealousy entertained by them against the authors of their prosperity. She reminded them of the advantages they had derived from the settlement amongst them of so many industrious and intelligent artizans, who were inhabiting the houses which before had stood desolate, and were furnishing employment to a large number of persons who must otherwise have been destitute. She therefore entreated and required the inhabitants to continue their favours "to the poor men of the Dutch nation, who, seeing the persecution lately begun in their country for the trewe religion, hath fledd into this Realm for Succour, and be now placed in the city of Norwich, and hath hitherto been favourablye and jintely ordered, which the Queen's Majestie, as a mercifull and religious Prince, doth take in very good part, praeing you to continue your favour unto them so long as they shall lyve amongste you quyetlye and obedyently to God's trewe religion, and by Her Majestie's laws, for so one chrystian man (in charitie) is bound to help an other, especially them who do suffre afflixion for the gospell's sake."

Large numbers of Dutch and Walloon exiles also settled in London about the same time, and introduced various new branches of industry. They abounded in Southwark, which continues the principal manufacturing district of the metropolis to this day. There was a quarter in Bermondsey called "The Borgeney," and "Petty Burgundy," by reason of the number of Flemings who inhabited it. Joiners Street, which still exists in name, lay in the district, and was almost wholly occupied by Flemish joiners, who were skilled in all kinds of carpentry work. The foreigners also introduced the new art of tanning into Bermondsey, and the establishments which they founded still exist. One Henry Hoek, from Wesel, who after-

* Bishop Jewell's Works (Parker Society), 1148-9.

wards changed his name to Leeke, started a brewery, which proved exceedingly successful; and he bequeathed a portion of his wealth for the purpose of founding the Free School of St. Olave's, one of the best educational institutions of the kind in London. The school originally stood near the south end of London Bridge, and close to it was the place of sepulture long after known as "The Flemish Burying-ground." But the school has since been pulled down and rebuilt on another site, while the burying-ground has been obliterated by the approaches made to the London Bridge railway station.

Other Flemings settled at Bow, at St. Catherine's (where they had another burial-ground), and in various suburban districts. At Bow, De Croix and Kepler introduced the art of dyeing cloths, which before had been dyed abroad, and the "Bow dye" soon became famous. At Wandsworth other Flemings established a brass-work and a felt-hat manufactory. Another little colony carried on the manufacture of tapestry. That the Flemings accumulated wealth is obvious from the circumstance that when Queen Elizabeth raised a loan in the city, forty-one Flemings subscribed sums of 100*l.* and upwards. As at Sandwich, Canterbury, and Norwich, churches were set apart for the use of the foreigners in London; the church of St. Austin's, in Broad Street, still known as "The Dutch Church," having been specially granted for the use of the poor Dutch refugees who "had fled out of the Netherlands and other parts beyond seas from Papal persecutors;" while St. Anthony's Hospital, in Threadneedle Street, was set apart for the use of the Walloons.

It would occupy too much space to enter into a detailed account of the settlement of these industrious strangers in different parts of the kingdom, and to describe the various branches of manufacture which they introduced in addition to those above described. But a brief summary may suffice. Hasted says, "the foreign manufacturers chose their situations with great judgment, distributing themselves with the Queen's licence throughout England, so as not to interfere with one another."* One of the most important settlements in its consequences, was that of a body of Flemings at Manchester, and another at Bolton, in Lancashire, where they began the manufacture of "coatings" or "cottons," since become the great staple trade of that county. Other bodies settled at Halifax in Yorkshire, where they established a branch of the cloth trade; at Kendal, where they made coatings, cloth caps, and woollen stockings; at Maidstone, where they carried on the manufacture of thread (flax spun for the thread-man being still known there as "Dutch work"), at Worcester, Kidderminster, Stroud, and other towns in the west of England, where they gave a great impulse to the woollen manufacture; at Yarmouth, where they introduced the arts of salt-making and fish-curing; at Shotley Bridge, near Newcastle, where they carried on steel making, and the manufacture of edged tools; and at Sheffield, where a body of them settled under the protection of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and shortly after brought the manufacture of cutlery to great perfection; in short, wherever the Flemings settled, they served as so many missionaries of skilled work, who taught the English people the beginnings of many of those industrial arts by which they have since acquired so much distinction and wealth.

Time passed, the Flemings prospered, and they gradually ceased to remember that they were exiles. They struck their roots deep into the soil of their adopted country. Their children grew up with English tastes and habits, spoke the English tongue, and wished rather to forget than to remember that their parents had been strangers and foreigners in the land. The young men married English wives, and the young women English husbands; and thus their distinctive existence as a Dutch-speaking or French-speaking part of the community gradually ceased. Their blood eventually mingled with that of the best in England. The late Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, was lineally descended from the daughter of one of the Houblons, who furnished the Bank of England with its first Governor. The Vansittarts and Vanmilderts, once great names in the city, intermarried in the peerage. The Vannecks, merchants, are now represented by their lineal descendant, Baron Huntingfield. Among knights and baronets sprung from the Flemish immigrants, we may mention Sir Matthew Decker, the London merchant and author; Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, the engineer; Sir John Vanburgh, the architect; and Sir William Hoste, Bart., the lineal descendant of Jacques Hoste, governor of Bruges in 1569. Among other well-known names, are the De la Prymes, the Tyssens (of Foulden), the Crusos, and the Corsellis. But many of the immigrants changed their foreign-sounding names in the second generation, and are no longer traceable.

One word more as to the Walloon Church at Canterbury. About a hundred years after its formation, a great immigration of Huguenots from France took place, on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and many of the refugees settled at Canterbury, when the crypt in the Cathedral became more crowded than ever. Other French churches were, however, opened in the city, and the French settlers at length came to constitute a large proportion of the population. The new immigrants were principally silk-weavers and makers of lace. Factories were built in the city, and Canterbury became exceedingly prosperous. But, at length, Spitalfields, being found more convenient and central, came to engross the greater part of the silk trade; and the Canterbury weavers, dyers, and manufacturers for the most part removed to London. The congregation of the Walloon Church also fell off; and it would long since have become extinct, but for an endowment of about 200*l.* a-year, which

* "History of Kent," p. 160.

serves to keep it alive. The members do not amount to more than twenty, of whom two are elders and four deacons. M. Miette, the reader, performs the usual service on Sundays; and the Rev. T. Marzial, of London, the pastor, officiates every last Sunday in the month. But though the congregation has become a mere shadow of what it was, we think it will be admitted that it commemorates an epoch of great importance to England. Three hundred years have passed since the Church was formed; generations have come and gone, and revolutions have swept over Europe, and still that eloquent memorial of the religious history of the middle ages survives; bearing testimony alike to the rancour of the Papal persecution, the heroic steadfastness of the Walloons, the broad and liberal spirit of the English Church, and the glorious asylum which England has always been ready to afford to foreigners flying to her for refuge against oppression and tyranny.

SAMUEL SMILES.

PEGGY MELVILLE'S TRIUMPH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE."

I.

In the winding streets of the ancient burgh of Crail, with its posts and gates formed of drift-wood and whales' jaws, and itself as salt flavoured as the neighbouring German Ocean, there walked, in the time of good Queen Bess, a grave young man of thirty, in a sober but richly embroidered cloak and velvet cap. He was one of those Melvilles whose names are so famous in the history of the Scottish kirk—James, nephew of the courageous Andrew. They were men of learning, condition, and birth, and claimed not only kinship with the Melvilles of Carnbee and Dysart, but even a distant share of kingly lineage through John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster." They had spirit and wit, too, though small in body, that famous uncle and nephew. Andrew was fiery and irresistible, "a blast," as he was sagaciously defined; while James was regarded by the time-servers and double-dealers, the cowards and traitors of the day, as still more dangerous, though he was the hope of the milder and more peaceable patriots of all opinions, because he was a "crafty byding man." They were like each other in person, and warmly attached with the reverential relation of father and son, and the confidential bond of an equal friendship. James, with loving vanity, writes that he "would to God he were as like Mr. Andrew in gifts of mind, as he is thought to be in proportions of body and lineaments of face; for there is none that is not otherwise particularly informed, but takes me for Mr. Andrew's brother." Slight, spare men, but tough in warfare, stanch in endurance, with faces full of intellect and will. Trained not only to play the part of mental athletes, but to make the best of their scanty flesh, they were as noble-looking men as any specimens of robust Christianity. There was nothing of the scarecrow or thread-paper about Andrew when he led the belligerent Assembly, or about James when he addressed the secretly sympathising English Council, who might accept and honour a bench of bishops of their own free will, but whose mingled Norman and Saxon blood formed a puddle far too saucy for the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and the imposition of this or that form of worship in the teeth of the worshippers.

That strange little town of Crail was grey and still enough nigh three hundred years ago, and the keen searching air was snell indeed this ripe October. But Mr. James, though he drew his cloak around him, faced it with the enjoyment of a persevering, wholesome spirit, and passed on, acknowledged respectfully on all sides, and looked after occasionally as a man to be seen on a white day. Men of influence and authority were in particular request at that moment, for the times were especially precarious. The terror of the Armada rested on the land, and Andrew Melville had been speaking and preaching against the dreaded invasion to students and burghers, before the king and the foreign ambassadors, until town-house and country-place, farm and cottage, were awake to the formidable news, and warned of the danger.

But probably Mr. James was then less troubled at the thought of a struggle with the captains of the Armada than at the spectacle of an old lady, of precise and stately aspect, who sallied forth from a large square house, with many broad windows, set in the wide, weather-beaten, grass-grown street, and near to the cross, not yet plucked down. She approached as if to arrest his progress. He might escape the Armada, but he could not avoid his second cousin, Mistress Peggy Melville of Carnbee, and he would certainly be detained a while by her to receive her family confidences. He had been hurrying to the beach beyond the town, by the braes of prickly whins, to take counsel of nature as to the prospects of a storm. Peggy Melville's straightforward, pertinacious, somewhat overbearing statements and demands would sadly entangle the thread of his ideas; but James Melville was more accustomed to be interrupted than let alone, and would as soon have thought of being haughty and pettish to his mate Elizabeth Dury, or to his little Andrew or Anne, as to Mistress Peggy, one of his mothers, as he called her pleasantly.

Mistress Peggy Melville, of the Melvilles of Carnbee, was as imposing a specimen of spinsterhood, as Mr. James was of his calling of a divine.

She was big-boned and harsh-featured, but with a certain native nobility about her large proportions which explained how it was her contemporaries insisted on her claims to good looks in her time. But now, truly, she was but a striking relic of the past. She wore the fashion of her day, which was calculated to exaggerate her peculiarities of size and air. Her dress was of green velvet, somewhat faded but still rich in texture, with a plaited farthingale bulging out her quaint sides above the long, armour-like, peaked stomacher encasing her waist. A ruff with its supertasse supported her neck, and the light red hair, which was still profuse and unstreaked with grey, was frizzled, crisped, and laid in a rope from ear to ear, and wreathed with silver; and over the whole, with some regard to her years, she had the kircher of russet pinned beneath her chin. Thus attired, Mistress Peggy sailed along the street of Crail, with her maiden in flocket, hood and pinners, bearing her fan, her velvet-bound gold-clasped Bible, and a basket of such donations as she might distribute on the instant to any of her dependants.

"I wish you gude day, Mr. James," cried the old lady, stopping short at once; "a sicht of you is like the gift of a cordial, or essence more precious than common. I was on my way with Mariot to measure out the widow Auchterlonie's duds, but the dead will keep while you and I take the air and hold some converse; which may the Lord send to our mutual edification."

"Amen, Mistress Peggy," answered James Melville, without the slightest shade of ridicule or insincerity. "Well met, madam, what is your will with me to-day?" said he, as he offered her his ruffled hand. So leading her carefully and tenderly, the two took their way to one of the promenades of Crail.

"I've muckle to tell you, Mr. James, and muckle to hear of your doings; but first, Captain Joshua is to be in within eight days, and I'm thinking to beat up your quarters and wait him there, for the 'Lord Henry' will not pass Anster; there is not water in the hole here to float her."

Mr. James was almost relieved that she did not dash at once into the hackneyed bugbear of the Armada, but at the same time he could not resist drawing out her opinion on the subject. "You'll be heartily welcome; my Lizzie will count herself highly honoured to have our brave, modest kinsman, Captain Joshua, again appearing to windward, as the nautical folk term it; but will he not run some danger of falling in with the van or rear of King Philip's monster squadron, that is to bear down upon these islands and annihilate them, unless the Lord interpose in our behalf?"

Mistress Peggy stopped short in indignation. "The Lord will hinder; and even if He do not so—grant that He pardon me for speaking my mind, if it be presumption—do you think Joshua Melville and his Protestant crew are not enough for a third, or a half, or the whole rout of these idolatrous cattle?"

"I believe it, if need were," James Melville assured her. "Mistress Peggy, I admire thy constancy."

"There sud be no admiration going, sir; there sud only be derision and wrath at the puny cubs, who are ready to flee to the hills and the caves because the King of Spain launches his hulks. Shame on them! I cry, shame on them for Scotsmen and Reformers!"

"But none are so far left to themselves as to *speak* of flight; the question is only the keeping ourselves in readiness for an immediate engagement, or the propriety of a timely retreat, till we collect our forces for a fair encounter—a right tug of war."

"Retreat! quo he—a beggarly blush for running awa; but you'll no propose it, Mr. James, you'll no abet it, nor will Mr. Andrew, though he's made the loons ower proud already with his notice."

"Na, na, Mistress Peggy, we stand at once by our creed; we've enough to do treating with prelacy, let alone Popery. But what would you do yourself, Mistress Peggy, in case of a strait? would you bide quiet with my wife and bairns in the manse of Anster?"

"Troth, no, James Melville," answered she, grimly; "I would ride back to my ain house here in Crail, and I would mount a guard of the auld Carnbee men, and the bodies here that I've served, and that have a liking for me and my name, and I would take my father's auld blunderbuss, and I would point it at the first Don who rode up the street, and shoot him dead, as sure as I'm a stout woman, and though I should be dragged through the town at the cart-tail within the hour. Eh! James Melville, it is a hard blow to my pride that I maun stand behind biggit wa's, just because I'm a woman, and a scrap of a man like you—a jimp lad, though you've a great soul, I'll no deny that—every Melville has pith either in mind or body—to walk out with sword and pistol even aneath your Geneva gown."

"You dinna grudge me my birthright, surely, Mistress Peggy; mind though Deborah went down to the battle, it was Barak she bade lead the Lord's hosts."

"But it was Jael that slew Sisera, lad; you're halting there."

"Be thankful, madam, it was not a bishop who got that advantage; but you would not have the heart to slay and kill, Miss Peggy, and I'll stand to the death on the fact that Judith only exists in the Apocrypha."

"Na, I dinna need to appeal to Judith; but though I maun keep house with my lasses, and only bind your wounds and part your spoil, I can send you a brave recruit, Mr. James—Captain Robert is at hame with us this week or more."

"A gathering of friends for some work," exclaimed James Melville, for a Scrymgeour was an uncle of James Melville's, and this Captain Robert of the "Beacoun" was a Scrymgeour from the

Scrymgeours of Dudhope, constables of Dundee, and hereditary standard-bearers. * "Has Captain Robert come in to aid us, or has he taken prizes in his last run?"

Mistress Peggy bent her brows discontentedly. "I cannot flatter you men folk of the family with any sic wiselike errand in this fellow's person. Captain Robert was wont to be a gallant spirit, fonder of the salt water, the quarter-deck, his ship's cargo, and his enemies' faces, than any vain diversion on shore. Joshua thought well of him, very well of him, but he's lost his credit—clean."

"Peradventure he may protest—

'O Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.'

I hope he'll redeem his character in time."

"I understand none of your Latin," asserted Mistress Peggy, sharply; "but you've heard that he's making his suit to young Eppie Melville?"

"I confess Lizzie entertained me the other morning with some such gentle prospect; but I fear you disapprove of the match."

"I," cried Mistress Peggy, vehemently; "who said I disapproved? The matter is neither here nor there to me; but if bairns will take upon them the troubles of life, and marry and be given in marriage at sic a season, I say Eppie Melville has no cause to be aught but very thankful for the offer of a decent lad, a brave, active gentleman, a Scrymgeour allied to her ain clan."

"Then, is it Eppie that says No to her wooer?" inquired James Melville, certain that something was wrong, and wishing to ascertain the obstacle from so ready a judge as his cousin.

"Do ye consider your speech, Mr. James? That young Eppie is a bairn that owes Joshua and me a bairn's duty—honour and obedience. What business has she with Noes if we think fit to grant Ayes?"

"But, Mistress Peggy," urged James Melville, "when God instituted marriage, he brought Eve direct to Adam for his approbation, acceptance, and peculiar portion. It is therefore written, A man shall leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and again, *vice versâ*, let a woman make her own selection and abide faithful, body and soul, to her husband. I would not encourage contumacy in bairns, but to deny their freedom of choice, partakes of that provoking of the children to anger, which is expressly forbidden to all parents and governors."

"I like not such splitting of straws, Mr. James; there were no parents to the fore in Adam's case. What had parents to do with Adam and Eve?"

"The rib was taken from Adam's side, my dear madam, to imply that he alone was concerned."

"I want none of the logic of the schools, Mr. James; I wonder to hear you sae loose in your doctrines, and you a father yoursel."

"I do assure you, madam, I exact all obedience and reverence from my children, particularly while they are in a state of infancy and pupilage."

"Fell-like obedience and reverence! The last time I was yont, I spied Andrew refusing his parritch, and Anne tiring herself, like a little Jezebel, with a pair of your cast-off bands."

"Bless the bairns! The one had been sick, and the other frolicsome," commented the imperturbable minister, probably, in his heart, relieving himself by a breath of the good-natured scorn usually vented on the fantastic progeny of bachelor and spinster; but he amended his reply with a sober bit of manliness, that discomfited even Mistress Peggy. "We are frail humanity; Lizzie and I are inconsistent enough; but it was the Lord that filled our quiver, and it is to our Master that we are answerable for the temper of the arrows. At the same time, Mistress Peggy, among great public concerns I behove to feel a near private interest in the affairs of my kinsmen. Will you tell me why young Eppie Melville is contrary to Captain Robert? He, a man of grace, virtue, and parts, a tall lad and a frank cheild, and come to honour on the seas. What would Eppie have more?"

"Mr. James, Eppie has been nurtured on the Word itself, and the sound interpretation of the catechism. Ye ken, that examined her, whether or no she was well drilled in her answers, and here she is, as sour a crab as if she had been rooted in vanity and ignorance. What excuse has she to set the lad Captain Robert's teeth on edge, but just that he is a tall lad, and has won renown on the seas? Auld! he's but sax-and-twenty, and small chance that I would be so far left to myself as to trust her to any beardless varlet."

"Tell her I had thought she had a more correct and elegant judgment than to prefer a youth to a man, or a silken courtier to a king's officer, a valorous man with a high charge over his fellows, a true man full of his work and his duty."

"Well said, James Melville. You'll speak to her as in your office, and bring her to her senses. I'll have no fulish woman cast scaith at Robin, were it only for the sake of Captain Joshua."

"I respect your motives, madam," put in James Melville hastily, "but I decline the commission, that is, in my character of minister of the Gospel; I will not be art and part in the confessional. What would my zealous uncle say to such backsliding? But if you bring the lass in your train to the manse of Anster, I can speak a friendly warning word to her as a brother."

Mistress Peggy was forced to be content with this support. Though she could turn all Crail round her finger, she was well aware she could not move Mr. James a hair's breadth beyond his conscience.

Mistress Peggy now suggested that they had better get back to the town, and also that she would have barely time to reach widow Auchterlonie's, with her duds, before the hour of noon. She therefore prayed Mr. James to ask a blessing, and eat a bit of her dinner.

Mr. James excused himself on the ground that John Melville's spouse had his plate set. He was

nothing loth to terminate the promenade, and be restored to his own ruminations. But the couple parted very cordially at the entrance of the street, to which Mr. James had courteously returned with his old cousin.

II.

It was evident that a gale was rising, such as frequently swept the coast, and strewed it with wrecks. It roared among the old chimneys of Mistress Peggy's house, and up and down her wide staircases and passages; it hissed in its rapid accumulation of spray on the thick, small-lozenged window panes, and whistled angrily in at the shaking wooden framework. It is possible that Mistress Peggy affected not to hear it, since she astounded young Eppie by denominating it a chance puff of air, when she complained of the soot descending in the midst of her pastry. The pilots, retired captains, and idle sailors, were already lounging down to the pier, with heads inclined scientifically so as to balance bonnet or cap on shaggy hair without support—a performance which no land lubber, accustomed to faint zephyr stealing round the lee of a solid hill, could hope to emulate. But Mistress Peggy would not admit the fact of a storm, until James Melville rode by unflinchingly through the gathering blast he had anticipated, to his manse in the Tolbooth Wynd of Anstruther. "That wilful lad," she said, "he'll be wet to the skin, or slung from the saddle."

"Madam," spoke Captain Robert, consolingly, "I've walked the quarter-deck in a stiffer wind, and had the spray on every side, and ne'er been a grain the worse for the airing and the ducking."

"And though you had been as ill as you could be, Captain Robert," said Mistress Peggy, rather pettishly, "that would have been a sma' matter to James Melville's being in the least degree mazed, or chilled, or spent in an autumn tempest."

"I believe it," averred the big, brown young man, with some earnestness; "a sea-calf is not to be compared to a lion; but I'll away to the harbour-head, where I can be of use in my own calling." And with a gusty sigh, heard even above the tempest, and certainly directed in no way to Mistress Peggy, he quitted the apartment.

This Captain Robert, or Robin Scrymgeour, was a young man of only about five and twenty, but by exposure, and hard work on the sea, he looked as though middle-aged. He was a square, sunburnt, imperative man. Loud, unceremonious, and peremptory, as his profession disposed him to be, he was an autocrat on deck; still he was decidedly soft in one region of the heart, and shy and sensitive, as well as ardent. Poor Captain Robert had the disadvantage of possessing a case which did not well correspond with his inner works. It was difficult to conceive the big, brusque, unconsciously noisy man as ever being bashful, tender, and touching. Yet Captain Robert had both delicacy and fancy; and one proof of this was that he felt keenly, at present, his own surface defects, and began, thus late in the day, to regret bitterly his rough and old-looking exterior. "She'll have naught to say to a man who looks like a widower of forty; and what grace can I command, to approach her with smiles, and bows, and soft words, when my cheek is as dark as mahogany, and my very beard is more bushy than Captain Joshua's, and my lightest footfall shakes the room, and all my sentences form themselves into orders and commands?"

It was all the worse for Captain Robert that young Eppie Melville was acting in perfect sincerity and ingenuousness, while their mutual relatives and friends would have had the banns published off-hand between the man and woman as an exceedingly fit pair, since they were both members of the righteous kirk, and the one a Scrymgeour, the other a Melville.

Unfortunately, young Eppie was not of this mind, as she sat darning on the bunker or window-seat of her aunt's parlour at Crail. She was a beautified edition of Mistress Peggy; looking at the one, you could revive the young life of the other. Eppie too was big and large-featured, but so sonsy (*anglicé*, plump) and so fair that there was nothing unwomanly in her size. How could there be? When were there ever such peach-like cheeks? There was positively a pearly bloom on them, like the impalpable soft mealiness on the grape and the plum. In this same fairness there was a youthfulness that only faded when the tender rose grew into the streaked red which yet kindled Mistress Peggy's high cheek-bones. Perhaps there would have been a babiness about that pure, creamy bloom, had it not been for the decided features and their decided expression.

Still Eppie was no queen, any more than Captain Robert was an ogre. But in spite of her size, she had a pleasant liveliness, even amid the gravity of a Scotch presbyterian household. She had a foot as light as ever danced a saraband, if the General Assembly and Mistress Peggy would have allowed profane dancing; and an arch humour too, though she had been bred in an atmosphere of sermons, and had a liking for them, as a good, unsophisticated girl likes what she imagines is wholesome and profitable, even when she cannot always rise to its presumed earnestness.

Eppie was not Captain Joshua's daughter; she was the child of another brother of Mistress Peggy's—a brother the old lady had contended with all his violent life, and nursed fondly on his quiet death-bed. The girl was completely an orphan, and entirely under Mistress Peggy's tutelage; but she paid her aunt a higher compliment than to allow her to make her miserable.

So the young girl was undignified enough to peep slyly after Captain Robert as he went out, for the purpose of saying satirically, quite low to herself—"He rolls like a grampus. Now! what would I do with a brown sea-captain? I've enough ado to

keep myself cheery and perform my duty, without plaguing myself with sic a terrific burden. If I'm ever to have a man of my ain, he maun be gracious and learned like our Mr. James, or at least easy and pleasant like that sorry young Learmont. Why should the sinners always win the ball for pleasantness? The Apostle bids us be courteous, and is aye minding us to rejoice, but we're ower stark and ower dowff to heed his injunctions. I'll wait till I meet a gude man, and a soft tongued, young, brisk, and bonny ane like mysel', an' such as Mistress Peggy hersel' sometimes thinks there's no ill in singing about. Let them say or do what they will, our ballants will go on hand in hand with our psalms; they are often doleful enough to be clean out of the category of light sangs. I'll not ballast myself with a great, roaring sea-captain."

The gale rose with the night tide and blew in those trumpet blasts and sudden fierce roars that presage the wildest of coast storms. The sea raised its voice, and all Crail echoed with the tumult of earth and sky, until by the early morning few lay abed but hurried up and out to learn what damage had been done, but principally to look on the tossed, tormented sea, all bare, save where some poor vessel, with naked poles, scudded on the crests of the seething waves, fretted already with sad tokens, and bringing in a harvest the most mournful that human avarice can claim.

There was reason enough that Crail should be astir this October morning. One ship had been laid on the Car Rock, and then lifted up and driven in upon the town, and was now being beaten to fragments; and another was still holding off, and making for Anstruther, round the breakers off the point. Captain Robert had been aroused, by break of day, to lend his skill and strength. Even Mistress Peggy, though this was the very day she was to travel to Anstruther to await her beloved brother Captain Joshua, donned her hood, and hurried with her niece Eppie, and the whole population of Crail—man, woman, and child—to witness the disaster and its end. Notwithstanding her spirit and strength, it required all her breath to supply her lungs as she stood in the place of honour on the shore, respectfully backed by two of the principal men in Crail—the innkeeper and the mercer—with the minister, Mr. John Melville, at one elbow, and Eppie Melville fluttering at the other.

An east-coast gale must be the likest to a hurricane of anything in Britain. Few would believe the extent of its power if they had not fought it, or been foiled by it in pitched battle. The storm spends itself for the principal hours of its duration in prolonged gusts that rush with the concentration of a blast in a Highland gorge, and actually oppose a solid violence to the toiling wayfarer. This incensed, unappeasable opponent, is further strengthened by the wrack with which it is laden, and which can be plainly seen by the eye—a stream or reversed pillar of vapour approaching to engulf the traveller, the nearest to a water-spout or the sandy whirlwind of the desert of all the wide phenomena of nature. This wrack divides at its edge into the minutest dust of rain, which, mingling with the lashed spray, and the shifting sand, and the flecks of foam, renders the air dense, and enwraps the whole wild stage of the sea-shore where the breakers are thundering, and where the central figure of a ship is stretched in sad motionlessness, or only quivers now and then from stem to stern, until at length one mightier sea-wolf than the rest springs on its side, to rebound again howling.

The ship, though unknown, was not of foreign build, yet the seamen swore she was manned by foreigners, as they neither comprehended nor answered signals. Her crew was very numerous for her size, too; for they clustered like bees fore and aft, while she was fixed on the shore, and the waves shook and twisted and ground her rib from rib. Had she not swung inland, head foremost, with an impetus that launched her far inshore, and had the tide not been low, she would have been under water long before a man could come out of Crail to her aid. As it was, the tide was rising, and her danger was every moment on the increase.

At the mention of foreigners, there had been a significant glance and pause, and the fatal word Armada trembled on several tongues. But Captain Robert summoned the best men to follow him, and his appeal stirred other feelings in them. No boat could live down there; for the great sea billows, broken by the cruel rock, where the spray fell again like a linn, did not so much advance rank by rank, as they bubbled and raged and lashed each other like demons. But there was a hope of shooting a rope through the surf, and by that narrow causeway landing the drowning crew. For this purpose picked men advanced as far as possible into the water, and endeavoured to cast the line where it could be caught by those on board the vessel.

This is not so dangerous a service as the attempt to rescue by a boat, but it is sufficiently hazardous, and very striking in its features to the anxious eyes of the spectators. Five or six men formed a chain, and waded hand in hand into the turmoil. Their progress was sickeningly slow; and they stood and yielded at intervals, while wind and water, as if infuriated by their courage and coolness, whirled and spouted against them with fresh violence. Homely, curt, careless fellows, they think nothing of their deed, even when they feel their feet slipping from beneath them; and they have seen, ere now, some of their number hurried off as in a chariot. One man breaks the slender chain, and advances alone. He is chief in muscle and nerve, or he has the responsibility of command. If that swaying line, which shows like a thread against the roused elements, is fixed, what will hinder it even then from snapping—exposed to so fearful a strain? And if it snaps, away go the men who are paying it out and those who are clinging to it as to salvation.

Captain Robert was the man who cast the rope to the ship on the shore at Crail, and well for him that his stature was full, his sturdy vigour established, and his presence of mind and authority acquired. He stood singly in advance; he made the throws, under which even his balance wavered, and he caught again the rope when it fell wide of the mark. The spray went over and over him, and round and round him, and whether it blinded him or no, it blinded the spectators. Once it dragged him down, and he swam for a minute and a half till he regained his depth. No Hercules could have struck out five minutes in that whirlpool. Once again he was dragged down, and an eager shout arose, "Come back, Captain Robert, you're ower venturesome; you'll be swamped as sure as you're alive." The whole crowd held their breath for him, counted his feats, and blessed his gallantry.

Mistress Peggy did not turn away, she gazed steadfastly, and murmured through her shrivelled lips, "Robin, Robin Scrymgeour, you're playing the man this day." She envied him. When he succeeded in his aim, and a great shout on shore joined the faint cheer of the seamen on board, Mr. John Melville, the minister of Crail, who was holding converse with the infirmity and timorousness of age, bared his white head to the blast, and uttered aloud a thanksgiving and a petition for further protection, and the people joined silently in his prayer with a hush of reverent faith, and glistening, grateful eyes.

Poor young Eppie's feelings were roused to the utmost pitch. At first she had plucked her aunt energetically by the gown, and sobbed out, white and scared—"Let me gang hame, auntie, I canna stand to see it."

"Stay where you are, bairn," Mistress Peggy answered, emphatically, "and learn the vanity of life."

"But, auntie," groaned Eppie again in a few moments, forced by the torture she was undergoing to be explicit, "I cannot bide it, since—since Captain Robert is the foremost man. You ken, you ken I've no right to watch him, clasp my hands and set my teeth till he come back—though I never meant to abuse him, and it was not my wyte, you ken, auntie; I dare not witness his danger, or his destruction."

"I command you not to lift a foot, Eppie Melville; if you stir from my side, I'll send some of the menfolk after you. It serves you weel, you vain lass, and you shall see what stuff gude Robin Scrymgeour's made of before he is done with you, as he ought to have been lang syne."

So Eppie had no resource left her but to stand and look. Soon eager curiosity and tremulous interest robbed her of the cowardly impulse to escape the contemplation of his triumph; for now Captain Robert triumphed over every detractor. Who could call to mind his roughness and loudness, and heavy set manhood, while he stood there with his life in his hand for the sake of his neighbour? Who could waste a thought on the absence of lightness and elegance, in the immediate presence of the stern realities of life and death?

But Eppie remembered distinctly her own objections to Captain Robert on these counts—her own flouts at his awkwardness and unwieldiness. She remembered how she had clouded his clear eyes with reproach by running away from his company to the psalm-singing, and had dulled his best narrative by her indifference when he spun his yarns to her Aunt Peggy and Mr. John Melville over the lamp, by the hearth, or at supper. And he had never blamed her; but had laboured to make himself less loud and gruff, if not less big and brown. He had attended to her whims, and courted her with every conceivable gift from his stores. But she scorned to be propitiated by them, and would even have returned them if she could have dared. He was her kinsman, however, and Mistress Peggy was in the way, and she had no choice but to receive, and then disparage and neglect them. He had forgotten her now, as he stood there swinging and rocking as he had never swung and rocked in his hammock; he had, for the moment, forgotten his mistress, and the pain she had cost him, and would have been impatient to be reminded of her, as men turn from women in their peculiar combats. Yes, he loved her, he knew that too well; but he was a man, and must do his duty; she should not come between him and it. It would be hard, if after embittering all else, she should thwart him here.

But there was no cause why Eppie should forget; and she remembered all, and with notable results. First, she prayed with all her heart to the merciful God not to punish her lightness and foolishness, by slaying her cousin, Captain Robert, in his nobleness, before her eyes. Then she said to herself, that she had not known Captain Robert in his bravery and gallantry, and she had not dreamt how proud she should be of his deeds. She would listen to no other suitor, wed no likelier man. How could she give the preference to a glib tongue, a smooth courtesy, a red and white cheek like her own, when she had seen Captain Robert thus faithfully risk his life for strangers? The heroic vision would rise and humble her in all ordinary circumstances. Oh! she wished Captain Robert could receive her resolutions and hear her vow. Thirdly—and this was when Captain Robert swam that minute and a half, buffeting those water mountains—Eppie suddenly struck her colours and laid down her arms. In her desperation she cried, unheard by any mortal it is true, but registered in her own soul and conscience: "I will wed you, Captain Robert; I'll never say you nay again, man; I'll go before the minister to-morrow, if you'll but come back to dry land."

The moment young Eppie took that magnanimous resolution, her cheeks began to burn less painfully, and her heart to throb less overpoweringly.

She could exert her eyes and ears again; indeed, her sight and hearing seemed to have been magically touched by some precious ointment, as when Cinderella underwent the touch of the fairy's kind wand. Captain Robert, among the waves, looked grand and goodly, a man for a silly woman to be proud of and to cherish upon her knees. His face, when he turned it for a second, was as dauntless and as true a face as could give comfort and protection to a weak woman; and his voice, when he shouted his orders, was as sweet in its persistence as it was manly in its power.

But the chance of withdrawing her protest, and allowing her consent, was not swift to come. There was Captain Robert still straining every nerve, and perilling his valuable life to relieve his fellow-creatures, in perfect ignorance of her intention. She felt it would be so hard if he should never learn it, so dreadful if, his delusion unbroken, he should fall a sacrifice. And she felt that now she was bound to interfere, when for the third or fourth time he traversed the rope with his passengers. They were so slow, those stupid, staggered, slight-built strangers. With dilating, beseeching eyes, she appealed for the last time to her aunt. "Must he continue to go? Is he to be worn out? Will no person take Captain Robert's place, or is he to get his death of cold, if he be not clutched by some drowning man, or swallowed up by the hindmost wave?"

Mistress Peggy shook her off afresh, though this time more gently: "Whisht! ye silly bairn, Captain Robert is the captain, and that tow is his vessel—a captain never quits the ship till every living soul is delivered. I, mysel, would not suner leave my house in the circumstances." Young Eppie could have stamped with impatience, and then cried with contrition and fear. But at length the weary task was ended, and Captain Robert escorted his last half-helpless charge over the gangway, and staggered on shore himself. The Crail men raised some plaudits for their captain, since the step between them and eternity had again widened out to a lifetime. But then came cold glances and rising murmurs against the rescued crew—a swarm of dark-haired, sallow-faced men, with oddly-cut jerkins, high hats, and long beards. Out of the jaws of the great deep, they were hovering on the brink of another danger. What business had such as they near the coast, when men were looking for the Armada? The Armada! the word was a test; stop them! pinion them! gag them! apply to them their own tortures. Think of the cursed Inquisition, and the peaceful British subjects—the faithful Protestants—burnt at the stake like savage Red Indians. But Captain Robert interfered and allayed the sudden panic. He could hardly be said to reason, but then he hectored like a brave man who had played his part, and like an unsophisticated man who never doubted his right to dictate terms. The stiff, pugnacious townsmen looked glum, and muttered a little, but they bent to the claims of gentle birth, the influence of the Melvilles, and the deeds of Captain Robert. The waifs he had rescued were stowed away safely enough, both as regarded themselves and the townspeople, for they were locked into the empty church, which the zealous mob had stripped, and in which they were yet to sign the Covenant amidst tears and prayers, and the most solemn oaths ever nation swore.

III.

Captain Robert in his beaver, and with dry hose and doublet, prepared to start for Anstruther. "Tush! it's a daft emergence," he protested, not caring to be praised, and certainly a little spent with his efforts, though he would hardly own it. He was perfectly unconscious of the change of fortune that was awaiting him. This was no time to approach him with overtures, and Eppie grew frightened and anxious. It was a comfort that they were to travel in company, for no fatigue or stress of weather would induce Mistress Peggy to fail in her appointment, when Captain Joshua was expected in port. Even on that howling, tempestuous day, roads were open, and sure-footed East Neuk beasts paced them, and hardy East Neuk folks journeyed to their destination.

It was a simple cavalcade. Mistress Peggy, in her hat and mantle, sat on a pillion behind one of her old, stolid, sure Carnbee men, on a work-day horse. She travelled so seldom now-a-days that she indulged in no palfrey. Eppie rode on her own brisk pony, which she managed perfectly; and Captain Robert, who, being a cadet of family, rode indifferently well for a sailor, was mounted on a fresh horse, hired from the Arskine Arms, of size to suit his own proportions. He towered above his companions, and though he was in such good company, seemed, shame upon him! eager for the road, and perplexed and abstracted, rather than attentive and painstaking, as had been his wont. Eppie did not know what to make of him, and it appeared to grow more and more difficult to proffer to him a hint of her soft relenting. She was nervous, she was not herself; yet she was more fascinating in her soul-breathing heats and tremours than in the undimmed, unmoved lustre of her fairness and stateliness. But that horrid, brown sea-captain, only made to strive for drowning men, or stamp up and down on deck, or blurt out his truthfulness, and blush, got no benefit from this "lovely woman's agitation."

In his old white Manse, in the Tolbooth Wynd of Anstruther, James Melville, through the sough and shriek of the wind and the dash of the waves, dreamt of his captive kirk, the lady of his vision, and slept away the fatigues of his daily duties. He was rather rudely roused from his slumbers by the startling announcement that the Baillies of Anster waited to have speech of him anent a matter of mighty importance to the burgh.

This matter of mighty importance was the disposal of a ship-load of distressed men whose vessel

had foundered off the Orkneys, and who now, with their captain, Don Jan Gomez, were waiting in sorry plight the decision of the magnates. The first outburst of indignation at the thought of the Armada was soon lost in the contemplation of the helplessness of the strangers; and they were very soon as well bestowed as circumstances would allow, Mr. James Melville having showed such tenderness as to make him say to himself, as Captain Robert knocked with his riding-whip at the Tolbooth door, and Mistress Peggy's riding-skirt was seen fluttering down the street—"I must be able to repress my relentings at my ain hearth, else Mistress Peggy will play my Lady Makgill of Rankeillour, and I will be forced to banish her belyve out of my hearing."

But Captain Robert also told his tale, and to his great relief Mr. James wrung his hand in token of the utmost sympathy—"You have done well, sir; you have excelled. I envy you that you were sent to deliver them. I have no fear of my kinswoman since she has cast een on their grievous plight, and trembled for their near destruction. Aha! Mistress Peggy, there is no word of the blunderbuss now, but of roaring fires and warm duds and cordial drinks to heap on the head of the foe."

Mistress Peggy was ready at his call. "Mr. James, I would scorn to strike a fallen man. Poor lads, poor lads! they are far frae their mothers and sisters; drowning the ae moment, in durance the next, and it's a lang word to hame. Eppie, bestir yoursel, ye selfish lass; what can we do to comfort these forlorn and desolate men?"

Mr. James chose for that evening's homily—not the blessed text: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," for that would have seemed to savour of the self-commendation which "in privity" his soul abhorred—but the conscience-stricken address of David to Abigail: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me. And blessed be thou which hast kept me from coming to shed blood, and from avenging myself with mine own hand."

Ere evening there was a grand gathering in Anstruther. The arrivals were such as caused Mistress Peggy and her niece, and even shy Mrs. Melville, to put themselves in proper apparel, shake out their wimples and their standing collars, fasten the jewelled drops to the band above the brow, and the ouches on their girdle. Yet, it is true, young Eppie's gaze was wondrously distraught and dim from a window in the principal street, where they could enjoy the rare sight of so many old friends, and the general show of horse and rider, groom and hound, as they defiled to the grim Tolbooth door.

Mistress Peggy looked, admired, and nodded her head, with its ponderous pile, which rose like a beehive in the centre, with fans at each side. "A pretty sight! It minds me of what my mother was wont to tell of the grand gala day when Queen Mary, our luckless Mary's mother, landed at Balcomie Point, and every laird and lady of the East Neuk rode in her train to St. Andrews to meet my lord the king."

But the autumn afternoon was drawing to an end. The gentlemen about Anstruther, having dined at noon and finished their sitting, were thinking of riding cannily home again, or dropping aside into little convivial parties, to eat their supper, and, it is to be feared, depart from the straight road of sobriety, by entering upon those orgies which King Jamie himself, highly decorous in other respects, always countenanced, and which neither Knox nor Melville, for all their wise kindly moderation in meat and drink, could quell.

These Fife gentlemen were nevertheless brave men and honourable, and could not disgrace themselves by a dastardly revenge. They rather experienced a merciful or a supercilious satisfaction in extending charity to this strange and stray debarkation of the Armada. So my lord of Anstruther carried off Don Jan Gomez de Medina to taste his high hospitality, and half-a-dozen more gregarious lairds trotted home in the gale to consult their puzzled dames, and make arrangements for similar receptions. But the main body were stowed in the Tolbooth, which had just been used as a council-chamber, and somewhat like wild beasts did the dark-eyed, long-haired, southern-tongued strangers appear, peeped at as they were, half-curiously, half in scorn, by the townsfolk.

Eppie Melville, amongst the rest, would see the strangers. So Captain Robert escorted the girl a little discontentedly, for he said to himself with irritable jealousy: "Now, I would not wonder though my lass were taken with a craze for these wrecked prisoners. Women aye side with the weak and vanquished, and the more wizened and ill-conditioned they are, perhaps the women are all the readier to be smitten. But she maun have her way."

Eppie walked round the dismal guard-room, and glanced shyly at the olive-skins, the lustrous eyes, the slender limbs, and the emphatic gestures, and picked out the chief men, as much by their proud look and endurance and composure as by their scarfs and rings. And the gallant Spaniards gazed in their turn, and were charmed by the tall fair beauty, so statue-like, but rose-tinged as if the setting sun had shot its last rays on the snow of her cheek, perhaps fancying at the same time with what a noble motion she would tread in their dances, how her long firm fingers would swing and crack the castanets.

"They are comely youths, though they be black and slim, Captain Robert," whispered Eppie.

Captain Robert groaned and shouldered his bulk. "They are new-fangled, Eppie," he muttered scornfully.

"I'm wae for them, Captain Robert."

"Lass," said the captain, "you need not tell me that."

"And I would like to solace them."

"Eppie, you had better try it. I have borne many

a thing, but this I will not bear. I was willing to ware my life for the like of them, papists and heathens as they are, not six hours syne; but I fear they had better have gone to the bottom after all!"

To Captain Robert's utter amazement and discomfiture Eppie now began to cry. She had expected this turn, and led the way to it.

"I wonder at you, Captain Robert. You saved such poor souls, and you are a grand man, and they but beardless boys; but you should not grudge them a woman's pity."

"Now, now, forgive me, Eppie, I would not hurt you; but ah! woman, you flung away on these strangers what you have never yielded either to my service or to my prayers."

"It is not true," sobbed she, passionately; "though I laughed, I was vexed at your courtship. I tried to stop it to save you pain, and every now and then I was blaming myself hardly that I should cause you to suffer, until—only—until this morning."

"God forgive you, Eppie; what was there in a simple act of duty that could rob me of your scant esteem?"

"Oh! Captain Robert, dinna you see that from the moment I saw you performing your duty you had no need of my pity?"

He did not see it; he had some thought that she was mocking him.

"Would you prefer my pity to my admiration?" Eppie demanded with great stateliness. But he had brought her to the verge of another word, and, having submitted herself to be humbled so far, she cried behind her kerchief more vehemently than ever.

Captain Robert was now indeed blessed; his honest eyes were opened to the simple fact, and he accepted it with the most profound gratitude. Ay, of course, he preferred the warm love pressed close to his bosom, to the pity which, like charity, is pale and cold, and hovers at a distance. It was sweet to the sailor that these familiar, rude waves had so unexpectedly struck the first peal of his wedding bells.

What remains to be told? Mistress Peggy was an authoritative mother to those silly, trauchled, hungry men, and though they could not interchange a word, they impressed her with their dignity, for she described Don Jan as "a burdly man of a sedate walk and conversation."

Mr. James Melville, in spite of his downright declaration that "there could be little friendship between them," had frequent friendly intercourse with the commander, gifting him with the few bottles of rich wine, presented to him by his kinsman, Henry Scrymgeour.

In due time the party were honourably embarked and despatched to their master, who had made himself the laughing-stock of bluff Drake and Hawkins, with Europe at their back.

Captain Joshua in the "Lord Henry" had come into port the day after the landing of the Spaniards, and had immediately sailed again, along with Captain Robert in the "Beacon," to hang as privateers on the skirts of the yet unmet Armada.

Naturally enough, Captain Robert completed his work smartly, and glided into Anstruther harbour with the boom of the last Antwerp gun, to claim his bride before the winter storms should strew the coast with wrecks. But Captain Joshua tarried in the chase of the defeated enemy, and Mistress Peggy was resolved that the wedding which would make two pier-heads gay should not be concluded without his august countenance.

This Captain Joshua, on whom the old lady laid such stress, was not so indispensable a personage to others. He was a little man, Mistress Peggy's junior in everything; quiet and subdued on shore, though a trusty guide on the inconstant element, on which he had sailed so long that it was almost as native to him as to the swift careering curlew or curtseying little wild duck. But he was the head of Mistress Peggy's family, the sole remnant of her generation, and for full fifty years she had insisted on paying him deference. There was something touching in Mistress Peggy's fidelity, and in the eagerness with which the independent old lady bent the head and wore the coif to unexacting Captain Joshua, clinging to the vestige of her womanly allegiance, although so cased in the armour of self-reliance, stubbornness, and sarcasm.

Captain Joshua did not return, though there were eager hearts awaiting him. Magnanimous Captain Robert grew urgent in his suit. No, Mistress Peggy was obdurate, the "Lord Henry" was safe, Captain Joshua had never seen the dungeons of the Inquisition, his merry men sang out nightly "All's well," and Anster had not succoured the benighted Spaniards in vain.

"Mistress Peggy," urged Captain Robert, "I maun sail with the spring winds, and I would fain wed my Eppie. You would not send a man abroad in his honeymoon. If we be parted as we stand, I'll not be less stout, but I'll maybe grow grey ere I halt, and likelier lads may woo my lass when my back is turned."

"Awa' with you, man; gin ye cannot depend upon her for ae voyage, how will ye trust her for twa lives?"

Mistress Peggy was white and restless as she overwhelmed her persecutors with reproaches; but she would not be overborne by their longings or by their terrors. So the bridegroom tarried for his bride, until on one white, watery November dawn the "Lord Henry" rode within hail, and the boat from its side had Captain Joshua in the stern, and Roger Swanson was rowing the first oar, that he might the sooner present his child to the Lord, and, at the same time, slip into the long-handled wooden ladle his thank-offerings from his prize-money. And young Eppie Melville, in the flush of her strength and delicate bloom, was selected to carry the babe in his caul and mantle all the way

up the church aisle, blushing and bridling in a bewitching maidenly fashion, all because she was a sailor's niece, and about to become a sailor's wife.

But where had the loiterers lingered? They had brought home a rare experience. They had followed in the wake of the ruins of the Armada, and, following too far, had floundered into the circle of six galleons, and been captured and towed under the white walls of Cadiz. There they had heard the salute of cries of vengeance and oaths of retribution, till the stalwart figure of Don Jan Gomez rose upon their glad sight, and forced a passage to their side. Don Jan was not ashamed to own them; he entertained them like a frank sailor, he pleaded and prayed for them, and so they were out of the gloomy grip of Philip. They were now here with casks of purple raisins, and barrels of snow-white flour, and boxes of oranges and figs, and American sugar, and runlets of wine; and they told how Don Jan and his captains had inquired "for the Laird of Anstruther and the minister," and every good man of the Anster towns.

Mistress Peggy was a happy woman in her triumph, and proud beyond easy bearing, till Captain Joshua was sly enough to whisper a private message from her strange friend. Then, indeed, Mistress Peggy started up, her stately face in a flame, and working with half-angry, half-confused laughter. "The presumptuous peat! the light-headed auld fule! to mint sic madness. An East Neuk woman of douce years to be Donna to a philandering, doited Don; he had better speer my hand in the dance next. A hantle more fitting he were ordering his burial, like his King Charles. And though he had been in his prime, like Captain Robert, and I had been youthfu' and glaiket, like that weathercock Eppie, would a woman of the Covenant have cast an ee on a besotted son of the Pope of Rome? It is an idle jest, Captain Joshua, and it sets you no that weel to repeat it."

HOMEWARD.

By THE EDITOR.

III.—CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE DANUBE.

I NEVER sailed in a more comfortable steamer than the French "Messageries" screw "Mainham" which conveyed us from Athens to Constantinople. The "state rooms"—so designated, I presume, by some cynic in the agonies of a sleepless hot night—had neat iron bedsteads, instead of those shelves, or coffins without the lid, which seem to be the approved nautical model of "berths" in passenger ships. And in all other respects our comforts were amply provided for.

At the time of our departure there were anchored in the harbour of the Piræus, French, British, and Russian men-of-war, as if some *émeute* had been dreaded, and they had come to keep the peace. The young King was dining on board one of the ships. There was, therefore, the usual display of flags, with barges passing to and fro, whose many oars rose and fell with man-of-war precision. Officers, consuls, and members of the diplomatic corps, sat in their sterns; while salutes were fired from grim iron frigates, and a general phiz of excitement pervaded the whole harbour, in which our passengers would have joined had they not been already sufficiently occupied in looking after their portmanteaus and carpet-bags, and in the all-important duty of gaining the purser's attention so as to secure good berths.

We started in the evening, gazing for the last time, as some of us felt, on Athens and Hymettus. We steamed on into the darkness, thus again missing a sight of Sunium. Our sail by daylight revealed but a repetition of what we had already seen. We passed the Troad close in shore, and had an admirable view of this memorable spot, consecrated by a genius which still moves the world; and of course the one thought was of that

> —"blind bard, who on the Chian strand
> Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
> Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

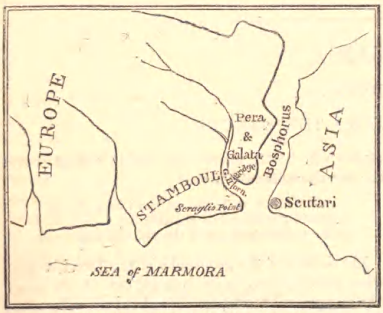
The outline of the geography of the Troad, as seen when passing along, is easily made out. A low coast, like an upraised beach, extends about ten miles along shore from one bay, or projection of the land, to another; then inland, there is a dead plain for some miles, broken by more than one great tumulus: and beyond, wooded hills ascend from lower to higher until in the sky towers Mount Ida. This is about all one sees of the Troad from the steamer's deck, even when his eyes are strained to aching to catch every feature of a scene which has been a romance to him since the time he first opened his Virgil. It is a most ideal spot: the great plain, as if made for battle; the sandy shore, as if made for landing troops; the short but steep sea-beach, as if made for resisting them; the grand scenery, as if made for the poet, with its almost ocean sea; Tenedos, to break its monotony; with the superb background of woods, hills, and mountains,—the white foam lining the shore below, and the white snows lining the sky above. The description given of the plain by Lord Byron is excellent:—

> "High barrows, without marble, or a name,
> A vast, untilled, and mountain-skirted plain,
> And Ida in the distance, still the same,
> And old Scamander, (if 'tis he,) remain:
> The situation seems still form'd for fame—
> A hundred thousand men might fight again
> With ease; but where I sought for Ilion's walls,
> The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls."

I do not wonder that Constantine should have thought of making this site the seat of empire before fixing on Constantinople; but, in spite of its classical associations, he was wise in preferring the latter to the former.

Soon after passing the Troad we entered the Dardanelles. Whatever interest may be attached to its stupid-looking forts, or to the Narrows at Abydos, which Leander swam from love of beauty, and Byron from love of fame, the strait itself as a whole made no impression on me. One sees how formidable it is as a defence of the capital from any attack by sea from the west, though it is possible, I presume, that an iron fleet could sail through it unscathed. It is about sixty miles long, and on an average three broad. We sailed through most of the Sea of Marmora at night.

The moment we near Constantinople, the magnificence of its situation and the marvellous beauty of the whole scene makes an indelible impression.

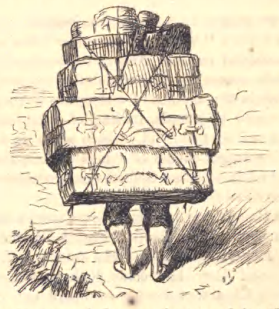


Rough Plan of Constantinople and its Environs.

There is the long Seraglio Point, (not too high to be a promontory, nor too low to be a *spit*,) the end of the undulating ridge of "the seven hills," gently sloping to the sea, so as to reveal all its buildings; and then the wonderful breaking up of the city itself by the water which separates what is after all but one city—Constantinople, Pera, and even Scutari on the Asiatic shore. No one building, as we sail along and new portions of the city open up to view, arrests the attention. There is nothing imposing in any of the details, although the general effect is so wonderful. This is produced, as far as I could determine, in the first place, by the many minarets which rise like white palms from the ridge, and which seem to lift it up as if to hold converse with the sky. The superbly gilded crescent of St. Sophia is about 150 feet in diameter! No wonder it should be seen 100 miles off when glittering under the sun's rays. The buildings without the minarets would look flat, and by no means imposing. Indeed whatever may be said of the minaret as an element in the beauty of architecture, yet those pinnacles clustering the ridge of the Seraglio Point, as they gleamed in the sunshine, produced upon me a sense of fairy lightness and grace which no towers or steeples could do. Such an effect have they on the city landscape that, were they removed, it would be like cutting away the masts from a ship of the line.

Another peculiarity of the scene was the variety and mingling of colour everywhere. Houses white, brown, and yellow; white minarets with tall cypresses, like black attendants; trees and shrubs of every hue of green blossoming with the flowers of spring; a picturesque confusion of gardens, palaces, mosques, and humble dwellings;—all, framed by the cloudless sky above and the emerald green sea below, and gilded by the sunshine gleaming from the waves, and from the burnished ornaments on domes and minarets, made up an unrivalled picture of exquisite beauty.

Like all travellers who have landed on this shore, at the ugly-looking Custom-house, with its jabber and bustle, we were first struck by the *Hammels*, or common porters—shock-headed, broad-shouldered, strong-limbed—who might have originated the idea of the Centaur, with the man's head and the horse's back and legs. The burthens which they pile upon their backs, and manage to carry up the steeps of Galata, are almost incredible. Their appearance as they lead the way is something like this:—



There are no such human beasts of burthen anywhere else upon earth.

Constantinople from without is more picturesque than from within. The streets are narrow, and wretchedly paved with small round stones. They are without footpaths, are full of dust or mud, according to the state of the weather, and some of them, as from Galata to Pera, are so steep as to require to be cut into steps. Such houses as one sees possess no feature of interest. As for those concealed within gardens and behind walls, I know nothing of them. Wooden houses everywhere abound; and in many parts of Stamboul there are great vacant places, rough and wild, as in an American city which has been working its way through a wilderness. Here the wilderness is infested by dogs, and has been occasioned by fires, sloth, and a decreasing population. Everywhere there are signs of squalor and confusion, and the absence of taste, neatness, and

comfort, with the presence, moreover, of many things to call forth a protest from eye and ear, nose and foot, and from the whole man—soul, spirit, and body. Stamboul is more orderly than most Oriental cities, but in every respect, and in the best quarters, it is very inferior to any European ones. The bazaars, in point of interest, are not to be compared with those of either Cairo or Damascus, but being sheltered by roofing and glass from the rain and heat, they are comfortable as arcades, and contain tolerably good shops. The chief article inquired for by travellers, especially ladies, is the attar of roses. It is hardly possible to get it genuine; and whether the transparent or the opaque be the better is a matter of dispute. I believe in the latter. But under the guidance of some one who is initiated in the mystery, and with patience and a determination not to be taken in by mere appearances, it is possible to get a vial of such scent as will diffuse a delicious odour around it for years. The cost, as far as I remember, is about a napoleon.

The people one meets with in the streets are always a chief source of interest to the traveller in the East, and here they are, as might be expected, a mixture of East and West, with the costumes of both so modified by intercourse as to produce what, in contrast with those of Damascus for instance, must be called commonplace. Yet there is nothing like them elsewhere in Europe. Ever and anon, there appear individuals or groups that attract one's attention as peculiar, and out-of-the-way looking; —merchants or travellers from different parts of Asia, with Tartar, Circassian, Wallachian, or Arab features and dresses. Old-fashioned yellow coaches are also met with, hung on large antiquated leather springs. They have veiled ladies within, and the horses or mules are led cautiously along the rough streets by some confidential servant, Turk or Nubian. A large number, too, of magnificent horses are to be seen, with fat Greek or Turkish riders, who look world-commanding and dignified, either from possessing a large purse, large power, or large person; —while everywhere the stream of life is dotted with thin American faces with imperials, and, if clergy, silk waistcoats, and the universal surtout and wide-awake.

The hotels are very comfortable, unextravagant, and quite European from the landlord to the boots.

The finest view of Constantinople is from the Seraskier Tower in Galata. It rises almost immediately over the bridge, and commands a view to the right of the Golden Horn, an arm of the sea, about seven miles in length, and so called from its shape and the riches it carries. The bridge and harbour are seen below; Stamboul crowns the opposite height, with its stately mosques and skyey minarets; and to the left is the Asiatic shore, with the bright Bosphorus and shipping between. The waters of the Golden Horn seem as if frozen in their calm brightness, and the innumerable boats which cross it in all directions look like so many skates left behind by the skaters.

The bridge, which connects the north side with the south, is a wooden one, supported by pontoons, and opening to let vessels pass. To give an idea of the number of passengers who cross it, I may mention that, although the toll is less than a farthing for each, the annual revenue amounts to about 20,000*l*. The bridge is the wharf also for the ferry steamers which constantly ply to every part of the Bosphorus within fifteen miles. There is another bridge further up the Horn.

Of all the remains of antiquity in Stamboul, the most interesting is the Hippodrome. In the days of Constantine this was a grand circus, in which took place those chariot races which were among the most favourite amusements of the Byzantine population, and hence its Turkish name, *Atmeidan*, or horse-course. The space thus once occupied is now without any enclosure, and is about 900 feet long and 450 broad. The statues which once filled it are gone; but there remains at one end an old Egyptian obelisk, and not far from it is one of the most interesting memorials of the old heathen world—the Bronze Serpent.

The story of the serpent is this:—There existed in the sacred enclosure of the Temple of Delphi in Greece—which, as every one knows, was the most illustrious spot in the heathen world for supernatural revelations or oracles given by the Pythian Apollo—a bronze serpent, commemorative of the living one slain there by Apollo, and some of whose remains were preserved in the temple, and were associated with the responses given by the "inspired" Priestess. After the great battle of Platæa, between the Spartan general Pausanias and the Persian Mardonius (B.C. 476), the tithe of the spoils taken from the Persians was dedicated, in the form of a golden tripod, to the Temple of Apollo, and placed on the three heads of the Bronze Serpent. Thucydides informs us that Pausanias had inscribed on the golden tripod his own praises only, which so irritated the Lacedæmonians, who had taken a worthy part in the battle, that they erased it, and in its stead had recorded the names of all the Greek states which had shared in the battle. The golden tripod was taken as spoil, but two centuries after Christ the bronze intertwined serpent on which it stood remained in its original place. Authentic history, moreover, records that Constantine removed, with other spoils from heathen temples, this very bronze serpent from Delphi, and had it erected in the Hippodrome at Constantinople. For the last three centuries travellers have described it; and in the opinion of Gibbon, even before late discoveries, there could be little doubt as to its authenticity.

There stands now in the Hippodrome the same bronze column, made up of three serpents wound together so as almost to appear one. It rises about twelve feet above the ground, which is an accumulation of rubbish, but eighteen feet in all from the stone plinth in which the joint tail is fixed, six feet below the surface of the ground. The three

heads, however, in which the twisted column once ended, and on which the golden tripod once rested, are gone, but the history of their destruction is given with high probability; and one of the heads, shown in the Seraglio Museum as having belonged to the original group, is probably, if not certainly, authentic. It was always asserted that Mohammed II. the last conqueror of the city, had broken off the lower jaw of one of the heads with his iron mace; and this head, discovered in digging about St. Sophia when under repair, is wanting in the lower jaw. Another tradition states that the three heads were destroyed in the fifteenth century by the followers of Count Lisinsky, ambassador from Poland to the Porte. But what beyond doubt connects the history of the bronze column of the Hippodrome with what existed nearly 3000 years ago at the Oracle of Delphi, is a discovery made a few years ago by Mr. Newton, when he dug round the column and explored its base,—a discovery afterwards confirmed by two learned Germans, Drs. Frick and Dethier, who ten years

From a Photograph by Mr. F. Bedford. *By permission of Messrs. Day & Son*

The Mosque of St. Sophia from the South-east.

ago, by means of acids, brought out on the column the names of the Greek states which had fought at Platæa, as narrated by Thucydides! There can, therefore, be no doubt whatever as to the authenticity of the "Pythian" pillar of Delphi, and there are few remains of antiquity in the world, associated with human beliefs, feelings, and actions, of greater interest.*

Every traveller visits the grand old Christian Cathedral of St. Sophia. Alas! it has been for some centuries a mosque, although the noblest mosque in which Mohammedans worship. The only exchange which we have made with the Moslem, that may almost be called "fair" in so far as architecture is concerned, is in the case of what was once the Mosque of Cordova, but is now its Cathedral Church.

St. Sophia was built thirteen centuries ago at an enormous cost, by Justinian. For four centuries it has been in possession of the Turks. There is nothing imposing in its massive exterior, which gives the impression simply of vast size. But its interior, in spite of the decay of its minute details, and the absence of all "furniture" (in accordance with the simplicity of Moslem worship,) is one of the grandest and most stately in the world. All the essential portions of the original architecture still remain: there is the light and airy dome, as great in diameter as that of St. Paul's, rising 182 feet above the pavement, and reposing

* See "Travels and Discoveries in the Levant," by C. T. Newton, M.A., who refers to a Memoir, by Dr. Frick, on the Bronze Serpent, published in the "Jahrbücher für Classische Philologie."

apparently on its forty windows which light up the centre of the church; the splendid pillars of porphyry and marble, some of which once belonged in all probability to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the roof of mosaic, greatly defaced it is true, but yet as a whole retaining much of its ancient splendour; with the noble space afforded for worshippers on the plain-like floor below, and the vast galleries above, formerly occupied by women only. It is said that 30,000 people can be accommodated within its walls. It would be a grand church to preach in, for it is nearly a square of about 250 feet. On the payment of a large fee we were permitted to view the building from the galleries, whence we looked down as from a hill upon the worshippers on the plain below. Our Moslem guide pointed out to us in the apse, behind where the altar once stood, what he called a large portrait of Constantine in mosaic, but whitewashed over, so as to be but dimly perceived. It is the form of Christ, no unlike that by Cimabue in St. Mark's in Venice—and how strange to see it here! It seems to keep possession of the church amidst all changes, until the building be once more occupied by Christian worshippers, as it may be ere many years go round. The Christ is not effaced, but only concealed for a time—a prophecy of the future!

The Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent is acknowledged to be the finest in the whole Moslem world. But I must refer all travellers who wish details on these and other sights in Constantinople to "Murray." To describe them would be but to copy his pages.

I must, however, say something about the "Cistern of Constantine," or the thousand and one pillars, which we visited. The entrance to it is by a series of wooden stairs, which, at an easy incline, descend from a bit of rough wilderness of huts, dogs, and squalor. We found a number of pillars—it is said 424—half buried in the earth, with a high roof overhead. The light was from some torches. The ground was rough and undulating, like the old workings in a stone-quarry or gravel-pit. It was once a huge cistern, and must have been very magnificent. It is now employed as a sort of ropework, though silk, instead of oakum, is the twisted substance. It is a horrid hole, and should be left to the rats. A more fitting scene for a murder, or for the meeting-place of the banditti of a sensation novel, could not be conceived than this Yerebatan Serai, or "subterranean palace."

I must also say something about the whirling Dervishes. We had missed seeing either the whirling or dancing portion of this sect during the previous portion of our journey, though we had made every endeavour to be present at their peculiar worship. I was glad that in Constantinople we were more fortunate, as the Dervishes belong exclusively to the East, and are one of its most remarkable though most fantastic institutions. After some difficulty we discovered the place of their meeting, about a mile from the hotel, and somewhere in the heart of the many streets behind Haskioi. The mosque, or rather hall, in which they met, had on its floor a circular space railed off, with a little standing room beyond, and small galleries above, for spectators. The Sultan pays, I believe, a weekly visit to this brotherhood, in order to please the ultra orthodox, who have a peculiar veneration for the Dervishes as a genuine type of Islam in its holiest days. In the centre of the circle stood the leader, or priest, and in a recess sat the players with their few instruments emitting those strange, monotonous, sharp complication of sounds which constitute Turkish music. There were, I think, about twenty or so of Dervishes present. Their feet were bare; their heads covered with grey felt hats, like inverted flower-pots; and their clothing was a light-grey flannel petticoat, with a "body" that reached to the throat. The exercise consisted in all the Dervishes, with arms extended horizontally and the tips of the fingers bent downwards, whirling rapidly with a regular motion, steady as that of a spinning-top (their garments extended like crinoline around them), and advancing at the same time round the enclosed platform in a circle, no one ever knocking against the other. Each man's countenance was intensely grave, and his eyes were fixed on the ground. At intervals they paused, while the priest repeated a prayer in which one sometimes caught the name of Mohām-ed and Allah. The Dervishes themselves seemed low-bred and commonplace, with pale faces, and a semi-sensuous, semi-nervous, and hysterical look about them. I was told that their characters were not the most moral, but I had no means of testing the truth of this assertion. I must confess that, to me, there was nothing ludicrous in their exhibition. The apparent earnestness of the men, and the visible connection between their "bodily exercises" and religion, removed it from the sphere of the ridiculous into one full of interest, pity, and sober questionings as to its causes and origin. All religion, even in its false forms—whatever indeed is supposed to connect us in any way with God and the unseen world—cannot but stir the emotions and stimulate both the fancy and imagination. The tendency to express or to relieve those stirrings and tumults of the soul by outward signs of joy—such as singing, shouting, dancing, or the like—is natural, though these often pass into the hysterical. Who of us has not been prompted to sing or dance when any sudden emotion of joy has possessed him? The deep quiet and reticence of the North only evidence the supremacy of other powers, whether of pride or reason; but the tendency to emotion is there, and it manifests itself among the Shakers even in intellectual Massachusetts, where dancing forms a part of their religious ceremonies. We all know how, on the same principle, dancing entered into other forms of worship, even into the purer form of Judaism, as when David danced before the ark. But we also know how the sign of a true religious

feeling may remain long after the feeling itself has passed away, and, being dissociated from it, become a meaningless nonentity. It is so with the whirling or dancing Dervishes. Yet, looking at their countenances, the impression they conveyed to me was that of men under subdued excitement, rather than of suffering of any kind; and the transition from this mere animalism, unchecked by a true religious or moral feeling, to what is grossly sensual is a very natural one. Such transitions do not belong exclusively to Mohammedan excesses: they are not an unusual product of strong feeling kindled by religion, when religion itself does not possess the spirit. But, wishing to judge charitably of

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The Whirling Dervishes.

these whirling tops, with their pale faces and empty heads, I repeat that I felt no contempt for them, nor any disposition to smile at them.

We visited the English churchyard at Scutari, and in crossing the narrow strait formed our first acquaintance with the caique. It is not unlike the Venetian gondola, and is doubtless either its parent or child in the genealogy of this kind of smooth-water boat. It is long and shallow, with a great tendency, so at least it seemed to *me*, to upset. Great caution is required when entering, and steadiness when seated or reclining on the cushions in its stern. It is paddled along like the gondola by from two to a dozen rowers, according to size, and is on the whole wonderfully expeditious and comfortable in these inland seas, though the breeze and tide even here tell greatly upon its motion and progress. We landed some distance to the north of the place of burial, and in walking to it passed the famous graveyard of the Mohammedans; and also the great hospital which during the Crimean war was the scene of so much dreadful suffering by our brave officers and men, and the scene also, let me add, of so much noble self-devotion on the part of holy men and women who ministered to soul and body, and did good which will live when time shall be no more.

There is, I presume to think, no more beautiful burial-place on earth than that of Scutari, where the beloved dead of many an English home lie interred. The ground is enclosed by a high wall. A lodge, with an English keeper, stands at the entrance-gate. The sacred spot itself is beautifully kept. In its centre towers the noble and simple granite monument erected by our Queen—whose sympathies are with all that touches the hearts of her people. It is surrounded by many graves, and many memorial tombstones, bearing inscriptions which vividly recall old familiar names, and the days of combat already dimmed by distance, except in the memory of those sufferers, to whom this little spot is the whole world. It was touching and strange to walk through this large place of tombs, and to remember that every one here had died from wounds received in

From a Photograph by Mr. F. Bedford. By permission of Messrs. Day & Son.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—VIEW FROM THE SERASKIER TOWER.

battle, or from disease engendered by the campaign. And though the large graves—the tumuli—contained too many common soldiers to have their names and deeds recorded, yet one like myself, who, as a parish minister, had been called to comfort the widow and the orphan, the mother or the father, of the soldier,—to read his last letters, or the simple story from some comrade telling how he had fallen or died,—could realise more than most men the sad family histories which were connected with the large green sod covering hundreds of the unknown and unnamed, as well as with the more elaborate monuments over better known and more illustrious dead. There was to me over this "Gottes acker," the ever holy light of self-sacrifice—of death for interests not personal, but affecting humanity,

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The English Burying-ground at Scutari.

and hallowed by the assurance that many a saint of God lay here interred, whose dust was precious.

The view from this spot is almost unequalled—the minarets of Constantinople in the background to the right; the far-spreading sea of the Propontis, with the Princes Islands before, and the magnificent mountains of Asia Minor to the left, in the distant background, all forming a magnificent panorama.

Very different is the Mohammedan graveyard, which we again passed on our return. How far it extends I cannot tell. It covers acres upon acres, and seems endless. Every spot of earth in it is occupied by a tomb or tall-growing cypress. Hardly a ray of sunlight can pierce the vast forest, or a sunbeam fall upon its graves. All is dismal as death. I would be afraid to attempt to penetrate its dark and interminable shades. A feeling of fear made me retrace my steps the moment I forced my way round the crowded stems of trees and tombs, out of sight of the daylight. One shuddered to think of being lost in this endless cemetery of midnight gloom and corruption. It is like the visible sign of Hades; an earthly capital of king Death. Millions lie here; and if more space can be found on hill or in valley, millions more will likely join them, to lie until the resurrection morning dawns in glory.

The contrast presented between this and the sleeping-place of our English dead is very striking. The one so confused, the other so orderly: the one so black and loathsome, the other so green and fresh, so open to the blue sky, and full of sunshine: the one without an inscription or word to light up the valley of death or to comfort the mourner, the other inscribed everywhere with words of faith, hope, and love, inspired by Him who is "the resurrection and the life," "who was dead, is alive, and liveth for evermore."

We spent a happy Sunday at the mission of the Church of Scotland at Haskioi, where I preached to a number of our countrymen, engaged in the service of the Sultan or in that of some of the numerous

steamboat companies. It is at such times that one realises the blessing of a Christian missionary like Mr. Christie, who, although sent to be by life and doctrine a witness for Christ to "the Jews first," is also helpful to the Gentiles, and becomes the pastor of many who without him would be as sheep without a shepherd. But for such services how apt professing Christians, not strong in the faith, would be to forget the Lord's day altogether, and to sink down to the dead level around them, instead of rising far above it, and endeavouring by their characters to attract others to search for and to find the Saviour. The fearful rebuke administered to the Jews in the days of old, may, alas! be repeated with greater force to some professing Christians—"And when they entered unto the heathen, whither they went, they profaned my holy name, when they said to them, These are the people of the Lord, and are gone forth out of his land."

On Monday forenoon it was with no small regret that we sailed from Constantinople. We felt that we were leaving the East, and parting from all the visible signs of that old romantic world. But the joyous homes which were ready to welcome us, made our parting less sad than in other circumstances it would have been. There was some difficulty in raising the anchor of our steamer, and this chiefly from the opposition of a strong tide, although tides, I know not why, are assumed to have no existence in the Bosphorus. What its rate of flow may be I know not, but it appeared to be at least three or four knots an hour. Its force is not spent in rising and falling, but in rushing steadily on from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora. As we were attempting to weigh anchor, our steamer came into contact, but by no means dangerously, with a small screw plying between Constantinople and the Danube; and when standing near the quarter, I was saluted by the engineer of the screw with "Hoo 's a' wi' ye, Doctor?" I soon discovered that he was an acquaintance from Glasgow, who, a few years before, when walking with his wife at Copenhagen, had denied the accuracy of her vision on her pointing me out as "the minister," at a distance. But afterwards, finding that she was correct, he promised her that if he ever met me again he would introduce himself to me; and now he had kept his word. I too had heard the story, and had also promised his wife to see her husband, should I hear of his being at Constantinople. Thus we met; and after a few kind greetings, parted. He is now in China. "Such is life."

Our homeward journey was by the Danube. This is at once the easiest and most agreeable route which links Turkey to Northern Europe. The sea passage, strictly so called, is from the entrance of the Black Sea to Kustandjie, and occupies but about sixteen hours. A railway connects this small seaport with the Danube at Cernavoda—about thirty-four miles across—and the distance is traversed in about two hours, thus cutting off the otherwise very long and wearisome *détour* of two hundred miles by the mouth of the Danube. Once at the Danube by the short railway, swift steamers, provided with every comfort and luxury, convey passengers as far as Vienna. But most stop at Basiasch in Hungary, from whence there is a railway direct to Vienna, *vid* Pesth. So expeditious and easy is this route, that a traveller by it can reach Constantinople in six days from London. The return is a little longer, being against the stream of the Danube. We left Constantinople on Monday forenoon, and were in Vienna on Saturday morning, without trouble or difficulty of any kind, but enjoying every possible comfort and convenience.* Once out of the Bosphorus, there is nothing to be seen until Kustandjie is reached.

Before leaving the Bosphorus it might be well to attempt an answer to the question, What are its chief elements of beauty? They are very many, and very palpable. The strait has all that look of *snugness* characteristic of a river. The banks are so near as to be seen in almost their minutest details by the voyager. They are picturesque in the highest degree, and crowded with human dwellings, these being seldom huddled together in villages, but scattered everywhere—on heights and points, in little valleys, round winding bays, and on the sea-shore—and of every variety of form, from the hut of the peasant to the kiosk and country-seat of the rich and luxurious. Mingled with them is a profusion of rich cultivation and colour from every tree and flower that can rear its graceful form, or display its exuberant foliage in this genial clime of sunshine and warmth. And then, as in the mediæval remains of old forts and castles of Europe, there are groupings of towers and walls which are indescribably picturesque, and such as the Rhine cannot in any point equal.

But no river can be compared to the Bosphorus for its life. The St. Lawrence alone, and perhaps the Neva, of all the rivers I have ever seen, possess the same clear water. Owing, I suppose, to the mud of the upper lakes being deposited long ere it reaches even Niagara, there is an ocean transparency and greenness in the Canadian river which cannot be surpassed on the clearest sea-shore, and is one of its most striking features. But while the Bosphorus possesses this quality of sea greenness and freshness, with a tide which ever gives it life, sweeping with considerable swiftness from the Euxine to the Propontis, there is a brisker life

* Those vacation tourists who have "done" most of Northern Europe, may enjoy a six or even four weeks' singularly interesting tour to Constantinople and Athens, *vid* Trieste or the Danube. They must arrange so as to see the rapids on the Danube and the Bosphorus by daylight, or stay at home. For aught I know this may be always done, but inquiries should be made at Vienna or Constantinople. The sail *down* the Danube is of course more rapid than up, yet this is no advantage unless time be an object, the scenery being so magnificent. The sea voyage is nothing; the steamers admirable; the difficulties few; and the sights to be seen, on land, sea, and river, of the old world and the new, incomparable. So ends my advertisement.

still imparted to it by the vessels of every size and rig which go to and fro on its waters, and which no river, or even sea, on earth can match. This shifting panorama is the more remarkable from the depth of the water even close to the rocks, enabling the largest vessels to hug the land with such a fond embrace as cannot be seen elsewhere. Their bowsprits seem to poke with a curious inspection into the very windows of the houses, and to scent the fragrance of the rose gardens. There is a familiarity with the land displayed which in any other part of the world would be counted dangerous. An impression is thus given of enjoyment on sea as well as on land, and of a happy, careless, and easy sailor life. A pleasant peep of the country and visions of rural retirement are afforded to Jack Tars accustomed to the shoreless sea and its rough usages—all of which add much to the beauty and social happiness of the whole scene. Each of us wearied in marking spots —some fixing on Therapia, more on Buyukderè—to which he would like to retire for the luxury of quiet thought and the perfect enjoyment of nature, and where undefined visions of a romantic past would be lost in the fairy cloudland of the mediæval West and of the older East, and be mingled with stories of the Crusaders and Saracens, of the Arabian Nights, and probably of Sindbad the Sailor, more than of Constantine and the Greek empire.

To whatever root the impressions derived from the Bosphorus can be traced, or to what extent its charms were "borrowed from the eye" or supplied by fancy, I know not, but it remains in my memory as by far the most exquisite bit of scenery I have ever seen.

The first person I saw on landing at Kustandjie, —the end of our journey—was a Wallach, who made me feel I was no longer in the land of Greeks, Turks, or Arabs. He looked in this wise—

Kustandjie is an ugly point, and in its harbour are a few wrecks, with stumps of masts appearing above the surface of the water, which do not suggest ideas of either beauty or safety. The pleasantest sight about it is the railway which carries one speedily out of it; and the prevalent sound in it is that sign of civilisation, the steam-whistle, which, when it becomes rapid and eager in its demonstrations, is the modern interpretation of the "all right" of the old coaching times.

The day was beautiful when we landed, so, having a few hours to spare before starting, we walked along the shore and enjoyed a bathe. It did not add to our comfort when a resident engineer expressed his wonder at our boldness, telling us that he would not take twenty sovereigns and follow our example, as he would certainly be laid down in fever next day. He was not "trotting" us. But I presume new arrivals are not so easily affected as old residents. Anyhow, we had no fever, nor did we experience any but the most agreeable sensations. There is a large engineer's workshop connected with the railway, in which Englishmen alone are employed. They have excellent wages, and seem a superior class of men. The only Scotchman among them, a young gentleman laying out a new line, whom I met with accidentally, I discovered to be the son of an old acquaintance in the Highlands. That stupid shore of the Black Sea presented a sad and depressing contrast to his old happy home among the blooming heather and "braes o' Lochaber." I hope he has prospered.

We were soon puffing across the dead flat plain, almost along the same line as that once marked by the wall of Trajan. The wall began at Kustandjie, the site of the old Roman town of Constantina, founded by Trajan. Many remains of Roman buildings have been exposed in railway cuttings, where remains of ancient Roman moats still project into the sea. The other end of the wall touched the Danube about five miles above Cernavoda. Its remains can be traced in a well-marked mound across the whole isthmus.

The country which we passed on our way from the Black Sea to the Danube, and that seen also over the river banks, until the mountains are reached, is flat and tame in the extreme. Let me remind the reader that on the right bank is, first Bulgaria, and then Servia (both Sclavonic); on the left Wallachia, and afterwards Hungary. The principal features of the scenery are dead flat grassy plains, like an ocean vanishing in the horizon. Now you come upon low-roofed, brown villages, with windows in which no glass appears, but perpendicular bars with cloth blinds; again upon small marshy lakes, with wild duck and geese in abundance; then upon fields, without fences, ploughed by odd-looking teams of eight oxen, or six horses and two oxen, or six oxen and two Bactrian camels; then upon flocks and herds; then upon Wallachs or Bulgarians, with sheep-skin coats, fur caps, and large, soft, round faces, like toasted brown cheese, and marked by a broad nose and dots for eyes;—these are what one sees passing along the railway,

or over the clay banks of the river, while the river itself flows broad and muddy, amid osier-covered islands, and bearing long barges, with large square-sails, stemming its current, or floating with it.

The steamer did not keep us waiting long at Cernavoda. We found her a splendid boat, not unlike those on American rivers—which, let me say in passing, have never been equalled in the old world, either for size, speed, or thorough comfort, to say nothing of splendour. There was a large and handsomely-furnished saloon on deck, carpeted, and provided with an excellent pianoforte; above was a spacious saloon-deck; below was the cabin, with roomy, comfortable berths. If our fellow-traveller, Lord N——, reads these lines, let him know that neither he nor his music are forgotten. Those who wished a separate cabin could have one off the smoking or coffee-room, between the saloon and main-deck; but each cabin costs about 7*l.* for three days' isolated dignity. We found, as we might have expected, a very mixed multitude among the passengers—citizens of every civilised nation in the world. Among them were Russians, French, Germans, Americans, English, Scotch, and Irish, with sprinklings from the Danubian provinces and the Turkish empire. With that delightful free-masonry and genuine humanity which belongs to travellers, we soon began to group together, and talk,—to become acquainted, and wonderfully familiar. Frank and free was the conversation in the smoking saloon, and indeed all day long; and one could gather much information at such times from intelligent men who had long lived in "those parts," and whose sentiments were openly expressed in the presence of others who had had ample opportunities of learning the truth for themselves. But the unanimity was remarkable. On most points all seemed agreed—such as that the Turks were dying out, and that their vices were excessive;—that the Greeks were, as a whole, great liars, but that with some education, a better clergy, and Church reform, (all of which were both possible and probable,) they had still the elements of becoming a free and influential nation;—that the whole trade and commerce of the country were passing rapidly into the hands of the Christian population;—that the Armenians were covetous screws;—that there was in the Danubian provinces a marked, increasing, and decided love for national independence; that this must end in free government, and also in a *national* Greek Church, which would recognise neither the Czar of Russia nor the Patriarch of Constantinople as its head;—that not a Turk was permitted to reside in Wallachia, though it was nominally under the suzerainship of the Sultan; that the morals of the upper classes, in Wallachia at least, for I heard not of the other provinces, were the lowest conceivable; and that Prince Couza was utterly unprincipled.

These were among the chief facts or opinions which seemed to prevail in the smoking committee, made up of most intelligent men, who had every opportunity of knowing the real state of the country.

The continued supremacy of the Turks is certainly a surprising fact, which even the influence exercised by "the European Powers" cannot quite account for. It is not 600 years since Othman, the chief of a wild nomadic tribe, with 400 tents only, wandered from Mesopotamia into Asia Minor. In less than two centuries they had become a great people, and taken Constantinople; and have since then founded a great empire, and made Europe tremble. But though wise, just, united, and brave at first,—presenting a remarkable contrast to the moral corruption, the dead orthodox church, and the confusion of the Greek empire,—they have reached the period of decay. The glacier is receding and melting, leaving only barrenness behind. It has no permanent source of supply from heaven, to give it force and progress. But yet the wonder is, that the Christian population, so much more numerous than the Turkish, gives so few signs of real power, except that of money-making and talk. What might not be done with a talented clergy (educated in England, or in Athens), promoting schools, and training other clergy for their work, with a wise Government which would develop at the same time the material resources of the country, leaving politics alone! There cannot be a new Greek empire until there be a renewed Christian people fitted to be its governors and citizens.

We had among us a most agreeable American and his wife, whom I remember with happy feelings. He had travelled far and wide among the wildernesses, moral and physical, of America, from San Francisco to New York. It was amusing and interesting to notice how his old experiences of danger and difficulty had become an almost familiar habit of mind; so much so, that he could not see the extreme oddness of some of the questions which he put to me, and the advices he gave me with all gravity; as, for example:—"What would you do, Doctor, supposing that in a small room a man rose up to shoot you?" The difficulty I confessed had never occurred to me. "I'll tell you: throw your hat in his face, bend your head, rush at him, punch or kick him where you best can, but in the stomach if possible, and, once you close with him, it is your own fault if you are shot." Or, again, after a few meditative whiffs, he would suggest another difficulty, with the friendly wish to advise me how to act in such puzzling circumstances. "What would you do, Doctor, supposing you were crossing a prairie, and a villain on horseback threw his lasso at you, and fixed it, say, over your body? Remember, he won't miss; and if he succeeds in dragging you off your horse and along the ground, you are a dead man." In vain I conjectured what I, or even a moderator of the General Assembly, or one of the bench of bishops, would do on such an occasion, by means of any *motion* he was likely to construct or propose. "Well, sir, this is your only chance of safety," my kind friend went on

to say: "set your horse to his utmost speed, stick your spurs into his flanks, and never let the rope get tight, or you are done for; and, while the rascal is galloping ahead, keep firing with your revolver all the time to kill him. If you manage this, *he* dies; if not, *you* die: and the difference to either of you is great." And thus we paddled up the stream with every kind of talk, stories of the Russian war, new versions of old defeats and victories, gossip from Bucharest, Church politics and State politics, until the scenery became fine, and then one became too deeply interested in what he saw to care much for what he heard.

We lay for nine hours at Turnu Severin. This spot is interesting as having been near the place (it is a short way further down the stream) where the famous Bridge of Trajan crossed the Danube. Few grander bridges have ever been built. It crossed the stream, which is here upwards of a mile broad, and in some places nearly twenty feet deep, and subject to descents of masses of ice in winter; yet it was built 1700 years ago, had piers surrounded by blocks of stone, and wooden arches, so that Roman armies could march across it. By it Dacia, the modern Wallachia, was united to Rome, and the influence of Rome was so great and abiding that the Wallachian peasant still calls himself *Romanu*, and his language *Romanesce*,—a language as closely allied to Latin as Italian is. The remains of Trajan's bridge are yet visible, both on the land and under the water. There are also remains of old towers, which flanked the bridge. It was destroyed by the Romans themselves, but it marks the period of the utmost advance of the Roman power, and of its decay; and it might have borne the inscription as regards conquering Rome "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." No other *stone* bridge crosses the Danube—until far above Vienna, at Ratisbon, where it is comparatively a narrow stream. The bridge at Pesth is of iron.

Orsova, the frontier town of Austria, is about eighteen miles higher up the stream. We arrived early in the evening and remained all night, having to change steamers for Basiasch. This small town is beautifully situated, and one is struck, in walking through its streets and open places, with the order, cleanliness, and general appearance of comfort everywhere visible. There is an apparently excellent hotel in it, superior *gasthauses, bierbraueries*, wooden houses nicely painted, and many of them with trim flowerpots in the windows. It was quite delightful to have a saunter once more on green grass, among neat, clean, scattered cottages, and under the shadow of low, broken, picturesque hills clothed in wood; with droves of pigs scampering along from their day's feeding and grubbing, driven by the "schwein general;" and, what was more pleasing, the "lowing herd" of cattle returning with their full udders and tinkling bells, whose music recalled the uplands of Switzerland. The Danube, too, was glorious, rolling along in smooth, curling eddies; at first with the golden gleams of evening playing over it, and, as night came on, crossed by the silvern bridge flung over its trembling waters by a full-orbed moon.

As we walked through Orsova remarks were made by some of our party, who were above national or provincial prejudices, in favour of the Austrian peasants as contrasted with those at home, and especially in Scotland. And these it was not easy to reply to with a good conscience in the presence of so many visible signs of comfort and prosperity. But it was some relief to find that this was a military town, in which neatness, cleanliness, order, &c., were all carried out at the point of the bayonet, and not under the influence of mere individual taste or personal conviction. This leads me to notice, by the way, the remarkable military government of Austria along its extensive frontier of six hundred miles, which separates the empire from Turkey and Wallachia, and stretches from the Adriatic beyond the Danube, having a border all the way of forty miles in depth. All the inhabitants of this border-land, without one exception, belong *from birth* to the army. Every man, woman, and child is claimed as being born in a regiment, and subject therefore from childhood to military organisation and government alone. Within this belt the civil law has no existence. Every male is, in virtue of the place of his birth, enrolled as a soldier as soon as he can bear arms, and he remains a soldier for life. "There is no discharge from that war" into civil life, which belongs only to the empire. Each man is numbered as belonging to the first, second, or third class of the "Reserve" according to his age. And no man or woman can leave the district, without special permission from the commanding officer, any more than a soldier can leave his regiment. The military commandant, and each captain even, I believe, has the power of life or death. The women are subject to the same discipline, and it is lawful to lash them by military authority alone. The head of each household is responsible to his officer for the conduct of its members. All the civil duties required by the custom-house, police, &c., are performed as duties of the army. The results are, that 40,000 men are always ready along the frontier in time of peace; and that this army in time of war can be at once raised to 100,000 disciplined troops. This is a terrible system of slavery, and is felt as such by very many subjected to it. Yet it costs the nation *nothing*. Land and houses are apportioned to the whole inhabitants. Out of the proceeds of their labour they are obliged to contribute a fixed support to the regiments to which they severally belong.

The "order" and regularity of Orsova were thus easily accounted for, like the well-cut clothes, clean belt, polished boots, and neatly set off cap of the soldier-machine, as contrasted with the less artistic clothing of the free artisan.

We heard a gipsy band in one of the restaurants. There were about eight or ten performers. The

only other of the kind I ever heard was at St. Petersburg. Both greatly impressed me with the energy, passion, and taste of the performers. It was quite delightful to watch the expression of their countenances, the thorough earnestness with which they played, and the personal gratification which it seemed to give themselves. They were all respectably dressed; yet each bore in every feature, and especially in the piercing black eye and olive complexion, the half-weird look of the genus "ne'er do weel," which marked them out as peculiar. I shall never forget the spirit, and splendid time, with which they played the *Zerngo-rurka*, a Servian air, and the *Juliana* waltz or galop—I forget which, but I shall feel much indebted to any one who sends me the music of either! I had no time to get it at Vienna.

On our way to the steamer a tall gipsy passed us, with bare feet, and a mantle flung over her shoulders. I have seldom seen such a picture of stately dignity and commanding beauty, combined with strength and determination. Her look as she passed, so full of piercing inquiry and pride, photographed itself on our minds. She might have been a Roman queen.

We left Orsova at five in the morning, and until twelve o'clock passed through the finest river scenery I ever saw. It is probably the finest of the kind in the world. Every one knows the Rhine, and verily it has its glories; but these consist chiefly in its romantic castles, without which it would on the whole be comparatively commonplace. The upper Danube, down which I once floated on a raft from Lintz to Vienna, is in some places—as at the "whirlpool" and about Düsenstien—finer than the Rhine; the Elbe is beautiful as it sweeps round the Bastein, but it is not grand; the Hudson about Crown Point is fine; and "the Lake of the Thousand Islands" in the St. Lawrence is beautiful without any grandeur, and chiefly from the contrast which it presents to the monotonous scenery of the rest of the rivers above Quebec. But for upwards of fifty miles between Orsova and Moldova, the Danube stands alone. Even our American friend admitted this when comparing it with all the rivers he had seen, either in the Old World or the New World. To a stream broad and majestic as those of America, add a succession of rapids—which once seemed to bid defiance to steam itself; then add the splendid scenery of rocky precipices and wooded hills, rising to a height of 2000 feet, with the most varied and picturesque forms changing every moment in their outlines and groupings; add again bold promontories seeming to bar the way, and hemming in the river, that rushes and foams between them, or recedes so as to leave a lake-like expanse surrounded by winding shores, and opening into green sequestered valleys;—add all these, and then you may have some idea of the unsurpassed scenery of this portion of the Danube.

We could distinctly trace on the right bank the line of Trajan's wonderful road. It here passed along the face of a precipice, and was constructed by laying planks on horizontal beams driven into holes cut for them in the rock, and propped from below. What wonderful road-makers those Romans were, when one could from such a wild spot as this have journeyed along a line of good road, unbroken save by the Straits of Dover, until he reached the mountains of Scotland! We could perceive also "Trajan's Tafel," on which a mutilated inscription still remains, which records the making of the road, commemorative, it is supposed, of Trajan's first Dacian campaign in A.D. 103.

We left the steamer at Basiasch. There is nothing worth seeing on the river between it and Pesth, a sail of about 400 miles,—the stream flowing through alluvial and interminable plains. These we traversed by railway, *viâ* Temisvar. We had time to visit the iron bridge at Pesth, which is upwards of 50 feet broad, and crosses the river, 1700 feet wide, to Buda. Truly it is a magnificent work of art, far surpassing anything of the kind to be seen elsewhere, whether as regards extent, strength, general elegance, or massive grandeur of appearance. The old fortress of Buda, which looks more business-like than beautiful, covers the ridge which rises immediately at the other end of the bridge, and gives character to Pesth. This city is built on a dead flat, with that regularity of streets and squares seen in modern German towns, which, however wide and elegant, are far from picturesque. They seem to have been planned by an architectural drill-serjeant. Even Paris is assuming this look more and more every day.

We reached Vienna upon Saturday; received happy letters from home; paid a brief visit to some old familiar haunts in Schönbrunn; left on Monday; stopped at Prague once more to see perhaps the finest architectural view in the world—from the old gateway onwards to and across the bridge; enjoyed the railway along the Elbe: passed most of a day in the dear old Gallery of Dresden; and on Friday evening, on the twelfth day after leaving Constantinople, I rang my door-bell in Glasgow—and, such are the arrangements of modern travel, I did so on the very day, and at the very hour, I promised to do when leaving home in February. The door was opened, and all my family received me; and while meeting them in peace within, I take leave of my kind readers without; for "Homeward" ends where home begins!

Errata.—In No. II. of "Homeward," by a typographical error, "Temple of Dionysus" and "Pnyx" were printed "Temple of Dionysius" and "Pynx."

A PLEA FOR CRIMINAL BOYS.

At the very probable risk of being charged with morbid or pseudo philanthropy, I propose offering a few observations in favour of a very unfortunate class among us—young thieves. That their lives—at least those of a great part of them—have been infamous, their crimes great, and their punishments richly deserved, I admit; but at the same time I hold that their cases, when inquired into, often prove these boys to be worthy of great pity. In the first place, a large proportion have received no education, moral or religious, but, on the contrary, have frequently been instructed in vice by those whom Nature designed to protect them from it. Others again have been forced to steal in the first instance by sheer hunger; while some have been the dupes of cowardly villains, who, not having the courage themselves to steal, profit by the crimes of the ignorant and starving children whom they make their tools. For my own part, I believe that the incorrigible young thief of newspaper reporters does not exist; that all children, unless suffering from a taint of insanity, are capable of reformation, if properly treated. And I propose to prove this proposition by data taken from those two admirable institutions for the correction and instruction of criminal boys—the Middlesex Magistrates' Industrial Schools at Feltham, and the Philanthropic Society's Farm Schools at Redhill.

To begin, let me trace out the sources from which young thieves are taken. On this subject a very erroneous impression prevails. It is assumed that our crowded courts and alleys are filled by families living in a most degraded condition, whose male children are habitually thieves; and sensation paragraph writers' endeavour to keep up the fallacy. That there exists in these localities degradation enough is true, but want of integrity in children, as a rule, is far from being correct. I hold rather that, considering their ignorance and the vice existing around them, the integrity of the London street boy is remarkable, especially when his own half-starved condition and the temptations spread around him are taken into consideration. All those lads we see jumping up on the foot-boards of omnibuses offering newspapers for sale, and hazarding the breaking of their necks a hundred times a day, in the hope of carrying home a shilling honestly earned in the evening; all those imps throwing catherine-wheels (we believe that is the proper name), or throwing summersaults on the pavement, to the annoyance of the foot passengers and their own especial danger; are surprisingly honest. Perhaps the most perfect argument that could be offered in proof of the habitual integrity of the London boy, is to compare the numbers at present in confinement for theft in the various metropolitan prisons and reformatories, with the number of children of the working classes given in the Census. It will be found that the proportion of young thieves is very small, when compared with the vast multitude from which they are taken.

The supply of young London thieves is fed from three separate and distinct sources—namely, the drunkenness of parents or guardians; the keeping of bad company; and the parentless and homeless condition into which so many boys are thrown. Of these three causes, the first is by far the most prolific. In a paper read lately before the Social Science Congress in Edinburgh, it was stated that sixty per cent. of the young London thieves undergoing imprisonment are the children of drunkards. As this proportion seemed enormous, I submitted it to the chaplains of the Redhill Reformatory and the Middlesex Industrial Schools at Feltham, for their opinion. Mr. Walters, of the Redhill Reformatory, said it was by no means overstated; and Mr. Pilkington, of Feltham, stated that he had himself made many inquiries into the subject, and he was convinced that in the schools under his supervision seven out of nine of the whole of the boys were, directly or indirectly, indebted to the drunkenness of their parents for the punishment they were undergoing.

A father's drunkenness and a mother's, affect a child very differently, although the ultimate effect—imprisonment of the child—is the same. The drunken father generally ill-uses his son, frequently beats him brutally. Paternal affection dies within him, and he is totally indifferent to the actions of his child. If he hears he is arrested for a theft it gives him no uneasiness, perhaps induces a feeling of satisfaction, as during the boy's imprisonment he will be relieved from the slight expense he is at in supporting him. He generally attends at the police court and gives his son a bad character, as being an incorrigible boy, utterly insensible to all the good advice and kind treatment given him. The boy makes no answer to this: in nine cases out of ten he could tell a very different tale, but he seldom or never retaliates on his parents. He is committed to prison, and the father, under the pleasing impression that he has done his duty, is often seen entering the first gin-shop for consolation. Drink appears simply to brutalise men. In hardly any case do we hear of a drunken father encouraging his boy to steal, or find him receiving any portion of the profits of his son's crime. He is indifferent to the result of the boy's course of life, but his evil influence is purely of a negative character. In the case of the drunken mother, however, it is very different. In woman, intoxication seems to absolutely reverse the natural maternal instincts, and even induces her to take an active part in the demoralisation of her child. She generally leads him on, not by threats or compulsion, but by the external appearance of great kindness, till she acquires perfect control over the mind of the child. Unlike the man in his coarse brutality, she takes

from the boy the whole of his plunder, repaying him with lavish caresses, sweatmeats, and other childish indulgences. No other plan would succeed. It would be impossible to frighten a boy into the commission of an act of dishonesty: severity would destroy the cool nerve required for its perpetration. And the wretch knows this full well, and with a woman's tact adopts the other course. It may be thought that this horrible statement cannot be true, but a visit to either of the schools named would prove that, dreadful as it may appear, the fact is of very common occurrence. When such a woman's son is arrested, she generally attends at the police court, gives the boy the best of characters, as being a hard-working, industrious lad, and asserts that if he is sent to prison it will break her heart. Tears she has in abundance, and she deceives all but the magistrate, the policemen, and the reporters. They, having seen it so often, look upon the whole scene without the slightest surprise or remark. After the committal of the boy, she leaves the Court, and lives as she best can till the time of his punishment has expired, when she attends to receive him as he leaves prison. Every blandishment and caress is then heaped on him; he is taken home and petted, and in a short time is again found practising his former mode of life.

A singular feature in the pyschology of the young thief is the love he bears his mother, and, indeed, his affection for his family generally. And this endures long after a radical reformation in his character has taken place. Nor is this much to be wondered at. For the young thief is generally disliked and avoided by poor boys of his own age, while on his side he fears their acquaintanceship, as bringing with it the danger of detection. He knows perfectly well that he is pointed out by the respectable poor women in the neighbourhood as a character to be avoided. He feels he is detested by society, but there is still in him the childish necessity of reposing confidence in some one. His mother, even when an honest woman, and grieving in secret over the degeneracy of her child, is usually his champion. And even when drunken and dishonest, she pets and humours him to the utmost of her power, and thus obtains over his mind such an influence as is seldom wholly subdued. Some of the examples of this feeling we met with were exceedingly beautiful, notwithstanding their eccentricity. A poor child about twelve years of age died lately in the Redhill School. He knew perfectly well his end was approaching, and he was prepared to meet it in a proper state of mind. But in spite of his reformation, his love for his mother, a worthless drunken creature, continued to the last. Almost with his dying breath he mentioned her with intense affection, although he had been committed nine times for crimes perpetrated at her instigation.

Another case may also be mentioned of a lad, about seventeen years of age, whose three years' probation had expired, and who was about to leave the school. His mother, who resided in the south of England, wrote to him to come home as soon as he left Redhill. But the boy was in doubt upon the subject. His mother was a drunken disreputable woman, who had herself been imprisoned twice for felony; while the school chaplain, Mr. Walters, had procured for him a free emigration order for the Cape of Good Hope. The mother, when she heard there was a probability of losing her son, wrote two letters. One was to the school authorities, threatening prosecution if the lad left England without her permission as his natural guardian. The other was to her son, couched in terms of the greatest affection, telling him it would break her heart if he left England, as she was sure she should never see him again. The poor boy was for some days fairly puzzled how to act, and he wandered about the farm moody and abstracted. At last he came to the chaplain, and informed him that he had made up his mind to go to Africa.

"I think you are right," said the chaplain; "but what induces you to leave England?"

"Why, sir," was the reply, "I know well enough, if I go home to mother, there is nothing but Taunton gaol before me; and now I am honest, I may as well remain so."

On speaking of his previous life to a boy, and finding that his mother was a drunken virago, and his father a costermonger of honest character, we asked why his father did not correct him when he committed dishonest actions.

"Well, sir," he said, "the truth is, father's afraid of mother. However, father did use to lick me sometimes when mother was too drunk to interfere."

It would seem as if such a home could possess but few attractions, and yet the boy was evidently very fond of his mother.

The second cause of dishonesty in boys is the effect of bad example, and the teaching of adult professional thieves. Of late years there has been, fortunately, a considerable diminution in the number of boys sent to the reformatories from this cause. This has been noticed during the last few years at Feltham, and I was informed that at Redhill the number of expert pickpockets is less by one half than it was ten years ago. For this happy change we are principally indebted to the vigilance of the metropolitan police in following up and prosecuting the wretches who used to teach these children the art of scientific pocket-picking. There are now among these lads very few expert thieves. Those who are sent for reformation are generally clumsy and inexperienced, and are far more easily detected than formerly. They are, however, quite capable of learning habits of industry and integrity, and many of them, especially if sent abroad, turn out remarkably well.

The lot of the third and last class is much to be pitied. Generally orphans, or deserted by their parents when quite young, they appear to have led,

in this centre of civilisation, a life as savage as that of a young South Sea Islander. Many of these boys, before their conviction, seem to have undergone the most terrible privations. One stated that he had lived in the streets for two years; occasionally, when he had a few halfpence, he obtained shelter for a night in some common lodging-house. Another had not slept "in what you'd properly call a bed" for eight months. A lady of our party asked an innocent-looking child who, in a respectable family, would hardly have been out of the nursery, where he lived when he was at home. "About the streets, ma'am, generally," was the reply. Cases have been known where boys had not for two years slept on a bed or known a friend, but had supported life by eating the raw vegetables and cast-off meat in Newgate and other markets. Strange as it may appear, this mode of life, at last becomes so attractive to the boy, that his instructors have great difficulty in breaking him away from it.

It may be remarked also that these boys are, in a religious point of view, utterly ignorant. One knew a church only as a place "swells" go to on a Sunday; and another only knew the name of Christ as a word used in swearing.

A short description of the raw material which the governors and teachers of these schools have placed in their hands has been given; we will now follow them through their work of reformation. At first sight the task would appear unpromising enough, but the result of the wonderful skill and ability shown, proves that the worst boys can be made honourable and useful members of society. When the boys arrive, they appear utterly bewildered for the first few days. Instead of the severity they had anticipated, they find themselves spoken to and treated with great kindness. They soon begin to imagine that under such treatment they can set orders at defiance, but they very soon find that the kindness is so mixed with perfectly strict discipline, that such a thing as disobedience to orders without punishment is unknown in the school. This is about the most difficult stage in their reformation. They continue rebellious for some time, but each successive punishment proves to them the futility of such a course, and at last they quietly conform to the established regulations. The different phases of their gradual submission are exceedingly curious. Unfortunately, want of space prevents me from going into details, and I content myselves with quoting one example I met with on the occasion of a recent visit to Feltham. Accompanied by the chaplain, I was inspecting the tailor's shop, where a number of boys were at work. The trade-master mentioned that in consequence of the incorrigible behaviour of one of the newly-arrived boys he had been obliged to report him to the inspector, who had sentenced him to confinement in a solitary cell for some hours. He had several times thrown his work aside, and at last broke out into open rebellion. I inquired whether I might be allowed to see the boy, and the chaplain immediately conducted me to the solitary cell. He opened the door and requested the prisoner to come out. The lad immediately obeyed. He was a dark-eyed, sturdy-looking fellow, about eleven years of age, and a more truculent little villain could hardly be imagined. He glared at us with a look of unmistakeable and open defiance.

"What a pity it is," said the chaplain to him, with great kindness of tone, "that you will be such a bad boy. You must know perfectly well there is no disobedience allowed here, and yet I understand you are continually getting yourself punished for it. Now, why do you not try and be a good boy?"

The kind tone of the reverend gentleman acted in a most extraordinary manner on the lad. His savage look vanished, and he burst into tears.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said, "but I cannot help it, do what I will."

"Do not talk in that silly manner. You can be as good as the other boys if you please."

"No, indeed I can't, sir; it's no fault of mine. It's the corruption of my blood."

The worthy chaplain seemed for the moment puzzled, as hardly aware whether his pupil spoke in a theological or a physiological sense. "Pray," said he at last, "what has the corruption of your blood to do with your refusal to work?"

"It breaks out all over me, sir, legs and all," said the boy, pulling up his trousers, and showing a slight cuticular eruption on the leg, as a proof that his disobedience did not arise from any fault of his own.

The chaplain for the moment refrained from explaining the difference between the moral and physical nature of man, and contented himself with remonstrating in a most kind manner with the boy. He received at last a positive promise that for the future he would be industrious and obedient.

A singular feature in these boys, even when they first arrive, is their dislike to the words "thief" or "stealing." They never use either. I questioned several boys on the crime for which they had been convicted, but even then they avoided the words. "What were you sent here for, my lad?" I inquired of one. "Four and sixpence, sir," was the answer. Another said "for a pair of boots," and a third "for a book." Even in their most savage state they appear to have some notion, of right and wrong.

It is some time after they have joined the school before a step towards reformation is distinguishable. It develops itself generally in a willingness to play at boyish sports. Your genuine London thief has no disposition for play. He seems to look upon it as profitless bodily exercise. As soon as he takes to cricket, football, or bounders, his instructors accept it as a good sign and act upon it. Another great humaniser is singing, and of this they are very fond, and study it assiduously. The service of the chapel is performed by them in a manner

perfectly astonishing, considering the kind of life they have hitherto led.

There is considerable difference between the system of reformation practised at Feltham and that at Redhill, although it would be difficult to say which is the best. At Redhill the boys live in different houses, about twenty being in each house, under the superintendence of a schoolmaster or trade instructor. At Feltham they reside in one large building. The family system is in favour at Redhill; while military organisation predominates at Feltham. In the latter school the boys are admirably drilled. Very few militia regiments could equal them, and even some of the line regiments are not superior, in military evolutions. Everything is regulated with soldierlike exactness. Although drill is taught at Redhill, it is by no means the important feature in the system which it is at Feltham. At Redhill a large proportion of the boys are from the provinces, and although the most incorrigible are generally sent for reformation, they are usually not only of a better bodily constitution, but their minds have not acquired the wild lawlessness and intractability of the London thieves who are sent to Feltham. On these last, the exactitude of military discipline which is practised by Captain Brooks, the governor of the schools, seems to act with admirable effect. Under it they appear to contract habits of regularity and obedience far more rapidly than under any other method. Nor is the psychological effect of excessive military regularity observable only in children. Some years since we found it practised in a hospital at Venice, with excellent results. One large ward was set apart for patients suffering under a disease called "Pellagre," which results from leading a vagabond life, combined with great privation. It generally showed itself in a cutaneous eruption on the body, together with aberration of the mind. The physicians judged that as the disease was engendered by these causes, good living combined with great regularity of life would be the best method of cure, to a generous diet they added a military system of drill in all the commonest actions of life. At a given signal the patients simultaneously arose from their beds, at another they all sat down at the same moment to breakfast or dinner, and rose at another. Every movement was executed simultaneously with the greatest precision, and the good effect on the mind rapidly showed itself by the restoration of the patients to reason. Similar results are seen at the Feltham schools, and the greatest credit is due to Captain Brooks for the kind yet strict manner in which he carries out the system.

To the honour of the Middlesex magistrates they have obtained a special Act of Parliament, by which young London thieves can be sent to their Reformatory without being first committed to prison. It would be impossible to exaggerate the admirable effect this system has upon dishonest children. The boy who has been once in prison is a very different character, and is far more difficult to reform than the one sent direct to the Reformatory. It has also another excellent effect, it prevents the drunken father from assisting in the conviction of his son. In prison, the boy is no expense to his parent; but in the reformatory the parent is obliged to contribute something to his child's support, and he gains nothing by the punishment of the latter. I am fully convinced that if this system were practised all over England, it would facilitate immensely the reformation of juvenile offenders.

A very unjust prejudice appears to exist in the public mind against these unhappy children, the more so as nothing is easier than to prove from the records of these schools, that dishonest children are reclaimable. An artist of great celebrity has an estate adjoining the Philanthropic Society's schools at Redhill. When it was proposed to remove the schools from St. George's Fields, Southwark, to their present site, this gentleman, with others in the vicinity, strongly opposed the project. He argued, naturally enough, that the establishment of a reformatory without even a wall round it, would put the neighbourhood at the mercy of a gang of some 300 juvenile thieves, with some of the most notorious young villains in England among them. The schools however were removed to Redhill, and this gentleman is now one of the warmest friends of the institution. Although there is neither hedge nor ditch to separate his grounds from the school farm, yet he has lost nothing. He even employs these lads to work in his pleasure-grounds and about his house, when he can get them, in preference to any others. I saw more than one of the boys in the town making purchases or on errands, and inquired of the chaplain if they ever were insulted or annoyed by people who met them, or whether the surrounding gentry and the shopkeepers of the town made any objection to them. He said, "No; on the contrary, I am constantly annoyed by their being petted, a thing I strongly object to; and for that reason I do not encourage their being employed by private families in the neighbourhood." In one gentleman's grounds four boys (all of whom had been convicted at least six times) might have been seen working, without the slightest supervision on the part of the family.

At Feltham the residents in the vicinity show the same readiness to employ these boys. During the last harvest the farmers around the school engaged them in preference to other boys in the neighbourhood, paying them the same wages. On inquiring the reason, I was informed they were better liked owing to their superior docility and industry.

Last year I had the pleasure of being present at the "harvest home" of the Redhill farm, cultivated entirely by the reformatory boys, under the supervision of skilful agriculturists After the inspection, prizes were distributed according to the different degrees of merit, and all seemed delighted with the rewards they received. In the latter part

of the day especially, the scene was a most singular one. The boys were then allowed to play at any game they chose, and they entered into their amusements with right good will. Mixed with them was a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen from the neighbourhood and from London, who had been invited to witness the distribution of the prizes. They all mingled readily with the boys, watching them at their games, and conversing with those who were not playing. Although the visitors, both male and female, were exactly of the class who would have been the prey of these boys before their reformation commenced, not a single thing was lost by any one, nor was the slightest act of dishonesty attempted. It was difficult to realise the fact, that these ladies and gentlemen were mixing, without the slightest fear or suspicion, with three hundred of the most desperate young thieves that England could produce.

A certain honourable member of Parliament during a recent session remarked, when the Mount Saint Bernard Reformatory was under discussion, that such establishments were always objectionable to the honest inhabitants surrounding them. I therefore took occasion to inquire what was their effect in the vicinity of the Feltham and Redhill schools; and was told that, with one solitary exception, no cases of theft had occurred since either of them had been established. Yet there were in them no fewer than eight hundred notorious young thieves—many, perhaps the majority, of whom had been convicted half-a-dozen times—enjoying a certain amount of liberty, and without a wall or barrier of any description to confine them.

The system of education at the Feltham and Redhill schools, although somewhat different, is in both cases admirable. It is religious and practical, without the slightest admixture of cant. Although the religious services are conducted with great solemnity and regularity, the boys are taught from the very first that excellent precept that labour is an integral portion of religion, and that work is as necessary as prayer. A boy indeed finds it fully as difficult to evade his turn in the workshop or on the farm, as to absent himself from chapel. On the occasion of a recent visit to Feltham, when I was in conversation with the Rev. Mr. Pilkington, the chaplain, he noticed a boy in one of the yards idle, while the others were at work. He immediately called him, and inquired why he was not in the workshops. "I have just been chosen, sir, a choir boy in the chapel, and I did not think I was called upon to work." The reverend gentleman soon assured him of his mistake, and sent him immediately to his task, informing him that, though he had much pleasure in seeing him in chapel, he was equally pleased to see him employed in learning some honest means of earning a livelihood.

At Redhill the system of instruction in labour is especially admirable. Here the boys—the majority of whom, being taken from the country, are more robust than the London-bred children at Feltham—go through a course of instruction especially adapting them for emigrants. They are taught farming, carpentering, brick-making, tailoring, and shoe-making. Each boy is taught to mend his own clothes; and all the shoes and clothes required, are made on the premises. In a very short time industry appears to become a pleasure to the boys, and they work with a will rarely met with at their age.

We now come to the most difficult part of our subject—what to do with the boys after the term of their sojourn in the schools has expired. They generally leave just at the age most requiring care and supervision in order to prevent a relapse. In spite of all the kindness and attention of those interested in their welfare, many of those who remain in England relapse into crime. Fully twenty-five per cent. of those whose friends reside in London are soon again found in the annals of the police courts. The majority of our young London thieves reside in three localities, Bethnal Green, St. George's, Southwark (at least that portion of it around Kent Street), and the purlieus of Drury Lane. Here they are soon found out by their old associates, and receive from them a cordial welcome while they are scorned by the industrious and honest. They are now on the verge of manhood, and imitate men in their amusements; and as the public-house unfortunately ranks amongst the most favourite of these, they generally date their relapse from it. With those who emigrate the case is far different; with very rare exceptions, they do well. Of fifty boys, principally from Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, who emigrated to Canada and Australia, not one turned out badly. They are, on the contrary, much liked by the settlers for their steady habits and superior industry. The agent of the Redhill Schools in Upper Canada writes home, "All the boys you sent me have turned out well, and are in high favour. Send me fifty more, and I will engage to find situations for them in a week." The reports from the Cape of Good Hope, Port Natal, and Australia are equally favourable. It is both amusing and instructive to read the letters sent by those boys to the secretary and the chaplain of the Redhill Schools. Without the slightest obligation to write, except from gratitude, their correspondence is most voluminous, and their letters are filled with thanks, evidently genuine, for the kindness they received during the period of their reformation. One letter contained a very beautiful sentiment. It was from a boy who was deemed irreclaimable. He belonged to a town in the midland counties, and had been six times convicted of robbery from the person, some of the cases presenting features of peculiar atrocity. When first sent to Redhill, he appeared as savage a young rascal as could possibly be found. A marked alteration was soon apparent in his behaviour. He became docile and industrious. He was taught

the trade of a carpenter, and soon acquired a very considerable amount of skill at his trade. Last April, the Rev. Mr. Walters, for the first time, received a letter from him. He stated that he liked the country extremely. The situation which had been provided for him he had kept since his arrival, and his master and mistress were both very kind to him, and paid him liberal wages, so much so that he had been enabled to put fifty pounds in the bank. The letter also contained a ten pound note. Half the amount he requested might be sent to his sister, who was in bad circumstances; and *the remainder he wished to be spent in decorating the school chapel in which he had learned to be an honest man.*

Mr. Baynes Rankin, the Honorary Secretary of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, told me an anecdote of a boy who had been convicted of felony, and was sent by them to Canada. He succeeded remarkably well, and at the height of the cotton famine sent a most liberal donation to the distressed operatives of his native town, Blackburn.

One of the best methods of preventing a relapse in these boys is, by a recent order of the Admiralty, shut out from them—their employment in the Royal Navy. This appears to me exceedingly cruel. I quite approve of the desire to preserve intact the purity of the British tar, but surely, when a child is reformed, it is hard to throw his original fault in the way of his earning an honest livelihood in an honourable service.

There does not appear to be the slightest reason for the prohibition of reformatory boys entering the Royal Navy. In the reports of the Feltham Schools before the order was issued, the opinions of the captains of the ships in which these boys were employed are quoted, and their characters seem to have been singularly good. In them we constantly meet with the phrase, "a very good boy;" "no complaint whatever;" "the leading boy in the ship;" and others equally complimentary.

I have now endeavoured, shortly, to show that these poor children are worthy of pity, and that they are perfectly capable of being reclaimed if proper means are taken. The principal thing necessary, after they leave the Reformatory, is to find employment for them as distant as possible from their old haunts and associates. There is no doubt the best method to secure their continuing honest is emigration; and any of our readers who possess interest in the colonies, and who, directly or indirectly, can assist these poor children to find employment in them, will do a most charitable and Christian action. WILLIAM GILBERT.

A SABBATH VISIT TO A JEWS' SYNAGOGUE.

THERE are few things going on in the very midst of us, which, in this "newsy" age, can long preserve the air of mystery peculiar to scenes that are dimly imagined rather than completely understood. Yet there are at least two such things from which, for the majority of Englishmen, the veil remains undrawn. One is the mystic secret and ceremonies which distinguish the ancient and worshipful Order of Freemasons; and the other, the solemnities enacted in a modern synagogue of Jews. Upon the mention of either, curiosity is always on the stretch to glean the tiniest scrap of information, and to the uninitiated about as much is known of each as there is of the rites at a Parsee funeral.

Finding myself at leisure on a recent Saturday, in one of these great cities sufficiently important, and sufficiently remote from London to have the character of a local metropolis, and learning that a congregation of Jews assembled there, I resolved that in my own case the romantic vagueness of imagination should be exchanged for the certitude of experience. Accordingly to the synagogue I went; I must confess, with some misgiving. How should I be received? Was it usual for them to see strangers amongst them? Would they resent the visit of a solitary Christian as an impertinent curiosity? Occupied with such doubts as these, and with much hesitation, I ventured to thrust open the swing-door, and, in the meekest possible manner, slipped myself just inside. Here I should have been glad to collect my thoughts, and to make my observations unperceived. But in a moment I had upon me the eyes of several bearded gentlemen, of reverend mien, who were chanting Hebrew from a central rostrum in fine sonorous voices. The glances, however, were far from being those of indignation and hostility. With the utmost politeness I was beckoned to take one of the best seats, in a position from which I could command a view of everything that went on.

Naturally the first thing was to make myself a little acquainted with the novelties of the building, and its quaint decorations of Hebrew letters and texts. I soon discovered that the ground-floor of the synagogue was reserved for male worshippers; while a gallery running round three sides of the building was appropriated exclusively to the other sex. The seats upon the ground-floor were arranged in an upper and a lower row, against the two opposite walls, somewhat after the fashion of the double row of stalls so commonly to be seen in the choirs of our own cathedrals: so that the men sat facing each other on opposite sides of the house, each man's seat being made perfectly separate from those of his immediate neighbour by arms, which did the same duty as those of a first-class railway carriage. Hanging flat against the wall, at the back of each man's head in the upper row of stalls, was a small board of about eight inches square, which could be pulled out as a desk for the

book of the occupant, at those parts of the service where he required to stand and turn his face to the wall for his devotions. In the centre of the open floor, thus left between the rows of stalls, was a raised desk or pulpit, furnished with a railed platform so large, that at one period of the service as many as five or six men were upon it at once. This was of course occupied by the Rabbi or minister of the synagogue, and others who were called up to take part in the reading of the Law. Against the end wall, in place of the altar-piece or east window of an English church, there hung what had once been a handsome, but is now a rather seedy-looking curtain of green silk. This apparently marked a spot of some peculiar sanctity: for in front of it was a small semicircular space, slightly raised and railed off from the rest of the area. The curtain was afterwards drawn aside, and disclosed the double doors of a huge chest, about eight feet high, let into the wall, whose appearance reminded me very forcibly of the fixed iron chests in a lawyer's office. This chest, I was informed, is called The Ark. When the doors were subsequently opened, I saw that it was fitted inside with a brass-bar framework for receiving the parchment rolls upon which the Holy Scriptures are written. Above the Ark was a tablet, inscribed with two initial words of each of the ten Commandments in gilt Hebrew letters. And on the architrave there was painted, in imperfectly-formed Hebrew characters, a text, which was obviously meant for (but certainly was not) a portion of Psalm v. 7:—"In Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple." This curtain, tablet, and text were the only attempts at decoration in this singular building, which had its only light from above through a vaulted skylight, somewhat resembling the hatchway of a ship. One other thing only in the appointments of the place, indicative of a very strange custom, arrested my attention. This was a flat circular cake, about nine inches in diameter, having very much the appearance of a north-country oat-cake, and resting in the corner upon the moulding against the front of the gallery. It was, as I afterwards learned, the Passover-cake; and at the Feast of the Passover it is solemnly deposited in this extraordinary position, where it remains until the Feast in the following year, when it is taken down and burned with fire, and a fresh cake is substituted in its place.

Scarcely less striking to Christian eyes, was the appearance of the men themselves. Of course it was *de rigueur* that the black chimney-pot hat of decent society should be retained upon the head throughout the service. But besides this, every man—congregation as well as officiating minister—had a vestment. After the lawn and silk of Christian ritual, it did not strike me as a very elegant one either. I must speak with diffidence if I try to name the material,—for I had no opportunity of feeling it, or scrutinising it very closely. However, as far as I could discern, it was a sort of brown holland. The vestment was about six feet in length, and a yard and a-half in breadth. It was crossed at each end by seven stripes of blue, of varying widths, and grouped in a manner which no doubt has some mystical significance (for Jews have a symbolism in everything), but which I was unable to interpret. Thus:—farthest from the edge of the garment was a group of five stripes, the central one of these being considerably wider than the two outer ones on each side of it, which were about an inch in breadth: while close to the edge were two other very much narrower bands separated from each other by the merest suggestion of the brown holland. Beyond the stripes, the ends of this very inelegant vestment were garnished with a shallow scanty fringe of the same material—so scanty, indeed, as to be scarcely anything more than a few knots of thread.

This strange garment was thrown over the shoulders and passed in front over the arms, much as a lady wears her light gauze scarf in summer; though, it must be owned, with very little of her elegance and grace. I saw but one exception to the use of this not very "goodly raiment." In the case of one man, who, I think, was a subordinate official of the synagogue, the mystic stripes I have described were replaced by a melancholy-looking border of black, about four inches broad, on the edge of the inevitable brown holland. Inevitable—for with this slight variation the seven-striped apparel was worn by every male in the place, from the meanest up to the Rabbi, who, by the way, had superadded to it the extremely modern adornment of a pair of bands.

At the moment when I entered the synagogue they were engaged in reading, or rather chanting, the portion of the Pentateuch appointed for the day. This reading of the lessons is not from a book, bound and paged in modern fashion, but from the more ancient parchment-roll, prepared and written out for public use in the synagogue with the greatest care and reverence. In the Ark of this particular synagogue I saw several such rolls. They are made of the skins of beasts which are clean according to the Law of Moses. The skins, which are of great length, are prepared with an almost superstitious punctiliousness, after a prescribed manner, by a Jew who must be neither an apostate nor a heretic, and who prepares them with an intention for the Law to be written upon them.

Even the mode of ruling these, and of writing upon them, is determined by certain inviolable rules. Not only must the length of the skins bear a certain proportion to their breadth, but the length of the lines is limited to a certain number of letters, and the distance between them is fixed. The ink even must be made of certain ingredients. The characters are large and handsome, but one must not, by any inadvertence, be made longer than another; they must not be joined together; and the slightest mistake vitiates the whole manuscript. When written upon, the skins are fastened to two rollers longer than the breadth of the skins, and by

the projecting ends of these the roll of the book is held. As I saw one of these handsome rolls spread out upon the desk of the pulpit, I could not help feeling it to be no small satisfaction to us Christians, for whom as well as for Jews these Scriptures were written, that such scrupulous care had been taken to hand them down in their integrity without addition or diminution. This care, moreover, is not a thing of recent date, rendered necessary by lapse of time. From the days of Ezra downwards the number of verses, the number of letters even, the middle letter of each of the sacred books, and other such minute particulars have been successively noted down in the Rabbinic writings, so as most effectually to hedge in the Scriptures against all chance of foreign accretions. In these days, also, when there is so much public discussion about the authorised selection of Scriptures for use in the Church, there is certainly some interest, possibly some instruction also, in the mode of selection adopted in the synagogue. The Hebrew Pentateuch, then, is divided into fifty-four sections; so that there is one section for each of the fifty-four sabbaths in the longer (or intercalary) Jewish year. When the year has a less number of Sabbaths, two of the shorter sections are lumped together, so that in any case the law is read completely through in the year. Corresponding to each of these sections of the Pentateuch is another selected passage of Scripture (mostly from the Prophets), whose connection with, and bearing upon, the former is more or less obvious. Thus, for example, the section which begins with the first chapter of Genesis, and treats of the creation of the world, has associated with it Isaiah xlii. 5-21. Such a passage from the Prophets is known as the Haphtarah.

At the conclusion of the section from the Pentateuch the corresponding Haphtarah is always recited as a sort of commentary upon it; so that no portion of the Law is ever publicly presented to the people without some attempt at an authorised biblical exposition of it. It must not be supposed that it devolves upon the officiating minister to recite the whole of these long passages from the Scriptures. On the contrary, there is a usage, which may have been the origin of, and the warrant for, a practice not uncommon in the English Church—that of appointing a layman to read the lessons. The presiding Rabbi in the synagogue calls up to the rostrum those whom he may desire to take part in the recitation. The custom is alluded to (Luke iv. 16) in the history of our Lord, who "went into the synagogue on the sabbath-day, and stood up for to read," as having been called upon probably by the ruler of the synagogue. To further this arrangement the several sections of the Pentateuch are subdivided into smaller portions (marked in most Hebrew Bibles), which mark the assigned limits for successive readers. Having taken his stand upon the rostrum, the man who has been called up first recites from the service-book a form of benediction, and then proceeds to deliver his portion of the day's lesson. Not, however, with the colloquial intonation of modern reading. Such a thing is not known in the synagogue: but with a loud voice in a very solemn, yet much varied, chant. Most modern English listeners would, in fact, say that the Scriptures in the synagogue are not read, but sung. The process is certainly rather a lengthy one. For each word of the Law is articulated with great distinctness, each syllable having a separate note, and the last syllable of each word being long dwelt upon, and having generally a whole string of notes upon it, such as those versed in the mediæval music of the Christian Church would call a *neuma*.

All this time the congregation remained in perfect silence, until, just at the end of the lesson, the whole assembly broke in with a roar—whether it was, as I suspected, the last three or four words of the lesson, or something else, the intense noise prevented me from making out, but with such a roar that the howl of ten thousand dervishes could not possibly have been worse. The reading of the Scriptures being fairly at an end, the roll was folded up, and a sort of cap, made of green silk, was drawn over it. Those who had been reading then came down from the rostrum, and in solemn procession accompanied the roll back to the ark. It was held up by the ends of the projecting rollers in the hands of the Rabbi; and, as it passed them, devout Jews reached forward from their seats to kiss the silken cap, or, if that were not possible, to touch it with their hands, which were then kissed instead. Having reached the rails the procession fell into a single line in front of the Ark; another form of benediction was then chanted, and the roll was carefully deposited in the brass frame-work inside the Ark. The Ark was then closed, the green curtain drawn, and the procession returned, the lay-readers to their several seats, and the Rabbi to his rostrum, to proceed with the prayers and hymns which form the remainder of the service.

These prayers of the Jews are very voluminous, and some of them very ancient. The most sacred in the eyes of an Israelite are a series of eighteen, which have been in use in the synagogue not only on the Sabbath, but day by day, since the time of Ezra. This long chain of devotions consists of three elements:—First, Praises of the holiness, the beneficence, and the mercy of God; secondly, Petitions for the necessaries of life, for pardon, for the restoration of Israel, and for the re-building of Jerusalem; and thirdly, Thanksgiving for the loving-kindnesses of God. These prayers, and indeed all Jewish prayers, are for the most part deeply impressive. But when heard by Christian ears there is naturally about them an air of singularity. They are things quite *sui generis*. I remember to have been more than once struck with this when special prayers for national wants have been simultaneously issued by the Primate of All England, and (with responsive

loyalty) by the authorities of the Israelitish synagogue. A translation of the last of the celebrated "eighteen" will supply an admirable example, not only of the character of this most sacred series, but of the tone of Jewish prayers generally. Here it is:—

"Send peace, beneficence, and blessing, grace, and mercy, and loving-kindness upon us and upon all Israel, Thy people. Bless us, O our Father, even all of us together, as one man, with the light of Thy Countenance: for in the light of Thy Countenance hast Thou given unto us, O Jehovah our God, the law of life and love, of mercy and righteousness, and blessing and loving-kindness, and life and peace. And let it seem good in Thine eyes to bless Thy people Israel at all times and in every moment with Thy peace. In the book of life is blessing, and peace, and security; may we be remembered and written in Thy presence, we and all Thy people, the house of Israel, for blessings of life and for peace.

"Blessed art Thou, O Jehovah, who makest peace."

Perhaps the chief interest the Hebrew service-books possess for us lies in the fact, that in the usages of the synagogue we find the remote origin of practices and forms of worship now so familiar in the Christian Church. First and foremost amongst illustrations of this there occurs, of course, the well-known circumstance, that even the expressions of the Lord's Prayer itself are traceable to the phraseology of ancient Jewish devotion. The very earliest pages of our Book of Common Prayer present other examples of our obligations to Jewish liturgies.

I left the Rabbi in his rostrum, about to begin the prayers. Before doing so he has to say a form of words called "Kaddesh"—a form which, I believe, is said, in whole or in part, by all those who have any sacred office to discharge, both before entering upon and after the conclusion of their function. Hence this "Kaddesh" plays rather a conspicuous part in the synagogue-worship. Men seemed to be perpetually saying "Kaddesh." It is strongly marked by that common feature of Hebrew prayers—the heaping up of synonyms and particulars to such an extent as to make it difficult to find separate English words for each of them. Here is a translation of it:—

"And now may the strength of God be great, as Thou hast spoken, saying, 'Remember Thy tender mercies, O Jehovah, and Thy loving-kindnesses, for they have been from everlasting.'

"May His great name be exalted and sanctified in the world, which He created according to His will; and may He establish His kingdom in your lifetime, and in your days, and in the lifetime of all the house of Israel, speedily and in the appointed time near at hand, and say ye—

Cong. "Amen. May His great Name be blessed for ever, and for generations of generations.

"May His hallowed Name (blessed is He) be blessed, and praised, and glorified, and extolled, and honoured, and adored, and hymned, for ever and for ever, above every blessing and song of praise and consolation that is uttered in the world, and say ye, Amen.

Cong. "In mercy and favour receive our prayer.

"May their prayer be accepted, and the supplication of all Israel before their Father which is in heaven, and say ye, Amen.

Cong. "May the Name of Jehovah be blessed from this time forth for evermore.

"May there be great peace from heaven, and life upon us, and upon all Israel, and say ye, Amen.

Cong. "My strength is from Jehovah who made heaven and earth.

"May He, that maketh peace in His high places, make peace upon us and upon all Israel, and say ye, Amen."

Only the first half of this form, which is written not in pure Hebrew, but in a sort of Chaldee, was said at the commencement of the prayers. And so rigorous is the ceremonial of the synagogue, that when this is said the reader in the desk plants his feet together, and he must not even move them till the whole is over—a considerable trial of physical endurance one would think, seeing that the prayers on some of the days extend over a period of not less than four or five hours. The prayers were pronounced so rapidly that it was difficult for a stranger to follow. And though one gentleman was most polite in lending me his book, and pointing me, when any change took place, to another part of it, yet the rapidity of the articulation caused me no small discomfort. Fortunately for me, the Israelites do not forget their loyalty to the country of their residence, as the expression of it gave me my bearings again; for once, when I was at a loss, I was suddenly surprised in the midst of a perfect torrent of Hebrew, by the familiar English words, uttered with a decidedly German accent, "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales," &c., and this was a perfectly intelligible landmark. At intervals during the recitation of the prayers by the reader, the congregation, one and all, kept breaking out into a stentorian chant; but whether it was the last few words of the prayer then being said, or some one of their many interpolated benedictions, I could not tell.

There were also periods of silence for the reader; and during these the several men of the congregation, standing up, pursued their own private devotions with the utmost earnestness and assiduity. Indeed, the intensity of their worship was most striking. Sometimes they faced towards the Ark, sometimes towards the wall at the back of their stalls; frequently they made reverent bows, now in front of them, now towards each side, every man the while muttering his prayers with great rapidity in a subdued voice, so that I could compare the confused noise made by them all together to nothing better than the low buzz produced by a lot of schoolboys diligently learning lessons by

heart. After what was described to me as "the most sacred of all prayers," they said "Kaddesh" privately, and then a hymn was recited. This hymn was constructed mainly out of the Psalms, and was not sung as hymns usually are by Christians, but was recited professedly in alternate verses by the reader and the congregation. I say professedly, for in reality they tripped upon one another so fast—the reader having scarcely spoken the first word or two of his verse when the congregation shouted out theirs—that, practically, two verses of the hymn were always going on together. The result, as may be supposed, was to a stranger a perfect Babel.

Of course the long hymn was soon disposed of. When it was finished, the man wearing the brown-holland vestment with the four-inch black border, went and opened the Ark once more, having first privately said "Kaddesh;" another brief form of words was chanted, and the whole of the service was at an end.

After the men had folded up their vestments, and packed them into small bags, I walked away not a little satisfied with my visit. In the intervals when their own private devotions were completed, it must be owned, certain little ways of theirs—a proneness to conversation, a licence of walking about, going out, and so forth—had a tendency to give rather a free-and-easy air to the whole performance in the eyes of one accustomed to the more rigid and sober decorum of English Christendom. But while the prayers were actually in progress, the general aspect of the congregation was, as I have said, one of great earnestness and piety. This fact is all the more creditable to the religious feeling of the Israelites, inasmuch as many of them must have been able to follow the business of the synagogue but imperfectly. Except at the mention of our own Royal family there was not a word of English spoken throughout the whole service. Everything was in Hebrew, which for many of them must certainly be "a tongue not understanded of the people." Scattered over the world as the Jews have been, and in a measure cut off from intercourse with their fellow-countrymen, Hebrew has ceased, in Western Europe at all events, to be their vulgar tongue. The mastery of it must be with most of them, as it is with all of us, the acquisition of study. And therefore what was told me as a fact must obviously represent the real state of the case: namely, that there are a great many of the men, and the larger majority of the women, whose knowledge of the language in which they worship is very slender indeed. It is to meet this difficulty that editions of some of their service-books are printed with the Hebrew text on one side, and an English translation of it (often a very indifferent one, judging from the specimens I have seen) on the opposite page. But of course this expedient only partially meets the difficulty. Crutches are never so good as sound limbs.

If outward deportment be any index of inward emotion, it may safely be said that the religious feeling of the average Jew will very well bear comparison in reality and depth with that of the average Christian. Indeed it is, I should think, impossible for any reasonable person to see the Israelite at his worship, and not think of him with very much more respect than he ordinarily obtains in this country of his exile. He loves his worship, and thoroughly believes in it, no less heartily than we do in ours. He is not to be mistaken for one obstinately acting a singular part just to preserve a nationality; for he will point with tears in his eyes to the touching majesty of his prayers; the thought of them appeals to the deepest feelings of his nature; and he will, almost passionately, demand that, as you have the heart of a man, you should acknowledge that, with him, you feel their power.

You cannot refuse him what he claims: it is all true enough. Almost all the way he goes, you go with him; only you go much further. You do not diverge from him, as you would from some forms of religion, at the very beginning. On the contrary, you have a large mass of material in common with him. For a long distance you travel on the same road with him. The error of his worship (a mighty and a fatal one, alas!) is an error of defect, rather than of utter misdirection. You believe with him in the One True and Eternal God, the Maker of heaven and earth; you can join heartily in his frequent and impassioned benedictions of the Adorable Name; you can share his prayers for the restoration of Israel as the fulfilment of prophecies which you accept yourself; you can listen reverently and thankfully to the Scriptures that were given to his fathers: but when you have got so far in his company, there comes the fatal severance, by deficiency, of that which would complete the whole—the Messiahship of The Nazarene.

H. T. ARMFIELD.

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART V.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE announcement of Winnie's engagement made, as was to be looked for, a considerable commotion among all the people connected with her. The very next morning Sir Edward himself came down to the Cottage with a very serious face. He had been disposed to play with the budding affection and to take pleasure in the sight of the two young creatures as they drew towards each other; and Percival, though in love, was not without prudence (his friend thought), and Winnie, though very open to impressions, was capricious and fanciful, and not the kind of girl, Sir Edward imagined, to say Yes to the first man who asked her. Thus the only sensible adviser on the spot had wilfully blinded himself. It had not occurred to him that Winnie might think of Percival, not as the first man who had ever asked her, but as the only man whom she loved; nor that Percival, though prudent enough, liked his own way, and was as liable to be carried away by passion as a better man. These reflections had not come into Sir Edward's head, and consequently he had rather encouraged the growing tenderness, which now all at once had turned into earnest, and had become a matter of responsibility and serious concern. Sir Edward came into Miss Seton's pretty drawing-room with care on his brow. The young people had gone out together to Kirtell-side to visit the spot of their momentous interview, and doubtless to go over it all again, as people do at that foolish moment, and only Aunt Agatha and Mrs. Ochterlony were at home. Sir Edward went in, and sat down between the two ladies, and offered his salutations with a pensive gravity which made Mary smile, but brought a cloud of disquietude over Aunt Agatha's gentle countenance. He sighed as he said it was a fine day. He even looked sympathetically at the roses as if he knew of some evil that was about to befall them;—and his old neighbour knew his ways and knew that he meant something, and with natural consciousness divined at once what it was.

"You have heard what has happened," said Aunt Agatha, trembling a little, and laying down her work. "It is so kind of you to come over at once; but I do hope that is not why you are looking so grave?"

"Am I looking grave?" said Sir Edward, clearing up in an elaborate way; "I did not mean it, I am sure. I suppose we ought to have seen it coming and been prepared; but these sort of things always take one by surprise. I did not think Winnie was the girl to—to make up her mind all at once, you know—the very first man that asked her. I suppose it was my mistake."

"If you think it was the very first that asked her!" cried Aunt Agatha, who felt this reproach go to her heart, "it *is* a mistake. She is only eighteen—a mere child—but I was saying to Mary only yesterday, that it was not for want of being admired——"

"Oh, yes," said Sir Edward, with a little wave of his hand, "we all know she has been admired. One's eyes alone would have proved that; and she deserves to be admired; and that is generally a girl's chief stronghold, in my opinion. She knows it, and learns her own value, and does not yield to the first fellow who has the boldness to say right out——"

"I assure you, Sir Edward," said Aunt Agatha, growing red and very erect in her chair, and assuming a steadiness which was unfortunately quite contradicted by the passionate quiver of her lip, "that you do Winnie great injustice—so far as being the first goes——"

"What does it matter if he were the first or the fiftieth, if she likes him?" said Mary, who had begun by being much amused, but who had ended by being a little indignant; for she had herself married at eighteen and never had a lover but Hugh Ochterlony, and felt herself disapproved of along with her sister.

Upon which Sir Edward shook his head.

"Certainly, my dear Mary, if she likes him," said the Baronet; "but the discouraging thing is, that an inexperienced girl—a girl so very well brought up as Winnie has been—should allow herself, as I have said, to like the very first man who presents himself. One would have thought some sort of introduction was necessary before such a thought could have penetrated into her mind. After she had been obliged to receive it in that way—then, indeed ——But I am aware that there are people who have not my scruples," said Sir Edward, with a sigh; for he was, as all the neighbourhood was aware, a man of the most delicate mind.

"If you think my dear pure-minded child is not scrupulous, Sir Edward!" cried poor Aunt Agatha—but her emotion was so great that her voice failed her; and Mary, half amused and half angry, was the only champion left for Winnie's character, thus unexpectedly assailed.

"Poor child, I think she is getting very hard measure," said Mary. "I don't mean to blame you, but I think both of you encouraged her up to the last moment. You let them be always together, and smiled on them; and they are young, and what else could you expect? It is more delicate to love than to flirt," said Mrs. Ochterlony. She had not been nearly so well brought up as her sister, nor with such advanced views, and what

she said brought a passing blush upon her matron cheek. Winnie could have discussed all about love without the shadow of a blush, but that was only the result of the chronological difference, and had nothing to do with purity of heart.

"If we have had undue confidence," said Sir Edward, with a sigh, "we will have to pay for it. Mary speaks—as I have heard many women speak—without making any consideration of the shock it must be to a delicate young girl; and I think, after the share which I may say I have myself had in Winnie's education, that I might be permitted to express my surprise; and Percival ought to have shown a greater regard for the sacredness of hospitality. I cannot but say that I was very much vexed and surprised."

It may well be supposed that such an address, after poor Aunt Agatha's delight and exultation in her child's joy, and her willingness to see with Winnie's eyes and accept Winnie's lover on his own authority, was a most confounding utterance. She sat silent, poor lady, with her lips apart and her eyes wide open, and a kind of feeling that it was all over with Winnie in her heart. Aunt Agatha was ready to fight her darling's battles to her last gasp, but she was not prepared to be put down and made an end of in this summary way. She had all sorts of pretty lady-like deprecations about their youth and Winnie's inexperience ready in her mind, and had rather hoped to be assured that to have her favourite thus early settled in life was the very best that anybody would desire for her. Miss Seton had been so glad to think in former days that Sir Edward always understood her, and she had thought Winnie's interests were as dear to him as if she had been a child of his own; and now to think that Sir Edward regarded an event so important for Winnie as an evidence of indelicacy on her part, and of a kind of treachery on her lover's! All that Aunt Agatha could do was to throw an appealing look at Mary, who had hitherto been the only one dissatisfied or disapproving. She knew more about Captain Percival than any one. Would not she say a word for them now?

"He must have thought that was what you meant when you let them be so much together," said Mary. "I think, if you will forgive me, Sir Edward, that it is not *their* fault."

Sir Edward answered this reproach only by a sigh. He was in a despondent rather than a combative state of mind. "And you see I do not know so much as I should like to know about him," he said, evading the personal question. "He is a very nice fellow; but I told you the other day I did not consider him a paladin; and whether he has enough to live upon, or anything to settle on her——My dear Mary, at least you will agree with me, that considering how short a time they have known each other, things have gone a great deal too far."

"I do not know how long they have known each other," said Mary, who now felt herself called upon absolutely to take Aunt Agatha's part.

"Ah, *I* know," said Sir Edward, "and so does your aunt; and things did not go at railroad speed like this in *our* days. It is only about six weeks, and they are engaged to be married! I suppose you know as much about him as anybody—or so he gave me to understand at least; and do *you* think him a good match for your young sister?" added Sir Edward, with a tone of superior virtue which went to Mary's heart.

It was a trying moment for Mrs. Ochterlony, who disliked young Percival, and even in a way feared him, and yet at the same time felt herself called upon to uphold him as champion for her aunt and her sister. Mary was too true a woman not to be a partisan, and had the feminine gift of putting her own private sentiments out of the question in comparison with the cause which she had to advocate; but still it was an embarrassing question, especially as Aunt Agatha was looking at her with the most pathetic appeal in her eyes.

"I know very little of Captain Percival," she said; "I saw him once only in India, and it was at a moment very painful to me. But Winnie likes him—and you must have approved of him, Sir Edward, or you would not have brought him here."

Upon which Aunt Agatha rose and kissed Mary, recognising perfectly that she did not commit herself on the merits of the case, but at the same time sustained by her support. Sir Edward, for his part, turned a deaf ear to the implied reproach, but still kept up his melancholy view of the matter, and shook his head.

"He has good connections," he said; "his late mother was a great friend of mine. In other circumstances, and could we have made up our minds to it at the proper moment, she might have been Lady—— But it is vain to talk of that. I think we might push him a little if he would devote himself steadily to his profession; but what can be expected from a man who wants to marry at five-and-twenty? I myself," said Sir Edward, with dignity, "though the eldest son——"

"Yes," said Aunt Agatha, unable to restrain herself longer, "and see what has come of it. You are all by yourself at the Hall, and not a soul belonging to you; and to see Francis Ochterlony with his statues and nonsense!—Oh, Sir Edward! when you might have had a dozen lovely children growing up round you——"

"Heaven forbid!" said Sir Edward, piously; and then he sighed—perhaps only from the mild melancholy which possessed him at the moment and was occasioned by Winnie's indelicate haste to fall in love; perhaps, also, from some touch of personal feeling. A dozen lovely children might be rather too heavy an amount of happiness, while yet a modified bliss would have been sweet. He sighed and leant his head upon his hand, and withdrew into himself for the moment in that interesting way which was habitual to him, and had gained

him the title of "poor Sir Edward." It might be very foolish for a man (who had his own way to make in the world) to marry at five-and-twenty; but still, perhaps, it was rather more foolish when a man did not marry at all, and was left in his old age all alone in a great vacant house. But naturally, it was not this view of the matter which he displayed to his feminine companions, who were both women enough to have triumphed a little over such a confession of failure. He had a fine head, though he was old, and his hand was as delicate and almost as pale as ivory, and he could not but know that he looked interesting in that particular attitude, though, no doubt, it was his solicitude for these two indiscreet young people which chiefly moved him. "I am quite at a loss what to do," he said. "Mrs. Percival is a very fond mother, and she will naturally look to me for an account of all this; and there is your uncle Penrose, Mary—a man I never could bear, as you all know—he will come in all haste, of course, and insist upon settlements and so forth; and why all this responsibility should come on me, who have no desire in this world but for tranquillity and peace——"

"It need not come on you," said Mrs. Ochterlony; "we are not very great business people, but still, with Aunt Agatha and myself——"

Sir Edward smiled. The idea diverted him so much that he raised his head from his hand. "My dear Mary," he said, "I have the very highest opinion of your capacity; but in a matter of this kind, for instance—— And I am not so utterly selfish as to forsake my old neighbour in distress."

But here Aunt Agatha took up her own defence. "I don't consider that I am in distress," she said. "I must say, I did not expect anything like this, Sir Edward, from you. If it had been Mr. Penrose, with his mercenary ideas—— I was very fond of Mary's poor dear mamma, and I don't mean any reflection on her, poor darling—but I suppose that is how it always happens with people in trade. Mr. Penrose is always a trial, and Mary knows that; but I hope I am able to bear something for my dear child's sake," Aunt Agatha continued, growing a little excited; "though I never thought that I should have to bear ——" and then the poor lady gave a stifled sob, and added in the midst of it, "this from you!"

This was a kind of climax which had arrived before, in the familiar friendship so long existing between the Hall and the Cottage. The two principals knew how to make it up better than the spectator did who was looking on with a little alarm and a little amusement. Perhaps it was as well that Mary was called away to her own individual concerns, and had to leave Aunt Agatha and Sir Edward in the height of their misunderstanding. Mary went away to her children, and perhaps it was only in the ordinary course of human nature that when she went into the nursery among those three little human creatures, who were so entirely dependent upon herself, there should be a smile upon her face as she thought of the two old people she had left. It seemed to her, as perhaps it seems to most women in the presence of their own children, at sight of those three boys—who were "mere babies" to Aunt Agatha but to Mary the most important existences in the world—as if this serio-comic dispute about Winnie's love affairs was the most quaintly-ridiculous exhibition. When she was conscious of this thought in her own mind, she rebuked it, of course; but at the first glance it seemed as if Winnie's falling in love was so trivial a matter—so little to be put in comparison with the grave cares of life. There are moments when the elder women, who have long passed through all that, and have entered upon another stage of existence, cannot but smile at the love-matters, without considering that life itself is often decided by the complexion of the early romance, which seems to belong only to its lighter and less serious side. Sir Edward and Aunt Agatha for their part had never, old as they both were, got beyond the first stage—and it was natural it should bulk larger in their eyes. And this time it was they who were right, and not Mary, whose children were but children, and in no danger of any harm. Whereas, poor Winnie, at the top of happiness—gay, reckless, daring, and assured of her own future felicity—was in reality a creature in deadly peril and wavering on the verge of her fate.

But when the day had come to an end, and Captain Percival had at last retired, and Winnie, a little languid after her lover's departure, sat by the open window watching, no longer with despite or displeasure, the star of light which shone over the tree-tops from the Hall, there occurred a scene of a different description. But for the entire change in Winnie's looks and manner, the absence of the embroidery frame at which she had worked so violently, and the languid softened grace with which she had thrown herself down upon a low chair, too happy and content to feel called upon to do anything, the three ladies were just as they had been a few evenings before; that is to say, that Aunt Agatha and Mary, to neither of whom any change was possible, were just as they had been before, while to the girl at the window everything in heaven and earth had changed. The two others had had their day and were done with it. Though Miss Seton was still scarcely an old woman, and Mary was in the full vigour and beauty of life, they were both ashore high up upon the beach, beyond the range of the highest tide; while the other, in her boat of hope, was playing with the rippling incoming waters, and preparing to put to sea. It was not in nature that the two who had been at sea, and knew all the storms and dangers, should not look at her wistfully in her happy ignorance; perhaps even they looked at her with a certain envy too. But Aunt Agatha was not a woman who could let either well or ill alone—and it was she who disturbed the household calm which might have been profound that night, so far as Winnie was concerned.

"My dear love," said Aunt Agatha, with a timidity which implied something to tell, "Sir Edward has been here. Captain Percival had told him, you know——"

"Yes," said Winnie, carelessly, "I know."

"And, my darling," said Miss Seton—"I am sure it is what I never could have expected from him, who was always such a friend; but I sometimes think he gets a little strange—as he gets old, you know——"

This was what the unprincipled woman said, not caring in the least how much she slandered Sir Edward, or anybody else in the world, so long as she gave a little comfort to the child of her heart. And as for Winnie, though she had been brought up at his feet, as it were, and was supposed by himself and others to love him like a child of his own, she took no notice of this unfounded accusation. She was thinking of quite a different person, just as Aunt Agatha was thinking of her, and Mary of her boys. They were women, each preoccupied and absorbed in somebody else, and they did not care about justice. And thus Sir Edward for the moment fared badly among them, though, if any outside assailant had attacked him, they would all have fought for him to the death.

"Well?" said Winnie, still very carelessly, as Miss Seton came to a sudden stop.

"My dear love!" said Aunt Agatha, "he has not a word to say against Captain Percival, that I can see——"

"Against Edward?" cried Winnie, raising herself up. "Good gracious, Aunt Agatha, what are you thinking of? Against Edward! I should like to know what he could say. His own godfather—and his mother was once engaged to him—and he is as good as a relation, and the nearest friend he has. What could he possibly have to say? And besides, it was he who brought him here; and we think he will leave us the most of his money," Winnie said, hastily—and then was very sorry for what she had said, and blushed scarlet and bit her lips, but it was too late to draw back.

"Winnie," said Miss Seton, solemnly. "If he has been calculating upon what people will leave to him when they die, I will think it is all true that Sir Edward said."

"You said Sir Edward did not say anything," cried Winnie. "What is it you have heard? It is of no use trying to deceive me. If there has been anything said against him, it is Mary who has said it. I can see by her face it is Mary. And if she is to be heard against *him*," cried Winnie, rising up in a blaze of wrath and indignation, "it is only just that he should be heard on the other side. He is too good and too kind to say things about my sister to me; but Mary is only a woman, and of course she does not mind what she says. She can blacken a man behind his back, though he is far too honourable and too—too delicate to say what he knows of *her*!"

This unlooked-for assault took Mary so entirely by surprise, that she looked up with a certain bewilderment, and could not find a word to say. As for Aunt Agatha, she too rose and took Winnie's hands, and put her arms round her as much as the angry girl would permit.

"It was not Mary," she said. "Oh, Winnie, my darling, if it was for your good, and an ease to my mind, and better for you in life—if it was for your good, my dear love—that is what we are all thinking of—could not you give him up?"

It was, perhaps, the boldest thing Aunt Agatha had ever done in all her gentle life—and even Winnie could not but be influenced by such unusual resolution. She made a wild effort to escape for the first moment, and stood with her hands held fast in Aunt Agatha's hands, averting her angry face, and refusing to answer. But when she felt herself still held fast, and that her fond guardian had the courage to hold to her question, Winnie's anger turned into another kind of passion. The tears came pouring to her eyes in a sudden violent flood, which she neither tried to stop nor to hide. "No!" cried Winnie, with the big thunder-drops falling hot and heavy. "What is *my* good without him? If it was for my harm I shouldn't care. Don't hold me, don't look at me, Aunt Agatha! I don't care for anything in the world but Edward. I would not give him up—no, not if it was to break everybody's heart. What is it all to me without Edward?" cried the passionate girl. And when Miss Seton let her go, she threw herself on her chair again, with the tears coming in floods, but still facing them both through this storm-shower with crimson cheeks and shining eyes. As for poor Aunt Agatha, she too tottered back to her chair, frightened and abashed as well as in distress; for young ladies had not been in the habit of talking so freely in her days.

"Oh, Winnie—and we have loved you all your life; and you have only known him a few weeks," she said, faltering, and with a natural groan.

"I cannot help it," said Winnie; "you may think me a wretch, but I like him best. Isn't it natural I should like him best? Mary did, and ran away, and nobody was shocked at her; and even you, yourself——"

"I never, never, could have said such a thing all my life!" cried Aunt Agatha, with a maiden blush upon her sweet old cheeks.

"If you had, you would not have been a——as you are now," said the dauntless Winnie; and she recovered in the twinkling of an eye, and wiped away her tears, and was herself again. Possibly what she had said was true and natural, as she asserted; but it is an unquestionable fact, that neither her aunt nor her sister could have said it for their lives. She was a young lady of the nineteenth century, and she acted accordingly; but it is a certain fact, as Aunt Agatha justly observed, whatever people may think now, that girls did not speak like that in *our* day.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE few weeks which ensued were the most stormy and troublous period of all Miss Seton's life; and through her there was naturally a considerable disturbance of the peace of the Cottage. Though she lived so quietly, she had what is called in the country "a large circle," and had dwelt among her own people all her life, and was known to everybody about. It was a quiet neighbourhood, but yet there never was a neighbourhood so quiet as not to have correspondents and relations living out in the world, to whom all news went, and from whom all news came. And there were a number of "families" about Kirtell, not great people certainly, but very respectable people, gentry, and well-connected persons, hanging on by various links to the great world. In this way Winnie's engagement, which nobody wanted to conceal, came to be known far and wide, as such facts are so apt to get known. And a great many people out in the world, who had once known Miss Seton, wrote letters to her, in which they suggested that perhaps she had forgotten them, but hoped that she would excuse them, and attribute it to the regard which they had never ceased to feel for her, if they asked, Did she know Captain Percival very well, who was said to be engaged to her pretty niece? Had she heard what happened in the Isle of Man when his regiment was stationed there? and why it was that he did not go out to Gibraltar after he had got *that* appointment? Other people, who did not know Aunt Agatha, took what was after all the more disagreeable step of writing to their friends in the parish about the young man, whose career had certainly left traces, as it appeared, upon the memory of his generation. To rise every morning with a sense that such an epistle might be awaiting her on the breakfast table—or to receive a visitor with the horrible conviction that she had come to look into her face, and hold her hand, and be confidential and sympathetic, and deliver a solemn warning—was an ordeal which Aunt Agatha found it hard to bear. She was a woman who never forgot her character as a maiden lady, and liked to be justified by precedents and to be approved of by all the world. And these repeated remonstrances had no doubt a great effect upon her mind. They filled her with terrible misgivings and embittered her life, and drove her now and then into so great a panic that she felt disposed to thrust Captain Percival out of the house and forbid his re-appearance there. But then, Winnie. Winnie was not the girl to submit to any such violent remedies. If she could not see her lover there, she would find means to see him somewhere else. If she could not be married to him with stately propriety in her parish church, she would manage to marry him somehow in any irregular way, and she would by no means hesitate to say so or shrink from the responsibility. And if it must be done, would it not be better that it should be done correctly than incorrectly, and with all things decent and in order? Thus poor Aunt Agatha would muse as she gathered up her bundle of letters. It might have been all very well for parents to exercise their authority in the days when their children obeyed them; but what was the use of issuing commands to which nobody would pay any attention? Winnie had very plainly expressed her preference for her own happiness rather than her aunt's peace of mind; and though Miss Seton would never have consented to admit that Winnie was anything less than the most beautiful character, still she was aware that unreasoning obedience was not her faculty. Besides, another sentiment began to mingle with this prudential consideration. Everybody was against the poor young man. The first letters she received about him made her miserable; but after that there was no doubt a revulsion. Everybody was against him, poor fellow!—and he was so young, and could not, after all, have done so much harm in the world. "He has not had the time, Mary," she said, with an appeal to Mrs. Ochterlony for support. "If he had been doing wrong from his very cradle, he could not have had the time." She could not refuse to believe what was told her, and yet notwithstanding her belief she clung to the culprit. If he had found any other advocate it might have been different; but nobody took the other side of the question: nobody wrote a pretty letter to say what a dear fellow he was, and how glad his friends were to think he had found some one worthy of him—not even his mother; and Aunt Agatha's heart accordingly became the *avvocato del diavolo*. Fair play was due even to Captain Percival. It was impossible to have him assailed as he was by so many, and left without one friend.

It was a curious sight to see how she at once received and ignored all the information thus conveyed to her. A woman of a harder type would probably, as women do, have imputed motives, and settled the matter with the general conclusion that "an enemy hath done this;" but Aunt Agatha could not help, for the moment at least, believing in everybody. She could not say right out, "It is not true," even to the veriest impostor who deceived and got money from her, and their name was legion. In her own innocent soul she had no belief in lies, and could not understand them; and it was easier for her to give credence to the wildest marvel than to believe that anybody could tell her a deliberate falsehood. She would have kissed the ladies who wrote to her of those stories about Captain Percival, and cried and wrung her hands, and asked, What could she do?—and yet her heart was by no means turned against him, notwithstanding her belief in what everybody said; which is a strange and novel instance, well enough known to social philosophers, but seldom remarked upon, of the small practical influence of belief upon life. "How can it be a lie, my dear child? what motive could they all have to tell lies?" she would

say to Winnie mournfully; and yet ten minutes after, when it was Mrs. Ochterlony she was speaking to, she would make her piteous appeal for him, poor fellow!—"Everybody is against him; and he is so young still; and oh, Mary, how much he must need looking after," Aunt Agatha would say, "if it is all true!"

Perhaps it was stranger still that Mary, who did not like Captain Percival, and was convinced of the truth of all the stories told of him, and knew in her heart that he was her enemy and would not scruple to do her harm if the chance should come in his way—was also a little moved by the same argument. Everybody was against him. It was the Cottage against the world, so far as he was concerned; and even Mrs. Ochterlony, though she ought to have known better, could not help feeling herself one of a "side," and to a certain extent felt her honour pledged to the defence of her sister's lover. Had she, in the very heart of this stronghold which was standing out for him so stoutly, lifted up a testimony against him, she would have felt herself in some respects a domestic traitor. She might be silent on the subject, and avoid all comment, but she could not utter an adverse opinion, or join in with the general voice against which Aunt Agatha and Winnie stood forth as stedfastly. As for Winnie, every word that was said to his detriment made her more determined to adhere to him. What did it matter whether he was good or bad, so long as it was indisputably *he?* There was but one Edward Percival in the world, and he would still be Edward Percival if he had committed a dozen murders, or gambled twenty fortunes away. Such was Winnie's defiant way of treating the matter which concerned her more closely than anybody else. She carried things with a high hand in those days. All the world was against her, and she scorned the world. She attributed motives, though Aunt Agatha did not. She said it was envy and jealousy and all the evil passions. She made wild counter-accusations, in the style of that literature which sets forth the skeleton in every man's closet. Who could tell what little incidents could be found out in the private history of the ladies who had so much to say about Captain Percival? This is so ordinary a mode of defence, that no doubt it is natural, and Winnie went into it with good will. Thus his standard was planted upon the Cottage, and however unkindly people might think of him outside, shelter and support was always to be found within. Even Peggy, though she did not always agree with her mistress, felt, as Mrs. Ochterlony did, that she was one of a side, and became a partisan with an earnestness that was impossible to Mary. Sir Edward shook his head still, but he was disarmed by the close phalanx and the determined aspect of Percival's defenders. "It is true love," he said in his sentimental way; "and love can work miracles when everything else has failed. It may be his salvation." This was what he wrote to Percival's mother, who, up to this moment, had been but doubtful in her approbation, and very anxious, and uncertain, as she said, whether she ought not to tell Miss Seton that Edward had been "foolish." He had been "foolish," even in his mother's opinion; and his other critics were, some of them, so tolerant as to say "gay," and some "wild," while a few used a more solemn style of diction;—but everybody was against him, whatever terms they might employ; everybody except the ladies at the Cottage, who set up his standard, and accepted him with all his iniquities upon his head.

It may be worth while at this point, before Mr. Penrose arrives, who played so important a part in the business, to say a word about the poor young man who was thus universally assailed. He was five-and-twenty, and a young man of expectations. Though he had spent every farthing which came to himself at his majority, and a good deal more than that, still his mother had a nice estate, and Sir Edward was his godfather, and the world was full of obliging tradespeople and other amiable persons. He was a handsome fellow, nearly six feet high, with plenty of hair, and a moustache of the most charming growth. The hair was of dull brown, which was rather a disadvantage to him, but then it went perfectly well with his pale complexion, and suited the cloudy look over the eyes which was the most characteristic point in his face. The eyes themselves were good, and had, when they chose, a sufficiently frank expression, but there lay about the eyebrows a number of lurking hidden lines which looked like mischief—lines which could be brought into action at any moment, and could scowl, or lower, or brood, according to the fancy of their owner. Some people thought this uncertainty in his face was its greatest charm; you could never tell what a moment might bring forth from that moveable and changing forehead. It was suggestive, as a great many persons thought—suggestive of storm and thunder and sudden disturbance, or even in some eyes of cruelty and gloom—though he was a fine young man, and gay and fond of his pleasure. Winnie, as may be supposed, was not of this latter opinion. She even loved to bring out those hidden lines, and call the shadows over his face, for the pleasure of seeing how they melted away again, according to the use and wont of young ladies. It was a sort of uncertainty that was permissible to him, who had been a spoiled child, and whom everybody, at the beginning of his career, had petted and taken notice of; but possibly it was a quality which would not have called forth much admiration from a wife.

And with Winnie standing by him as she did—clinging to him closer at every new accusation, and proclaiming, without faltering, her indifference to anything that could be said, and her conviction that the worse he was the more need he had of her—Captain Percival, too, took matters very lightly. The two foolish young creatures even came to laugh, and make fun of it in their way. "Here is

Aunt Agatha coming with another letter; I wonder if it is to say that I poisoned my grandmother, this time?" cried the young man; and they both laughed as if it was the best joke in the world. If ever there was a moment in which, when they were alone, Winnie did take a momentary thought of the seriousness of the position, her gravity soon dissipated itself. "I know you have been very naughty," she would say, clasping her pretty hands upon his arm; "but you will never, never do it again?" and the lover, thus appealed to, would make the tenderest and most eager assurances. What temptation could he ever have to be "naughty," with such an angel by his side? And Winnie was pleased enough to play the part of the angel—though that was not, perhaps, her most characteristic development—and went home full of happiness and security; despising the world which never had understood Edward, and thinking with triumph of the disappointed women less happy than herself, who, out of revenge, had no doubt got up this outcry against him. "For I don't mean to defend him out and out," she said, her eyes sparkling with malice and exultation; "I don't mean to say he has not behaved very badly to a great many people:" and there was a certain sweet self-glorification in the thought which intoxicated Winnie. It was wicked, but somehow she liked him better for having behaved badly to a great many people; and naturally any kind of reasoning was entirely ineffectual with a foolish girl who had taken such an idea into her mind.

Thus things went on; and Percival went away and returned again, and paid many flying visits, and, present and absent, absorbed all Winnie's thoughts. It was not only a first love, but it was a first occupation to the young woman, who had never felt, up to this time, that she had a sufficient sphere for her energies. Now she could look forward to being married, to receiving all the presents, and being busy about all the business of that important moment; and beyond lay life—life without any one to restrain her, without even the bondage of habit and the necessity of taking into consideration what people would think. Winnie said frankly that she would go with him anywhere, that she did not mind if it was India, or even the Cape of Good Hope; and her eyes sparkled to think of the everything new which would replace to her all the old bonds and limits: though, in one point of view, this was a cruel satisfaction, and very wounding and injurious to some of the other people concerned.

"Oh, Winnie, my darling! and what am I to do without you?" Aunt Agatha would cry; and the girl would kiss her in her laughing way. "It must have come, sooner or later," she said; "you always said so yourself. I don't see why you should not get married too, Aunt Agatha; you are perfectly beautiful sometimes, and a great deal younger than—many people; or, at least, you will have Mary to be your husband," Winnie would add, with a laugh, and a touch of affectionate spite: for the two sisters, it must be allowed, were not to say fond of each other. Mary had been brought up differently, and was often annoyed, and sometimes shocked, by Winnie's ways: and Winnie—though at times she seemed disposed to make friends with her sister—could not help thinking of Mary as somehow at the bottom of all that had been said about Edward. This, indeed, was an idea which her lover and she shared; and Mary's life was not made pleasanter to her by the constant implication that he, too, could tell something about her—which she despised too much to take any notice of, but which yet was an offence and an insult. So that on the whole—even before the arrival of Mr. Penrose—the Cottage on Kirtell-side, though as bowery and fair as ever, was, in reality, an agitated and even an uncomfortable home.

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Penrose was the uncle of Mary and Winnie, their mother's only brother. Mrs. Seton had come from Liverpool originally, and though herself very "nice," had not been, according to Aunt Agatha's opinion, "of a nice class." And her brother shared the evil conditions, without sharing the good. He was of his class, soul and body, and it was not a nice class—and, to tell the truth, his nieces had been brought up to ignore rather than to take any pleasure in him. He was not a man out of whom, under the best circumstances, much satisfaction could be got. He was one of the men who always turn up when something about money is going on in a house. He had had to do with all the wills and settlements in the family, though they were of a very limited description; but Mr. Penrose did not despise small things, and was of opinion, that even if you had only a hundred pounds, you ought to know all about it, and how to take care of it. And he had once been very kind to Aunt Agatha, who was always defective in her arithmetic, and who, in earlier days, while she still thought of a possible change in her condition, had gone beyond the just limit of her income in her expenditure, and got into difficulties. Mr. Penrose had interfered at that period, and had been very kind, and set her straight, and had given her a very telling address upon the value of money: and though Miss Seton was not one of the people who take a favour as an injury, still she could have forgiven him a great many ill turns sooner than that good one. He had been very kind to her, and had ruffled all her soft plumes, and rushed up against her at all her tender points; and the very sound of his name was a lively irritant to Aunt Agatha. But he had to be acquainted with Winnie's engagement, and when he received the information, he lost no time in coming to see about it. He was a large, portly, well-to-do man, with one of his hands always in his pocket, and seemed, somehow, to breathe money, and to have no ideas which did not enter

in it; and yet he had a good many ideas, and was a clever man in his way. With him, as with most people in the world, there was one thing needful, and that one thing was money. He thought it was a duty to possess something—a duty which a man owed absolutely, to himself, and to all who belonged to him—and if he did not acquit himself well on this point, he was, in Mr. Penrose's opinion, a very indifferent sort of person. There is something immoral to most people in the fact of being poor, but to Mr. Penrose it was a crime. He was very well off himself, but he was not a man to communicate of his goods as he did of his advice; but then he had himself a family, and could not be expected to give anything except advice to his nieces—and as for that one good thing it was at their command in the most liberal way. He came to the Cottage, which was so especially a lady's house, and pervaded the whole place with his large male person, diffusing through it that moral fragrance which still betrays the Englishman, the man of business, the Liverpool man, wherever he may happen to bless the earth. Perhaps in that sweet-smelling dainty place, the perfume which breathed from Mr. Penrose told more decidedly than in the common air. As soon as you went in at the garden-gate you became sensible that the atmosphere was changed, and that a Man was there. Perhaps it may be thought that the presence of a man in Aunt Agatha's maiden bower was not what might be called strictly proper, and Miss Seton herself had doubts on the subject; but then, Mr. Penrose never asked for any invitation, and it would have been very difficult to turn him out; and then Mary was there, who at least was a married lady. He came without any invitation, and asked which was his room as if it had been his own house—and he complained of what he called "the smell" of the roses, and declared he would tear down all the sickly jasmine from the side of the house if it belonged to him. All this Miss Seton endured silently, feeling it her duty, for Winnie's sake, to keep all her connexions in good humour; but the poor lady suffered terribly under the process, as every body could see.

"I hope it is only a conditional sort of engagement," Mr. Penrose said, after he had made himself comfortable, and had had a good dinner, and came into the drawing-room the first evening. The lovers had seized the opportunity to escape to Kirtell-side, and Mary was with her boys in the garden, and poor Aunt Agatha, a martyr of civility, was seated alone, awaiting the reappearance of her guest, and smiling upon him with anxious politeness. He threw himself into the largest and most solid chair he could find, and spread himself as it seemed all over the room—a Man, coarse and undisguised in that soft feminine paradise. Poor Sir Edward's graceful presence, and the elegant figure of Captain Percival made no such impression. "I hope you have not settled it all without consulting anybody. To be sure, that don't matter very much; but I know you ladies have a summary way of settling such affairs."

"Indeed, I—I am afraid—I—I hope—it is all settled," said Aunt Agatha, with tremulous dignity. "It is not as if there was a great deal of money to settle. They are not—not rich, you know," she added, nervously. This was the chief thing to tell, and she was anxious to get it over at once.

"Not rich?" said Mr. Penrose. "No, I suppose not. A rich fellow would not have been such a fool as to entangle himself with Winnie, who has only her pretty face; but he has something, of course. The first thing to ascertain is, what they will have to live on, and what he can settle upon her. I suppose you have not let it go so far without having a kind of idea on these points?"

"Oh yes," said Aunt Agatha, with a very poor pretence at composure; "oh, yes, Mr. Penrose, that is all quite right. He has very nice expectations. I have always heard that Mrs. Percival had a charming little property; and Sir Edward is his godfather, and very fond of him. You will see it will come all right about that."

"Yes," said Mr. Penrose, who was nursing one of his legs—a colossal member, nearly as big as his hostess—in a meditative way, "I hope it will when *I* come to look into it. But we must have something more than expectations. What has he of his own?—and what do his mother and Sir Edward mean to do for him? We must have it in pounds, shillings, and pence, or he shan't have Winnie. It is best that he should make up his mind about that."

Aunt Agatha drew a frightened, panting breath; but she did not say anything. She had known what she would have to brave, and she was aware that Winnie would not brave it, and that to prevent a breach with her darling's only rich relation it was necessary and expedient as long as she was alone to have it all out.

"Let me see," said Mr. Penrose, "you told me what he was in your letter—Captain, aint he? As for his pay, that don't count. Let us go systematically to work if we are to do any good. I know ladies are very vague about business matters, but still you must know something. What sort of a fellow is he, and what has he got of his own?"

"Oh, he is very nice," cried Aunt Agatha, consoled to find a question she could answer; "very, very nice. I do think you will like him very much; such a fine young fellow, and with what you gentlemen call no nonsense about him," said the anxious woman; "and with *excellent* connexions," she added, faltering again, for her enthusiasm awoke no answer in Mr. Penrose's face.

"My dear Miss Agatha," he said, in his offensive way—and he always called her Miss Agatha, which was very trying to her feelings—"you need not take the trouble to assure me that a handsome young fellow who pays her a little attention is always very nice to a lady. I was not asking

whether he was nice, I was asking what were his means—which is a very much more important part of the subject, though you may not think so," Mr. Penrose added. "A charming little house like this, for instance, where you have everything within yourself, and can live on honey and dew I suppose, may be kept on nothing perhaps—though you and I, to be sure, know a little different——"

"Mr. Penrose," said Aunt Agatha, trembling with indignation, "if you mean that the dinner was not particular enough——"

"It was a charming little dinner," said Mr. Penrose, "just what it ought to have been. Nothing could have been nicer than that white soup; and I think I am a judge. I was speaking of something to live on; a pretty house like this, I was saying, is not an analogous case. You have everything within yourself, you know—eggs, and vegetables, and fruit, and your butter and milk so cheap. I wish we could get it like that in Liverpool; and—pardon me—no increase of family likely, you know."

"My niece Mary and her three children have come to the cottage since you were last here, Mr. Penrose," said Aunt Agatha, with a blush of shame and displeasure. "It was the only house of all her relations that she could come to with any comfort, poor dear—perhaps you don't call that an increase of family; and as for the milk and butter——"

"She must pay you board," said Mr. Penrose, decisively; "there can be no question about that; your little money has not always been enough for yourself, as we both know. But all this is merely an illustration I was giving. It has nothing to do with the main subject. If these young people marry, my dear Miss Agatha, their family may be increased by inmates who will pay no board."

This was what he had the assurance to say to an unmarried lady in her own house—and to laugh and chuckle at it afterwards as if he thought it a capital joke. Aunt Agatha was struck dumb with horror and indignation. Such eventualities might indeed, perhaps must, be discussed by the lawyers where there are settlements to make; but to talk of them to a maiden lady when alone, was enough to make her drop through the very floor with consternation. She made no attempt to answer, but she did succeed in keeping her seat and to a certain extent her self-possession, for Winnie's sake.

"It is a different sort of thing altogether," said the family adviser. "Things may be kept square in a quiet lady's house—though even that is not always the case, as we are both aware; but two young married people who are just as likely as not to be extravagant and all that—— If he has not something to settle on her, I don't see how I can have anything to do with it," Mr. Penrose continued, "and you will not answer me as to what he has of his own."

"He has his—his pay," said poor Aunt Agatha. "I am told it is a great deal better than it used to be; and he has, I think, some—some money in the Funds. I am sure he will be glad to settle that on Winnie; and then his mother, and Sir Edward. I have no doubt myself, though really they are too young to marry, that they will do very well on the whole."

"Do you know what living means, Miss Agatha?" asked Mr. Penrose, solemnly, "when you can speak in this loose way? Butchers' bills are not so vague as your statements, I can tell you; and a pretty girl like that ought to do very well, even though she has no money. It is not *her* fault, poor thing," the rich uncle added, with momentary compassion; and then he asked, abruptly, "What will Sir Edward do for them?" as if he had presented a pistol at his companion's head.

"Oh, Mr. Penrose!" cried Aunt Agatha, forgetting all her policy and what she had just said. "Surely, surely you would not like them to calculate upon Sir Edward! He is not even a relation. He is only Edward's godfather. I would not have him applied to, not for the world."

"Then what have you been talking to me all this while about?" cried Mr. Penrose, with a look and sense of outraged virtue. And Aunt Agatha, seeing how she had betrayed her own position, and weary of the contest, and driven to her wits' end, gave way and cried a little—which at that moment, vexed, worried, and mortified as she was, was all she could do.

And then Mr. Penrose got up and walked away, whistling audibly, through the open window into the garden, leaving the chintz cover on his chair so crumpled up and loosened out of all its corners, that you could have told a mile off that a man had been there. What he left behind him was not that subtle agreeable suggestion of his presence which hung around the footsteps of young Percival, or even of Sir Edward, but something that felt half like an insult to the feminine inhabitants—a disagreeable assertion of another kind of creature who thought himself superior to them—which was an opinion which they did not in the least share, having no illusions so far as he went. Aunt Agatha sank back into her chair with a sense of relief which she afterwards felt she ought not to have entertained. She had no right to such a feeling, for she had done no good; and instead of diverting the common enemy from an attack upon Winnie or her lover, had actually roused and whetted him, and made him more likely than ever to rush at those young victims as soon as ever he should have the chance. But notwithstanding, for the moment to be rid of him and able to draw breath a little, and dry her incipient tears, and put the cover straight upon that ill-used chair, did her good. She drew a long breath, poor soul, and felt the ease and comfort of being left to herself: even though next moment she might have to brace herself up and collect all her faculties, and face the adversary again.

But in the meantime he had gone out to the garden, and was standing by Mary's side, with his hand in his pocket. He was telling Mary that he

had come out in despair to her, to see if she knew anything about this sad business—since he found her Aunt Agatha quite as great a fool about business matters as she always was. He wanted to know if she, who knew what was what, could give him any sort of a reasonable idea about this young fellow whom Winnie wanted to marry—which was as difficult a question for Mrs. Ochterlony as it had been for Miss Seton. And then in the midst of the conversation the two culprits themselves appeared, as careless about the inquiring uncle as they were about the subject of his anxiety. Winnie, who was not given to the reticences practised by her aunt and her sister, had taken care to convey a very clear idea of her uncle Penrose, and her own opinion of him, to the mind of Percival. He was from Liverpool, and not "of a nice class." He was not Winnie's guardian, nor had he any legal control over her; and in these circumstances it did not seem by any means necessary to either of the young people to show any undue attention to his desires, or be disturbed by his interference; for neither of them had been brought up to be dutiful to all the claims of nature, like their seniors. "Go away directly, that he may not have any chance of attacking you," Winnie had said to her lover; for though she was not self-denying or unselfish to speak of, she could be so where Percival was concerned. "We can manage him among us," she added, with a laugh—for she had no doubt of the co-operation of both her aunt and sister, in the case of Uncle Penrose. And in obedience to this arrangement Captain Percival did nothing but take off his hat in honour of Mary, and say half a dozen words of the most ordinary salutation to the stranger before he went away. And then Winnie came in, and came to her sister's side, and stood facing Mr. Penrose in all the triumph and glory of her youth. She was beautiful, or would be beautiful, everybody had long allowed; but she had still retained a certain girlish meagreness up to a very recent date. Now all that had changed, like everything else; she had expanded, it appeared, as her heart expanded and was satisfied—everything about her looked rounder, fuller, and more magnificent. She came and stood before the Liverpool uncle, who was a man of business and thinking of no such vanities, and struck him dumb with her splendour. He could talk as he liked to Aunt Agatha, or even to Mary in her widow's cap, but this radiant creature, all glowing with love and happiness, took away his breath. Perhaps it was then, for the first time in his life, that Mr. Penrose actually realised that there was something in the world for which a man might even get to be indifferent about the balance at his banker's. He gave an involuntary gasp; and though up to this moment he had thought of Winnie only as a child, he now drew back before her, and stopped whistling, and took his hand out of his pocket, which perhaps was as decided an act of homage as it was in him to pay.

But of course such a manifestation could not last. After another moment he gave a "humph" as he looked at her, and then his self-possession came back. "So that was your Captain, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes, uncle, that was my Captain," said the dauntless Winnie, "and I hope you approve of him; though it does not matter if you don't, for you know it is all settled, and nobody except my aunt and his mother has any right to say a word."

"If his mother is as wise a judge as your aunt ——" said Mr. Penrose; but yet all the same Winnie's boldness imposed upon him a little. It was impossible to imagine that a grand creature like this, who was not pale nor sentimental, nor of Agatha Seton's kind, could contemplate with such satisfaction any Captain who had asked her to marry him upon nothing a year.

"That is all very fine," Mr. Penrose added, taking courage; "you can make your choice as you please, but it is my business to look after the money. If you and your children come to me starving, twenty years hence, and ask how I could possibly let you marry such a—— "

"Do you think you will be living in twenty years, Uncle Penrose?" said Winnie. "I know you are a great deal older than Aunt Agatha;—but if you are, we will not come, I promise you. We shall keep our starvation to ourselves."

"I can't tell how old your Aunt Agatha is," said Mr. Penrose, with natural offence; "and you must know, Miss Winnie, that this is not how you should talk to me."

"Very well, uncle," said the daring girl; "but neither is your way the way to talk to me. You know I have made up my mind, and that everything is settled, and that it does not matter the least to me if Edward was a beggar; and you come here with your money, as if that was the only thing to be thought of. What do I care about money?—and you might try till the end of the world, and you never would break it off," she cried, flashing into a brilliant glow of passion and vehemence such as Mr. Penrose did not understand. He had expected to have a great deal of difficulty, but he had never expected to be defied after this fashion; and the wildness of her womanish folly made the good man sad.

"You silly girl!" he said, with profound pathos, "if you only knew what nonsense you were speaking. There is nobody in this world but cares about money; you can do nothing without it, and marry least of all. And you speak to me with such an example before your eyes: look at your sister Mary, how she has come with all those helpless children, to be, most likely, a burden on her friends——"

"Uncle Penrose!" cried Winnie, putting up her two beautiful hands to stop his mouth; but Mr. Penrose was as plain-spoken as Winnie herself was, though in a different way.

"I know perfectly well she can hear me," he

said, "and she ought to hear me, and to read you a lesson. If Mary had been a sensible girl, and had married a man who could make proper settlements upon her, and make a provision for his family, do you think she would have required to come here to seek a shelter—do you think——"

"Oh Mary, he is crazy; don't mind him!" cried Winnie, forgetting for the moment all about her own affairs, and clinging to her sister in real distress.

And then it was Mrs. Ochterlony's turn to speak.

"I did not come to seek a shelter," she said; "though I know they would have given it me all the same. I came to seek love and kindness, uncle, which you cannot buy with money; and if there was nothing more than want of money between Winnie and Captain Percival——"

"Mary!" cried Winnie, impetuously, "go in as long as I am sorry for you, and mad to hear you insulted: for you have been insulted, and none of us will permit it. But, go in—go in before you begin to tell tales, and I forget you are my sister. You have done harm enough already. Leave me to have it out with Uncle Penrose, and go away."

And somehow Mary obeyed. She would not have done it a month ago; but she was wearied of contention, and broken in spirit, and, instead of standing still and defending herself, she withdrew from the two belligerents, who were both so ready to turn their arms against her, and went away. She went to the nursery, which was deserted: for her boys were still outside in the lingering daylight. None of them were able to advise, or even to sympathise with their mother. They could give her their childish love, but nothing else in the world. The others had all some one to consult, some one to refer to, but Mary was alone. Her heart beat dull and low, with no vehement offence at the bitter words she had just heard, but with a heavy despondency and sense of her solitude, which her very attitude showed—for she did not sit down, or lie down, or try to find any fictitious support, but stood up by the vacant fire-place with her eyes fixed upon nothing, holding unconsciously the little chain which secured her watch, and letting its beads drop one by one from her fingers. "You have done harm enough already," said Winnie. "Mary has come home to be a burden on her friends," said Uncle Penrose. She did not resent it wildly, as she might have done some time before, but pondered it with wondering pain and a dull sense of hopelessness. How did it happen that she, of all women, had come to such a position? what correspondence was there between that and all her past? and what was the future to be? which, even now, she could make no spasmodic changes in, but must to some extent accept—for the moment at least. This was how Mary's mind was employed while Winnie, reckless and wilful, defied Uncle Penrose in the garden. For the time, the power of defying any one seemed to have died out of Mary's breast. All she could do was to think and wonder, with a dull aching, what was to come of it all, as she stood by the fireless hearth.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Penrose, however, was not a man of very lively feelings, and bore no malice against Winnie for her defiance, nor even against Mary, to whom he had been so cruel, which was more difficult. He was up again cheerful and full of energy in the morning, ready for his mission. If Winnie began the world without something to live upon, or with any prospect of ever being a burden on her friends, at all events it would not be his fault. As it happened, Aunt Agatha received at the breakfast-table the usual invariable letter containing a solemn warning against Captain Percival, and she was affected by it, as she could not help always being affected; and the evident commotion it excited in the party was such that Mr. Penrose could not but notice it. When he insisted upon knowing what it was, he was met by what was, in reality, very skilful fencing on Miss Seton's part, who was not destitute altogether of female skill and art; but Aunt Agatha's defence was made useless by the impetuosity of Winnie, who scorned disguise.

"Oh, let us hear it, please," she said, "let us hear. *We* know what it is about. It is some new story—some lie, about my poor Edward. They may save themselves the trouble. *I* would not believe one of them, if it was written on the wall like Belshazzar's feast; and if I did believe them I would not care," said Winnie, vehemently; and she looked across, as she never could help looking, to where her sister sat.

"What is it?" said Mr. Penrose; "something about your Captain? Miss Agatha, considering my interest in the matter, I hope you will let me hear all that is said."

"It is nothing, absolutely nothing," said Aunt Agatha, faltering. "It is only some foolish gossip, you know—garrison stories, and that sort of thing. He was a very young man, and was launched upon life by himself—and—and—I think I may say he must have been imprudent. Winnie, my dear love, my heart bleeds to say it, but he must have been imprudent. He must have entangled himself and —and—— And then there are always so many designing people about to lead poor young men astray," said Aunt Agatha, trembling for the result of her explanation: while Winnie divided her attention between Mr. Penrose, before whom this new view of the subject was unfolded for the first time, and Mary, from whom she had taught herself to suppose it all had come.

"Wild, I suppose?" said Mr. Penrose, with sublime calm. "They're all alike, for that matter. So long as he doesn't bet or gamble—that's how those confounded young fellows ruin themselves." And then he dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand. "I am going up to the Hall to talk it all over with Sir Edward, and see what can be

done. This sort of penniless nonsense makes me sick," the rich man added; "and you women are the most unreasonable creatures—one might as well talk to a stone wall."

Thus it was that for once in their lives the two Miss Setons, Agatha and Winnie, found Uncle Penrose for the moment half divine; they looked at him with wide open eyes, with a wondering veneration. They were only women after all, and had been giving themselves a great deal of trouble about Captain Percival's previous history; but it all sank into mere contemptible gossip under the calm glance of Mr. Penrose. He was not enthusiastic about Edward, and therefore his impartial calm was all the more satisfying. *He* thought nothing of it all, though it had been driving *them* distracted. When he went away on his mission to the Hall, Winnie, in her enthusiasm, ran into Aunt Agatha's arms.

"You see he does not mind," said Winnie,—though an hour before she had been far from thinking Mr. Penrose an authority. "He thinks it is all gossip and spite, as I always said."

And Aunt Agatha for her part was quite overcome by the sudden relief. It felt like a deliverance, though it was only Mr. Penrose's opinion. "My dear love, men know the world," she said; "that is the advantage of having somebody to talk to; and I always said that your uncle, though he is sometimes disagreeable, had a great deal of sense. You see he knows the world."

"Yes, I suppose he must have sense," said Winnie; and in the comfort of her heart she was ready to attribute all good gifts to Mr. Penrose, and could have kissed him as he walked past the window with his hand in his pocket. She would not have forsaken her Edward whatever had been found out about him, but still to see that his wickednesses (if he had been wicked) were of no consequence in the eyes of a respectable man like Uncle Penrose, was such a consolation even to Winnie as nothing can express. "We are all a set of women, and we have been making a mountain out of a molehill," she said, and the tears came to her bright eyes; and then, as Mary was not moved into any such demonstrations of delight, Winnie turned her arms upon her sister in pure gaiety of heart.

"Everybody gets talked about," she said. "Edward was telling me about Mary even—that she used to be called Madonna Mary at the station; and that there was some poor gentleman that died. I suppose he thought she ought to be worshipped like Our Lady. Didn't you feel dreadfully guilty and wretched, Mary, when he died?"

"Poor boy," said Mrs. Ochterlony, who had recovered her courage a little with the morning light. "It had nothing to do with Our Lady as you say; it was only because he had been brought up in Italy, poor fellow, and was fond of the old Italian poets, and the soft Italian words."

"Then perhaps it was Madonna Laura he was thinking of," said Winnie, with gay malice, "and you must have felt a dreadful wretch when he died."

"We felt very sad when he died," said Mary,—"he was only twenty, poor boy: but, Winnie dear, Uncle Penrose is not an angel, and I think now I will say my say. Captain Percival is very fond of you, and you are very fond of him, and I think, whatever the past may have been, that there is hope if you will be a little serious. It is of consequence. Don't you think that I wish all that is best in the world for you, my only little sister? And why should you distrust me? You are not silly nor weak, and I think you might do well yet, very well, my dear, if you were really to try."

"I think we shall do very well without trying," said Winnie, partly touched and partly indignant; "but it is something for you to say, Mary, and I am sure I am much obliged to you for your good advice all the same."

"Winnie," said Mrs. Ochterlony, taking her hands, "I know the world better than you do—perhaps even better than Uncle Penrose so far as a woman is concerned—I don't care if you are rich or poor, but I want you to be happy. It will not do very well without trying. I will not say a word about him, for you have set your heart on him, and that must be enough. And some women can do everything for the people they love. I think, perhaps you could, if you were to give your heart to it, and try."

It was not the kind of address Winnie had expected, and she struggled against it, trying hard to resist the involuntary softening. But after all nature was yet in her, and she could not but feel that what Mary was saying came from her heart.

"I don't see why you should be so serious," she said; "but I am sure it is kind of you, Mary. I—I don't know if I could do—what you say; but whatever I can do I will for Edward!" she added hastily, with a warmth and eagerness which brought the colour to her cheek and the light to her eye; and then the two sisters kissed each other as they had never done before, and Winnie knelt down by Mary's knee, and the two held each other's hands, and clung together as it was natural they should, in that confidence of nature which is closer than any other except that between mother and daughter—the fellow-feeling of sisters, destined to the same experience, one of whom has gone far in advance, and turning back, can trace, step by step, in her own memory, the path the other has to go.

"Don't mistrust me, Winnie," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "I have had a little to bear, though I have been very happy, and I could tell you many things—though I will not, just now; but, Winnie dear, what I want is, that you should make up your mind to it; not to have everything you like, and live in a fairy tale, but to keep right and to keep *him* right. If you will promise to think of this, and to take it bravely upon you, I will still hope that all may be well."

Her look was so serious that for the first time Winnie's heart misgave her. Neither jealousy, nor ill-temper, nor fear of evil report on her own side could have looked out of Mary's eyes at her little sister with such a wistful longing gaze. Winnie was moved and troubled in spite of herself, and thrilled by the first pang of uncertainty that had yet touched her. If Mary had no motive but natural affection, was it then really a hideous gulf of horrible destruction, on the verge of which she was herself tripping so lightly? Something indefinable came over Winnie's face as that thought moved her. Should it be so, what then? If it was to save him, if it was to perish with him, what did it matter? the only one place in the world for her was by his side. She had made her choice, and there was no other choice for her, no alternative even should she see the gulf as Curtius did, and leap conscious into it in the eye of day. All this passed through her mind in a moment, as she knelt by Mary's side holding her hands—and came out so on her face that Mary could read something like it in the sudden changing of the fair features and expansion of the eyes. It was as if the soul had been startled, and sprang up to those fair windows, to look out upon the approaching danger, making the spectator careless of their beauty, out of regard to the nobler thing that used them for the moment. Then Winnie rose up suddenly, and gave her sister a hearty kiss, and threw off her sudden gravity as if it had been a cloud.

"Enough of that," she said; "I will try and be good, and so I think will—we all. And Mary, don't look so serious. I mean to be happy, at least as long as I can," cried Winnie. She was the same Winnie again—gay, bold, and careless, before five minutes had passed; and Mary had said her say, and there was now no more to add. Nothing could change the destiny which the thoughtless young creature had laid out for herself. If she could have foreseen the distinctest wretchedness it would have been all the same. She was ready to take the plunge even into the gulf—and nothing that could be said or done could change it now.

In the meantime, Mr. Penrose had gone up to the Hall to talk it over with Sir Edward, and was explaining his views with a distinctness which was not much more agreeable in the Hall than it had been in the Cottage. "I cannot let it go on unless some provision can be made," he said. "Winnie is very handsome, and you must all see she might have done a great deal better. If I had her over in Liverpool, as I have several times thought of doing, I warrant you the settlements would have been of a different description. She might have married anybody, such a girl as that," continued Mr. Penrose, in a regretful business way. It was so much capital lost that might have brought in a much greater profit; and though he had no personal interest in it, it vexed him to see people throwing their chances away.

"That may be, but it is Edward Percival she chooses to marry, and nobody else," said Sir Edward, testily; "and she is not a girl to do, as you seem to think, exactly as she is told."

"We should have seen about that," said Mr. Penrose; "but in the meantime, he has his pay and she has a hundred a year. If Mrs. Percival will settle three hundred on him, and you, perhaps, two——"

"I, two!" cried Sir Edward, with sudden terror; "why should I settle two? You might as well tell me to retire from the Hall, and leave them my house. And pray, Mr. Penrose, when you are so liberal to other people, what do you mean to give yourself?"

"I am a family man," said Uncle Penrose, taking his other hand out of his pocket, "and what I can give must be, in justice to my family, very limited. But Mrs. Percival, who has only four sons, and yourself who have none, are in very different circumstances. If he had had a father, the business matter might have been entered into more satisfactorily—but as you are his godfather I hear——"

"I never understood before, up to this minute," said Sir Edward, with great courtesy, "that it was the duty of a godfather to endow his charge with two hundred a year."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Edward," said Mr. Penrose; "I am a plain man, and I treat things in a business way. I give my godchildren a silver mug, and feel my conscience clear: but if I had introduced a young man, not otherwise very eligible, to a handsome girl, who might have done a great deal better for herself, that would make a great difference in the responsibility. Winnie Seton is of very good family by her father's side, as you know, I suppose, better than I do; and of very good business connections by her mother's; and her beauty is first-rate,—I don't think there can be any doubt about that. If she had been an ordinary pretty girl, I would not have said so much; but with all her advantages, I should say that any fair equivalent in the shape of a husband should be worth at least five thousand a year."

Mr. Penrose spoke with such seriousness that Sir Edward was awed out of his first feeling of amusement. He restrained his smile, and acknowledged the logic. "But I did not introduce him in any special way," he said. "If I can negotiate with Mrs. Percival for a more liberal allowance, I will do it. She has an estate of her own, and she is free to leave it to any of her sons: but Edward, I fear, has been rather unsatisfactory——"

"Ah, wild?" said Mr. Penrose; "all young men are alike for that. I think, on the whole, that it is you who should negotiate with the mother. You know her better than I do, and have known all about it from the beginning, and you could show her the state of the case better. If such a mad thing could be consented to by anybody in their senses, it must at least be apparent that Winnie would bring twice as much as the other into the

common stock. If she were with me in Liverpool she would not long be Winnie Seton; and you may trust me she should marry a man who was worthy of her," the rich uncle added, with a confirmatory nod of his head. When he spoke of a man who should be worthy of Winnie, he meant no sentimental fitness such as Aunt Agatha would have meant, had she said these words, nor was it even moral worth he was thinking of. What Mr. Penrose meant, was a man who would bring a fair equivalent in silver and gold to Winnie's beauty and youth, and he meant it most seriously, and could not but groan when he contemplated the possibility of so much valuable capital being thrown away.

And he felt that he had made a good impression when he went back to the Cottage. He seemed to himself to have secured Mrs. Percival's three hundred, and even Sir Edward's more problematical gift to the young people; and he occupied the interval in thinking of a silver tea-service which had rather caught his fancy, in a shop window, and which he thought, if his negotiations succeeded, he would give to his niece for a wedding present. If they did not succeed it would be a different question —for a young woman who married upon a captain's pay and a hundred a-year of her own, would have little occasion for a silver tea-service. So Mr. Penrose mused as he returned to the cottage. Under the best of circumstances it was now evident that there could be nothing to "settle" upon Winnie. The mother and the friends might make up a little income, but as for capital—which after all was what Mr. Penrose prized most—there was none in the whole matter, except that which Winnie had in her face and person, and was going to throw so lamentably away. Mr. Penrose could not but make some reflections on Aunt Agatha's feminine idiocy and the cruel heedlessness of Sir Edward, as he walked along the rural road. A girl who had so many advantages, whose husband, to be worthy of her, should have had five thousand a-year at the least and something handsome to "settle"—and yet her natural guardians had suffered her to get engaged to a captain in a marching regiment, with only his pay! No wonder that Mr. Penrose was sad. But he went home with a sense that, painful as the position was, *he* had done his duty, at least.

This was how Winnie's marriage got itself accomplished notwithstanding all opposition. Captain Percival was the second of his mother's four sons, and consequently the natural heir of her fortune if he had not been "foolish," as she said; and the thought that it might be the saving of him, which was suggested by Sir Edward, was naturally a very moving argument. A beautiful young wife whom he was very fond of, and who was ready to enter with him into all the risks of life,—if that did not keep him right, what would? And after all he was only five-and-twenty, an age at which reformation was quite possible. So his friends thought, persuading themselves with natural sophistry that the influence of love and a self-willed girl of eighteen would do what all other inducements had failed to do; and as for *her* friends, they were so elated to see that in the eyes of Uncle Penrose the young man's faults bore only the most ordinary aspect, and counted for next to nothing, that their misgivings all but disappeared, and their acceptance of the risk was almost enthusiastic. Sometimes indeed a momentary shadow would cross the mind of Aunt Agatha—sometimes a doubt would change Sir Edward's countenance—but then these two old people were believers in love, and besides had the faculty of believing what they wished to believe, which was a still more important circumstance. And Mary for her part had said her say. The momentary hope she had felt in Winnie's strength of character, and in her love—a hope which had opened her heart to speak to her sister—found but little to support it after that moment. She could not go on protesting, and making her presence a thorn in the flesh of the excited household; and if she felt throughout all a sense that the gulf was still there, though all these flowers had been strewed over it—a sense of the terrible risk which was so poorly counterbalanced by the vaguest and most doubtful of hopes—still Mary was aware that this might be simply the fault of her position, which led her to look upon everything with a less hopeful eye. She was the spectator, and she saw what was going on as the actors themselves could not be expected to see it. She saw Winnie's delight at the idea of freedom from all restraint—and she saw Percival's suppressed impatience of the anxious counsels addressed to him, and the look which Winnie and he exchanged on such occasions, as if assuring each other that in spite of all this they would take their own way. And then Mrs. Ochterlony's own relations with the bridegroom were not of a comfortable kind. He knew apparently by instinct that she was not his friend, and he approached her with a solemn politeness under which Mary, perhaps over-sensitive on that point, felt that a secret sneer was concealed. And he made references to her Indian experiences, with a certain subtle implication of something in them which he knew and nobody else did—something which would be to Mrs. Ochterlony's injury should it be known—which awoke in Mary an irritation and exasperation which nothing else could have produced. She avoided him as much as it was possible to avoid him during the busy interval before the marriage, and he perceived it and thought it was fear, and the sneer that lay under his courtesy became more and more evident. He took to petting little Wilfrid with an evident consciousness of Mary's vexation and the painful effect it produced upon her; not Hugh nor Islay, who were of an age to be a man's plaything, but the baby, who was too young for any but a woman's interest; and Captain Percival was not the kind of man who is naturally fond of children. When she saw her little boy on her future brother-in-law's knee, Mary felt her heart contract with an involuntary shiver,

of which she could have given no clear explanation. She did not know what she was afraid of, but she was afraid.

Perhaps it was a relief to them all when the marriage day arrived—which had to be shortly, for the regiment was ordered to Malta, and Captain Percival had already had all the leave he could ask for. Mr. Penrose's exertions had been crowned with such success that when he came to Winnie's wedding he brought her the silver tea-service which in his heart he had decided conditionally to give her as a marriage gift. Mrs. Percival had decided to settle two hundred and fifty pounds a-year upon her son, which was very near Mr. Penrose's mark; and Sir Edward, after long pondering upon the subject, and a half-amused, half-serious consideration of Winnie's capital which was being thrown away, had made up his mind to a still greater effort. He gave the young man in present possession what he had left him in his will, which was a sum of five thousand pounds—a little fortune to the young soldier. "You might have been my son, my boy, if your mother and I could have made up our minds," the old baronet said, with a momentary weakness; though if anybody else had suggested such an idea no doubt Sir Edward would have said, "Heaven forbid!" And Mr. Penrose pounced upon it and had it settled upon Winnie, and was happy, though the bridegroom resisted a little. After that there could be no doubt about the tea-service. "If you should ever be placed in Mary's position, you will have something to fall back upon," Uncle Penrose said; "or even if you should not get on together, you know." It was not a large sum, but the difficulty there had been about getting it, and the pleasant sense that it was wholly owing to his own exertions, made it sweet to the man of capital, and he gave his niece his blessing and the tea-service with a full heart.

As for Winnie, she was radiant in her glow of beauty and happiness on that momentous day. A thunder-shower of sudden tears when she signed the register, and another when she was taking leave of Aunt Agatha, was all that occurred to overcloud her brightness; and even these did not overcloud her, but were in harmony—hot, violent, and sudden as they were—with the passionate happiness and emancipation of the married girl. She kissed over and over again her tender guardian—who for her part sat speechless and desolate to see her child go away, weeping with a silent anguish which could not find any words—and dropped that sudden shower over Aunt Agatha's gown; but a moment after threw back the veil which had fallen over her face, and looked back from the carriage window upon them in a flush of joy, and pride, and conscious freedom, which, had no other sentiments been called for at the moment, it would have done one's heart good to see. She was so happy that she could not cry, nor be sentimental, nor think of broken links, as she said—and why should she pretend to be sad about parting? Which was very true, no doubt, from Winnie's point of view. And there was not the vestige of a cloud about her when she waved her hand to them for the last time as she drove away. She was going away to the world and life, to see everything and enjoy everything, and have her day. Why should not she show her delight? While poor old Aunt Agatha, whose day was so long over, fell back into Mary's arms, who was standing beside her, and felt that now at last and finally, her heart was broken, and the joy of her life gone. Was it not simply the course of nature and the way of the world?

THE CHILD'S FLOWER LESSON.

How mild it is this morning, dear—
Almost a summer-day;
It hasn't been so fine this year,
Although it's nearly May.
Now, don't you think, dear, that we ought,
Just while it keeps so bright,
To sow those seeds that father brought
From town the other night?

He dug the beds on Saturday,
And had the grass-plot mown,
And said that we should try to-day
To get the flower-seeds sown.
We put them all away, you know,
Upon the schoolroom shelf;
Just run and fetch them, while I go
To get the rake myself.

Well, dear, then you have found them all;
And now what shall we sow
Against the house, and near the wall
Where George's grape-vines grow?
I think it would be nice to set
A row of double stocks,
And then a row of mignonette
Between them and the box;
For then their scent will come indoors,
And make the air so sweet,
Whenever we have windows up
In time of summer heat.

How nicely father's dug and raked
The beds where we've to sow;
He knows when ground is rough and hard
Seeds cannot quickly grow;
Indeed, if it is very hard,
And seeds uncover'd lie,
They often do not grow at all,
But shrivel up and die.

And now, I think, beyond the stocks,
Before the schoolroom wall,
We ought to sow some hollyhocks:
There should be something tall.
And here we'll put some candy-tuft,
And blue nemophily,
And there, to climb upon the fence,
Canary-flowers must be.

The evening primroses shall come
Against the garden gate,
That they may welcome father home
When he's at office late.
We'll put some larkspurs down this way,
Beside the middle walk;
And then we'll sow no more to-day,
But have a little talk.

For, do you know, dear, in the seeds,
I think that I can see
A loving lesson that our God
Would teach to you and me.
Do you remember we are told
He sows year after year
Within our hearts, as we have sown
Within the garden here?

You know those Scripture parables
That father often reads,
Wherein our Lord compares the truth
To precious garden seeds.
And just as father gave all these
We sow'd to-day to you,
So God is giving seeds of truth
Day after day anew.

Within the Bible everywhere
These precious seeds abound,
And in a thousand other books
They also may be found.
We find them often in the books
We read at home ourselves,
Just where you found the flower-seeds—
Upon the schoolroom shelves.

We find them, too, on Sabbath-day
In what the preachers preach;
We find them every working-day
In what our teachers teach;
And whene'er we read or hear true things,
However small, each one
Is a seed that comes from God, as all
The light comes from the sun.

And just as flower-seeds grow to flowers,
So should the truth's good seeds
Grow up in us to noble thoughts
And loving words and deeds;
Till we become as gardens fill'd
With things as sweet and fair
As yonder hidden violets,
Whose perfume fills the air—
Till all our life is fill'd with love
And truth and righteousness,
With joy, and peace, and purity,
And gentle lowliness.

But often, through our sinfulness,
The truths sown in us lie
Just like the seeds in hard dry earth,
And wither up and die.
But just as father made our ground
Ready on Saturday,
God will prepare our souls—will take
The sinfulness away.

If we will ask Him, He will make
Within each one a place
Soften'd and fit for all His seeds,
By His good Spirit's grace.
And when they're sown that grace will come
Like gentle rain and dew,
And water them with tender care
Day after day anew.

And on them like the glorious sun
His rays of love will fall:
He is, in Christ, the Sun of Love,
Whose light enlightens all.
And thus each little seed of truth
Within our souls will grow,
And make them full of flowers of grace
Through all our life below.

And He will send to us at last
The messenger of love
That we call Death, to plant the flowers
Within His home above.
There they shall grow more beautiful
Than all that earth has known,
And shall be woven into wreaths
And laid before His throne.

S. R. F.

A VISIT TO THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS (THE CONVICT SETTLEMENT FOR INDIA).

By A GOVERNMENT COMMISSIONER.

For many years the great highway to our mighty Indian Empire was round the Cape and through the Bay of Bengal: the latter a region subject to the most violent cyclones. In the very centre of the track traversed by our ships, lie a group of islands with magnificent harbours and protected headlands —provided as it were by an all-wise Providence to shelter the tempest-driven mariners. It might naturally be supposed that the security of so valuable a possession as these islands would have been one of the earliest acts of a generous nation possessing such an important principality as India. But, no! the islands remained, until lately, in their primitive state of nature, without any attempt being made to civilise or reform the savage and barbarous people inhabiting them, who rejoiced in the discovery of a wreck, and gloried in the destruction of such unfortunates as happened to be cast on shore alive. Far better had this natural harbour of refuge been sunk a hundred fathoms beneath the ocean, than that it should remain, attracting by its currents the shattered bark, whose navigators strove hard to avoid it, knowing full well the cruel death that awaited them if, peradventure, they drifted thither.

That the Andaman Islands should have been permitted to remain in this state since our first connection with India is a reproach to our rule; and had it not been for the mutiny amongst our native soldiers in 1857, the probability is that they would still have been in their natural barbarous condition. On this occasion, however, it became necessary to secure a locality for the reception of those dastards who had forgotten their allegiance, and, a careful exploration of these coasts having been made, it was resolved, in January, 1858, that henceforth the penal settlement for all India should be formed there.

Having resolved to visit this interesting locality, I took a passage in an American sailing ship of 1200 tons burden, chartered for the conveyance of troops from the coast of India to Burmah: whence there is regular communication with Port Blair, the position fixed on as a convict settlement. The ship was well adapted for the conveyance of troops, but, unfortunately for us, she had been employed in conveying elephants from Burmah for the use of the army in the field. With the food for these animals, myriads of ants of every variety and size, tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions, and a numerous fraternity of insects, had been conveyed into the hold, and these now tortured all on board. Cockroaches were so numerous and ravenous, that they devoured our nails and hair. All this was bad enough, but we were destined to suffer still more: for a horrible stench from animal and vegetable matter, in a state of compound decomposition, permeated the ship from stem to stern. Our voyage otherwise was unlucky, for, instead of making a direct passage across, which occupies eight days, adverse winds and currents, alternating with calms, kept us boxing about the bay for a month. We had about 600 souls on board, water and provisions being supplied for fifteen days for that number. In the second week, it being evident that our passage would be a long one, all were put on half rations. When we got to the north of the Andamans, the current ran like a sluice: and, had there been a breeze on to the island, we must have gone on shore. In the third week, our allowance of food and water was still further reduced. About this time we spoke a Dutch craft, which, like ourselves, was losing the one day what she had made the previous one. We offered her captain 100*l.* for a couple of days' water: but he said he was sixty days from the Cape, and his supply was also nearly exhausted. He further observed that he had been for eighteen days trying to force the Cocos passage, (a dangerous channel between the islands of that name and the North Andamans,) but the current was so strong that it had broken his sextant. On being asked to explain, he replied that, finding the observations at noon the very same day after day, he had that morning, in a fit of rage, dashed his instrument on the deck, and shattered it!

Failing in our endeavours to cross the bay, at the end of the third week we turned the ship's head to the Coromandel coast; for sickness as well as starvation now threatened us. The native soldiers, too, began to grumble, asserting that Government had sent them to sea to die. Our skipper alone took the matter philosophically. The ship was in a great measure his own property: he had bought it a bargain, and it had repaid him over and over again since he had had the good fortune to get Government to charter it, at the rate of 1000*l.* per month. When we were about thirty miles from the coast it became a dead calm. What with "cat's paws" (a term which sailors apply to a gentle puff just sufficient to ruffle the surface of the water) and currents, it took us six days to reach this place from the Cocos channel. Our water was now exhausted, and our food was nearly so. The water-casks and a portion of our spars had been burnt as fuel. Moreover the foul air had become so strong, that it issued in the form of steam from every open crevice, blackening the white paint in the cabins, smarting the eyes, causing nausea and sickness amongst all, and even threatening spontaneous combustion in the hold. Matters had now assumed a very serious aspect, for if no breeze sprang up we might still be kept at

sea for days to come, and the distance was thought too great for us to communicate with the shore in an open ship's boat on that surf-beaten coast. At length, however it became imperative that something should be done; and knowing the coast better than any other on board, and being permitted to call for volunteers, the best boat was launched and I undertook to guide it and send relief from shore. Fortunately we fell in with a fisherman in his catamaran, about a couple of miles from the beach, and through his assistance our boat was safely landed in a creek, and the wants of all on board were speedily supplied. Soon after this I reached Burmah by another opportunity, and proceeded by a steamer to the Andaman Islands.

We reached Barren Island on the second day. This very singular volcano, which is always in a state of activity, lies in a direct line between the island of Java, wherein there are some twenty volcanoes in an active state—Sumatra, where also similar phenomena are known to exist—and that portion of the provinces of British Burmah which exhibits extinct craters, and where hot springs and mud volcanoes are now seen. Our first account of this volcanic rock is by Lieutenant Blair of the Indian Navy, who, writing in 1789, states that "it is in a state of violent eruption, ejecting large masses of rock

Barren Island, from North-west by West, with Hot Spring.

and volumes of smoke and vapour from its summit." Horsburgh, in 1803, relates that "it exploded every ten minutes, save at the N.W. side, where there is a breach in the external wall, exposing a cone, ascending about 1000 feet in the centre of the original wall or outside shell of what once formed a crater of depression—the cone and great loose blocks of lava around it converting it now into a crater of elevation, from the summit of which there is a continuous flow of steam and occasional sulphur flakes, which fall over its side like snow." Both Lyell and Humboldt state that "the sea fills the circular valley around the cone." It is not so now: the space varies in breadth from fifty to one hundred feet, and has a general elevation of full twenty feet above the sea level. It consists of black basaltic, honey-combed masses, exceedingly difficult to walk over owing to their loose texture and innumerable spiculæ. The diameter of the island is said to be 2970 yards; that of the base of the ascending cone is 2000 feet. This latter describes an angle of forty degrees, its side being formed of loose scoria and fine ashes, rendering it a matter of no small difficulty to ascend and descend its sides. As our boat approached the shore the water gradually increased in heat; and steam ascended from apertures on the beach into which the salt water flowed and was ejected with force. A large Newfoundland dog leapt from the boat to swim on shore, but when he got into the hot water he whined piteously, turned round and made for sea. A thermometer inserted into one of the apertures rose to 170°, and in the fissures on the summit of the cone it marked 210°. Here there is a small crater of depression, on the sides of which are great vents encrusted with sulphur and gypsum or sulphate of lime. The surface is disagreeably hot even to stand on, and sulphurous acid in the form of steam oppresses respiration. Externally, on the sea face, the rock dips from the centre outwards on three sides beneath the surface of the ocean, and no soundings have been found at 150 fathoms, except at the time of our approach on the N.E. angle, where, at a quarter of a mile from the shore, the depth varies from four to fourteen fathoms. The valley round the cone, except that part which is filled with masses of rugged lava, upon which no vegetation grows, is covered with long coarse grass, a few stunted shrubs, and miserable ferns.

There is a brilliant transparency in the sea

about midway between Barren Island and the Andaman group. On the occasion of my voyage, the surface was like a mirror, and in one place fishes were seen swimming about over the bright sand at the bottom: and rocks, shells, and beautiful coral trees were as distinctly visible as if only a few feet of water intervened, whereas the depth on sounding was found to vary from ten to fourteen fathoms. The appearance of this garden, for it really was so, at such a depth beneath the ocean, was grand, and we had an excellent opportunity of observing it; for, imagining that the ship was working into shoal water, she steamed along at slow speed until the bank was passed. All around the archipelago of islands in this quarter, navigation is rendered hazardous by coral banks approaching the surface; and that referred to probably exhibits the early formation of one.

Barren Island, from the South.

The Andaman archipelago may be said to consist of, first, the Great Andaman group, situated near the meridian of 93° east, and between the tenth and fifteenth parallels of north latitude—divided by narrow channels into north, middle and south, the length of the three being about 140 miles and the extreme breadth twenty, and representing a probable superficial area of some 2000 square miles; second, the Cocos Islands, thirty-five miles to the N.E., consisting of a larger island, whose diameter is six miles by two, and a smaller one, three miles long by one broad; and third, the Nicobar Islands, lying on the opposite side, distant seventy miles, and numbering nine in all—the most southern of which is twenty miles long and eight across.

The general contour of the Andaman Islands proper is an undulating surface of hills, descending in elevation from Saddle Mountain, 2400 feet, on the south island, to hills of 800 feet, 500 feet, and so on, to the sea level, with apparent plane surfaces of some extent in the intermediate spaces: the whole being clothed with a dense forest of gigantic trees, underwood, and twining creepers.

Silicious sandstone crops out from the banks, and is seen in masses all along the sea shore, encrusted with coral wherever exposed to the sea. The shores everywhere are of coral formation, and as far inland as the ground has been turned over by the convicts, shells and coral are found at varying depths beneath the surface—sometimes in agglomerate masses, with granite, limestone, and varieties of compact lava intermixed. The surface soil resembles that of Burmah and our possessions in the Straits of Malacca, and so open is it, that in sinking wells roots of trees are found at a depth of forty feet. Much rich mould is washed down, which, mingling with the sand, causes mangrove to spring up in many places along the shores into trees of considerable elevation.

There are no villages or permanent residents in any part of the islands, the tribe inhabiting them being in constant motion from one locality to another in search of food. They go in groups of from fifty to several hundreds, and seldom remain above a few days in one place. Their numbers are supposed not to exceed five thousand.

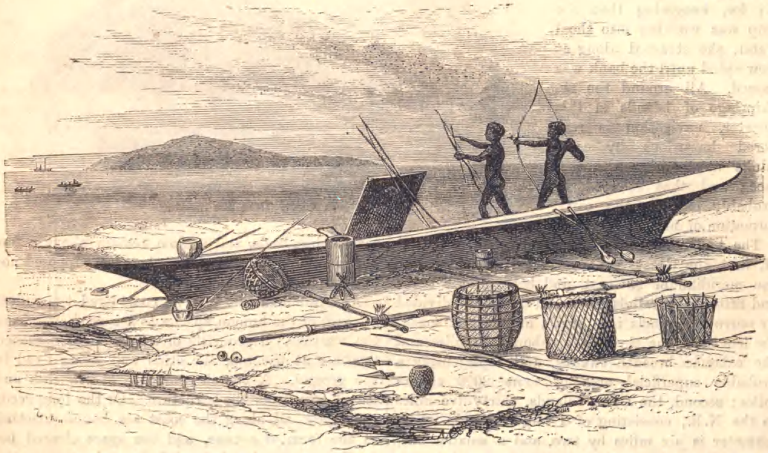
An Andaman hut may be considered the rudest attempt of the human species to secure shelter from the weather. It consists of a few sticks, fastened together at the top, the other end being fixed in the ground. A thatch composed of branches and leaves completes the structure. Or the long reeds that grow all along the coast are bound together in the form of a cone, and the space cleared beneath: an opening being left in each case on the sheltered side, just large enough to creep into. The floor is strewed with dry leaves. In these huts we found the skulls of wild hogs suspended from the roof, but little else, for when they move they bear away with them their weapons.

Ages ago, Ptolemy designated the inhabitants of these islands anthropophagi or man-eaters; and two Mohammedan travellers of the ninth century have left the following description of them: "They eat human flesh quite raw, their complexion is black, their hair frizzled,* their countenance frightful." But the following picture of their personal appearance, partly drawn by Colonel Symes, is precisely as I found them: "In height they are rather under than over five feet; their limbs are slender, their bellies protuberant, they have high shoulders and large heads, flat noses, thick lips, small red eyes, frizzly hair, skin of a deep sooty black, long white irregular canine teeth, and a countenance exhibiting a horrid mixture of famine and ferocity." Until recently these

* The word "Papuans," the Malay designation of the inhabitants of New Guinea, signifies frizzled hair.

miserable savages were supposed to be cannibals, but this idea has been satisfactorily refuted; and if they ever do eat human flesh, they do not do so by preference, but from starvation and hunger. It is known that they bury their dead; and the bodies of those killed by them have been sometimes found untouched, although occasionally they have been discovered in a torn and mangled condition. Moreover they have of late been frequently found roasting their fish over a fire on bits of bamboo. Nevertheless, when it is considered that they do not cultivate the soil, that the only animal in their forests is the hog, that they are dependent for food on fish, fruit, and esculent roots, and that they are among the very lowest in the savage scale of civilization, they may be presumed to have been sometimes driven to the necessity of eating human flesh. They have no pot or vessel that will bear the action of fire; they eat the fruit of the hard mangrove and esculent herbs and roots, after steeping them in an embanked puddle of mud and water.

Their principal food, however, is fish and shell-fish, rats, guanas, lizards and snakes. They are expert fishers in their own way; they have hand nets and wicker baskets, but do not appear to



Andaman Canoe, with Implements.

use hook and line or large nets. When the tide retires they seize the fish left in pools on the irregular coral beach, or spear and shoot them with arrows in the water by the light of a torch; and sometimes two or more, armed with a sharpened bit of hoop iron, will dive into deep water and even seize the shark.

When they fail to obtain a sufficient supply of food at one spot, they proceed to another part of the coast. Their canoes are usually hollowed out by fire and sharp implements made of stone, coral, and shell: the largest seen could contain eight persons, and had an out-rigger to steady it in the water. Spears and arrows are their only weapons, both being barbed and headed with hard wood, fish bones, or sharp shells.

Both sexes go quite naked; but some of them wear a cord and tassel of fibre round their waist. Attached to the cord is a boar's tusk, sharp shell, or sharpened bit of iron. They pass their whole time in search of food or in sleep. In the morning they plaster themselves with mud from head to foot, or wallow in it like buffaloes, to prevent the annoyance of insects. While the women repair to the reefs at the recess of the tide, the men hunt in the woods, or perch themselves on rocks ready to shoot large fish at a distance, or to spring upon those that happen to approach them. Practice has rendered them unerring marksmen both with the bow and spear. Their hostility to strangers is unremitting. Sometimes they express their aversion in a loud and threatening voice and with contemptuous signs. At other times, with the most insidious intent, they assume a show of humility, appearing quiet and docile, and affecting to enter into a friendly conference. After accepting with greed such articles as are presented to them, they set up a shout of defiance and discharge their arrows at the donors.

On the approach of a boat they frequently lie in ambush, sending one of their gang to the water's edge to endeavour to allure the strangers on shore. The moment they succeed they rush out of their hiding-places. Some plunge into the water to secure the boat, while others, with cruel and savage treachery, exhibit their sanguinary disposi-

tion, by rushing on their unfortunate victims, seizing their throats with their hands and teeth, piercing their bodies with their sharp weapons, and pounding them with stones.

Such has been and still is to a great extent the true character of this barbarous race. Their unremitting hostility to those whom they suspect of desiring to invade their land, has been ascribed to two causes, both being perhaps correct. The one is that they retain a tradition of their origin as once being in a state of slavery, and originally cast ashore on these islands from a wrecked slaver, the master and crew of which they put to death; and the other is, that becoming isolated from their kinsmen on the peninsula, they believe that there is a general desire on the part of those who visit them to kidnap and bear them away into slavery, for it is known that during the north-east monsoon, parties from the Malay coast of Sumatra visit the Andamans in their prahus for the purpose of collecting edible

Andaman Islanders.

nests and sea-slugs, or biche-de-mer, and that they really do enslave such as they can seize.

"Their religion," observes Colonel Symes, "is the simple but genuine homage of nature to the incomprehensible Ruler of the universe, expressed in adoration of the sun, the moon, the genii of the woods, &c. In the spirit of the storms they confess the influence of a malignant being, and during the south-west monsoon, when tempests prevail with unusual violence, they deprecate his wrath with wild choruses, which they chant in congregations on the beach or on some rock that overhangs the ocean." Let us hope that an all-wise Providence which has entrusted Great Britain with the humanising of these islanders, will bless and prosper the good work entered on after a century of inaction. Under the merciful orders of the Government of India, which directs that musketry is on no occasion to be had recourse to against the aborigines, except in extreme cases, there is now less rancour shown by them towards us; and although there has not yet been any general attempt on their part to fraternise, they have already passed from open hostility to robbing and pilfering in daylight before the eyes of our people; or, cat-like, stealing in at night, usually for articles of food. Even occasional timid and voluntary approaches are made by some one of their tribe.

During one of these encounters four men and a woman were seized: the woman, by means of her agility and the free use of her nails and teeth, contrived to slip from her captors. One of the men, also, although heavily handcuffed, managed to get out of his guard-room unseen by the sentry, who was only made aware of his escape by hearing a plunge in the water, and seeing his prisoner rise at

some distance to the surface to breathe, then dive again and reappear on the main shore beyond. The following notes relating to the three others captured on this occasion, drawn up by Lieutenant Hillard of the Indian Navy, will repay perusal :—

"*Thursday*, 10*th January*.—Went up in the launch, and found the three aborigines captured at Viper Island in the stocks, and apparently quite indifferent; taken to the boat, handcuffed with their hands behind their backs. In beating down, they seemed to expect to be landed whenever we neared the shore: they instantly asked for *pumno* (water), and all three at the same moment managed to bring their hands in front. On landing at Ross Island they were very sullen, but ate plaintains freely, or anything else that was given them. During the night one remained awake, and two out of the three managed to get off their handcuffs, their wrists being remarkably small. A man was appointed to look after each, and they named them Punch, Friday, and Crusoe, with the surname of Blair. They did not appear the least astonished at anything they saw, and they do not like the men over them to leave them.

"11*th*.—Fish being brought for them, Crusoe turned cook, opening and cleaning them with his teeth, and, when done, dividing all equally; this finished, he roasted green plaintains, and they all ate enormously. During the night the one on watch, Punch, fancied the sentry was asleep, and awoke the others to be ready for a run. He then crept to the bottom of the bed, but a box on the ear soon convinced him that if Jack did sleep, it was with his weather-eye open. When taken they were quite in a state of nature, but to-day they were dressed and taken up to the Superintendent's house. Here they appeared somewhat surprised, particularly at a large mirror, at which they grinned. Mr. Punch wished to take ornaments from the neck of one of the native women. They now are not the least afraid, although at times very sullen.

"13*th*.—Being Sunday, all three were nicely dressed in white, with straw hats with 'I. N. Brigade' on the ribbon, which was a vast improvement. Their height is: Friday Blair, 4 feet 10 inches; Punch Blair, 5 feet 4 inches; Crusoe Blair, 5 feet 2½ inches. In the afternoon they went for a walk on the beach, and went over the gun-boat, walking after their keepers in a quiet orderly manner. Everything like metal they admire and want, and when the handcuffs were removed they did not wish them to be taken away, and at the blacksmith's shop they wanted to take away all the bar iron. In the evening, seeing the new moon for the first time, they called out 'Auckalareoo,' and commenced dancing, and insisted on the men doing so with them, clapping with their hands to keep time, so that this is no doubt a great day with them.

"14*th*.—They seem to improve daily, and their health is good. They all went to see the men at work at their different trades, but seemed only to care for the blacksmith and tinker. Punch seeing an English woman wished to kiss her, and Friday took the chain, a silver one, off an ayah's neck, which was of course returned. Seeing me he came up, and taking hold of my beard, put his hand inside my shirt collar, to see whether I had a chain of any kind. He also made signs to another officer, that he would cut his throat for his gold chain and ring. They are apparently fond of all animals, and have constantly a cat or a dog in their arms. They are very suspicious of our food, will take anything uncooked; and share all they get equally. At one meal they will eat a bunch of plaintains weighing nine seers, or eighteen pounds, besides meat. When the natives of India are near them they mutter at them: it is impossible to catch the words, but it appears from their manner to be abuse. They were asking for their fish today, and having none, a pigeon was given to each, which they cleaned and boiled, but they were very much puzzled to see four killed at one shot. Crusoe seeing a spyglass took it up, and brought it to the ready, taking aim at the same time; he then made a noise with his mouth, and threw his head back, as if he was killed. The working party at Aberdeen were attacked to-day, and driven in with the loss of all their tools, and a party of men were sent but saw nothing of the aborigines, although they recovered some of the axes, &c. The officer states that he should say about twenty had been there; the natives report fifty. A strong guard will be in future sent to protect the convicts. The savages are evidently accustomed to food the instant they awake, and if anything is left they roll it up in a piece of cloth; in the same way they hide away bits of iron of any kind. They seem quite resigned, and do not appear to care for their own free land.

"15*th*.—The aborigines again attacked and wounded the convicts working in the jungle, also one of the Sebundy Guard, but three were taken prisoners, and brought over. Two are old men, and the other a nice-looking lad. One of them, the oldest, who has been injured in the back, apparently by a shot some time before, knocked over eight natives before he was taken prisoner. Some bows and arrows were taken with these men; who are nearly the same as the others, and all about the same height. Their teeth appear to be all worn down flat, not sharp, like other people's. On their being taken to the barracks their friends came to meet them, but they are not of the same party apparently, and they did not show any sign of pleasure at seeing them. Signs were made to take them to the wash-house, and here they were scrubbed, except the injured man, who was carefully placed on a cot until the arrival of medical aid, when he was fomented on the back, and had some medicine, and he slept for some time, and could then eat a good supper. At night these three were taken to another part of the barracks, when they all became frightened, and clung to the men in charge, and begged them not to let them go. To make them quite easy they were shown where they were going, and they went to bed quite contentedly. They dance and sing every evening, but they require to be constantly watched, as they want everything they see. One of the men passed during the day with some fresh pork, and they caught hold of him, and insisted on having some, calling out 'Rhogo! Rhogo!' (pig, pig.) The instant food is given to them they eat it; and if you tell them that they do not want it, they draw in their stomachs as though they wished you to understand they were empty. The men taken to-day are very much thinner than the others, and their heads are all shaved: one has the great toe of his right foot cut off, and he says it was taken off by a large clam. He is named Toeless Blair; the other has a long scar extending from the knee down to the ankle, and is named Tuesday Blair: the other is named Jumbo Blair. Crusoe was most anxious to have them dressed, and without being told they took off all the wild ornaments and threw them down. One man had a large quantity of rubbish about his neck, also a convict's ticket, and a Brahmin's thread, and two old rusty nails.

"16*th*.—This morning they were in sad tribulation because they had no fish, and the beef and vegetables given by the steward did not satisfy them; but before eleven some came up, and they were perfectly frantic, dancing and caressing the man who brought it up. Mr. Crusoe turned doctor. He got the sick man up, washed his back with cold water, and punctured it all over with a sharp piece of glass, which appeared to relieve him vastly, and he then washed off the blood, and turned to clean and cook the fish, eating all the small ones first, and leaving the coarser kind for the evening meal. In the evening they danced to the fiddle, and appeared in high glee.

"17*th*.—About half-past three Punch made his escape, taking his handcuffs, for these were too precious to be left behind. Every search was made immediately, but the jungle gave him shelter until he swam to the mainland, to fetch which he must be an expert swimmer, as it was blowing hard and a good sea rolling in. Friday had his irons off his hands, and was evidently ready to start, but the first noise caused an alarm, and to his no small annoyance all his hopes were frustrated. On the principle of locking the stable door after the steed is stolen, the whole of them were placed in slight leg irons, which will at least prevent their removing far. All day they have been very sullen, and when out their eyes seem to be

constantly fixed on Atalanta Point, as though they expected aid from that quarter.

"18*th*.—This morning, when raining, they went out, and took their clothes off first, so that they might not get wet. They still keep sullen, and are evidently ready for a bolt, provided they see a favourable opportunity; and with no place of security, and their well-known cunning, it is impossible to keep them, however strongly watched. Shortly before sunset, the air being cool and damp, I found them sitting round the fire.

"19*th*.—No fish being caught to-day they had only plaintains, and in the evening Crusoe went up to H. Smith and kissed him, at the same time pointing to the barracks, and making signs he was hungry, for sometimes they went to the men's messes of an evening, but since the escape it has not been allowed.

"20*th*.—Irons are not at all pleasant, and to hear them growl is not bad. They are very anxious to have them taken off, and towards dark they pretended to have pains in all their limbs. Crusoe asked, so as to be understood, when he would be let go.

"21*st*.—To-day they beg hard to have the irons off, and promise, as well as they can, not to run away, but it must not be done.

"22*nd*.—Not at all pleased at having to clean their room out; the beds they are almost too lazy to wash, but would eat all day if allowed.

I frequently observed these three men, who were sent to Rangoon, and afterwards to Moulmein to be educated. On landing, and seeing a man on horseback, they were in ecstacies of delight, all three desiring to get on the horse's back at the same time. They minutely examined his eyes and mouth, and crept under him. It was found impossible to instruct them, for although they possess strong imitative powers, attempts to impart knowledge of any sort proved fruitless. At length they began to pine in health, and kept continually gazing at the ocean, and pointing in the direction of their island home. One fierce night, when the wind blew so strong that no boat could venture out, they disappeared from their keeper at Moulmein, and a boat having been missed by some one, it was presumed that they had taken it. Next day they were brought back by the guardboat-men at the mouth of the river, who, perceiving the little bark deliberately putting to sea in such tempestuous weather, put out and seized it. Shortly after this one of these savages died, and finding it utterly hopeless to instruct the two others, who were also unwell, they were taken back to their island, and landed on the exact spot where they were captured, loaded with such articles as would likely be acceptable to others of their tribe. They exhibited great joy at being again set free, carefully removed bundle after bundle from the boat to an open spot on the beach, shook hands with the boat's crew, and disappeared in the thicket with as much on their shoulders as they could bear with them.

I will now give a translation of a report made by an intelligent native officer, one of the convicts, of an interview of a friendly character which he chanced to have with a body of the aborigines:—

"On the 19th of the present month I went to the hospital in Viper Island. After nine o'clock of that day a convict came and informed me that a boat of savages was going from north to south. As I had never seen savages before, and wished to see them, I went to the north-west point of the island, where there were a house and gardens which were under the care of a native doctor.

"When I reached the north of the gardens, I saw at a short distance a new boat with four savages in it, going from the western jungle toward the east. They replied in their own language, and came towards us half the distance they first were. I began to think what their intention could be, and, suspecting mischief, I and the others who were with me concealed ourselves behind some trees that had been previously felled, so that if they shot at us with their arrows we should be concealed behind their trunks.

"They, in the meantime, with gestures and signs made known to us that they intended landing towards the west, and asked us to go there. A hundred convicts had been employed on work at a station called 'Poordoogan,' and also to watch the savages. I had doubts in my mind that they would send their arrows after us, but the savages went to the spot they had pointed out. I dispersed the convicts, who were before collected in a mass.

"The savages brought their boat as near as they could, that is, till they were stopped by stones, and we could then see that they had several bows and arrows with them. One of the savages came down and walked up to the beach, and all our party, as well as the convicts present, thought a great object had been gained in getting one of them to land, and all were exceedingly anxious to go and see him. But I thought that if we approached him, it was probable that the others would take up their bows and arrows immediately and shoot at us, which might cause loss of life. On this account I forbade anybody's going near him, and made signs to the others to come down also. When they saw from the convicts having dispersed to a distance from the beach, and from our leaving alone the one who had landed, that we intended them no harm, two more landed from the boat and joined the one who had done so previously. These three, who were unarmed, called to us by signs and gestures to come near. Thinking that as three were on shore and only one in the boat, if the latter even should choose to shoot arrows at us, we might easily catch him and possess ourselves of the boat, I went near them, upon which a swarm of three or four hundred collected in a circle round to see what was going on.

"In the meantime one of the three took hold of my cloth and said *Kupra*, and pulled it. Then we saw that they desired to have clothes. Upon which I took red 'doopattas' from my orderlies, Bhuggoree, Sikka, and Buggoonundum, and others, and put them on their heads as turbans, and dressed them with 'mirzaes' and 'dhoties.' They now (in their dress) presented to us the appearance of Madras men, and began dancing with delight after their custom.

"To gratify them farther, I sent for some sweet 'luddoos,' and gave some to each and told them to eat them. First of all they smelt them and then ate them, and whatever was left they tied up in their clothes. From the appearance of their forehead and eyebrows we could see that they relished what they were eating. But from not being accustomed to such things, they could not eat much, and consequently kept the remainder.

"Then, hand to hand, they went with us wherever we wished. At length they saw a stream of fresh water, and made signs to us that they wanted to drink. I sent for some water in a lota, out of which the one who drank did it in such a manner as to show us that he was not unaccustomed to its use. One of the savages then made signs to us to send water and other things to the man that had remained behind in the boat. We did not understand what he meant, but the man in the boat evidently understood the signs. We thought all he meant to say was that the man who had remained in the boat was left behind in charge of it.

"At length, after I had made signs several times, the man called out something or other which sounded like 'Thurma-na,' which we thought meant, 'Shall I bring my bow?' To which we replied, 'Don't bring it.' At last he also got down from the boat and came nearer. We then sent him clothes, water, and sweetmeats.

"We showed them a field of 'cucumbers' to see

whether they knew anything about them, and I plucked and gave one to one of them. The savage smelt it, but did not eat it. Then the native doctor broke and ate it, and put it also with his own hands into the mouth of the savage. Each ate a piece, and then they seemed delighted with the field, and asked us by signs whether the field contained what they had just ate. We saw from their wearing clothes, and also from having eaten the sweetmeats, that they had acquired a taste for them. The savages seeing the convicts with irons round their necks and about their legs, desired to possess them also, and asked us for them. Whatever they wanted we gave them, and they put them round their necks and seemed quite delighted with their possession. They in their turn gave us what ornaments they had round their necks. We then gave them, besides what we had already given, some leg-irons and other similar ornaments.

"We asked them to come to the house. They came with us as far as the garden, where a very large crowd assembled to see them. The savages did not seem to wish to go into the house. I did not, after having before treated them kindly, wish to force them to go into the house. At length one of them found a piece of a broken bottle; he thought it something valuable, and hid it in his cloth.

"When we went up to one of the houses, we were followed by the savages, who, perceiving things in it, wished to possess every green thing they saw,—from which we concluded they wanted pieces of glass and iron.

"Wherever they saw red or any very white cloth, they immediately asked for it; everybody gave them something, according to his means.

"We thus, for about two hours and a half, were in friendly intercourse with them; and the savages ceased to be afraid of us. Some of our people were anxious to put them back into their boat and take them to Captain Haughton, the superintendent of the settlement. I thought it would be against our chief's wish to compel the savages to do so, and nobody molested them. We thought the ages of two of the savages the same as our native doctor, which was not more than sixteen. Their faces were covered with red sand, like the faces of Hindoo idols, and their arms were tattooed like the Burmese.

"I have not the slightest doubt from my interview with these people that, even after I leave the island, should these people ever return from friendship to the spot and receive the same civility, that the objects of our chief in sending me to the spot will be fully accomplished."

We have had several severe conflicts with the savages. In April, 1858, a party of 248 convicts, engaged in clearing the jungle, were attacked by 200 natives. Five were killed and five wounded; and the rest being driven away, the savages seized their tools. Some time after this, another party of 1500 savages, armed with axes and other weapons stolen from the settlers, in addition to their own bows and arrows, made an attack on a party of 446 workmen; when three of the latter were killed on the spot, and six severely wounded. The rest retreated to their boats, under the fire of the naval guard-boat moored close by for their protection, leaving the savages in possession of their encampment, working implements, and utensils.

During our early occupation of the island, convicts absconded in large gangs, under the impression that they would be admitted into the service of the Rajah whom they supposed governed it. Few lived to return, and those who did had each their doleful tale to tell of the sufferings they underwent. One, Doodnath, formerly a sepoy of the 14th Regiment B.N.I., who resided with the savages for a year, made his appearance one day, and gave notice of an intended attack which actually did take place at Aberdeen, one of the chief convict settlements, by a body of 1500 natives. This man's interesting narrative is as follows:—

"I was landed at Port Blair on the 6th of April, 1858, and escaped on the 23rd, with 130 others, to take service with the Rajah of Burmah whom we supposed governed the country. We took as much food with us as we could carry, but lost the greater part of it in forcing our way through the tangled jungle. For fourteen days we kept together, and were greatly distressed for want of food and drink, and nearly devoured by leeches and other vermin. On the fourteenth day we were surrounded and attacked by a large body of the aborigines, and although by supplicating attitudes we did all we could to conciliate them, they rushed with fury upon us and appeared to destroy all. I received three wounds, a blow on the head which knocked me down, a stab in the chest, and a deep cut in my arm. Assuming death till the party left, I rose, and along with three others also badly wounded, moved on I knew not where. Seeing savages approaching we hid ourselves, but perceiving us they fired their arrows. My two comrades were killed, and I was wounded in two more places. The savages then came up, and finding me still alive they made me leave my hiding place; and after talking a great deal amongst themselves, for some reason unknown to me they dressed my wounds with red earth, raised me by putting their arms under mine, removed me to a boat, and took me to an island distant about two hours, where they placed me in a hut and I soon got better. During the entire time I was with them I lived as they did, wearing no clothes, and having my hair always cut close by a bit of glass, by one of their women. At first they regarded me with suspicion; if even I took up one of their bows they would remove it away from me, and make me sit down. But after four months one Pooteah made over his daughter, Leepah, twenty years of age, and another man, Herah, made over his daughter, Jejah, sixteen years old, to me in marriage.

"I think I must have seen in all 15,000 inhabitants, men, women, and children, in the different islands; and usually encountered one of their encampments every three or four miles: their chief abodes being on or near the coast. But parties go daily into the forest for fruit, wild pig, &c. All appear one tribe, and speak one language. They are not cannibals, nor do they eat uncooked food, and although savage to strangers they are kind to one another. They did not appear to me to have any religion. They have no knowledge of shame, and are bold and fearless. Their few wants are easily satisfied; subsisting entirely on wild fruit and fishing. The women seldom go into the jungle along with the men, but remain on the beach cooking, and carrying water, sometimes several miles, in hollow bamboos. They are always the barbers of the tribe, shaving and tatooing with a bit of glass ground in the shape and size of a bean, as sharp as a penknife. They are also the doctors, applying red earth and turtle oil externally, and scarify freely with the sharp glass in every case of sickness. They carry their children slung over the shoulder by means of the bark of a tree, and are very much attached to their offspring, exhibiting intense grief when a child dies. Burials generally take place the day after death, with weeping and marked signs of emotion on the part of the near relatives. The body, being tied up in a bundle of thongs, so as to occupy a small space, is placed in a hole and covered up. Some months afterwards, the bones are disenterred, and divided amongst the deceased's relatives.

"Four days is a long period for a party to occupy an encampment. They are a powerful race: climb trees like monkeys, swift runners, dexterous fishers and hunters, great swimmers and divers, some four or five dive together and bring up a large fish. They have keen senses, eyes, nose, and ears; their vision penetrating great depths into the sea and jungles. I never saw them at a loss for food, so cannot say anything about their endurance in this respect. I never saw them suffer from epidemic, as cholera, although they often have bowel disorders and fevers.

"Having resided with them one year and twenty-four days, I got very tired of their society; a great longing possessed me to rejoin my comrades, and I always looked for an opportunity to do so, although I was fond of both my wives, especially Leepah. A chance soon occurred, for I learned that a great body of the savages plotted a descent on the settlement of Aberdeen in the hopes of destroying all there. After many days, about 2500 collected for this purpose, and I succeeded in deserting the day before the threatened attack, and prepared the authorities to repel it, which they have done; for which act the Sircar has given me my liberty and permitted me to return to my home in Hindostan."

A vocabulary of the language of the savages has been prepared, so that now some communication can be carried on with them. The following is a specimen:—

Bow	Borogelly.	Water	Panno.
Fly	Boomee.	Plaintains.	Changrah.
Bow-string	Flyda.	Take off	Ne giah.
Water give	Pano de-walay.	To paddle	Cheilla.
Yes	Oh.	Tongs	Chy.
Flesh	Rogo.	Moon	Chuckalareoo.
Fowl	Deer.	Whiskers	Sooka.
Shell	Oatamboo.	Music	Dentregnah.
To cut	Cha lock.	Eat	Lay.
Knife	Coono.	To give	De-walay.
To drink	Meengohee.	Yam	Chatah.
Canoe	Hobab.		

The marked progress in the development of the resources of these interesting islands, and the praiseworthy efforts that have been made by the small band of Europeans stationed there since the Sepoy revolt, to conciliate the aborigines, invest the subject with an abiding interest. Probably the day is not far distant when we shall find them by no means a despicable adjunct to our insular possessions in the East. Ages ago Ptolemy singularly enough designated them the *insulæ bonæ fortunæ*. By what prophetic process of reasoning in those remote times he hit upon so apposite a nomenclature, it is beyond our slender classic lore to penetrate. Such, however, is the fact. Possessing, as we *now* discover, very many of the essential natural elements of a prosperous land, it is only a matter of surprise that the fertile soil has so long been suffered to rest in wild sterility, and the nomade inhabitants to continue bereft of the benefits and blessings of civilized life. Under our energetic rule we may confidently look for the rapid advancement of the former, and although the civilisation of the latter may, in the outset, prove an uphill and possibly a somewhat disheartening undertaking, its accomplishment is now simply a question of time.

Our settlement is formed in the exact locality where Lieutenant Blair failed to establish his upwards of seventy years ago; because, as was not unusual in those days, he set nature's laws at defiance, and gave perhaps little or no heed to sanitary precautionary measures. On the present occasion, not only were well-skilled officers, who had made this important science their study, selected to fix upon a locality, but an experienced medical officer was also first sent there as general superintendent over the new convict settlement. He first fixed the headquarters of the establishment on three islets in a magnificent land-locked bay, denominated Port Blair, which opens to the east, and extends to the west and north seven miles, having a varying breadth of from one to three miles. Ross Island lies right across the entrance into the port. It is one mile in length and three-quarters of a mile in breadth. Chatham Island is at the centre of the bay, and the water here is so deep that a 1000-ton ship can run along its shore loaded; Viper Island is further up the bay. These islets were first cleared as abodes for the convicts, and from thence they were sent to work on the mainland.

Port Blair is on the extreme south of the group of Andamans, and on the opposite or west side is another spacious bay, with an intermediate forest of about five miles in extent. When this space is opened up, a wholesome percolation of pure sea breeze will be secured to the settlement, free from the influence of the force of the monsoons passing over a sterile extent of uncleared jungle. Reasoning therefore from analogy, everything promises well for the future success of this important settlement.

The great subject which at present engages the attention of statesmen and reflecting men in this country is the best means of disposing of that unfortunate class of our population whose determined career in crime resists all attempts at reformation.

During the last two years the public have been discussing the merits of the present system of penal servitude in this country, contrasted with our old experience of transportation with hard labour abroad, and the conclusion appears universal, that both plans are so beset with faults that they can continue no longer; and in this view the Government appear also to concur.

By the present system we send the most profligate and hardened criminals to associate with those who, by hunger or other powerful temptations, have fallen for the first time, so that these last may be made perfect in crime; and by this system we have colonised some of the most valuable spots on the face of the earth with the lowest dregs of our population and their descendants, who are trained up in an atmosphere of vice, and deter by their presence wholesome emigration. The beneficent wisdom of Providence, which appears to have provided those valuable and sparsely-peopled places as resorts for the superabundant population of the more civilised world, has thus been thwarted.

What we want therefore is a happy medium between the two extreme systems; and recognising the absolute necessity of possessing the power to banish a certain class of criminals to a penal settlement abroad, I would select for this purpose a locality possessing the following advantages:—

1st. An insular position of moderate dimensions, capable of being effectually guarded and of being kept under complete sanitary control, and affording

an extensive field for hard labour of a productive character.

2nd. It ought to possess either no aboriginal population at all, or only a scanty savage race, who would hold no communication with the convicts.

3rd. It should be strictly a settlement for convicts alone, male and female, and be contiguous to rich and extensive British possessions, which require a population to develope their resources, and where the progeny of the convicts might be transferred at an early age for the purpose of being trained up under Government as settlers, far removed from the deteriorating proximity of their parents.

The Andaman Islands appear to possess these necessary qualities—their proximity to Burmah affording an outlet for the surplus convict population. The military garrison in Burmah is chiefly composed of Europeans, and there are a large number of European civilians congregated at the several seaports. The natives of the country are a frank and genial race, free from that caste prejudice and bigotry, which impose a bar to all association with our Asiatic subjects elsewhere. The country everywhere is thinly peopled. Wars in former days had decimated the male inhabitants, and there is a continual struggle for existence owing to the scanty population being unable to keep down the exuberant vegetation. Here are extensive mountain ranges, which if cultivated would far surpass our tea, coffee, and cinchona fields in India; and thousands of square miles of well watered rich delta, where the labour of the cultivator alone is necessary to turn it into a perennial garden of cotton, sugar-cane, and rice.

To this land I would remove the convict progeny in early infancy from the abode of their parents on the Andaman group, and would train them under Government in all mechanical arts—as tradesmen, engineers, land surveyors—in the common principles of medicine and sanitary science, and as cultivators of the soil; and selecting the most healthy localities, would lay down fixed plans for their dwelling-places, with grants of land apportioned to each of them.

As regards the salubrity of the Andaman group, I may state, that on our early occupation of these islands, when there was as yet little or no shelter, when drainage received little consideration, and when such huts as were raised were surrounded with standing jungle, or, what was worse, felled jungle, the mortality amongst the convicts was excessive. The European guard over them also suffered much from bowel disorders and febrile affections; but gradually, as the islets first occupied became cleared and cultivated, the sickness lessened. When I visited the settlement, immediately after the rains, which is the most unhealthy period of the year, the sickness was not inordinate; and in no part of India did I ever see Europeans in more robust health than the hundred men of the Naval Brigade who kept guard over the convicts, there being none on the sick list. Officers and children also had an appearance of health which, except on the hills, is never seen in India.

QUAKER PHILANTHROPY.

WHATEVER opinion the public at large may have as to the theological doctrines or the manners and habits of the Society of Friends, there can be but one opinion about their philanthropy. Of all bodies calling themselves Christian, there is certainly none that possesses the most excellent gift of charity in a greater degree. However exclusive the Quaker body may be in its organisation; however dogmatic, and, in the eyes of the great mass of the Christian community, even narrow the theological views of the Quakers may be; in the exercise of their benevolence they are, in the fullest acceptation of the term, catholic.

Throughout the whole history of the Society of Friends, from its earliest formation to the present day, the practice of charity may be traced in a singularly clear and beautiful manner. It commences with their Committees for Sufferings appointed to aid those of their number enduring persecution for their religious and political opinions; and it afterwards expands till it embraces the whole human race, without respect either of country or creed. The first complete organisation appears to have been formed in the year 1675, when persecution was strong against them. At one of their general meetings it was "agreed that certain Friends of this city be nominated to keep a constant meeting to consider about sufferings four times in a year, with the day and time of each meeting here settled. That at least one Friend of each county be appointed by the quarterly meeting thereof to be in readiness to repair to any of the said meetings of this city, at such time as their urgent occasions or sufferings shall require." From that time till 1794 these meetings for sufferings appear to have been held weekly for the purpose of succouring those among them who were in distress, and for legally defending others unjustly oppressed.

Instead of diminishing their philanthropic efforts as persecution ceased and wealth increased among them, they seem to have extended their benevolence in proportion as their means augmented. There can be no doubt that much of their objection to ostentation and personal adornment arose from the idea that the amount saved by simplicity of attire and mode of life might be applied to useful and benevolent purposes. "The trimmings of the vain world would clothe the naked one," said William Penn;

and admirably do the members of the Society appear to have carried out the suggestion. Inculcations of the practice of charity are continually to be found in their printed Epistles. In that of 1709 we find it is advised "that where Friends want ability in the world, the monthly and quarterly meetings should assist them, that the children of the poor may have due help of education, instruction, and necessary learning."

In that of 1710, these words occur: "Let the Christian duty of visiting the sick be timely remembered and practised, it having often left comfort, ease, and sweetness on the spirits of many to their very end."

Again, in 1718: "With respect to the poor among us, it ought to be considered that the poor, both parents and children, are of our family; and although some may think the poor a burthen, yet, be it remembered, when our poor are well provided for, and walk orderly, they are an ornament to our Society. And the rich should consider 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' 'He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given He will pay him again.'"

Again, in the printed Epistle of 1720, it is written: "As mercy, compassion, and charity are eminently required in this new-covenant dispensation which we are under, so, respecting the poor and indigent among us, it is the advice of this meeting that nothing be wanting for their necessary supply."

The first philanthropic movement beyond the pale of their own sect in which the Society of Friends interested themselves was indisputably that for the abolition of slavery. From their first organisation, the well-being of the negro seems to have been a cherished idea with them. George Fox frequently spoke against every form of slavery, and the Epistles, from their earliest date, not only strongly advised Friends against trafficking in negroes, but also protested against all attempts to make money, directly or indirectly, from the compulsory labour of the slave. In the Epistle of 1727 there is a clause to the effect "that it is the sense of this meeting that the importing of negroes from their native country and relations by Friends is not a commendable nor allowed practice, and is, therefore, censured by this meeting." Again, in that of 1758: "We fervently warn all in profession with us, that they be careful to avoid being in any way concerned in reaping the unrighteous profits arising from the iniquitous practice of dealing in negroes and other slaves; whereby, in the original purchase, one man selleth another as he doth the beast that perisheth, without any better pretension to a property in him than that of superior force; in direct violation of the Gospel rule which teaches all to do as they would be done by." Again, in 1761: "This meeting, having reason to apprehend that divers under our name are concerned in the unchristian traffic in negroes, doth recommend it earnestly to the care of Friends everywhere to discourage, as much as in them lies, a practice so repugnant to our Christian profession."

These repeated censures on the practice of trading in negroes, certainly proves that the Friends were not altogether blameless in that respect. Their leaders, however, do not appear to have ceased their efforts, in consequence of the obstinacy of certain mercenary individuals among them. Gradually the English Quakers not only relinquished the traffic, but also began to discourage the system among others. In the Epistle of 1772, we find the following clause: "It appears that the practice of holding negroes in oppressive and unnatural bondage hath been so successfully discouraged by Friends in some of the colonies, as to be considerably lessened. We cannot but approve of these salutary measures, and earnestly entreat they may be continued; so that, by the favour of Divine Providence, a traffic so unjust and so unmerciful in its nature, may come to be considered by all in its proper light, and be utterly abolished, as a reproach to the Christian profession."

From that date, till the total abolition of slavery in the English colonies, the efforts of the Friends were unceasing in the cause. Almost every one of their Epistles from that time contained some censure of the practice of slavery, or some strong exhortation to energy in suppressing it. About the year 1790, they made common cause with many leading philanthropists not of their own sect; and this new combination in process of time gained considerable power. Still, for many years, owing to the strenuous opposition of the Government, and especially the House of Peers, their exertions were attended with but little success, beyond awakening men's minds to the iniquity of the whole system of negro slavery. Singularly enough, while a sect of Dissenters, the Quakers, were indefatigably exerting themselves for the suppression of negro slavery, the bishops of the Established Church in their places in the House of Lords were exerting themselves with scarcely less pertinacity and vigour for its continuance; and it was not till after Lord Eldon's death, and when the doubts of the Government themselves as to the eligibility of maintaining slavery in the colonies became apparent, that the opinion of the prelates began to waver on the subject.

It would far exceed our limits to trace the history of the abolition of slavery in the British colonies; suffice it to say, that most desirable end was at last attained. The upholders of the system, finding that slavery was doomed, vented their spite in the grossest abuse on all those concerned in its suppression, and on the Quaker body particularly, consigning them very emphatically to public hatred and contempt for having first called the attention of the world to the condition of the unhappy negroes. They also accused them of being participators in the traffic, stating that no inconsiderable portion of the twenty millions of money, granted as compensation to slaveholders for the

loss of their slaves, went directly or indirectly into the pockets of divers of the Quaker community. This accusation was indignantly repelled by many admirers of the philanthropy of the Society of Friends, who challenged their slanderers to produce a single instance in which a Quaker had received a farthing of compensation. This challenge was frequently repeated, and although no lack of energy was shown by the upholders of the slave-trading interests, not a single case could be found to justify the statement.

Although the Society of Friends in America was, as a body, by no means so energetic as their English brethren in the cause of negro freedom, yet many among them took up the matter with great activity and courage. As early as the year 1796, the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends, in the State of Pennsylvania, entertained the question of the slave trade as a subject of public concern, and advised the members of the Society to guard against the future importation of African slaves. In the year 1811, the same body exerted itself once more in the Christian duty of denouncing the slave trade; but slavery, in a mitigated form, still continued to exist in the province.

Though the Friends in England never ceased to interest themselves in the welfare of slaves in other countries, they do not appear to have taken a very prominent part in any public movement on the subject, from the time of the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, to the late terrible civil war in America. On the publication of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's admirable tale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a large subscription was raised by them for the aid of slaves in America, but it was principally confined to their own body, and little was known of it by the public at large. Since the abolition of slavery in America, however, they have exerted themselves in a wonderful manner to assist the liberated negroes. They established a Central Committee, with corresponding societies in all parts of England, to collect subscriptions in behalf of the freedmen, and their appeal was responded to with great liberality. We have before us the report of the Central Committee, for the three months ending June, 1865. From it we find that in the year 1863-64, the subscriptions of the English Quakers for this object alone, amounted to 8000*l.* Of this, 4000*l.*, in sums of 500*l.* each, had been forwarded to eight different district associations in America. In addition to the amounts specially reported to the Central Committee, very considerable sums had also been collected by private means, and dispatched at once to the United States, or expended in clothing or necessaries for the negroes by different local committees. These isolated collections appear, to a great extent, to have been aided and stimulated by the publication of a little work, the production of Mr. John Hodgkin, called "The Case and Claims of the Emancipated Slave." Of this work, no fewer than 15,000 copies were printed, all of which were rapidly disposed of. The English Quakers, as a body, while they maintain their own distinct organization, also co-operate willingly and energetically with the "Freedman's Aid Society," in London.

Although well aware of the munificence of Quaker liberality, the amounts subscribed by individual members to this movement caused us no little surprise. In the report of the Central Committee we find several persons contributing sums ranging from two to five hundred pounds each; there are eight subscriptions of one hundred pounds each, and many ranging from thirty to fifty pounds each. In the list of the Bristol local committee there were three of one hundred pounds each, and eleven ranging from twenty to fifty pounds each. In the Liverpool list are thirteen ranging from twenty-five to one hundred pounds each; and in several smaller towns, in which there are but few Friends, the individual subscriptions are equally liberal. It appears that since the year ending 1863-4, the sums received by the Central Committee, and by the local committees of Bristol, Liverpool, Worcester and Yorkshire, amounted to 6684*l.*, making a total to June, 1865, of 15,684*l.* Altogether, up to this date, it is computed that the public and private subscriptions of the Society of Friends in England towards the relief of the liberated slaves in America, does not amount to less than 1*l.* 10*s.* a head of their whole community, rich and poor, women and children. Nor has the money thus sent by the English Quakers in aid of the freed blacks in America been without its good effects. From some letters written from that country by Mr. Joseph Simpson of Manchester (who appears to have been acting in America as a delegate from the Society of Friends in England), which are printed in the report of the Central Committee, we take the following extracts. Speaking of the free schools for negroes in the city of Baltimore, he says:—

"There was an evident feeling of interest prevalent among the scholars; they seemed eager to learn, and it is the universal testimony of all the teachers with whom I have yet conversed, that in point of intelligence and aptitude for learning, the black child is not one whit behind the white, but, if anything, he is the quicker of the two. The teacher who is looked upon as the best in this city, has been seven years teaching in Boston (Mass.), and is now in these free schools. Her testimony was very clear: 'I have taught this class the same lesson which I taught in Boston to white children, and I can safely say the lesson has been much more quickly mastered here than there, and with much less labour to myself.'"

The reader will be pleased to hear that the names of a thousand children are upon the books of the coloured free-schools in Boston, and the average daily attendance is from six hundred and fifty to seven hundred. It may be added that on the receipt of this letter by the Central Committee of Friends in England, five hundred pounds was immediately granted by them to "The Baltimore

Association for the Moral and Educational Improvement of coloured people."

To dispel any alarm which might be felt in England as to the demoralizing effect of so much charity bestowed upon the negro, Mr. Simpson, in another letter, writes:

"So far I see no likelihood of the freedmen being demoralized by the efforts which are being made on their behalf. All I have spoken to unite in the statement that they don't want alms. Give them work and protection from injury, and they will be satisfied."

Even within the past few weeks, the interest taken by the Quaker body in the welfare of the negro has shown itself in the formation of a society to ameliorate the present condition of the coloured people in the Island of Jamaica. The committee charged with the management of the Negro Education Fund, brought under the notice of the Meeting for Sufferings the depressed state of education in Jamaica, and the great impoverishment of the coloured people from drought and other causes. Several letters were also read from missionaries, giving details of the late outbreak, and the harsh means used for its suppression. The recital of these affecting circumstances called forth the sympathy of the meeting especially on behalf of the families of many of those who, it is to be feared, had suffered innocently at the hands of the soldiery. After long deliberation, the meeting resolved "that a personal visit to the island by an independent deputation from the Society of Friends would be advisable, as a practical evidence of their sympathy with the coloured people, and as a means of helping in various ways, which, under Providence, might prove a lasting benefit." Two gentlemen, Mr. Thomas Harvey of Leeds, and Mr. William Brewin of Cirencester, immediately volunteered their services to act as the deputation, and their offer was thankfully accepted by the meeting. But as moral sympathy without material assistance would have been of little avail, the committee expressed their opinion that while the national stock might be applicable in aid of the movement, a distinct subscription would be preferable. A list for contributions was opened, which was responded to with great liberality; considerably more than a hundred persons directly entered their names, and the sum of 1891*l.* was subscribed in amounts varying from two pounds to one hundred. What the total reaches at present we are unable to say, but the list is still open, and contributions we understand are flowing in daily.

Civilization is also indebted to the Quaker community in England for another benefit, which, if less extensive in its operations than the abolition of slavery, was certainly not less philanthropic in its intentions, and was in the end as perfectly successful in its results. We allude to the amelioration of the treatment of the insane. To understand the reformation they have effected in lunatic asylums, it is necessary the reader should call to mind the mal-practices which were formerly common in those institutions. Till the beginning of the present century, and for some years afterwards, the generality of both public and private lunatic asylums were simply dens in which the worst abuses were allowed to be practised with perfect impunity. The self-styled physicians who superintended them were generally men with the slightest possible scientific education, and who had adopted that branch of the profession solely as a means of earning money, without the least love for the occupation. In many cases patients, even females, were placed in the charge of men who had no pretensions whatever to medical knowledge. If, at the commencement, they had any feelings of humanity, these, in a short time, generally vanished, and habit rendered them hardened. They became dead to the misery around them, and frequently allowed the grossest cruelty to be inflicted by their subordinates on the unhappy beings under their charge, without even the slightest attempt at interference on the part of the legal authorities. It is singular to reflect that in England, with a code of criminal law unsurpassed in Europe for severity, under which theft to the value of five shillings from a shop, or to the value of forty shillings from a dwelling-house, was punished by death, such institutions as mad-houses then were should have been tolerated. A poor insane creature might be subject to the brutality of an under-keeper, who, with practical impunity, and under the slightest possible pretext, would treat him with such cruelty as would often cause death. The system of gentle restraint was then wholly unknown. Terror alone was the means used to maintain discipline, and the gag, the irons, and the whip, were the principal *materia medica* for the cure of raving insanity.

About the year 1790, Mr. Tuke, a Quaker gentleman of ability, residing near York, had occasion to visit a relative who was confined in a lunatic asylum. He was disgusted at the cruelty and stupidity of the system he saw practised in it, and justly argued that such incessant provocation and irritation was far more likely to increase the excitement of the violent maniac, and still further to depress the melancholy lunatic, than to relieve them. He proposed the establishment of an institution for the reception of those of his own community who were affected with mental disorders, in which kindness should take the place of severity, and common sense, if not medical science, that of the brute force then generally employed. Admirable as his scheme was, he found great difficulty in carrying it out. This arose not from any want of liberality or humanity on the part of his Quaker brethren, but from their doubts as to its practicability. They admitted that if kindness could replace severity an immense advantage would be gained, but however humane the theory might be, it was setting at nought all preconceived scientific opinions, and was therefore in the end likely to prove a failure. Nothing daunted by the objections thrown in his way, he persevered in his philanthropic intentions, and by degrees he gained

over several influential members to his views. The result was that in the year 1796 the "Friends' Retreat," near York, was opened. It has ever since continued in full operation, and continues to do a vast amount of good. In a very short time the advantages arising from the gentle system became apparent, and the new institution was liberally supported by the whole Quaker community. Admirable as the results of the new system proved to be, it was not, to the great disgrace of the medical profession at large, till ten or fifteen years afterwards that it was generally adopted. Even then a large proportion of what were termed mad-doctors submitted to it with the worst possible grace, and it was only when the general public began to entertain the question that the old system was abolished. Unfortunately our space will not allow us to go so deeply into the Quaker treatment of the insane as it deserves, but the following short abstract from the recent returns of some of the principal Lunatic Asylums in England, when compared with that of the "Friends' Retreat," will prove how successful is the system they adopt.

	Cures.	Deaths Yearly.
Lancaster . .	40 per cent.	18 per cent.
Yorkshire (W. R.) .	44 ,,	16 ,,
Kent . . .	20 ,,	12 ,,
Staffordshire . .	43 ,,	13 ,,
Friends' Retreat .	50 ,,	4 ,,

The question of education not only among their own sect, but among the community at large, has, since the days of George Fox, been one of importance among the Quakers. They hold, in the words of one of their Printed Epistles that, "education in the largest and most comprehensive sense of the word, constitutes an important branch of Christian discipline. It was strongly enjoined in the precepts of the Old Testament; it held a conspicuous place in the church of Christ in its earliest days; and in our own society it has ever been an object of concern and solicitude." Admirable, indeed, are the arrangements of the Quakers for the instruction of the poor of their own community, by which every child among them is able to obtain a good education. They have in all twelve public schools. In these the parents are expected, according to their means, to contribute something towards the tuition of their children. In Ackworth, for example, the parents pay for each child about sixteen pounds a year, board, lodging, and instruction combined. At Croydon, the parents pay about twelve pounds a year for each child, and at Lisburn and Brookfield, the sum is as low as five pounds ten shillings. The average cost of each child at these schools is about twenty-eight pounds per head, the difference between the sum paid by the parents and the actual cost of the child's instruction and maintenance, being made up by private subscriptions from the wealthier members of their community, and from vested funds in the hands of trustees. Many of these schools are well endowed. The balance of the property of eight of these institutions in the year 1863 amounted to 126,000*l.*

But while general education is held in high importance among the Quakers, that of religious instruction, especially the study of the Holy Scriptures, is far more so. From the end of the seventeenth century to the present day, their Printed Epistles are full of advices and exhortations to their brethren on the subject. In that of 1709, they "recommend it as an incumbent duty on Friends, to cause their children to be frequent in reading the Holy Scriptures, and to point out to them the example of such children as in Scripture are recorded to have early learned the fear of the Lord." That of 1720 has these words: "Let the Holy Scriptures be early taught our youth, and diligently searched and seriously read by Friends, with due regard to the Holy Spirit, by which they are truly opened." Again, in 1728: "And, dear friends, inasmuch as the Holy Scriptures are the means of preserving and conveying to us an account of things most surely to be believed, concerning the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ in the flesh, and the fulfilling of the prophecies relating thereto, we therefore recommend to all Friends, especially Elders in the Church, and masters of families, that they would both by example and advice impress upon the minds of the younger, a reverent esteem of those sacred writings, and advise them to a frequent reading and meditation therein."

Since those days their interest in the religious education of children seems rather to have increased than otherwise. In all parts of the kingdom in which there reside even a few families of the Quaker community, they have established excellent First-Day (Sunday) Schools. Some of these are admirable specimens of organization and management. We lately visited one in Liverpool, which in beauty of architectural elevation, and the excellence of the course of instruction pursued in it, might challenge competition with any institution of the kind in the United Kingdom. But the sympathies of the English Quaker community are not confined solely to the children of their own sect. From a recent report of their First-Day Schools we find there are at present in England more than ten thousand children receiving religious instruction in the Quaker Sunday Schools. In proof of the wonderful energy shown by the Quaker body in carrying out any of their benevolent operations, we may point to the First-Day Schools lately erected at the corner of Wheeler Street, Spitalfields. Nothing could exceed the demoralized state of many parts of that locality before their immediate attention was directed to it. Perhaps an idea of these dens of infamy and misery may be best conveyed to the reader by quoting a short extract from a speech made by Mr. William Tyler on the occasion of the opening of the schools:—

"It happens that for somewhere about thirty years I have been ploughing up and down these back streets, and I am tolerably well conversant

with, I was almost going to say, every room in the whole district. May I say, not to alarm you or intimidate you, that you have not as a meeting any conception at all of the character of the district you now are in. Some years ago I opened a little school-room in Little Pearl Street. It had been previously occupied by a chimney-sweep. One day I was passing through, and I said, 'I want such and such a house.' 'You want Little Hell,' said the man. 'Little Hell!' I thought, 'well it's rather an odd address.' I said to some one else in the street, 'What do you call that house?' 'Little Hell, sir.' That house still stands. Now, sir, in that particular street, not very long since, there were upwards of seven hundred thieves and bad characters living. That is a fact. I just mention that circumstance to give you some idea of the particular locality where you now are."

A few quotations from the subscription-list printed at the end of the report of the meeting, will give some idea of the liberality of the English Quakers in support of those good and charitable works in which they may be interested; at the same time, we are fully persuaded the smaller contributions were fully as liberal, in proportion to the means of the donors, as those of the individuals we mention:—Alfred Tyler, Stoke Newington, 25*l.*; Joseph Sharples, Hitchin, 40*l.*; Joseph Pease, South End, Darlington, 50*l.*; John Kitching, Stamford Hill, 100*l.*; Executors of John Kitching, 100*l.*; George Thomas, Bristol, 110*l.*; William Pollard, Hertford, 120*l.*; Joseph J. Lister, Upton, Essex, 120*l.*; Smith Harrison, Upton, 100*l.*; Henry E. Gurney, Reigate, 150*l.*; Samuel Gurney, M.P., Carshalton, Surrey, 450*l.*; William Fowler, Tottenham, 60*l.*; Joseph Gurney Barclay, Leytonstone, 600*l.*

The Quaker community, both in purse and personal exertion, have also been among the foremost in their endeavours to mitigate our great national curse—intemperance. They were among the first who joined the Temperance Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic, nor have they since in the least abated their zeal. On looking over the list of the subscribers to the Alliance, we find them contributing with their proverbial liberality. Among other generous Quaker donors are the names of Joseph Thorp, 75*l.*; Mrs. M. Martindale, 100*l.*; Caleb Wilson, Sunderland, 100*l.*; George Tatham, Leeds, 100*l.*; William Hargreaves, Sheffield, 100*l.*; James Cadbury, Banbury, 100*l.*; Mrs. Eliza Beakbane, Seaforth, 125*l.*; Edward Backhouse, Sunderland, 150*l.*; Robert Charlton, Bristol, 300*l.*; and John Priestman, Bradford, 500*l.*

The kindred movement, the Metropolitan Free Drinking-Fountain Association, established in 1859, owes its origin and no small portion of its ultimate success to the exertions of a Quaker gentleman, Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P. Observing the practicability and the good results attending a similar institution in Liverpool, established by Charles P. Melly, Esq., Mr. Gurney determined on trying an experiment of the kind in London. By his liberality, the first free drinking-fountain in the metropolis was erected on Snow Hill in 1859. Its success was greatly doubted while being constructed, but on its being thrown open to the public its advantages were immediately admitted. For many weeks after its completion it was found that no fewer than an average of 5000 persons drank at it daily, and a memorial from the working men in the neighbourhood was presented to Mr. Gurney expressing their gratitude for the inestimable boon, and imploring him to secure the erection of other similar drinking-fountains in different parts of London. Several leading philanthropists now joined Mr. Gurney, and the organization of the Metropolitan Free Drinking-Fountain Association was the result. The benefit this society has secured for the public, especially for the working classes, may be estimated from the fact that, while seven years since not a single drinking-fountain was to be found in the metropolis, eighty-nine are now erected through the exertions of the Association, and thrown open to all, besides some thirty or forty others erected by private individuals, no doubt stimulated by the good effects arising from those opened by the Association.

Nor have the efforts of the Association been confined solely to the welfare of mankind: dumb animals have experienced great benefit from it as well. The Association has established in different parts of London a large number of drinking-troughs for dogs, and five large troughs for oxen, sheep, and horses. The erection of many other drinking-fountains and troughs is also contemplated, but unfortunately the Association has not always met from the parochial authorities the patronage and assistance it so richly deserves. True, many of the vestries have aided it in a most praiseworthy manner, but still the majority of the metropolitan parishes have either been indifferent to the subject or directly hostile to it. Of the advantages arising from the establishment of drinking-fountains, perhaps the most remarkable are to be found in the immediate vicinity of the East India Docks. Around the entrance-gates of the import docks, where labourers and seamen are accustomed to congregate, there is a perfect colony of public-houses and beer-shops, and to these establishments no small number of the accidents and wounds which are attended to in the Poplar Hospital may be directly or indirectly traced. Since the opening of the drinking-fountain at the Dock-gates, these have diminished to a remarkable extent, and several of the beer-shops have even been closed. The publicans as a rule dread the opening of one of these fountains near them, far more than the establishment of a rival gin-palace. A publican a short time since threatened legal proceedings against one of the west-end vestries for allowing a drinking-fountain to be opened near his house, alleging that it had diminished his returns more than twenty-five per cent. Of course he did not carry out his threat, but the anecdote may serve to show how great the counter-attraction

of a drinking-fountain may be to a flourishing gin-palace.

One word more of Mr. Gurney before we quit the subject, as it may help to prove how great Quaker liberality and philanthropy frequently are. Not only has he been unceasing in his personal exertions in the cause of the Drinking-Fountain Association, but from the commencement he has, in addition to his annual subscription of fifty guineas, contributed to it four separate donations—two of 500*l.* each, one of 552*l.*, and another of 600*l.*

The Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment was also of Quaker origin. It started under great difficulties, the prejudices of the public being strong against the theory of the members. In spite of all the impediments thrown in their way, they have, however, at last succeeded in bringing the subject under the notice of the public, and have also to a considerable extent enlisted its favour. It was mainly through their efforts that the Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the provisions and operations of the laws of the United Kingdom by which capital punishment is inflicted, and into the manner in which it is carried into effect, and generally to state whether any alterations are required in such laws, and the mode of executing them. A sum was collected sufficient, not only to agitate the question generally, and to collect evidence for the Royal Commision, but also to publish many admirable tracts and pamphlets in support of their theory, that capital punishment tends rather to demoralize than to deter or to reclaim criminals. The Friends have been unremitting in their personal exertions, and if they do not succeed in obtaining the total abolition of death-punishment, there is but little doubt that the effects of their exertions will be to lessen the frequency, and greatly to modify the manner of public executions. In looking down the list of members of the association, we find that a large majority of them are members of the Society of Friends, and among them many of their leading men; the names of Samuel Gurney, M.P.; J. Gurney Barclay, Joseph Spence, John Pease, William Malcomson, Edward Smith, the Backhouse family, and many others appear there. No small portion of the credit due to the success of the society should be accorded to Mr. William Tallack, the secretary, whose efforts to promote the success of the association have not only been unceasing, but marked by an energy and talent difficult to surpass, and but rarely equalled.

The Peace Society, and the Aborigines Protection Society, were both originated, and are almost entirely supported by the Society of Friends. In all works of public beneficence, their names may be found among the most liberal subscribers. To the distressed operatives in the cotton famine, their subscriptions as a body, apart from private benefactions, far exceeded those of any other community in England, being considerably more than 1*l.* per head on their whole numbers.

But liberal as the subscriptions of the Society of Friends are to all public philanthropic objects, it must not be imagined that they fall behind in private beneficence. We have had many instances placed before us which would fully prove the contrary, and which we would willingly have published, were it discreet to do so. The names we have mentioned are to be found in published printed lists, and are public property, which may be quoted without any abuse of confidence.

The most remarkable fact, however, in connection with the Quakers remains yet to be told. We refer to the fewness of their numbers when compared with the sums they are in the habit of contributing to charitable works. The whole Quaker community of England together does not exceed 13,000 souls, or, in other words, their numbers are about equal to one-tenth part of the population of the metropolitan parish of Bethnal Green.

In the exercise of charity in England, it is certainly singular to find that the two religious communities which are the most opposed to each other in theology, manners, and habits—the Jews and the Quakers—are the most liberal. Both not only maintain and educate their own poor, considering it a disgrace for them to come upon the parish funds for relief, but they are also among the most charitable donors to the poor of other denominations. The Jew is exceedingly ostentatious and expensive in his habits; the Quaker, on the contrary, is noted for his simple method of living, and, without the slightest approach to parsimony, is in most things economical. The only general point of resemblance between them, apart from their great benevolence, is their love of sobriety and their temperate habits. We believe it would be almost an impossibility to quote an instance in which a Jew or a Quaker made his appearance at the bar of a police-court for being drunk or disorderly. The poor among the Jewish community are far more numerous than among the Quakers, being nearly one in six of their gross numbers: while those of the Quakers will not average more than one in thirty-three. At the same time it should be borne in mind that the wealthy Jews rarely or never quit their community; while the wealthy Quakers frequently desert theirs. Altogether, without any disrespect to the Hebrew community, who are certainly most bountiful, we prefer the method of charity exercised by the Quakers. There is more system in it, and they appear to co-operate together with greater energy. The Jews seldom take any very active part in public philanthropic movements, contenting themselves with liberal donations. The Quakers, on the contrary, not only give as liberally as the Jews, but are also untiring in their personal exertions to carry out the object in view, even although, as in the case of the abolition of slavery, the abolition of the punishment of death, and other enterprises, it may be many years before they reap the reward of their labours.

Both Jew and Quaker are occasionally accused of

"The bird that sitteth by the rose,
While dews are chill, and on the hill the first red sunbeam glows."

exercising their charity with an eye to self-interest; but, judging of the tree by its fruits, we are inclined to think transactions of the kind must be exceedingly rare. There is no doubt that the greater portion of the tales extant about these two classes are simply the inventions of persons envious of good qualities of which they themselves are destitute. At the same time, it must be admitted that some of these anecdotes are exceedingly quaint. One we have heard was of a Jew furniture-dealer, who had received an order for the board-room table of a certain charitable society. He waited on the committee at the appointed hour, but it was some short time before he was admitted into their presence. In the interim he entered into conversation with a clerk in the outer office. Among other things spoken of was the object for which the society was instituted. He listened with much interest to the details, and was so much pleased with all he heard that he determined to become a subscriber. Wishing, however, to do so with the least possible loss to himself, he raised the price of the table from 20*l.* to 25*l.*, and then liberally gave 5*l.* to the charity. Another anecdote, perhaps still more absurd, is told of a certain Quaker gentleman resident in the outskirts of a large country town, who had resolved on assisting the Free Drinking-Fountain movement. Outside his garden wall and close to his house he erected a pump with an iron cup attached to it, so that any thirsty passenger could drink without the necessity of resorting to a public-house. He received many compliments on his benevolence, all of which he took with becoming modesty. At last two mechanics, who had been engaged in a factory in the town, were passing to their work, when, feeling thirsty, they stopped at the pump to drink. After they had satisfied their thirst, one remarked to the other that the leverage of the pump appeared exceeding heavy for the quantity of water it threw up. A few days afterwards, having some work to perform in the Quaker gentleman's house, they discovered the clue to the mystery of the heavy leverage. A crank, it seemed, had been applied to the pump inside the garden wall, so that every stroke of the piston cast up as much water into a cistern at the top of the house as was yielded to those on the outside who pumped it up to satisfy their thirst.

But to be serious again. It may now fairly be asked, how it comes that, if the rich Quakers not unfrequently quit their community, and the body obtains its recruits from those possessing but moderate means, the Friends have the wealth necessary to give with such wonderful liberality as we have seen they do? The question is easily answered. It is in great part to be attributed to their common-sense adaptation of the proverb, "Waste not, want not." The simplicity of their habits precludes their spending their money on theatres, balls, concerts, expensive dress, and fashionable luxuries in general. To this should also be added the absence of all cost in maintaining their religious observances. All Quaker ministers are unpaid, and the money thus saved is applied by them to benevolent purposes. These, with a talent for co-operation by organizing societies and committees, combined with the importance they attach to works of charity as commanded of Christ, enable them to perform acts of benevolence to a far greater extent than any other religious community in the country.

UNCHANGING.

THE Poet singeth like the bird that sitteth by the rose,
While dews are chill, and on the hill the first red sunbeam glows,
While through the buds' thick-folded green the first red rose-streak shows.
Sing, Poet, sing, of Hope and Spring—
Still sing beside thy rose.

The Poet singeth like the bird that sitteth by the rose,
While on the golden summer-noon her golden heart o'erflows;
And now she waxeth red, now pale, yet ever is the rose.
Sing Poet, sooth, of love and youth—
Still sing beside thy rose.

The Poet singeth like the bird that sitteth by the rose,
When from the drooping stalk her brief sweet glory earthward goes,
And the red is kindling on the leaf that fadeth from the rose.
Sing, Poet, sing, remembering—
Still sing beside thy rose.

DORA GREENWELL.

THE LONELINESS OF SELF.

By THE EDITOR.

"Verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone."—John xii. 24.

We are all familiar with this fact in the vegetable kingdom. We must part with the seed corn and bury it out of sight, or it can never increase itself into a full ear of many grains clustered round the one head. If we keep it, it will remain unproductive, like that held for ages in the shrivelled hand of the mummy. If, on the other hand, we cast it into the ground, it will be lost for a time in death, but will re-appear in richer form, and bring forth fruit, in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some a hundred-fold. And so it is, through a constant dying and rising again to newness of life, that there are ever waving more plenteously golden harvests of fruitfulness and blessing.

And by this fact Our Lord illustrates His own death and resurrection, with the glory which was to follow. In the verses which immediately precede the one quoted, we read "that certain Greeks had come up to the feast, and desired to see Jesus." This was a great moment in His life, for these Greeks were the earliest representatives of that Gentile world which would one day believe in Him. They were the first fruits of that great harvest, which was ultimately to be gathered from all lands into the garner of the Lord. The long expected hour had therefore come when "the Son of Man was to be glorified." But, ere this glory could be realised, He himself must die. How would He feel when contemplating this death and burial, with all the mysterious woe by which they were to be accompanied? Would He say "Father, save me from this hour"? No! For if He should refuse to die, He would be doomed to remain alone and solitary. In such a case, there would be no gathering of men to Him, as their living Root and Head. "But for this cause," He adds, "came I unto this hour;" and instead, therefore, of saying, in the love of self, "Save me from this hour," He would rather say, in the spirit of self-sacrificing love to God and man, "Father, glorify thy name!" "Then came there a voice from Heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again," after which Our Lord exultingly exclaims, in seeing the grand results of His death, and all the glory that would be, "Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the Prince of this world be cast out: and I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This he said, *signifying what death he should die.*" Jesus himself, then, was the corn of wheat.

By this fact our Lord further illustrates a great law in the moral world, and that is, the indispensable necessity of each man dying to a life of mere self, before he can possess and enjoy that which is alone true life; or, in other words, before he can bring forth that kind of fruit which is necessarily demanded from him, as the very end of his existence—love to God and love to man. We are, moreover, taught that this law, when broken, visits the transgressor with the righteous punishment of being left alone in the solitariness of his own being. Our own corrupt, selfish nature is thus the grain of wheat which must be buried in the grave with Jesus Christ, if we would rise with Him, and share His own true life of fellowship with God and man. Hence He says, "He who loveth his life shall lose it;" that is, he who loves his life of self without God, refusing to part with it and to bury it out of sight, must lose true life in God, even as he who refuses to part with the seed must lose the harvest. On the other hand, "he who hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal;" that is, he who parts with and buries this false life in time, shall possess that true life which from its nature is eternal. And thus we see that, as by a law in the world of material things, a corn of wheat, unless it fall into the ground and die, is doomed to abide alone; even so by a similar law in the world of spiritual realities, the man who refuses to die to self is also doomed to remain for ever solitary, and to abide *alone*.

This teaching of Our Lord shows us that loneliness is the necessary and righteous punishment of a selfish or unloving soul.

It is quite possible that, at the first blush, loneliness will not strike one as being a very dire or terrible suffering. But it must appear in this light on a more correct view of the case, and I hope to be able to help towards this more correct view.

Let me at the outset observe that there are various kinds of loneliness. There is, for example, the loneliness occasioned by physical distance from our fellowmen; as when we wander along the shore of the great ocean with nothing to disturb the awful silence, except the beat of the sea-wave, or the lonely cry of the sea-bird; or when, penetrating far into the deeper solitudes of the mountains, we reach at last the bare and breezy ridge, and from thence look down into the valley with its small, clear stream, or gaze around upon the dark moorland or the wild tumult of the hills, and hear only the wild piping of the wandering wind, or the echo of the distant cataract. But there is no painful sense of loneliness in such scenes, for fellowship with God may be enjoyed in them.

There is another kind of loneliness, arising from intellectual distance. This is experienced by the man who, having ascended some high peak of thought, or of scientific discovery, must neces-

sarily leave the crowd far beneath him for a time at least. In the thoughts which must possess and absorb his intellectual being, he remains alone. Still the affections of this man can all the while have full play. He can enjoy fellowship with God and man, and possess all that is essential to his well-being when he can thus love and be beloved.

There is again the loneliness of a holy and a loving heart,—a sense of isolation, which is profoundly realised by one who, from the very purity and disinterestedness of his life, meets with inadequate sympathy. This was no small ingredient in the suffering of our blessed Lord. In the circle of His followers, even within the narrower circle of His Apostles, He was often alone—alone in His sorrows and in His joys, because alone in the perfection of His love. Nevertheless He said, "I am not alone, for the Father is with Me." But for this fellowship with His Father, He was indeed lonely and solitary. And thus it is, in a greater or less degree, with all who are like Him. Love will ever be lonely amidst sin. Yet while thus sorrowing it is always rejoicing, for such solitude is but the dark shadow cast from the body of sin, on which the bright light of love is ever shining. It is thus impossible that there can be any real loneliness to a loving soul while a God of love exists with whom it can hold communion.

And there is a loneliness of spirit arising from selfishness that is wholly different from any of the kinds I have alluded to, and is perhaps the only real solitude which exists and expresses a condition of being, the misery of which it is impossible adequately to conceive, far less to describe. The more we ponder over it, and try to comprehend and measure the magnitude of this dread consequence of sin, the more does it awe and solemnize the spirit. There is no image which can fully picture a state so unutterably dreary and forlorn. The sailor upon his one solitary plank, the sole survivor of his foundered ship, and drifting hopelessly on a shoreless sea; the prisoner in his solitary cell, separated for life from the busy tide of human existence which flows ever past his prison-house; —what are such lonely beings when compared with him who, in his idolatry of self, has separated himself in spirit from God and man, and is doomed for ever to abide alone?

But the truth will be perceived more clearly when it is realised that there are just two conditions of being, either of which must constitute our character. We must either love God and our brother, or not love them. Let it be carefully noticed that neutrality or indifference in this case is a moral impossibility. For, indeed, not to love God and our brother is positively to possess the elements of hate to both. "He that loveth *not* his brother is a murderer:" "He who loveth *not* his brother abideth in death:" "He who loveth *not*, knoweth not God:" and "This *is* life eternal, to know Thee the only living and true God." "He who is not with me is against me:" thus every man is poor who "lays up treasure for *himself* and is not rich towards God." Love and self represent therefore two different kinds of character, or antagonistic principles, either of which marks each man as he is known to God, and determines as a whole whether he is good or bad. I have called them antagonistic principles; for while love seeks its life out of its self and beyond itself, self seeks to find life in itself. Love, in order to possess, sacrifices self; self, in order to possess, keeps itself, and would sacrifice love. Love seeketh not her own; self always seeks her own. Love is humility; self is pride. Love is the moral attraction of souls, and by it they become one without losing their individuality; self is the repulsion of souls, even when they outwardly associate together. Hence love is the eternal law of order, with its consequent blessedness; while self is the eternal law of disorder, with its consequent misery. Accordingly, love from its very nature draws like to like—the loving to the beloved; while self from the opposite pole of being repels self, even as hate repels hate. The one is the Omnipotent gravitating power which unites all orders of moral beings, and makes them move in harmony with each other and with all, as they circle around the loving God; and the other is a destructive force which separates worlds, ever tending to scatter them "as wandering stars, to which are reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

I notice, then:—(1) that an unloving soul is *without God in the world*. The question here is not as to the reality of God's love to us: that is certain. But what if this love of God to man is neither believed in, nor appreciated, nor returned by man? Of what avail is all this divine beauty, if the eye be blind which should perceive it? What can it profit, that the divine music rolls through the universe, if there be no ear opened to receive its glad sounds? It is evident that without mutual love, fellowship is an impossibility. Mutual love is the mutual possession of living souls. It is that alone which constitutes their oneness,—which enables each to say, "Thou art mine, and I am thine." It is thus Jesus Christ unites God and man: "All mine are thine, and thine are mine." We are in Him thus "made perfect in one." Now, if we do not love God, we do not know Him: for "he who loveth not knoweth not God." He may be, as He is, everywhere present, laying his hand upon us, besetting us behind and before, pouring down upon us ten thousand proofs of His good will, and revealing His glory to us; but unless the heart receives this love and returns it, it is practically the same to us as if God did not exist. To us, in this case, the universe is without a Father, even as it is without a sun at noonday to a blind man. "God is light, and with Him there is no darkness at all": "If we say that we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness, we lie, and know not the truth."

(2) The unloving soul is *without Christ in the*

world. Jesus is one with God in being, in character, and in love to man. To prove His knowledge of us individually, His interest in us, His love to us, would be to recall every feature of His character, and to record every word and action of His life. He came into the world, not merely to atone for our sins, but to impart to us, through His Spirit, that life of love which He had from eternity with his Father; so that, in the possession of the same life, we might "have fellowship with the Father and the Son, and with one another." He represents Himself accordingly as standing at our door knocking, and saying, "If any man open unto me, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." This supping with Him is the very symbol of the fellowship of brotherly love. But how is it possible for such intercourse to be realized, if Self bars the door and there is no Love to open it and bid Jesus welcome? Jesus may be as physically near to us as He was to Satan for forty days in the wilderness, and yet between us, as between Jesus and Satan, there may be an impassable moral gulf. Judas was not really further from Christ, when he sat beside Him at the Last Supper, and saw His face, and heard His words, and had his feet washed by Him, than when he went forth from that upper chamber, as the son of perdition, to his own place. So, "we may speak with the tongue of men and of angels, understand all mysteries, and have all knowledge, yet without love we are nothing." So long, therefore, as a man neither believes in Christ, nor returns the love of Christ, he is "*without Christ* in the world:" and on such a man Christ even now passes this sentence: "I know you not."

(3) The unloving soul is *without the Spirit*,—without "the communion of the Holy Ghost." The Spirit of God, in His whole character, and in His love towards us, is one with the Father and the Son. "He sheds abroad upon our hearts the love of God." "The fruit of the Spirit is love." It is His work to glorify Jesus as the Son and to impart to us the same spirit of adoption and of brotherly affection. And hence "He strives with man," and in manifold ways seeks, in consistency with His own perfect love, and with man's perfect freedom, to deliver him from the bondage of self, and to set him free in the glorious liberty of the children of God. But, what if the sinner "receives the grace of God in vain?" What, if he "always resists the Holy Ghost," and is consciously "disobedient to the heavenly vision," and "prefers the darkness to the light?" What if he refuses to be "led by the Spirit," to "walk in the Spirit," to "bring forth the fruits of the Spirit," and despises the comfort of the Holy Ghost, so that the thought of God's Spirit ceasing to strive with him, and of His threatening to leave him alone, fills him with no alarm, nor excites the agonising cry, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me!" In such a case, is it not evident that, whatever the love of the Spirit may be, however constant His ministrations, however unwearied His pleadings, however touching His appeals, yet if we will not yield ourselves to these, it surely may be said of us with perfect truth, "These are they which separate themselves, *having not the Spirit.*" Though the Eternal Wisdom cries without, saying, "Turn ye at my reproof, behold I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you," yet if "scorners will delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge," to them the awful words may be addressed, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded: but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof, . . . therefore shall ye eat the fruit of your own ways, and be filled with your own devices," "Ephraim is joined to his idols, *let him alone.*"

(4) The unloving soul is *without the Communion of Saints.* As we believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord, and in the Holy Ghost: so do we believe also in the Catholic Church, and in the Communion of Saints. There is but one family in heaven and in earth; and one mind, one spirit, pervades all. Now there is nothing more real on earth, than the love of the true church to the world. It reflects, in this, the character of its living Head. As He was, so are they, the members of His body in the world. Nothing can prevent Christians from loving. They cannot choose but do so. And thus the Christian wife loves the godless husband with a depth and reality which he, the selfish man, cannot understand; and so does the Christian parent love the so-called worthless child. In like manner, the Christian missionary, touched with that love which makes the mighty angels rejoice over one repentant sinner, labours to induce others to share this love, and is willing to die to accomplish his object. But what if the object of all this love remains unmoved by it? What if he checks, and by every means banishes, the rising emotion in his bosom, which would return this blessed affection? The unloving may, indeed, in some respects admire the possession of Christian love in others, from their experiencing as human beings some of the good which it bestows; but beauty, intellect, genius, wit, or fashion may be the real object of attraction, and not the spiritual beauty and grandeur of Christian love for its own sake; and so long as there is no fellowship or communion in this, there is no fellowship or communion in what is real and eternal. Two beings may thus grow up in the same family side by side, and may be called brother and sister, parent and child; or they may be united in the closest earthly bonds as husband and wife; yet if they do not possess that true love which begins and ends in God—Father, Son, and Spirit—there is no real abiding union between them.

Now, it is surely very important to observe the position which the unloving soul thus occupies in relation to all holy and loving personalities. He is

not rejected by them, but they are rejected by him: they do not shut him out from their hearts, but he shuts them out from his heart; they do not refuse to lavish upon him all the riches of their affection, for love necessitates this bestowal of all their treasures, but he refuses to be enriched by them; they do not say "Depart from us," they say, "Come to us, be one with us, and we will do thee good," but he replies "Depart from me, I seek not you but myself."

Well, what could I say to such a man? What words could I use to express my sense of the reality of his sin? He has given up fellowship with the Holy Trinity, and with the saints, and fallen back upon himself, and upon other persons who sympathize with him in his iniquity. In doing this, he has done a deed of terrible evil in the universe of God! He has shut out from his heart the God who created him to glorify and to enjoy Him for ever, and who in love sent His Son to seek and save him; he has shut out the Saviour, who in love left heaven and came to earth, who died on the cross, and who lives for evermore to redeem him; and he has shut out the Holy Spirit, who would be his sanctifier, his comforter, his joy for ever; and he has excluded all the holy ones, who loved or would have loved him as they loved themselves: and he has exchanged all these for—himself! Could I address such a man personally, I would ask him with all that earnestness for his recovery and fear for his loss which is prompted by love:—How dare you lose your soul? How dare you rob your God, your Saviour, and your Sanctifier of that which belongs to them, and not to you? How dare you rob all the loving ones in the universe of yourself, whom they seek to possess and love for ever? How dare you add another wicked and miserable soul to the wickedness and misery already so dreadful? You have done a deed of fearful wrong, for which you must answer to your God!

And what is to become of such a man? Whither can he flee for life? He must live for ever, but alone and solitary. If he ascends to Heaven, to him God is not there; if he makes his bed in the grave, He is not there; if he flies to the uttermost parts of the sea, He is not there; for no eye but love can see God and live. How inconceivably dreadful is this condition! To live for ever without any object or pursuit worthy of the immortal spirit: to live without hope, without fellowship, without love. Yet whither can he fly to be delivered from his insupportable burden? Who will have compassion upon the outcast? He thinks, perhaps, that there is one who will. The Godhead, he may imagine, is mysterious to him; angels are of another nature; and the saints are strangers; but in that holy company there is one to whom he may fly when the shadows of the eternal night are falling around his lonely spirit. That one is the sainted mother who bore him, who bent over his infant-couch with many prayers and longings unutterable, whose whole life was an intercession before the throne of God with supplications and tears for his good, who would have died to save him, and whose spirit ascended to God with the petition that her orphan child might meet her in a happier world. Alas! alas! that child's struggle has been a life-long struggle against eternal right. And could she meet him now, her eyes would be turned away from him. What shadow from the old past might darken her radiant brow I know not;—what pang from old memories might once more throb in her holy and peaceful bosom I know not; but certain it is that even she could not love one whose heart was at enmity with her God and Saviour, and with all she loved and rejoiced in. But it is after all a contradiction to suppose that a soul lost to the sense of good would ever seek to have communion with anyone whose very life consisted in fellowship with God. The cry of "me miserable! which way shall I fly?" might still be heard amidst the society and glories of Heaven, so long as the soul could feel "myself am Hell." Oh how true is it that—

> "He who shuts out love shall be
> Shut out from love, and on her threshold lie
> Weeping in outer darkness."

He who will not seek his God, whose name is Love, would not seek his earthly parent, though glowing in the possession of the same Divine attribute. Whither then, I again ask, can the unloving one fly for fellowship? In the wide universe, where can he find it? He has rejected the love of the Holy Trinity and the Saints, where can he discover hearts more affectionate? Does he fly to himself! Self cannot sustain self. Does he seek to satisfy himself with things? All the things in the universe of God cannot from their nature satisfy persons, any more than dust can satisfy the eye. To what persons, then, can he fly? To those like-minded with himself, who may open their doors and receive him into their everlasting habitations? But, alas! there can be no union, no fellowship with them. Whatever may be the condition of any world in the eternal deep which contains the outcasts from the earth—whatever may be the way in which its inhabitants employ and pervert their powers, and attempt to satisfy their false life—whatever proofs it may bear in its forms of material beauty, and in its immunity from physical torment, of the direction of a God who will not take from, but rather give all that is possible even to the wicked—yet no picture can be more terrific to the imagination than that of a society of responsible beings possessing everything except the love of God, the love of Christ, the love of the Spirit, and, therefore, possessing undying hate to God and to one another. In such society no fellowship is possible in the nature of things. Self must repel self; and, in the midst of the crowd, whatever may give a semblance of union, self must for ever remain alone in the gloom of its own unlovingness.

This conclusion I acknowledge is a very awful one. It seems at first almost impossible that such a state of things can be realised by any human being. We start back with an involuntary shudder as we reach the brink of that abyss to which we are led in following the track of the man who departs from God and walketh in darkness. We gaze into the impassable gulf which separates wrong from right, enmity from love, and recoil from the dreary spectacle. But is it not true? And if so, what aspect can sin and its consequences ever present save one which must fill every holy and loving soul with horror? That must be indeed dreadful which makes God angry, and compels the loving Jesus Christ as Judge to say, "Depart from me!" That state must needs be dreadful which compelled the most loving heart on earth to say of one man who was possessed of it, that it were better he had never been born.

Now, if I have dwelt long upon the character and consequences of self-idolatry or enmity to God and man, it is because I believe that a deeper sense of the evil, a more thorough realisation of it, will help to make men fly from the wrath now present and to come, and induce them to take refuge in the only place of safety, because the only state which is right—that is, in the knowledge and love of God through faith in Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

I readily admit that the view which I have been presenting may appear to some as if it were a coloured or exaggerated picture. It may be alleged, for example, that I attach to a mere affection greater powers than can possibly belong to it as bearing on our happiness. But can it be so, if that affection constitutes the very essence of character, and if character constitutes the essence of our life and peace? If God himself is love, what can be worse than to be "alienated from the life of God?" And surely our own experience might convince us of the power of a right or wrong state of being to change all persons and all things to us, when we were ourselves changed to them? The opening or shutting of the eye to the sun is apparently insignificant, yet this, like the opening or shutting of the heart to God, determines whether the world shall be to us all light or all darkness. In the every-day case of human love, or human passion, does not the world and all things become veiled in darkness or become full of light as the object of affection rejects or accepts the proffered love? In this instance we perceive how life itself, with all its pursuits and enjoyments, is affected by the fact of fellowship or no fellowship with another person. And if our relationship to a poor frail creature can have this marvellous power on our existence here, why should it seem strange that our relationship to God, the fountain of all true and pure love, should have an overpowering effect on our existence for ever? Have we never witnessed the change produced in a single day on the life of a man who might possess all the world could give, yet who became indifferent to everything, so that nothing could soothe or charm him, and his very existence became a burthen to him. And why? because he had lost his dear child. But if the extinguishing of this one little light of love glowing in a babe's heart, or expressed in its affectionate embrace, could produce such an effect as this on another person, why again, I ask, should we deem it an exaggeration to suppose that a soul separated, from whatever cause, from all love, should be most miserable.

Again, it may be alleged that the view I have expressed does not harmonize with other facts of life and of man's history on this side of the grave; and seems therefore to be a mere arbitrary act of punishment for sin rather than the necessary and natural result of sin itself. We see nothing like this, it may be said, in human history; any approach to such self-worship, any such exclusion of the love of others from the heart, is a monstrous and unnatural supposition. Alas! I wish I could form so pleasing an estimate from observation or experience of human nature, as to believe in its incapacity to sink down by its own depravity to be a devil, as firmly as I believe in its capacity to rise up by the grace of God to be a saint. I will not add to the pain occasioned by dwelling on the night-side of life, by attempting to illustrate the depth of utter selfishness, and the corresponding development of hate, to which a human being may reach, even in this world, so full of God's glory, and the manifestations of His love and grace. The annals of crime too frequently reveal to us, as by flashes of lurid light, what is within the volcano of the depraved heart. And how much more is open to God, who alone can search its hidden recesses, and to whom alone each human being is known as he is!

This being admitted, it may next be questioned how far we can see evidences in this world of the selfish spirit being always accompanied by the dark shadow of loneliness, or even by a shade of it. The reverse of this—indeed a hearty and jovial fellowship, seems more frequently to be the result of a consistent selfishness. In cases where there is even the open denial of what is termed religion, or an utter indifference to its claims, without any conscious faith towards God, and little faith in unseen persons or things, there are often no signs of solitude or loneliness being experienced. Nay, it may often be said of many such men, "They are not in trouble as other men. Their eyes stand out with fatness. They have more than their hearts can wish, and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them." But without any wish to dim the brightness of this picture of life, yet I must make one or two brief observations upon it, to enable us to reconcile it with the darker one suggested by the principles we have been considering.

Our present life, it must be remembered, is a

period or dispensation of peace and of mercy to the very worst. Where tares exist, they are not rooted out, but allowed to mingle and to grow up with the wheat until the harvest, receiving in the meantime the same genial influences from Him who causes His sun to shine on the evil and the good, who never leaves Himself without a witness in that He does good, filling our hearts with food and gladness, and who is merciful to the unthankful. These mercies from Heaven, which the selfish man perverts, and turns into the very aliment of his sinfulness, are yet intended by God to lead him to Himself in love. There are many merciful props, moreover, outside as it were of the man, to hinder him for a time from falling back on himself alone, and to help him to seek after God. The pleasurable sensations derived through the body; the labour required to sustain it; the ten thousand things which occupy the mind, with the abundant supplies which wealth furnishes to nourish a life without God, and which "consists in the abundance of things possessed;"—all this world, as it now is, can to a great degree draw men from the loneliness of themselves, so as to make them imagine they are increased in goods and in need of nothing, even when poor and needy and blind and naked. In forming our estimate of the power of the present world and the constitution of society to save men for a time from experiencing the natural consequences of their deeds, we must also take into account the many checks imposed by consistent selfishness on itself and for its own more intense gratification; with the absolute necessity of surrounding ourselves with other personalities,—to make even some sacrifices of self in one form to gain it in another—to gratify, for example, selfish vanity, pride, ambition, or sensual indulgence. And thus even the very graceful manners of society—the proper desire to be agreeable and to give pleasure to others, the deference shown to their opinions, feelings, and prejudices,—all this looks like love, and pleases the eye; although, on closer investigation, it is seen to be only the garb of essential selfishness. For while love and self start from different points in the soul within, they lead, as far as appearances go, to the same results in the world without. The only difference between true Christian society inspired by genuine love, and society without it, is, that the fellowship between man and man, with all its tenderness, considerateness, gentleness, grace, and courtesy, is in the one case the expression of real goodwill and self-forgetfulness, while in the other case it is but the expression of a refined and cultivated self-seeking. Both are alike in outward colour and form, but the one is a bouquet of flowers gathered from nature, while the other is the product of mere art. A near inspection soon detects the difference between life and death—the work of God and the work of man—and we perceive in the one group only the delicious aroma, which is the product of the sun of heaven and of its refreshing dew.

Neither must we overlook the fact that our present life is one in which the consequences of good and evil are very imperfectly developed; and this fact forms a part of our system by which we are trained to love the one for its own sake, and to hate the other. It may be said therefore, with reference to the future history of both the righteous and the wicked, that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." We see the beginnings, the *tendencies* of things, rather than their growth and full development—prophecies rather than fulfilments. We discern the loathsomeness of the leprosy by anticipation, knowing what the white spot must one day become, unless the disease be eradicated from the system by the power of God. But if we walk by sight only, it is not to be wondered at that appearances should deceive us, and that the contrast should appear to be exaggerated between the selfish man in the midst of ease and affluence, without fear or anxiety, and the same man left with himself alone. But this very fact it is which makes many of the narratives of our Lord so alarming. Who would imagine that a selfish Dives could this day be clothed in scarlet and faring sumptuously, and to-morrow be separated by an impassable gulf from the unselfish Lazarus? Who could believe that the farmer, who to-day is lapped in comfort, saying to his soul "Take thine ease," should this night go forth into the eternal world as a fool and a beggar, leaving all he possessed behind him because he had laid up treasure for himself only! Who, having seen Judas seated at the paschal supper, forming one of that holy society, and breathing the atmosphere of that scene of heavenly calm, could have supposed it possible that the traitor carried within his bosom at that moment a selfishness of spirit which in a few hours would seal his doom, and for ever separate him from Christ and His church.

But I have been arguing on the supposition that loneliness and isolation are a species of suffering seldom if ever experienced in this world. Still a knowledge of ourselves and of other men might, I think, warrant a conclusion the very opposite, and convince us that the more we live to self alone, the more we must live alone with self. Even in those ranks of society whose arrangements and manifold adaptations are most calculated to withdraw the unloving man from himself alone, there ever and anon occur moments of reflection, lucid intervals, when the gayest votary cannot choose but feel how, in spite of all these refuges, he is a lonely being amidst the crowd. No man realises this more intensely than he who prides himself on being what is called a man of the world, and on knowing the elements which compose his society, and the secret springs that guide its movements. "Self-sacrificing love, that seeks not her own!" he is disposed to exclaim in the bitterness of his soul, "where is this, forsooth, to be found in any of the fine cement which binds man to man? For myself, I neither pretend to show it, nor expect to receive it. I live

to please myself, and enjoy myself, and I assume that others do the same. We are necessary to each other in order to our mutual gratification; and we are united, not by what we are, but by what we can give in order to receive our own back again with usury. Men love the things I can give them. They relish my wines and enjoy my dinners—but myself? Let misfortune overtake me, and let me have nothing but myself to give, and who would care to receive me!" Thus confessed one, at whose feet the world worshipped, and who worshipped himself supremely:—

> "Tho' gay companions round the bowl
> Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
> Tho' passion fire the maddening soul,
> *The heart, the heart is lonely still!*"

As years advance, the conviction steals over the soul of the mere man of the world, like frost at midnight, that his companions are falling away from him—that he is becoming more and more isolated—more and more thrown back on himself, without the sympathy or brotherhood of human hearts. Old age comes, and it separates him more and more from the world without, while the world within becomes more and more to him as a cell where he must suffer solitary confinement. The spirit of loneliness hems him in, and ever confines him within a narrower circle whose centre is himself, deluded, disappointed, irritated; and he, like the scorpion when surrounded by fire, turns the sting upon himself. The death-bed is at last reached, and as he lies there at midnight, with the winds blowing coldly without, or the snow falling like a shroud around him, he sees that he must go forth alone into the unknown world beyond—O how sad and dreary! Cable after cable is snapping which bound him to the outward and visible, and like a disabled and forsaken wreck he is about to drift on the bosom of a mysterious and shoreless sea! Where could I point to a more remarkable illustration of this in modern times than the latter days of a once famous man of fashion, an account of whose life,—poor, useless, and selfish,—has been published, if not for edification at least for warning. Could the fancy picture such a scene as the reality presents? The man who once ruled as a very despot over that world which was presumed to contain within its charmed circle all that was refined, tasteful, and notably aristocratic—he who attracted peers and princes by his combined powers of wit, irony, flattery, and cultivated taste in the art of playing the perfect gentleman, became in the end poor and bankrupt—was deserted, trampled on, no man going to him, the very children in the street mocking him, until, as his mind began to waver, and he acted all alone the plays of the past, and smiled, and bowed, and paid compliments to the ghosts of the great and fashionable who flitted before his wandering eye, he owed to some charitable nuns the kindly ministrations which they were wont to extend to the pauper outcast.

Or take another instance—that of a man whose crimes and miserable suicide were familiar to the country and filled it with pain some years ago, and which were thus described at the time by one of the ablest of our journals:—"With dishonest appropriation of assets on every side—with forged deeds, fictitious securities, and illegitimate shares to the value on a single 'transaction' of a quarter of a million, closing their inextricable meshes around him—each day brought with it only a new crime and a more inevitable certainty of detection. And yet all went on smoothly, calmly, and respectably with this enormous and increasing mass of roguery and wickedness. Not a scratch on the skin betrayed the hidden cancer—not a ripple ruffled the smooth tranquillity of the Dead Sea within him. The decorous statesman—the worthy chairman—the genial sportsman—in all shone the well-regulated and polished mediocrity. In the committee-room, in the board-room, at the cover-side, the even smile and ordinary speech never betrayed the hell seething, scorching, and raging within. No fiercer woes could the imagination of poets devise, or the severity of divines anticipate, than such a life as he doomed himself to lead. At any rate, man could not visit him with heavier vengeance than was the daily punishment which he inflicted on himself."

And, to pass from the real to the ideal—yet, after all, the real still—what a terrible picture is drawn by our great dramatist of the selfish spirit when it has reached its last stage, where habitual selfishness has developed into habitual crime, and become so tyrannous and strong, that with a daring hand it endeavours to break down every barrier of law which would restrain its wild excesses, and seeks to sacrifice every person to its own unprincipled desires. This dread condition of spirit is embodied in the history of the man who, to gain his own ends, murdered all those who stood between him and a throne. But having done so—having gained self—he thereby becomes a terror and a curse to himself. His own fear and troubled conscience create the spectres which crowd around him, bend over him at midnight, glare on him with their accusing eyes, point to him with their icy fingers, and petrify him by their looks of righteous condemnation. Yet these are but self punishing self. He starts up in horror from his terrible nightmares, and what to him is the kingdom which he governs, the soldiers who are massed around him, or the crowd of courtiers who are ready in the morning to bend to him the obsequious knee? He is alone—alone amongst the crowd—alone with himself—and that is agony unendurable.

> "Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
> What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
> * * * *
> Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am:
> Then fly. What, from myself? great reason: why?
> Lest I revenge. What, myself, upon myself?
> Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
> That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no! alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
* * * *
I shall despair: there is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me."

One other illustration. In the Old Testament we have a real picture, to me most awing and solemnising, of the loneliness of a proud self-seeking heart. It is that of Saul. He had separated himself from his most loving friends: Samuel had stood by him as long as possible, and at last departed with a sorrow which mourned bitterly in secret for the fallen king. But Samuel is now dead. A ghastly gloom settles over the spirit of Saul. The harp of the sweet singer of Israel can no longer silence the jarring discords of unruly passion by its cunning minstrelsies. The tender and womanly love of Jonathan can no longer soften his father's heart, or refresh its withered affections, as drops of dew falling into an aged thorn. Saul the king, the Pride of Israel, is alone! At last the hosts of the Philistines have mustered on the sides of Gilboa, and on the morrow a great battle must be fought. What an unutterably tragic spectacle is that of the king passing, in darkness, to the foul cave of the witch of Endor; his spirit bowed down like a pine-tree bent beneath the midnight gale, yet willing to hold converse with even the mysterious world of the dead, if he can only find one there whom he once called friend, who pitied him when alive, and who may yet retain some gentle and sympathising remembrances of the olden time. And when the miserable man sees, or thinks he sees, in the gloom of the cave, and with the eyes of a broken heart and distempered imagination, the form of old Samuel, oh! what a wailing cry is that out of the depths of an utterly desolate and lonely spirit—"I am sore distressed! The Philistines make war upon me, and God has departed from me, and answereth me no more!"

Such is the selfishness of sin, and the loneliness which, even in this world, it is doomed to endure!

There is no escape except in coming within the circle of abiding and eternal love. God's moral law is as unchangeable as His own being, and it is "fulfilled" in this alone,—in loving the Lord our God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves. But only through faith in Jesus, and in the possession of His Spirit, can this law of righteousness, peace, and joy be fulfilled in us. "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh."

Look, then, to Jesus Christ! In Him behold the love of God revealed to His enemies. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Believe in that love as forgiving all our sins through Him who died for us. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." Look to Jesus as himself possessing as a man that life of true love to God and man, which he died and lives to impart to every one who will believe in Him and abide in Him by simple trust. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Finally look to the Holy Spirit of Love promised to all who believe, to be as a constant and all-sufficient power, to soften the heart, to deliver it from the burthen of self, and to set it free in the liberty of love, by which we shall live, not to ourselves, but to Him who died for us, so that in us the Lord may see, as He has done already in a countless multitude of souls, an answer to his prayer. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou has sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me." I conclude with the sublime prayer of St. Paul, coming from the same eternal Spirit. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

THE OLDEST STORY IN THE WORLD.

I HAVE ventured to call this "The Oldest Story in the World," because it is the oldest which has actually come down to us in writing. That the human imagination had been active and fruitful for centuries, even before the remote period to which this story belongs, there can be no question. Possibly some of those strange traditions, which so often repeat themselves in different parts of the globe, with merely local variations of colour and form, and which float to us we know not whence, may boast a higher antiquity. But if so, the earliest records of them have perished. They have passed from mouth to mouth, they have rooted themselves here and there, like winged seeds finding a resting-place in different soils, and there shooting up, as if of native growth, and defying every attempt to ascertain their exact origin; the books in which they have at last taken definite shape being centuries later than the myth, the tale, the fable which they preserve.

But the story which is here presented to the reader, comes with better credentials. There is no doubt as to its age or its authorship, it remains to this day as it was originally written. The old papyrus, brown and crumbling, covered with mysterious characters, traced two-and-thirty centuries ago by the hand of the Egyptian scribe, Annana, may be seen in the British Museum. It has been read, it has been deciphered, it has been printed, and its contents, so long hidden in darkness, have been brought into "the light of common day."

Two-and-thirty centuries! It requires a strong effort of the imagination to carry us back so far. We must transport ourselves to the ancient Egyptian Thebes, to the spot where the ruins of gigantic temples now rise on either bank of the Nile, near the miserable villages of Karnak and Luxor, telling of a splendour and a civilization long since passed away. There, at the time of this story, the great Pharaoh Ramses Miamun held his court. There he lived in his palace, surrounded by his family, his nobles and great officers of state. On many accounts he is one of the most justly celebrated of Egyptian monarchs. According to some interpreters of the monuments, he is the king mentioned in Scripture as "another king who knew not Joseph," the oppresser of the Israelites, the builder of Pithom and Ramses, the monarch at whose court Moses was brought up. What is more certain is, that he was the restorer of the native dynasty after the long-continued irruptions and usurpations of the Shepherds. His riches, the splendour of his court, his victories and triumphs, form the theme of many poems, still existing, which were composed and sung in his honour. But he was not only famous for his warlike exploits, or for the vast works which he accomplished: he was the munificent patron of literature, he gathered about him the most distinguished poets and men of learning to be found in his kingdom, and enrolled them in the College of the Hierogrammateis, or Sacred Scribes. Their works were carefully collected, and were not only intended to be deposited with the mummy in the sarcophagus, but to form part of the treasures of the royal library, over whose portal, as an ancient writer informs us, stood the inscription, "The Hospital of the Soul."

Among the illustrious literati who were to be seen at the court of Pharaoh, nine were held by common consent to occupy the foremost rank. At the head of these, distinguished by the splendour of his style, an Egyptian Burke or Gibbon, was a certain Kagabu, who, with the title of "Keeper of the Rolls," presided over the royal library. The names of some other of these literary coryphæi have come down to us, together with their writings. These embrace many topics: some are hymns to the gods, others epic poems in honour of King Ramses II., others exhortations to a virtuous life in this world, with constant reference to the rewards of the life to come; others again, histories or travels clothed in a poetical garb. Another, and a very considerable portion of these writings, is occupied in discussing a question, which we may suppose was *the* question of the day, viz.,—Which caste is the most important in the state? What opinions the priests, the soldiers, or the artisans held on this vital subject, we have now no means of ascertaining. The authors had it all their own way. And they, or at least those of repute, are all agreed, with a wonderful unanimity, that their own caste holds the foremost place, that "the Scribe" is the very flower of humanity—

"Liber, honoratus, sapiens, rex denique regum."

And the very rational ground on which this preference rests is this: that his work is not labour and travail, but, in the strictest sense, recreation and enjoyment. Happy times! Centuries were to elapse before the Jewish Preacher drew the reverse of the picture: "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh."

Wide, however, and varied as was the field of Egyptian literature, one portion, it was supposed, had never been cultivated. Though every museum in Europe had its rolls of papyrus, amongst none of these was there any work of imagination in the shape of a tale or romance till, in the year 1852, this want was happily supplied. In that year, Mrs. D'Orbiney, an English lady, travelling in Italy, became the fortunate purchaser of this unique papyrus. On her return, she submitted it to the inspection of one of the first of living Egyptologists, the Vicomte de Rougé, Superintendent of the Egyptian Collection at Paris. He at once recognised the value of the discovery, and described the general character of the roll. In a short account of it, which was printed in the *Revue*

Archéologique he drew the attention of French savans to this remarkable production, and at the same time gave a translation of some passages of the tale. A complete version was published in German by M. Brugsch, two years ago, and this we have followed throughout.

It only remains to add, that the story was written "in usum Delphini," for the Prince Seti Mernephtah, son of Pharaoh Ramses Miamun, and was regarded as one of the masterpieces of Egyptian literature. At the end of it is this critical notice:—

"Considered good enough to be associated with the names of Pharaoh's scribe, Kagabu [the leading writer of the day], and the scribe Horu, and the scribe Meremapu [two other stars of the first magnitude in the great literary constellation]. It was composed by the scribe Annana, the possessor of this roll. May the god Thoth preserve from destruction all the words which are contained in this roll."

1. THERE were two brothers, sons of one mother and one father. Anepu was the name of the elder, Batau that of the younger. Now Anepu had a house and a wife;

2. But his younger brother was with him as a child, and he made garments for him. He followed his oxen to the field.

3. [Only when] the labour of ploughing was done, then was he obliged to assist in all manner of work in the field. And lo! his younger brother

4. Was a good workman; there was none like him in all the land .... After many days were accomplished, afterwards the younger brother was

5. With his oxen, as was his daily custom, so he drove them also home to his house every evening. And, laden

6. With all manner of herbs of the field, he returned home from the field, that he might lay the herbs before his [cattle]. The elder brother then remained with

7. His wife, that he might drink and eat, whilst the younger brother was in his stall with his oxen.

8. Now, when the earth became bright, and a new day dawned, and the lamp [no longer burned], then he arose before his elder brother, and carried

9. The loaves of bread to the field, to give them to the labourers, that they might eat with him in the field. Then he went after his oxen;

10. And they always told him where the good herbage was, and he hearkened to all their words. And he drove them to the spot

Page 2.

1. Where the good herbage was, in which they delighted. And the oxen which were before him were very noble; and they multiplied

2. Exceedingly. Then was the time of ploughing. And his elder brother spake unto him, saying: Let us take the team,

3. That we may plough; for the fields reappear [after the overflowing of the Nile], and the season is fair for ploughing. Therefore, come thou

4. To the field with the seed, for we will busy ourselves with the plough .... Thus he spake to him. And his

5. Younger brother did, in all respects, as his elder brother had said unto him .... And when the earth grew bright and

6. A new day arose, then they went to the field with their [team], and were very busy with their labour in the field, and

7. Were full of gladness, because of the accomplishment of their work .... Now, it came to pass,

8. After many days, that, when they were in the field, they wanted seed, and he sent his

9. Younger brother, saying: Haste thee, and fetch us seed from the village. And his younger brother found the wife

10. Of his elder brother sitting braiding her hair. Then he spake unto her, saying: Arise, and give me seed:

Page 3.

1. For I must haste to the field, because my brother hath bidden me return without delay. Then she said unto him, Go

2. Open the granary, and take what thy soul desireth, for [if I went] my hair might become unbraided by the way. Then went the youth

3. Unto his stall, and he took a large basket, because he wished to carry much grain; and he laded himself with

4. Wheat and barley, and went out. Then she said unto him: How much carriest thou? And he answered her: Three measures of barley,

5. And two measures of wheat; in all, five measures, which are upon my arm. So he said unto her—

[The story then goes on to relate how this false and licentious woman, like Potiphar's wife, foiled in her wickedness, like her, took her revenge by bringing a malicious charge against the young man; and to give greater colour to the accusation, wounded herself, and pretended that the wounds had been inflicted by her husband's brother.]

7. .... Now her husband returned home at even,

8. According to his daily custom, and he entered into his house and found his wife lying there, as though she had suffered violence at the hands of an evil-doer.

9. And she gave him no water for his hands as was her custom, neither did she light the lamp before him, and his house was dark. And she lay

10. There uncovered. And her husband said unto her, "Who hath spoken unto thee? arise." Then she answered him: "No man hath spoken unto me except thy younger brother." .... Then did his elder brother become

5. Like a panther, and he made his axe sharp, and took it in his hand. And his elder brother placed himself behind the door

6. Of his stall, to slay his younger brother on his

return at evening, when he drove back his oxen into the

7. Stall. Now when the sun set, and he had laden himself with all manner of herbs of the field according to his daily custom, then

8. Came he, and the first heifer entered into the stall. Then she spake to her keeper, (saying) "Beware of thine elder brother who standeth there

9. Before thee with his axe, to slay thee. Remain thou far from him." And he heard the words of his first heifer.

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1. Then went the second in and spake likewise. And he looked under the door of his stall,

2. And he caught sight of the legs of his elder brother, who stood behind the door with his axe in his hand.

3. And he cast down his load to the ground and fled instantly thence, and his

4. Elder brother followed him with his axe. And his younger brother prayed to the sun-god, Harmachis

5. (saying): "Gracious Lord, Thou art He who dost sever between the lie and the truth." And the sun-god stood

6. To hear all his complaints, and the sun-god caused a mighty stream to arise between him and his elder brother, and it was

7. Full of crocodiles. And the one of them was upon the one bank, and the other upon the other.

8. His elder brother dealt two blows with his hand, but he could not slay him. So did he. And his

9. Younger brother cried to him from the bank, saying, "Remain, and wait till the earth be bright, and when the orb of the sun appeareth above the horizon then will I

Page 7.

1. Discover myself to thee before it, that I may give thee to know the truth; for never have I done any wrong unto thee.

2. But in the place where thou art will I not tarry, but I will go to the mountain of cedars." When the earth grew bright, and the next day arose, then

3. The sun-god Harmachis appeared, and they looked one upon another. And the youth spake to his elder brother, saying:

4. "Wherefore pursuest thou me, to slay me unrighteously? Hearest thou not, what my mouth uttereth, namely, I am of a truth thy younger brother, and

5. Thou wert unto me as a father, and thy wife as a mother."

[He then clears himself of the charge that had been laid against him, and satisfies his brother of his innocence. The story continues—]

Page 8.

1. But the soul of his brother was sore troubled. And he stood there, weeping and lamenting, yet could he not pass over to his younger brother because of the crocodiles.

2. And his younger brother cried to him, saying: "Behold thou didst devise evil, and hadst not good in thy mind instead thereof. But I will tell thee one thing which thou must do. Go to thine house.

3. Tend thy cattle, for I shall no longer tarry there where thou dwellest, but I shall go to the mountain of cedars. This now shalt thou do for me, when thou comest, in order to seek for me.

4. Know then that I must separate myself from my soul that I may lay it in the topmost blossom of the cedar. And as soon as ever the cedar tree shall be cut down, then will it fall to the earth.

5. When thou comest to seek it, then tarry thou seven years, to seek it, and if thy soul endureth this, then wilt thou find it. Then place it in a vessel with cold water. So shall I again come to life, and shall give an answer

6. To all questions, to make known [to thee] what more must be done with me. . . . Take also a bottle of barley-water in thine hand, cover it with pitch, and tarry not therewith, that thou mayest have it with thee [when thou comest]." And he went

7. To the mountain of cedars, and his elder brother betook himself to his house, laid his hand upon his head, and strewed earth thereon. As soon as he entered into his house, he slew

8. His wife, cast her to the dogs, and set himself down to mourn over his younger brother. After many days his younger brother came to the mountain of cedars,

9. And no one was with him; and he passed the day in hunting the wild beasts of the land, and came in the evening to lay himself down to rest beneath the cedar tree in whose topmost blossom his soul lay. Many

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1. Days later he built for himself a hut with his hands upon the mountain of cedars,

2. And filled it with all the good things that he would have in his house. When he went out from his hut, there met him the nine gods,

3. Who had gone forth to provide for the wants of the whole land. And the company of the gods spake one to another [and] said to him,

4. "O Batau, thou bullock of the gods, why art thou thus alone, why hast thou forsaken thy land because of the wife of Anepu, thine elder

5. Brother? Behold his wife is put to death. Return home to him; he will answer thee all questions." And their heart was moved with compassion

6. Towards him very greatly. Then spake the sun-god Harmachis to Chnum: Fashion thou a wife for Batau

7. That he may not abide alone. And Chnum fashioned for him a wife, and as she sat there she was more beautiful in person than all women

8. In the whole country; all divinity was in her.

And the seven Hathors came and beheld her, and they said with one

9. Mouth: "She will die a violent death." And he loved her very greatly, and she sat in his house, whilst he spent the day

Page 10.

1. In chasing the wild beasts of the country, and laid the spoil at her feet. And he said unto her, "Go not forth, lest thou meet the Sea

2. And he carry thee away: for I could not rescue thee from him . . . . because my soul lieth

3. In the topmost of the cedar-blossoms. If another findeth it, then must I fight for it." And he opened unto her his whole heart.

4. Many days later Batau went forth to hunt, as was his daily custom.

5. Now his young wife also went abroad to walk beneath the cedar which stood beside her house, when, lo! the Sea beheld her

6. And rose up behind her, but she ran hastily from him and leaped and gat her into her house.

7. But the Sea cried to the Cedar, saying: "Oh, how I love her!" Then the Cedar gave him a lock of her hair. And the

8. Sea carried it to Egypt; and laid it down on the spot where were the washers of the house of Pharaoh. And the fragrance

9. Of the lock of hair imparted itself to the garments of Pharaoh, and there arose a strife among the washers

10. Of Pharaoh, because they said, "There is a fragrance as of anointing oil among the garments of Pharaoh," and every day there was a strife among them concerning it.

Page 11.

1. And they knew not what they did. But the chief of Pharaoh's washers went to the Sea and his soul was troubled

2. Very greatly because of the daily strife concerning this matter. And he posted himself and stood upon the shore opposite the lock of hair

3. Which lay in the sea. Then he stooped down, and seized the lock of hair; and there was found therein an extraordinary sweet odour.

4. Then he brought it unto Pharaoh. And the experienced scribes of Pharaoh were summoned. And they spake unto Pharaoh: "This is the lock

5. Of a daughter of the sun-god, and all divinity is in her. The whole land doeth homage to thee. Therefore send now messengers

6. Into all lands, to seek for her, but the messenger who shall go to the cedar mountains, let him be accompanied by many people,

7. That they may fetch her hither." And behold, the King said: "The thing is very good which ye have spoken." And they were sent forth. Many days later

8. Came the people who had gone to the [different] lands to bring tidings to the King, but they came not

9. Who had gone to the cedar mountains, for Batau had slain them, and had only left one of them alive to bring the King word again.

10. Then the King sent forth people, many warriors on foot and on horseback, in order again to fetch her.

Page 12.

1. And there was also a woman amongst them. In her hand were placed all manner of women's ornaments. Then came the woman [Batau's wife] to

2. Egypt with her, and there was great rejoicing because of her in the whole country. And the King loved her very greatly,

3. And he reared her to wondrous beauty. And they spake to her that she should disclose the history

4. Of her husband. Then she said to the King: "Let the cedar-tree be cut down, that he may perish." Then

5. Were sent armed men, who carried their axes with them to cut down the cedar-tree. And they came

6. To the cedar, and they cut the blossom off, in the midst whereof the soul of Batau was.

7. Then it fell away, and he died shortly. When the earth grew bright, and a new day arose, then was

8. Also the cedar-tree cut down. And Anepu, Batau's elder brother, went into his house, and

9. Sat himself down to wash his hands. And he took a vessel with barley-water, which he closed with pitch,

10. And another with wine, which he closed with clay. And he took his staff

Page 13.

1. And his shoes, together with his garment, and provision for the journey, and set out on his way

2. To the mountain of cedars. And he came to the hut of his younger brother, and found his younger brother lying stretched out

3. Upon his mat. He was dead. And he began to weep when he beheld his younger brother lying stretched out like one dead. Then went he forth

4. To seek for the soul of his younger brother beneath the cedar, beneath which his younger brother laid himself down in the evening.

5. And he sought for it three years without finding it. And when the fourth year came, then his soul longed to return to Egypt,

6. And he said: "I will go to-morrow morning early." Such was his purpose. When the earth grew bright, and a new day arose, he took

7. His way under the cedar, and he busied himself all the day in seeking for the soul. And as he returned home at evening, and again looked round about him to seek for it,

8. Then he found a fruit, and when he returned home with it, lo! there was the soul of his younger brother. Then took he

9. The vessel with cold water, placed it therein, and sat himself down, as was his daily custom. Now as soon as it was night,

Page 14.

1. Then the soul sucked in the water, and Batau stirred himself in all his limbs, and looked at his elder brother,

2. But his heart was incapable of motion. And Anepu, his elder brother, took the vessel with the cold water, wherein the soul

3. Of his younger brother was, made him drink it up, and lo ! the soul was restored to its old place.

4. Then was he the same as he had been before. They embraced one

5. Another, and they spake one to another. And Batau said to his

6. Elder brother: "See, I will change myself into a sacred bullock with all the sacred marks, the mystery thereof shall no man know, and do thou set thyself upon my back. And so soon as the sun is arisen, we will be at the place where my wife is. Answer me

7. Whether thou wilt lead me thither: for all favour will be shown unto thee, as it is fitting. Thou shalt be

8. Laden with silver and gold, if thou leadest me to Pharaoh, for I shall be in great good fortune;

9. And they will hail me with shouts of joy throughout all the land. But go thou to thy village." When the earth grew bright,

Page 15.

1. And a new day dawned, then had Batau assumed the form which he had described to his brother. And Anepu,

2. His elder brother, sat himself upon his back at the dawn of day. And when he drew nigh to the place, they

3. Informed the King: but he, when he beheld him, rejoiced greatly, and celebrated in his honour

4. A feast, greater than can be told, for it was a great good fortune. And there was joy because of him in all the land. And they

5. Brought thither silver and gold for his elder brother who abode in his village, and they gave him many servants

6. And many [other] things, and Pharaoh loved him greatly, more than any man in all the land.

7. After many days later the bullock went into the sanctuary and stood on

8. The same spot where the beautiful one [his wife] was. Then he spake unto her, saying: "Look hither, I am still alive, of a truth." Then

9. Spake she: "Who art thou?" And he answered her, "I am Batau; thou didst then,

10. When thou causedst the cedar to be felled, teach Pharaoh where I was, that I might no longer live.

Page 16.

1. Look at me: I am still alive, of a truth, only I am in the form of a bullock." Then was his beautiful wife in great fear when she heard this that

2. Her husband had spoken unto her. And then she went forth from the sanctuary, and the King sat down by her side,

3. And she found herself in favour with the King, and she obtained grace in his sight beyond all measure. Then spake she to the King:

4. "Swear to me, by God, that thou wilt fulfil all that I shall ask of thee." Then he promised to fulfil for her all that she asked, and she said: "Let me eat of the liver of this bullock,

5. For thou hast no need of him." Thus she spake unto him. Then was he exceeding sorry because of what she had spoken, and the soul

6. Of Pharaoh was troubled above measure. When the earth grew bright, and a new day arose, then they made ready a great feast

7. To offer sacrifices to the bullock. But then went forth one of the chief servants of the king to slay the bullock. And it

8. Came to pass hereupon, that when they would slay him, the people stood by his side. And when he gave him a blow upon his neck

9. There leaped forth two drops of blood on the spot where the two doorposts of the king's palace are; the one fell on the one side

10. Of Pharaoh's door, and the other on the other side. And they grew up into two beautiful Persea trees.

Page 17.

1. And each of them stood apart by itself. Then they went to the King to tell him: "Two fine

2. Persea trees have, to the King's great good fortune, sprung up in the night on the spot where the great gate of the King's palace is, and there is joy

3. Because of it in all the land." After many days later, the king was

4. Adorned with his collar of lapis-lazuli, and beautiful garlands of flowers were about his neck. He was in a golden chariot.

5. And when he came forth from the King's palace, then he spied the Persea trees. And his beautiful wife also had gone forth upon a chariot behind Pharaoh.

6. And the King placed himself under one of the Perseas. But it said to his wife, "Ah! thou false woman. I am

7. Batau; I am yet alive, I have transformed myself. Thou didst teach Pharaoh where I dwelt,

8. That I might be put to death; I was the bullock, and thou didst cause me to be put to death." Many days later

9. The beautiful woman stood in the favour of the King, and she found grace in his sight. Then she said to the King: "Come

10. Swear to me, by God, that thou wilt do all that I shall say unto thee." Then also he promised to fulfil

Page 18.

1. All she should ask, and she said: "Let the
two Persea trees be hewn down, that beautiful
boards made be made thereof."
2. And they did all that she desired. After
many days later, the King commanded
3. Skilful workmen to come and cut down
Pharaoh's Perseas, and the beautiful Queen stood
by and looked on.
4. And there flew a chip of the wood, and went
into the mouth of the beautiful lady.
5. And it came to pass, after many days,
6. That she brought forth a son, and they went
to carry tidings to the King: "To thee is
7. Born a son." And he was brought forward,
and they gave him a nurse, and women to take
charge of him; and there was
8. Joy in all the land. They sat themselves
down to keep a festival; they gave him
9. His name; and the King loved him greatly
from that hour; and he appointed him

Page 19.

1. Prince of Ethiopia. After many days had
passed hereafter, the King made him
2. Viceroy of the whole country. After many
days had passed hereafter, when he had fulfilled
3. Many years as Viceroy, then the King died,
and Pharaoh flew to heaven.
4. And the other said: "Now let me summon
the mighty ones, and the great ones of the royal
court; I will make them know the whole history
5. Of all that has happened, with regard to me
and the Queen." And his wife was brought to him,
and he made himself known unto her before them,
and they uttered their sentence.
6. And they brought to him his elder brother,
and he made him Viceroy over all his territory.
He reigned thirty years as King of Egypt.
7. When he had lived these thirty, then his
brother stood in his place on the day of his burial.

So ends this tale of three thousand years ago. How many reflections it suggests! How many points of contact it presents with the tales and traditions of other times and countries! What a curious light it throws on the manners and customs and opinions of the ancient Egyptians! In particular, how clearly it implies a belief, not only in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, but also in the separate existence of the soul from the body! Whether the tale was in the strictest sense original, or whether it was drawn from existing sources, is a matter of little importance: whether the merit of invention or only the merit of embellishment is due to the scribe Annana, the interest is the same. The simplicity, the freshness, the almost biblical style of the narrative, cannot fail to strike the mind, even in a translation. If, as M. Brugsch thinks, the author was the contemporary of Moses, such a circumstance adds another feature of interest to the discovery of the papyrus. The resemblance between some portions of the narrative in Genesis and the style of the Egyptian writer may be accounted for by the fact, that Moses was trained by men like Annana and Kagabu in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. This story, this papyrus, may have been in his hands. Writings such as these may have contributed to his education. They help us, at least, to realise more vividly the fact that the great Jewish lawgiver was prepared for his mission, not first in the solitudes of Horeb, but in the court of Pharaoh, and in the schools of Egypt.

J. J. S. PEROWNE.

SUMMER IN THE CITY.

WHO is it comes in robes of fiery amber,
With languor in her hot and heavy breath;
Who 's felt, not seen, within the poor man's chamber,
Wherein she dealeth fell disease and death?

O brothers, sisters, in these stagnant alleys
Lift up your voices, let your cry resound
Of longing for the breezy hills and valleys,
Where lavish flowers bestrew the happy ground;

Where birds are singing, and a thousand voices
Send forth the psalm of thanksgiving and praise;
Where waving wood and rippling rill rejoices
Through the fair length of these sweet summer days.

Cry ye, "Our Summer-time is joyless, dreary;
There is no gladness in the lengthening light,
That only makes the loud long day more weary
Before it falls into the swoon of night.

"No azure skies for us, no daisied meadows;
Beauty 's forgotten in this world of ours;
Our darkling lives are lived amid the shadows,
Heaven's stars scarce farther from us than Earth's flowers!"

O Father! fill men's hearts with helpful pity
For these, Thy equal children as they are;
Poor haggard prisoners in the monster city,
That maketh prey of all things pure and fair.

For, if we happier ones could bring these others
Some of the blessings shower'd on us to share—
If we could lead our sisters and our brothers
Into Thy precious sunshine and sweet air,—

If we could make their darken'd eyes see clearer
The light that to this lower world is given,
Then might their starvèd souls at length feel nearer
Unto Thy Love—the other name for Heaven.

M. J. J.

WEATHER OF MAY.

It has been remarked that our language "teems with medico-meteorological apophthegms." Among these we have a good old Scotch one, which refers to the month of May, and gives us this warning:

"Ne'er cast a cloot
Till May be oot."

Similar cautions abound in other tongues. With a heavy kind of wit we are counselled in German, "To stick to our winter things till the 40th of May;" and in the northern countries of Europe generally, the matter-of-fact form of the proverb is simply this: "Don't put off your great-coat in May." It is the same idea too which underlies the advice: "Who has a big log of wood, let him keep it for May." Even the people of Venice and Milan, in more southern latitudes, have a proverb, casting a slur on merry May-times. It has a little more fancy in it, and runs thus: "May! lovely May! to thee thy roses, but to me my furs!"

It would appear from these proverbs that in spite of its cowslips, buttercups, and daisies; in spite of its nightingales, cuckoos, and ringdoves; in spite of its bright sunshine, and clear sky, and lengthening day, and growing warmth; in spite of all its brilliancy and charms, there is broadly in the people's mind a suspicion of May—a feeling that its weather is not what it seems to be, and that it should not be trusted.

Let us see to what extent this is well founded.

MEAN TEMPERATURE.*

Everywhere in Scotland winter passes into summer through the months of May and June, and back again into winter through October and November. In the rise of temperature from winter to summer the great strides take place in May and June, and in the progress back the great falls occur in October and November. May is a warmer month than April by 7°, and June than May by 6½°. Except in October and November no such leaps as these are made from month to month. The intervening spaces of winter and summer are comparatively equable. These four months, therefore, may be called transition months. They are the steps by which we reach and leave the warm regions of our year. But they are not equal steps, for the first of the ascent and the last of the descent—May and November—are deeper and more abrupt than the others.

The great rise of temperature which occurs in May depends on the rapid rate of increase in the power of the sun's rays at this period of the year, and the same influence is stretched over June. It depends on this solely, and not on any greater prevalence of warm winds. Indeed, the very opposite of this holds, for the rise of temperature takes place in spite of the fact that, at no season of the year are cold winds more frequent or more steady.

* *Mean Temperature for Scotland* (27 *Stations*), 1857 *to* 1861, *corrected for elevation.*

January .	37·3°	May . .	50·2°	September	53·4°
February .	37·9	June . .	56·6	October .	47·3
March . .	40·2	July . .	57·4	November	40·1
April . .	43·0	August .	57·6	December	38·2

WINDS.*

Taking the year as a whole, we have in Scotland twice as much wind from the south-west as we have

* *Average of Five Years*, 1857 *to* 1861.—(*Scotland*).

Days on which in each Month of the Year

	S.W. Winds blew.		*N.E. Winds blew.*
January . . .	21	January . . .	9
February . . .	16	February . . .	10
March . . .	17	March . . .	13
April	12	April	15

from the north-east, but the proportion varies greatly in the different seasons. In April, for instance, the mean of the north-east actually exceeds that of the south-west, while in May and June they nearly balance each other. The body of the stream from the north-east flows over us in March, April, May, and June, during the whole of which period we have the wind nearly as often from the cold north-east as from the warm south-west. It is quite otherwise both in our months of great heat and of great cold, for then the south-west winds have their greatest frequency. Thus it happens that in the very dead of winter, our prevailing winds blow from those very quarters from which they blow in the height of summer; while in spring and early summer,—when our weather is becoming rapidly warmer and warmer,—keen cold winds from polar regions stream over us for more than half the time. What our winters *would* be, if the south winds loved them less, it would be hard to tell. What our springs *are* because the south winds love them so little, it is our present purpose to try to show.*

RAIN.†

It need scarcely be said that these months of northerly winds are sure to be the driest of our year. It should be so; and that it is so, the subjoined tables, constructed on an average of five years, will show at a glance. Less rain falls in April, May, and June, and it also falls on a smaller number of days, than in any of the other months of the year. The month of least rain during this period of five years was May, 1859, when at many stations *no* rain fell and the mean rainfall for all Scotland was about one-third of an inch. In the same year no rain at all fell at one station from the 19th of April to the 23rd of May.

S.W. Winds blew.		*N.E. Winds blew.*	
May	16	May	12
June	15	June	13
July	18	July	10
August	21	August	7
September	20	September	8
October	19	October	9
November	15	November	12
December	20	December	8

* November stands out in an interesting manner as an exception to some of these remarks.

† *Table of Rainy Days on a Mean of Five Years, 1857 to 1861—(Scotland).*

West Coast.		*East Coast.*	
January	18	January	14
February	14	February	15
March	21	March	16
April	12	April	12
May	12	May	12
June	12	June	12
July	16	July	15
August	17	August	15
September	18	September	14
October	18	October	15
November	14	November	15
December	16	December	14

Rainfall in Inches, 1857 to 1862—(Scotland).

January	3·32	July	3·01
February	1·96	August	3·12
March	3·12	September	3·02
April	1·92	October	3·87
May	1·92	November	3·23
June	2·90	December	3·41

Our south-west winds come from equatorial regions heated by a vertical sun, and charged with the moisture they have licked up from the oceans of the southern hemisphere.

They pass us on their way to arctic regions, where the last of their moisture is squeezed out of them; and, cold and arid, they take their way back to the tropics. Of these two great and constant currents—north and south—sometimes the one and sometimes the other is uppermost. So far as Scotland is concerned, the general tendency which they exhibit to change places at certain seasons has been pointed out. Every such change will be accompanied by a change in the rate of rainfall, since, for reasons and in a manner known, the one current is wet and the other dry. The first, at its outset loaded with moisture, in its progress north, loses its heat, approaches the point of saturation,* and readily parts with some of that moisture with which it was charged, and which it easily held in solution at a higher temperature. So it is that it is a rainy wind. The last again, the north-east wind, dry when it begins its southward course, gets warmer as it goes on, and acquires a higher power of holding vapour in suspension. And thus it is that it is not a rainy wind—so far otherwise, indeed, that it is not only a dry but a drying wind—it has an actual thirst which it greedily quenches at every wet surface over which it blows. A property of this kind cannot be without its influence on life and health.

HYGROMETRIC CONDITION.

It will be understood from what has already been said, that in April, May, and June, the air is further from saturation than during any other season. Of the three months, May is almost always the driest.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.†

During weather such as that of May—characterised by north-east winds, little rain, and a rising

* Except, perhaps, during one or two of our hottest months.

† *Sunshine and Cloud: Means of 5 years—(Scotland).*

Hours of Sunshine.		*Clouds on Scale 0 to 10.*	
January	66	January	6·6
February	94	February	6·1
March	126	March	6·3
April	175	April	6·0
May	213	May	5·8
June	235	June	5·9
July	211	July	6·3
August	190	August	6·2
September	154	September	6·2
October	114	October	6·5
November	76	November	6·7
December	65	December	6·5

temperature—we should expect much sunshine and little cloud. And such is the fact. You will find the proof of it in the Tables which are subjoined. They show that sunshine and cloud rise and fall respectively in the months of April, May, and June—giving us for that time dry, clear, bright days.

RANGE OF TEMPERATURE.*

The general character of the mean temperature of the month of May has already been described, but we get little insight into the temperature phenomena either of a month or a year from the simple study of monthly or annual means. For instance, the mean annual temperatures for all the various stations in Scotland do not differ greatly—the range not exceeding four and a half degrees.

It would be a great error, however, to conclude from this that there is little difference between the climates of the different stations. The same mean may come from very different columns of figures. The temperature may be very differently distributed over the year at two stations, yet their mean temperature may be nearly or exactly the same. Thus, for instance, the mean temperature of Sandwick is 45·5°, and of Thirlestane 45·1°, yet there are no two places in Scotland whose climates are more opposed to each other. And so it is with months. The mean temperature of a month may not differ much from that which precedes or that which follows it, yet each may have had the temperature spread over it in a way strikingly at variance with the other two. In like manner, it may be observed that the mean temperature of one month is every year a certain number of degrees above that of its precursor. But it would be quite a mistake to infer that this is the result of a steady rise of both *day* and *night* temperatures. The mean may have been brought up by higher *day* temperatures alone, or *night* temperatures alone may have risen, or there may have been unusual fluctuations in both. It is clearly not a matter of indifference in what way the rise is accounted for—out of what elements the mean flows. On the contrary, both to the animal and vegetable world it is a point of very great importance. Though the mean of a month be high, yet if a few days of great cold occur during its course with such frequency and regularity as to be a character of its weather, or if the mean flow from excessive daily or monthly fluctuations, we may look for an influence on health differing from that which we would expect to attend the mean of the month as a whole.

Now, as regards daily range of temperature, May stands apart from all the other months of the year in this—that the range culminates in that month. It does so every year, and it does so for every part of Scotland—for the east coast, west coast, and inland districts.† So far as the physician is concerned, this is another feature of the weather of May, the importance of which is beyond question. For the inland stations the mean daily range becomes as high as 17·5°, and for all Scotland it is 15·6°; and for particular stations, such as Thirlestane and Stobo, it sometimes goes up to 20·5° and 20·9°.

It thus appears that the daily fluctuations of temperature are excessive in this month, and greater than in any other.

On examining the figures which enable us to arrive at this conclusion, we find that the great rise of temperature, which has been pointed out as occurring in May, is produced more by a rise in the day than in the night temperature; for the mean day temperature of May exceeds that of April by 8·2°, while the mean night temperature of May only exceeds that of April by 6·1°. In other words, there is less difference between the nights of April and those of May, than there is between the days of the one and the other.

The mean temperature for April, 1859, was 41·3°, and the mean for May, 51·0°, giving the very great monthly increase of 9·7°. It is remarkable, however, that in spite of this extraordinary rise, the night temperatures of May were unduly low, while the daily range rose to 19·7°.

The extreme monthly ranges are also great, but perhaps not greater than occur in some of the other months of the year. On the 19th of May, 1861, at Taymouth, there was a maximum temperature in the shade of 85°. Temperatures so high as this are rarely recorded in Scotland in any month of the year. At the same place, on the 10th of the same month, the thermometer fell to 22°, giving the extraordinary range of 63° at one station during one month. At Drumlanrig, in the same year, the temperature fell to 20·7°, and rose to 77·2° on the 10th and 22nd of May. At Smeaton, in 1865, on the 17th of May, the maximum temperature was 84·5°, and at the same place on the last day of the month, the thermometer was as low as 32°. Indeed,

* *Mean daily Range of Temperature*—1857 *to* 1861, *inclusive*—(*Scotland*).

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Island stations . .	8·1°	8·0°	9·2°	10·2°	11·1°	9·9°	10·1°	10·4°	9·4°	9·6°	8·1°	7·2°
West coast . . .	7·8	8·9	9·9	12·7	14·4	12·7	11·5	11·2	11·1	9·7	8·2	8·0
East coast . . .	8·3	9·8	11·1	13·2	14·5	14·1	13·8	13·5	13·0	11·1	8·7	7·5
Inland	9·1	10·7	11·4	15·0	17·5	16·6	15·9	14·9	14·5	12·7	10·1	9·1
All Scotland . .	8·5	9·9	10·9	13·5	15·6	14·6	14·1	13·6	13·1	11·5	9·2	8·3

† Mr. Buchan, Scot. Met. Soc. Rep. 1864.

some of these readings are so high as almost to lead to the suspicion of error.

In 1861, there occurred in London, on the 16th and 23rd of May, two maximum readings (79·7° and 80·2°), which were higher than any recorded temperature in any month of the previous year: yet, in the same month of May, 1861, there was one minimum reading as low as 29·1°. It has been observed that these extreme temperatures are of more probable occurrence in the beginning of May than towards its end.* We shall, by-and-by, see to what extent this is correct.

The careful study of these extreme temperatures has disclosed to us that, in all the inland and eastern districts, frost may every year be confidently expected to occur some time in May; and in the islands and on the west coast the chance of its occurring equals the chance of its not occurring. But, more than this, somewhere or other in Scotland, frost is sure to occur every week in May, up to its very end. Indeed, we must have fairly seen the face of June, before we can count on having escaped from frost; that is, if we live in inland or eastern districts of our country—the islands and the west being some ten or fourteen days earlier.†

So much for our chances of frost in May. What chance have we of high temperatures—say 70° and upwards? The answer to this is that on the mainland we need not look for a temperature of 65° till the last week of April, or the first week of May; and for each of the next four weeks the chances are equal for and against its occurring. In the west and in the islands, heat as great as this will be a fortnight later of making its appearance.

COLD WEEK IN MAY.

In his valuable papers on "Weekly extreme temperatures in Scotland," Mr. Buchan observes that if we compare the lowest temperatures at the different stations for the week beginning 17th of May with those of the preceding week, a remarkable rise will be found: in most cases about 6°. A similar rise, though not so great a one, takes place in the day temperatures. It would appear from this that it is the rule for the week before that beginning with the 17th to be unusually cold—that is, colder than the week before or the week after. Now, it happens that Dove,‡ the captain of living meteorologists, pointed out, some years ago, that a remarkable cold occurs generally in Europe about the 11th of May. And Dove's eye is not the only one which has caught sight of this singular periodical phenomenon. M. Maedler stated in 1845 that a lowering of the temperature occurred steadily about the 12th of May, and he thought that it was accompanied by a barometric rise, and a change of wind from west round by the north to north-east.*

M. Charles Martins, also a meteorologist and philosopher of high repute, pointed out in 1849 that he had found, from thirty years' observations at Paris, that there are not in the month of May three consecutive days whose temperature is as low as that of the 13th, 14th, and 15th; and he also states that Brussels observations show a regularly recurring depression of temperature coincident with that at Paris.†

M. Crahay, in the same year, announced to the Brussels Academy that his researches for Louvain and Maestricht led to the same conclusions as those formed by M. Martins.‡

Nor has M. Quetelet been silent on the subject. He says that this cold May week appears to occur in Belgium between the 14th and 23rd of the month, and that it is better marked in the north than in the south of Europe. §

It was not left, however, to philosophical research to detect this feature of the weather of May. It is well disclosed in our folk-lore. Not a few of the curious sayings of the common people are founded on accurate observation. They hang round facts, and the hat of respect must accordingly be raised to them. They give the wisdom of the many in the trite, quaint, or witty words of one—and often cover *truths* of value.

We have seen that among scientific men there is a general belief that a few days of great cold reproduce themselves periodically—from year to year—somewhere between the 8th and 15th of May—probably between the 10th and 14th. Now there is a common saying among the French:—

> "A la mi-Mai,
> Queue d'hiver"

—"in the middle of May comes the tail or trail of winter." The Germans have a saying exactly to the same effect:—

> "Um Mai mitte—Winterschleppe"—

and they have another which runs thus: "Who shears his sheep before Servatius' day, loves more his wool than sheep." Now, Servatius' day falls on the 13th of May, and it is interesting to find that he, St. Mamert, St. Pancras, and St. Boniface, whose festival-days run from the 11th to the 14th, are called in some parts of Germany and Holland "Eisheiligen," and in others "Eismänner," that is, *frost-saints* or *frost-men*, because they are believed to bring cold with them. It appears, too, that this pirie May-winter is called "the gentleman's winter" by the people of North Italy—but not, we imagine,

* Mr. Buchan, Scot. Met. Soc. Rep. 1864.
† Mr. Buchan, op. cit.
‡ Mr. Joseph Henry, Secretary to the Smithsonian Institution, mentions this in his Report for 1861, p. 20. He also tells us, that Kane observed at Van Rensselaer Harbour a marked depression of temperature on the 13th of May.

* Jahrbuch für 1845. Von H. C. Schumacher. Stuttgart, 1845.
† Bulletins, t. xvi. 1re pp. 309.
‡ Ibid., pp. 466.
§ Var. Per. de Temp. à Bruxelles.

because it makes gentlefolk shiver less than common folk.

It thus appears that men of science, and men of none, have equally observed and noted the periodical occurrence of this cold May week, and that all have placed it nearly at the same point of the month.

Let us now take a look at our Scotch May, to see whether it occurs in it, whether it is well or ill marked, and on what days it usually falls. For this purpose, we shall have to examine the weather of the month more minutely than we have yet done. Hitherto we have been comparing May with other months, and monthly means have been sufficient. But now we must compare one bit of May with another; and for this purpose we must have the daily means, or means of successive short periods. We shall make no selection of years, but take the four last. For the first of these years we shall examine the mean daily temperature for all the stations in Scotland. We choose 1861 because it is the only year for which these daily means have been calculated and published. In addition to this, we shall examine for each of the four years the daily means for each of two stations—keeping to the same two. These two stations were fixed on in this way: the secretary of the Meteorological Society was asked to furnish daily thermometric readings for a few of the Society's stations. He gave those of four, and the two to be examined were chosen by lot. The witnesses are thus fairly selected; they are sufficiently numerous; and we may fairly conclude that they are able to teach the truth of this matter. All the facts thus collected were condensed and embodied in a Table—much too large and complicated to be reproduced here. As the language of Tables is sometimes difficult to read, the facts were then made to address themselves to the eye in a series of curves. We cannot present these to the reader, but we hope to have no difficulty in making him fully understand what was thus brought out of the facts.

The curves represented the daily course of the temperature during the month of May, rising and falling as it rose and fell, and they were arranged in two groups.

The first group consisted of three curves, one of which was coloured red, the others being blue. The red curve represented the mean daily temperature for May, 1861, being a mean calculated on all the Scottish Meteorological Society's stations; and it showed in a remarkable manner that this period of May cold, of which we have been speaking, occurred in that year generally over Scotland, and embraced the period between the 7th and 13th inclusive;—the temperature being lowest generally in Scotland on the 8th. The two blue lines, which give the daily mean temperatures of May, 1861, for the two special stations of Elgin and Milne Graden, showed that there the minimum was later, not occurring till the 9th and 11th. At one of these stations—Elgin—hail, snow, and hoarfrost, occurred on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th; and at the other—Milne Graden—on the 11th the young shoots were killed by frost.

The second group consisted of three sets of curves—two black, two blue, and two red—showing the daily mean temperature for May at the two stations already named: the black for 1862, the red for 1863, and the blue for 1864. Looking at the black first, it was observed that they both exhibited the same depression, but a little further on in the month—stretching from the 10th to the 15th, and having the minima on the 12th and 14th well marked in this case. In the blue and red curves it was less so; but there also the tendency of the temperature at that time to go down was apparent. The indication was feeble comparatively, but still evident. The two red curves were for May, 1863—a month characterised by a low temperature during its whole course. Nevertheless, there was observed a trough in the curve between the 6th and 13th. The same feature was found to a rather greater extent in the blue curves for 1864—but a day or two further on in the month—between the 8th and 14th. The four curves of 1861 and 1862 were very like each other in all their characters. The curves again for 1863 and 1864 differed from these, and differed still more widely from each other. The feeble marking of the cold week in 1863 might have been thought to be accounted for by its accord with the feature which characterised the temperature of the whole month—viz., its unusual lowness and equability. But the same feeble indication of a cold week occurred in 1864, when the fluctuations of temperature were excessive, and when a period of great cold, with mean daily temperatures as low as 39°, occurred at the very end of the month—justifying the caution of the Scotch saw of which we spoke at the outset. Hail and snow fell at Elgin on the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st, and hail fell at Milne Graden on the 15th and 31st.

The course of temperature in one May differs much from that in another, and it seems particularly uncertain and irregular towards the close of the month, though probably if we extended and widened the research we might even find something like method in its seeming madness there—a thing, indeed, which has actually been suggested by M. Martins. What we have distinctly seen is, that between the 8th and 14th of May the temperature will *very probably* be lower than it was before the 8th, or than it will be after the 14th,—that is, that a short period of cold reproduces itself in the second week of that month from year to year.*

While examining the meteorological records for May, it was observed that a change of the wind from north-east to south-west did not always bring a rise

* What in Edinburgh is known as "Assembly weather" occurs about this period; the result, it has been uncharitably asserted, of the congregating of clergymen in the city at that time.

of the daily mean. On the contrary, it sometimes depressed it. The high and increasing temperature of May depends on the increasing power of the sun, and the south wind clothes our sky with a curtain of cloud which both absorbs the sun's heat during the day, and prevents radiation during night; thus lowering the day temperature and raising the night one.*

Similar periodical recurrences of exceptionally hot or cold days have been shown to occur in other months. There is, for instance, a remarkable period of heat between the 22nd of February and the end of that month—which month is anomalous in this also, that it is perplexingly dry. Then there appears to be a regular tendency to a fall of temperature between the 9th and 22nd of April. But perhaps November exhibits periodical weather-phenomena more strikingly than any other month. The east wind suddenly becomes prevalent in it, and brings rain, which that wind seldom does in spring—thus, in spite of its east winds, making November one of our wet months. Simultaneously with the east wind we have a high barometric pressure, "and the passage across the country of the well-defined November waves."†

As yet we have scarcely guessed at the cause of the periodicity of these phenomena, which are probably more numerous than we are accustomed to suppose. The day, however, will come when we shall be able to account for them all, and to expound the law which determines them. There is a vigour and vitality now in meteorological inquiries which inspires faith and hope in the future. Hitherto meteorology has had enough to do to keep its place among the sciences, but its head is now quite above the water, and it will carry itself proudly on the day when it finds itself able thoroughly to explain all this periodicity—to tell us, for instance, quite satisfactorily *why* that great atmospheric wave passes over our country with each returning November.

INFLUENCE OF MAY WEATHER ON HEALTH.

We now come to the second part of the subject, and we shall endeavour as briefly as possible to point out the influence which May weather appears to exercise on the health and life of the people of our country.

The relations of mortality to temperature are constant and intimate in all climates, but they are not the same in all. In some the mortality rises as the temperature rises, and in others it falls as the temperature rises. In the first the greatest mortality takes place in the hot, and in the second in the cold season of the year. Our country, to a marked degree, is in this last condition. By far the largest number of our deaths occur during winter, and for eight or nine months of our year at least mortality and temperature are related inversely to each other. Wherever this inverse relation holds, men have a tendency to die of diseases of the organs of respiration. In those countries again, where the tendency to death is through disease of the abdominal viscera, the relation is different, and it is the hottest month there and not the coldest which opens the mouth of the grave to its widest.

We have thus climates, like our own, which we might conveniently speak of as having a *thoracic constitution*, that is, considered pathogenically; and others, like those of the tropics, which we might describe as having an *abdominal constitution*—according to the tendency which they respectively exhibit to influence injuriously the viscera of the thorax or abdomen.

Our climate, as has been stated, kills preferentially by the thorax, taking the year as a whole; but the force of this preference is modified by the seasons, and it declines considerably when we reach the hottest months of our year, during which we find the climate displaying a certain tendency to assume an abdominal constitution. In other words, during our hot weather the deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs fall, and those from diseases of the digestive organs rise. This takes place whenever the mean temperature reaches 60°. But as soon as it falls below 55°, the mortality increases as the temperature goes down.

Our chances of death by certain diseases vary with the seasons, and it is the march of temperature through the year which in this country regulates in a great measure the mode of the people's dying. We say the march of *temperature*, because it is that element of climate which has the chief power in the matter. This may be regarded as a fact well established. Yet the close and remarkable manner in which temperature influences mortality is not generally and to its full extent realised. Let us draw attention to one or two facts illustrative of this intimate connection. During the winter of 1856, from the 26th of November to the 5th of December, there occurred in London a period of ten days* when the temperature fell considerably—the mean day and night temperatures for this period being respectively 33·6° and 26·9°, while the corresponding means calculated for the days immediately preceding and following this fall were 51·1° and 46·9°. We have thus a series of mild and cold days—not at different seasons of the year, but at the same season and in juxtaposition—the cold series being parenthetically embraced by the mild. Now, during the ten cold days the total mortality reached the sum of 1844, while during the warmer ones it did not exceed 1505, giving a difference of 339, or about 34 daily. It is interesting, also, to know that this excess was caused chiefly by deaths from diseases of the

* Other things were observed—such as that May often sets in with a temperature above the mean for the whole month, and that it does not appear that the week of cold is due to an increased prevalence of north-east winds.

† Rev. C. Clouston, Orkney.

* Reg.-Gen. Weekly Returns.

respiratory organs. The striking manner in which the mortality rose and fell inversely with the temperature is well seen in the following table.

1856.	Deaths from all Causes in London.	Mean Daily Temperature.
Nov. 23	144	51·7°
24	166	48·8
25	140	34·6
26	171	35·0
27	170	40·7
28	166	35·2
29	173	29·3
30	191	28·5
Dec. 1	196	29·1
2	172	27·7
3	211	31·3
4	200	31·9
5	194	47·6
6	150	52·2
7	167	56·0
8	150	55·3
9	151	55·1
10	151	51·9
11	138	47·3
12	146	48·7
13	142	44·4

Again, there occurred in London, during the winter of 1855, a period of six weeks of unusual cold, that is, they were much colder than the weeks which went before or followed them—giving us, as it were, a winter occurring during winter. Now, if we examine the rate of mortality from phthisis and diseases of the respiratory organs during these twelve weeks, we shall have evidence of the same intimate connection between death and temperature. As the thermometer fell, these diseases, as the rule, increased the number of their victims, and as it rose the City enjoyed something like a comparative immunity from these forms of death. The coldest week was that ending Feb. 17, and it was extremely cold. The week ending Feb. 24 was also cold, but in the following week the temperature rose considerably. Now the deaths from phthisis rose from 159 to 204 in the second week, and fell again to 167 in the third.

It would appear, in short, that temperature influences mortality in a greater degree than does any other element of climate. This is more or less true of all climates, and it is particularly true of ours, where the *whole number of deaths* always falls as the temperature rises.

But the general mortality does not fall in *exact proportion* to the rise of temperature; for, if we look at the daily deaths for every month of the year, we shall find that in those months which are characterised by great upward strides in warmth, there are not corresponding great downward falls in the number of deaths. This is true, for instance, of April, May, and June. The temperature goes rapidly up during each of these months, but the mortality does not go rapidly down. It goes down, but not *rapidly* down, not so *rapidly* as we should expect, if temperature alone influenced the results. The increase of heat in these months is sudden and great, but the fall in the mortality is comparatively slow and slight. An examination of the mean daily number of deaths in all Scotland during the last five years, and of the mean daily number of deaths in our eight principal towns during the last three years, will show this.

The smallness of the fall of mortality in May would not be so remarkable if the previous month's temperature had not also decidedly risen, and if, further, the comparatively high mortality were not prolonged into June. To some extent, of course, the deaths in May are an expression of the weather of April, and those in June of the weather of May; but only to some extent, for we have seen that mortality, in extreme cases at least, obeys the state of the temperature as it existed a week or so before. In some instances, indeed, the obedience is almost immediate.

It follows from what has been said, that some thing in their weather, in addition to temperature, must influence the mortality of these three months, something which neutralises the health-giving effects of sunshine and warmth. Or, it may be that the mortality from particular diseases rises during those months, just as the mortality from diarrhœa and dysentery rises in August and September, so keeping the general mortality above what it would be if it rose and fell just as the thermometer fell and rose—a statement which, *in the broad and general sense*, is true for Scotland. Now, both of these things appear to happen: there do exist climatic conditions in these months which are inimical to health, and which lessen the good that otherwise would flow from the increasing warmth; and there are also certain diseases which reach their maximum of fatality in these months. Of these last we shall speak first.

FATAL DISEASES OF MAY.

"All diseases," says Hippocrates, "occur at all seasons of the year, but certain of them are more apt to occur and be exacerbated at one season than another." We have already seen to how great an extent this is the case with two classes of diseases —those of the respiratory and those of the digestive organs. If we take, as representing the first class, bronchitis, pneumonia, and pleurisy, we shall find a remarkable obedience to the course of temperature in the extent of death produced by them. These diseases, therefore, are not those which influence the mortality of May in the manner pointed out. But there is another disease, *commonly* regarded as allied to them, which as clearly does so. We refer to Consumption—that "great, constant, inexorable destroyer of our men and women in the prime of life," "the cause of nearly half the deaths which happen between the ages of 15 and 35."* March, April, May, and June, are the months when this dreadful disease exacts from us its heaviest

* Reg.-Gen. of England. Annual Rep.

tribute, and our payments in each of these four months are nearly equally heavy. In the height of summer its demands are at their lowest, and they remain comparatively low all through the cold, and snow, and frosts of winter. The daily deaths from phthisis, for the eight principal towns of Scotland, in November, December, January, and February, are to the daily deaths from the same cause in March, April, May, and June, as 8½ to 10¼.

There is still another class of diseases which appear to obey the same law, though certainly not in so marked a manner. Like consumption, diseases of the brain show their maximum mortality in the spring months; April and May being usually the highest. This fact is one of great interest, as we may conclude from it that the nervous system generally is liable at this season to derangement and disorder, the occurrence of which in the course of other diseases may influence them to a fatal issue, and so swell the general mortality. The injurious effect of spring weather upon the nervous system is moreover in accordance with popular belief.

If the tables of mortality are examined with the view of determining the way in which spring weather influences the mortality of the young and of the aged, it will be found that with regard to both of these, especially with regard to the young, the influence of temperature appears to be close and constant.

INJURIOUS PECULIARITIES OF THE WEATHER OF MAY.

We come now to the consideration of some peculiarities in the weather of May which do probably interfere with the heathful action of its greater warmth.

Keeping in mind the occurrence of the cold week about the middle of the month—a thing which appears to be unequally, but still more or less well marked every year—let us recall what was said of the remarkable effect on the death-rate which resulted from a week of extreme cold in January. If that be the usual effect of unseasonable depressions of temperature, then we should expect that the cold week of May would not come and go without marking its passage by an increased mortality. It is not easy to prove that such is the fact, for, though we have the temperature from day to day, we have not the mortality from day to day with which to institute a comparison. We happen, however, to possess the weekly mortality for London, and its mean weekly temperature, and if we examine and compare these for a series of years, we shall find that this cold week of May does appear to influence mortality, and so justifies our expectation. Let us take the year 1862, when the depression of temperature was tolerably well marked, and we shall have evidence of this:—

	Mean Temp. for Week	Deaths from Phthisis.
Ending May 10 . .	57·5° . . .	189
,, ,, 17 . .	51·9 . . .	139
,, ,, 24 . .	55·6 . . .	176
,, ,, 31 . .	57·6 . . .	146

Here we have the usual depression of temperature between the 10th and 17th, with an increased mortality following it. We have chosen deaths from phthisis to illustrate this point, because they do so most forcibly; but the deaths from all causes also rose during the week ending on the 24th.

There are other peculiarities, however, in the weather of May, which probably exercise a greater influence on the death-rate. It has been shown that less rain falls in that month than in any other month of the year, that it falls on a small number of days, that the atmosphere is at no time further from the point of saturation, and that we have no month more cloudless and sunny. Now most of these characteristics depend on the prevalence of winds from the north-east, in association with a rising temperature; and it has been already shown that these winds are cold and arid—not only dry but drying—licking up moisture greedily from everything they touch—from the skin and from the mucous membrane of the lungs—thus robbing the body of an enormous quantity of heat, which is absorbed and rendered latent in the conversion of the moisture into vapour, and thus also tending to lower the temperature of the moist surfaces over which it passes below its own temperature, low though that may be.

That these easterly winds destroy tender vegetable life, all practical men admit. They cause the young shoots and buds to wither and die. That they are injurious to human health and life is a common belief, and a well-founded one. That they interfere with comfort of body and contentedness of mind, he is a robust man who will not assert from his own experience. In short, they have a bad reputation,—and they deserve it.

On the authority of Major-General Harding, they appear to have a peculiar effect on oils. He says that it is commonly observed that meat will not keep during an easterly wind; and he tells us that if you float a divided leaf of the terebinthus-tree on water, the oil comes out in jets or beads from the pores of the leaf when the wind is westerly, and causes it to move about as if of its own will; but with an east wind, the oil comes out so liquid that it rises to the top of the water, and the leaf remains motionless. It would be well if we had more observations of this kind, disclosing peculiar actions of this ill-famed wind.

To it, beyond a doubt, much of the unhealthiness of May is due. Poets *generally* have sung the praises of that month as no meteorologist would have done—as no statistician would dare to do. One of them, however,—Cowper, I think,—tells us that May gets credit for much that belongs to June. And another thinks we ought to reckon the May of the poets by the old style, and so begin it later. Of our actual May, he indignantly asks,—

> "Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
> The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year,

With showers and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace,
With blushes, harbouring in their thin disguise
The blast that riots on the Spring's increase?"

If Chaucer be right, May weather is to be perpetual in Heaven, for on the gate of his "Happy Park" he writes,—

"There greene and lusty May shall ever endure."

For the sake of the amiable Mr. Jarndyce let us hope that Chaucer may be wrong. The nearest thing to Heaven he ever found on earth was the home of Esther Summerson, *for there*, he tells us, *the east wind never blew*.

Sir Henry James gives us a poem by the Hon. Mrs. George Wrottesley, in which the easterly winds are blamed for almost all the ills that flesh is heir to, and her abuse of them reaches a ludicrous height in this stanza—

"Ask why such a one murdered his brother,
For the act if a reason you'd find,
'Tis the same cause that serves every other,
'Tis that horrible easterly wind."

But, horrible as most men think it, it has found a bard in Kingsley, who hails "the brave North-Easter," and says that—

"'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men."

We do not know how he arrives at this. Perhaps he thinks that it thins the ranks by picking the sensitive and weakly out. But to this way of getting a strong race there are not a few of us who would seriously object. If it were the right way, society should *hail* a good many other lethal influences as well as the brave North-Easter, and all efforts to lower the rate of mortality and lengthen the average life should be discouraged.

For all he sings, perhaps Kingsley may have often sighed with the rest of us *for the staying of the rough wind in the day of the east wind*, and we can even fancy that Cockburn's shepherd of the Pentlands, when he got a little older and feebler, may have given his assent to the popular belief that,—

"When the wind is in the east,
It's neither good for man nor beast."

One thing at least seems pretty clear, that it will be folly in no one to listen to this warning:—

"Ne'er cast a cloot
Till May be oot."

ARTHUR MITCHELL.

PEACE AFTER STORM.

I.

PEACE! it is only a promise
Fulfilled in Heaven to be!
Only a broken rainbow
Over a troubled sea!

II.

Calm! there was scarcely a murmur,
When the night of storm was o'er,
Breathed by the lips of Ocean,
Along the wreck-strewn shore.

III.

Winds! they had sunk to a whisper,
Peace was proclaimed on high,
And the sky smiled to the ocean,
And the ocean to the sky.

IV.

Clouds! up in the fields of azure,
Like flocks with their snowy fleece,
Feeding in pleasant pastures,
Gathered and strayed in peace.

V.

Wrecks! by the storm all scattered
Along the rock-bound coast,
Food for the fires of the fishers
Up by the waves were tost.

W. J. LINTON

VI.

Waves!—that come up and cover
The sad wrecks, day by day,
And through the broken bulwarks
Glide in and out at play.

VII.

Still! down in the deep clear water
You see the dark wrecks lie;
But treasures not to be gathered
Deeper and darker lie.

VIII.

Peace! it is only a promise,
Fulfilled in Heaven to be!
Only a broken rainbow
Over a troubled sea! I. C.

THE HADJI CARAVAN FROM DAMASCUS.

It is the duty of every Mohammedan to visit the holy places at Mecca and Medina at least once in his lifetime. Many perform the pilgrimage more than once; but from a very common saying it may be inferred that, whatever may be its advantages in regard to the pilgrim's state in the next world, it has not a salutary moral influence on his present life. "Keep your eyes open upon a man who has hadjied once, suspect him who has been to Mecca twice, and fear him who has been there three times," is not without some grounds. The pilgrim is often proud and bigoted, and sometimes, under a garb of religious zeal, is most unscrupulous in his general dealings.

Numbers of people now avail themselves of the facilities offered by the steamboat and other companies, to proceed to Mecca, *viâ* Alexandria, Suez, and Jeddah; but many still prefer to go by land across the desert, and accompany the sacred mahmal, or ancient camel-saddle, the representative of that in which the prophet's wife 'Ayesha rode. The departure of this caravan claims the attention of the tourist and the student of ancient usages. It embraces people of all classes, whose distinguishing characteristics are prominently developed on such an occassion. I hardly know, however, whether the description of the procession itself, or that of the motley crowd of spectators, would be the more interesting to the general reader.

The procession leaves the military Serai at about ten or eleven o'clock A.M., some time during the second week in the month of Shawal.* On the appointed day, as early as six or seven o'clock, a large concourse of people gathers together in the road it is to traverse, namely by the Dervishiyeh, Jamia as Suaniyeh, Bab Mosalla, the Meidan, and out at Bowabet Allah on to the 'Asseily, an open space about a mile distant from the southernmost gate of the city. The street Meidan is more than a mile long, and although it preserves one direction, and is comparatively straight, the houses are irregularly built, and its width varies from about forty to more than a hundred feet. Along the middle of the road there is a regularly paved causeway in a straight line of about thirty feet wide, over which roll the cannons and the carriages of the grandees.

In the crowd almost every imaginable variety of character and costume is to be seen; and all are dressed in their best clothes and gayest colours. Some ride on handsomely caparisoned horses, others on well-trained mules or white asses, some stand or lounge about, others walk, whilst some are seated and smoke or sip coffee. The cleared shops are now stocked with women instead of wares, and little children are seated on the shelves that they may see over the heads of the crowd. The windows and roofs are also crowded with spectators, whilst seated on carpets in little groups, just out of the line of the march, are women in their white or blue checked izârs, many of them carrying infants or accompanied by children. Among these groups a wandering Dervish may be seen; he approaches one little assembly of women after another to sing or recite for their benefit blessings on the prophet, or verses in commendation of charity. His dishevelled hair mingles with his flowing beard, and streams over his shoulders and down his back. On his head is a felt cap. He wears a ragged, patched garment of divers colours, and a leopard or stag skin is loosely tied over his shoulders. His neck is ornamented by several strings of enormous wooden beads that hang down over his chest as far as his girdle. He holds in his right hand a javelin about six feet long, and a real

* This year, 1866, the caravan left Damascus on the 7th, Asseily on the 10th, and Mezerib on about the 25th of the month of Shawal.

calabash, or a tin imitation of one, is suspended from his left arm. Into this receptacle the women drop small coins or pieces of bread in payment for the recitations. Other Dervishes wander about in the crowd with drums or tambourines and fifes, reed-pipes or bag-pipes, and collect alms.

A little way off, some gipsies with a large tambourine exhibit the feats of a performing donkey, who nods his head or shakes it in answer to questions addressed to him by his master. He lies down as if dead when asked what would become of him if he got no more food, and he allows himself to be dragged about by the tail or ears or leg, just as though he were really dead. Amongst the spectators are Turkish soldiers in their zouave uniforms, Some of these may be seen talking to women of doubtful character, whose veils are drawn aside to display olive complexions, cheeks painted red, and black pigment around their eyes to heighten their shameless lustre. There are also Persian pilgrims with their tall lambskin caps, and their flowing beards dyed red, or purple, or black, and wearing close-fitting long-skirted tunics of shawl-pattern or coloured cloth, generally some shade of green, and braided more or less richly; and Bedawy Arabs, in their faded kefiyehs bound round the head with a rope of wool or camel hair, and enveloped either in a sheepskin or a striped cloak called the albai.

A Druze chief rides by: he looks like a feudal lord in his dignified and somewhat haughty manner, and the willing obedience tendered to him by his suite of retainers. He is mounted on a richly caparisoned mare; his garments are of fine cloth, elaborately embroidered with silk braid; and his cloak is of dark-blue cloth, the collar being embroidered with gold thread. His followers wear white turbans neatly wound round red skull-caps, but scrupulously deprived of the usual blue tassels. They have blue cotton or cloth under garments, and black cloaks.

Now we approach a man who has improvised a tent to protect him and his wares from the rays of the sun. Three poles of eight or ten feet long have been set just as the infantry pile their muskets, and over them a ragged piece of canvas has been thrown. Under this extempore tent he is seated in the middle of a carpet, surrounded by wooden boxes and trays containing sweetmeats, parched peas, dates, and other eatables.

Men carrying buckets of pickled turnips and beetroot also wander about, and find ready customers for their acid wares, which are eaten in slices without bread.

Men and boys go about selling toys for children, such as rattles, windmills, and especially long-necked bottles like chemists' retorts: they are made in the glass factory in Damascus, especially before the festivals, for sale to children, who fill them with liquorice-water or some kind of sherbet, and amuse themselves by inviting each other to drink from the mouth of the long-necked vessel.

Bread, cakes, sherbet, fruits, and other eatables are also carried about for sale amongst the crowd, each vendor using his particular appeal in praise of his wares, and all vieing with each other in strength of lung. But above all, the clatter of the brass saucers of the seller of liquorice-water is distinctly heard. He has a skin of the sweet beverage slung on his back and coming under his right arm; he holds the brass spout in his right hand, and in his left a few thin brass saucers, which he dexterously clatters and knocks together on the tips of his fingers, as he cries out, "O bountiful! cool and refreshing, purify your blood."

Now we see some Mohammedans from Bokhara and Samarkand, with fat faces, flat noses, small long eyes, and short straggling yellow or pale-brown hair, which is so scanty and pale that they look almost beardless. They wear ragged turbans of immense size and of an indescribable colour. These are carelessly wound round a felt cap, or else they wear a fur cap that resembles a peculiarly shaggy stock. They look at the scene around them with a vacant stare.

Near-by stands a Jew with pale face and scanty beard, sharp eyes and shabby Oriental garments.

Then we see proud Damascene Moslems in their large fur-pelisses and bright-coloured garments.

Near the gate are the custom-house officers and guards surrounded by numerous bales of merchandize—Manchester cotton goods and prints, ready-made clothes for the Bedawy Arabs, Swiss kerchiefs, Damascus kefiyehs, Baghdad Abbais, and Persian carpets, all awaiting examination.

Foot-soldiers are stationed at convenient places along the road to preserve order and to keep spaces clear for the *cortége*.

In the military Serai the camel destined to the honour of carrying the sacred saddle is arrayed in head-stall, and other trappings, to match the covering of the mahmal. It is then laden and is consigned to the Pasha or Emir of the Hadji, who duly gives a written receipt for the precious consignment. This document is restored on his return from the pilgrimage.

The camel devoted to this work of honour is never afterwards put to drudgery or work of an ordinary kind; and so long as he remains in good health, he is allowed the same honour year after year.

The procession is preceded by a party of artillerymen, with several dismounted field-pieces on the backs of camels. Then follows a band of music, playing martial airs; the instruments are fifes, drums, horns, cornets, cymbals, and those peculiar pagoda-like instruments in brass hung round with little bells. Some field-pieces are drawn by mules and stationed at different points between the southern gate and the place of rendezvous at Asseily. After a few minutes, a party of about fifty guards, called "kalaajees" or "castlemen," rush along the road. It is their duty to keep watch over the caravan during the night-halts, and they are called castlemen because they encircle the camp and, as it were, form the walls around it. They are

desperate-looking young fellows, chiefly Damascenes, and wear a dress which is something between the town costume and that of the Arabs of the desert. They are all shouting, running, jumping, skipping, and playing antics. Every two or three hundred yards they stop and form a ring, in the middle of which some of them dance the sword-dance, others fight sham fights, and cut and parry to the cadence of the song and chorus sung by those forming the ring. Others, again, dance and twirl their guns in a most astonishing manner to the same tune. Suddenly all shout out at the top of their voices, and point their matchlocks to the earth, discharge them, and then skip away in a state of wild excitement.

Indiscriminately mingled with the crowd, both before and after the procession, are mules and camels, laden with merchandize for the annual fair at Mezerib; and the children of the merchants, being out for a holiday, ride on the tops of the huge bales. Some of the merchants are mounted on ambling ponies, others on mules or dromedaries.

The formal procession is varied. First comes a regiment of cavalry, called "'Auniyeh," enrolled expressly for the protection of this caravan. They are not regulars, as they are almost without discipline or regular evolutions; neither are they irregulars, because they wear a uniform and are supplied with arms by the government,—a short rifle and a revolver to each;—but their horses are their own. They ride in double file, and four of those who are foremost are each supplied with a pair of tamtams or kettledrums, fixed one on each side of the saddle-bow; and they strike them with short pieces of thick strong leather, producing a very peculiar sound which is heard at a great distance. They hold the reins between their teeth, as both hands are engaged with the leathern drumsticks.

Then follows the Pasha's takhterawan, a handsomely decorated litter carried on poles by two mules. The Pasha or Emir of the Hadji is comfortably seated inside, and can at pleasure either survey the crowds through the glass windows, or can shut them out from gazing by drawing the silken curtains. Four extra mules for exchange accompany the litter, and they are distinguished from the others by pointed saddles of red cloth embroidered with bright yellow braid.

Next a double file of mounted local police; then the Mohammedan officers of the local civil and military staffs in their glittering uniforms and brilliant decorations, and the grandees and nobles of the city in their distinguishing costumes and flowing robes of bright-coloured cloth, lined with fur. The Mufti, or legal adviser and expounder of the law, in his purple cloak and white turban, over which is folded a piece of green silk ribbon embroidered with gold fringe at the ends, comes next. Then the Mullah Effendi, or supreme judge, in his wide-flowing robe of purple and delicate white turban, over which is folded a strip or band of plain gold lace. He is supported by ulemas and students, whose turbans, decorated with bands of different widths and colours, indicate to the initiated their respective offices or the college degree to which they have attained.

Then we see a small company of Moolawi Dervishes, with their peculiarly shaped sugar-loaf drab felt caps. Their sheikh wears the same kind of cap, but is distinguished from the rest of his order by having a green turban neatly bound round it.

The principal feature in the procession is that which comes next; namely, the mahmal, or camel-saddle, with its tent-like cover. It is a frame of wood fitted to the camel's back, and rising up to a peak, so that, when covered, the rider can sit at his ease, being at once thoroughly protected from the rays of the sun and from the gaze of the crowd. The official covering is made of green silk, embroidered with inscriptions in gold thread, with massive gold fringes. It hangs down all round as far as the camel's knees; the upper point and corners being surmounted by gilt balls and crescents. The camel is led by footmen. Then comes the holy flag, of green silk, embroidered with gold inscriptions and gold fringe. Next a camel, on which rides a Dervish, who is swaying to and fro and singing praises. His only dress is a coarse albai tied round his waist, and a light piece of dirty white muslin or calico thrown loosely over his head and shoulders. This man has been for many years past an attendant on the mahmal, and performs the annual pilgrimage in this state of nudity on a camel supplied by the authorities. He is much venerated. An ordinary military band marching at the head of a regiment of regular infantry succeeds. Then follows a troop of about a hundred wild-looking fellows mounted on dromedaries. They are the guides and guards of the caravan, and belong to the tribe called the 'Agail. They are armed with matchlocks, swords, and a variety of weapons. Their swarthy complexions, wild expressions of feature, and incongruous variety of costume,—some flowing, some scanty; some old and grimy, others bright-coloured and new,—and their voices in harsh chorus, whilst their ostrich-like beasts struggle and push against each other like scared sheep, their soft feet producing not the slightest sound on the pavement,—altogether make the spectator fancy he is in a dream, or witnessing some vivid representation of a tale of witches or fairies.

Then follow some pilgrims riding in panniers suspended on camels, and neatly covered by an awning. Some of the more wealthy pilgrims are riding in litters rather less gaudy than that of the Pasha of the Hadji.

The civil and military governors of Damascus ride in an open carriage.

The rear of the procession is brought up by a string of camels laden with hide-covered boxes, containing the presents of carpets, &c., for the mosques at Mecca and Medina, dresses for the Arabs, and cash for the expenses of the caravan.

These boxes are fastened with padlocks, each of which is separately tied up in calico, and sealed with the Pasha's seal. Those containing the precious objects are additionally ornamented with little brass bells.

From the moment the mahmal leaves the military Serai till its arrival at Asseily, before the Pasha's tent, guns are fired at intervals. On its arrival at a mosque in the Meidan street, containing the tomb of Sheikh Saad ed dîn Jibbawi (a celebrated man, who founded the sect of Dervishes called the Saadiyeh), the camel is led up to a window, through which the sheikh in charge of the mosque has the special privilege of giving it a ball of kneaded dough, sugar, and almonds. Sometimes the camel seems to relish the sweetstuff; at other times he will drop it all; but, whether little or much falls to the ground, it is eagerly scrambled for by the assembled Mohammedans, who devour it as if it were heavenly food.

Arrived at Asseily, the mahmal is taken off the camel and placed on a stand opposite the Pasha's tent. The green silk cover is carefully packed up, and is not again displayed till within a short distance of the holy places. An ordinary blue cotton cover is placed over the wooden frame during the march through the desert.

The local pashas and troops then return to Damascus. The small camp remains at Asseily for a few days, that purchases and arrangements may be effected or completed; and when all is ready they start for Mezerib, an open plain about sixty miles distant.

This first instalment of the caravan consists only of the officials and a few pilgrims; but a fair is held at Mezerib for about ten days, during which time the pilgrims flock together, and all start for Mecca and Medina on the appointed day, which is generally about the 25th or 27th of Shaval.

When all are congregated together at Mezerib, the camp consists sometimes of about four or five thousand tents; two or three hundred are pitched side by side in two rows by the merchants, and thus form a street of shops, in which almost anything can be purchased, from cooking-utensils to silk dresses and gold or silver watches; and along the centre, between the rows of tents, are stalls for the sale of eatables, fruits, &c. On a slight eminence, in the middle of the camp, is the Pasha's tent. The mahmal and holy flag are placed just opposite its door, and between them is a light wooden cross about twenty feet high, on which are suspended lanterns at night-time, that all in the camp may know the exact position of the sacred objects, and of the Emir of the Hadji, to whom complaints may be made. Near at hand are the tents of the various officers of the caravan. Next are the pilgrims' tents, arranged with some degree of regularity in rows, and parallel with them are lines of picketed animals—camels, horses, mules, and donkeys; and the whole is surrounded by the patrolas. The scene is very exciting and amusing; for, besides this company, a great many Arab sheikhs assemble with their retinues, either to receive the Sultan's black-mail—politely called a voluntary contribution,—or to sell their camels, of which many thousands are browsing on the plains and hills within sight.

On the 25th of Shaval, a gun is fired, by the Pasha's order, and then, within the space of about an hour, this immense camp is in motion. Everything is packed up, and the caravan gradually disappears in the distance, like a monster serpent winding its way amongst the undulations of the plain in the direction of the shrines at Mecca and Medina.

Unfortunately, thousands of these people die on the road, and they sometimes suffer severe privations; but he is envied whose time of departure comes whilst on this pilgrimage, for he dies a happy martyr.

E. T. ROGERS.

VILLAGE HOSPITALS.

In the year of grace 1859, in the small village of Cranley, in Surrey, a little seed was planted, which is, we think, destined to bear fruit throughout the length and breadth of the land. The village surgeon bethought him that it was certainly a mistake that the means of ministering to the accidents and diseases of poor human nature should be confined to great cities and populous places, and that the intermediate country, sometimes fifteen or twenty miles distant, should be altogether left out of the reckoning. In the great metropolis, and in every large city and county town, there is a hospital, or dispensary, in which nearly every malady to which the human frame is liable is specially attended to; but in the large tracts of country between these centres of civilisation there is, or was, no refuge to which poor creatures suffering from the terrible accidents consequent upon the introduction of steam-machinery into agricultural pursuits, and the railway, could be taken but the Union workhouse. And to that refuge the peasantry, who are in any degree above the condition of paupers, decidedly objected to go. The consequence was, that the severe cases of injury were either removed to the County Hospital, or to the nearest city where similar establishments could be found. Even paupers were, and are still, hurried up to town, with a view to save the rates; and many a poor creature has, after much preliminary agony, lost his life, lest the parish should have to pay the extra fee allowed to the Union surgeon under such circumstances. Where it is possible, the sufferer can be treated, it is true, in his own

cottage; but imagine a poor wretch with a fractured leg, or some accident involving the nervous system, shut up in the single sleeping-room of his cottage with noisy children, subject to the barbarous, because untutored, nursing of his wife. In either case, his chances of making a rapid recovery are not encouraging. If taken to the nearest town hospital, often from fifteen to twenty miles' distance, in a rough cart, the injury necessarily becomes so aggravated, that in many cases the limb is lost, and, with the limb, the patient's life, as the atmospheric conditions of large towns are always adverse to the recovery of unacclimatised country patients. If, on the other hand, he is left to the better air of his cottage, he is, possibly, miles away from his doctor; and a case that requires watching every hour, under the best circumstances gets a visit from that hard-worked individual once a day. It was not an unnatural idea that led Mr. Napper, of Cranley, to the conclusion that we might bring the hospital system, so to speak, to the door of the poor man, and—a matter of no less importance—to his own door also. The Rector of the parish, the Rev. J. H. Sapte, worthily seconded him by giving him a cottage rent-free, which, with the aid of the neighbouring gentry, was furnished and fitted up to receive six patients. As this hospital is the model on which all the subsequent establishments have been founded, it may be as well to describe it. The outside the photographic art pictures for us at a stroke. (See p. 352). It is a Surrey cottage, and nothing more, with a sound roof and sound walls. The interior is in the same homely style. The walls are whitewashed, the ground-floor is paved with brick: even the gudeman is sitting by the fireside, taking his rest after his day's labour; for the woman who attends to the patients is wisely permitted to have the "encumbrance" of a husband. There is a patent kitchener, it is true, but this is provided for the convenience of cooking, or for the purpose of supplying a hot bath, which we see through the half-open door of a closet. In the sitting-room there is a poor boy playing on the floor, suffering from a disease in the bone of his leg. He looks very unlike the poor squalid town child, under such circumstances, primly sitting on his bed. At the side is a little room, in which the doctor sees out-patients. Upstairs are the wards for men and women. They can boast nothing beyond those in the simplest cottage, but they are scrupulously clean, and you can see that, where possible, ventilation is carried out. The nurse is a better-class countrywoman. Her homely gown, her homely speech, remind the poor sufferer of those he has left behind. He looks out of the latticed window upon a little garden, and when the wind blows, the roses tap against the window-pane. We miss altogether the long prim ward, the prim nurse, the bare, dismal walls of the regular hospital. The patient, if his anguish would only leave him at ease, feels as much at home as though he were visiting a friend's cottage, and he entirely loses the idea, so painfully thrust upon him in the regular hospital, that he has ceased to become a man, and is simply looked upon as a disease. Can the reader wonder at the repugnance of the countryman to be in a town hospital, when he knows that he will no longer be John Stiles, but "a case of necrosis," or "a fatty tumour"? Is it strange that he loses his identity when mixed up with a long row of sufferers, upon whom a grim silence is enjoined; that he longs for the sight of a familiar face amid the crowd of students, who watch him as they would watch the experiments made upon a mouse in the exhausted bell-glass of a lecturer; and, finally, is it surprising that poor Hodge, when hit hard, begs the doctor to let him die at home, where at least he has friendly sympathy? Such a home, socially, is the Village Hospital, with the addition of all the appliances of art necessary to his case, and the doctor within call when his services are required. That the scheme was a success the moment it was practically at work was only a consequence of the simplicity of its arrangements, and its harmony with all the previous habits of the patients. At the outset it was determined that no cases should be admitted that could be treated at their own homes, and that, as far as possible, the hospital should be self-supporting. The Englishman, untouched by the degrading influence of pauperism, does not care about being tended gratuitously; at all events it is found that the charge for his maintenance is cheerfully paid according to his means. The charge varies in various hospitals from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* per week. This sum is contributed by friends, and by the club, and in this manner almost a third of the weekly payments is made up, leaving a very moderate sum to be subscribed by those charitably inclined in the neighbourhood, in the form of donations and annual subscriptions. The lively sympathy of friends is always a matter to be checked rather than encouraged. We all know what trash visitors are eased of, by the hall porters in our Metropolitan hospitals, which they would surreptitiously convey to their friends. In the country, however, this willingness to tender aid is turned to account: the newly laid egg is permitted, with the approval of the surgeon, to reach the patient; the pat of butter, the wine sent by the mistress, the beef-tea coming to an old servant from the "big house," are not ruthlessly withheld; and the patient in these little attentions finds that he is still linked to friends outside by all the ties of affection. Who shall say what is the value of these natural aids to recovery? We certainly do not under-estimate their value, neither do we think the reader will. In looking over the annual reports of those Village Hospitals which have been established some little time, we cannot help being struck with the willingness which neighbours exhibit in supplying the needs of the sufferers. The tradesman, for instance, gives his time for some little odd job; the gentry supply wines or delicacies in abundance, and books; and the housewife supplies old linen. The classes in a village and its neigh-

bourhood are so linked together that the thrill of sympathy runs swiftly through the whole chain. How much more we feel inclined to help those we know something about than strangers, and in the country we all know one another. In great aggregations of men, sympathy is lost by diffusion; who thinks of interrogating the poor crouching creature on the door-step in Belgravia on a bitter winter night—is there not the Union for her to go to?

Even the furnishing of the Village Hospital is effected, in many cases, by the direct contributions of friends. Thus, at the East Grinstead Village Hospital, a lady supplied the entire furniture of one room, and others gave all kinds of medicinal and surgical appliances, and small matters that go to ease the pain of the invalid. This willingness to aid in the good work renders it comparatively easy to establish and maintain these useful institutions, the value of which is so apparent that they are rapidly spreading throughout the length and the breadth of the land. It is not more than seven years since the first Village Hospital was established, and now there are sixteen in full work, and sixty-seven in course of establishment.

It may be as well perhaps if we mention the villages in which hospitals are now established. They are as follows:—Bourton-on-the-water, Gloucestershire; Bungay, Suffolk; Cranley, Surrey; Dorking, Surrey; Capel, Surrey; East Grinstead, Sussex; Fowey, Cornwall; Great Bookham, Surrey; Harrow, Middlesex; Ilfracombe, Devon; St. Andrew's, Fifeshire; Tavistock, Devon; Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire; Weston-super-Mare, Somersetshire; Wellow, Notts; and Wrington, Somersetshire. Whilst they are already in course of formation in the following places:—Ampthill, Beds; Aylesford, Kent; Bishops Lydiard, Somerset; Beverley, Yorkshire; Bertley, Durham; Bedford, Beds; Bunbury, Cheshire; Burbage, Wilts; Blackheath, Kent; Clevedon, Somerset; Chilampton, Somerset; Cowes, Isle of Wight; Carlisle, Cumberland; Cheltenham, Gloucestershire; Cockermouth, Cumberland; Congleton, Cheshire; Devizes, Wilts; Daventry, Northampton; Dudley, Worcestershire; Dorchester, Dorset; Erdington, Warwick; Frome, Somerset; Falmouth, Cornwall; Folkestone, Kent; Gainsborough, Lincolnshire; Grantham, Lincolnshire; Harpenden, Herts; Halesworth, Suffolk; Hurstpierpont, Sussex; Highgate, Middlesex; Harrowgate, Yorkshire; Hatfield, Essex; Hartley Row, Herts; Holywell, Flintshire; Iver, Berks; Knutsford, Cheshire; Kilsyth, North Britain; Luton, Beds; Lewes, Sussex; Leamington, Warwick; Lichfield, Stafford; Middlesborough, Yorkshire; Marlborough, Wilts; Market Rasen, Lincolnshire; Malvern, Worcestershire; Northwich, Cheshire; North Cray, Cheshire; Newton Abbott, Devonshire; Nantwich, Cheshire; Penrith, Cumberland; Redditch, Worcestershire; Richmond, Surrey; Walsall, Staffordshire; St. Austell's, Cornwall; Shaftesbury, Dorset; Stoken Church, Oxford; Loutham, Warwick; Savernake, Wilts; Southwill, Notts; Tavistock, Devon; Thetford, Norfolk; Tipton Green, Stafford; Ulverstone, Lancashire; Worthing, Sussex; Walker, Northumberland; Yoxford, Suffolk; Zealand Conyers, Lincolnshire; and possibly others with which we are not yet acquainted.

As many persons, on charitable thoughts intent, will be glad to know the expense of working one of these admirable institutions, we cannot perhaps do better than give the balance-sheet of the working expenses of the Cranley Model for four years, beginning in 1859 and ending in 1863. During this period one hundred patients were treated, their stay varying from a few days to months, and in one instance to nearly an entire year. Many of the surgical cases were of a very severe nature, and we have no doubt whatever that in every case they made far more rapid recoveries, owing to the good air and immediate treatment, than they would have done in the best regulated Metropolitan hospitals, possessing the pick of the surgical skill of the country:—

Receipts and Expenditure during Four Years for One Hundred Patients.

Receipts.

	£	s.	d.
Donations and Subscriptions	542	5	5
From Patients	131	4	6
	£673	9	11

Expenditure.

	£	s.	d.
For Patients, Salaries, Wine, Beer, &c.	411	5	5
Insurance, Printing, &c.	34	17	5
Repairs and Improvements	73	11	4
Furniture	92	11	4
	£612	12	6

If we divide the total expenditure by four, we find that the annual cost, including furniture and repairs, was but little more than 150*l.* per annum. Of course the two last items of expenditure cannot be looked upon as an annual charge. If we take the mere cost of the patients it but little exceeds a hundred a year for the treatment of twenty-five cases, or five pounds per case. This gives a fair view of the extremely economical method in which these institutions are worked. One of the most encouraging items of receipt is the sum of 131*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, contributed by the patients themselves. It is very creditable to our rustic population, that they have set an example to the Metropolitan artisans in this respect, which we trust will not be overlooked. If the peasant with his comparatively low rate of wages can manage to give so much towards his own support whilst debarred from labour, it strikes us that the highly paid artisan in London, leaning upon rich friendly societies, should not certainly allow themselves to

depend entirely upon charity. It will be seen that the extremely manageable yearly charge of the Cranley Hospital depends upon the total absence of a "staff," that dead weight, which sinks more imposing hospitals to the earth. One motherly woman of average intelligence, whose annual salary ranges from 12*l.* to 20*l.* per annum, is found amply sufficient, with a little occasional help, to nurse, whilst a second is employed to do housewifery and cook the food for the inmates, the number of which never exceed six, and but seldom reaches that number. As long as the hospitals can be kept within six or eight beds we have no fear whatever but that they will go on successfully; but we agree with Mr. Napper, that any attempt to get beyond the capabilities of a cottage and a single nurse, with occasional help, will imperil the success of the experiment.

Fowey was the second Village Hospital, established in 1860. A great number of the cases admitted here are seafaring men, suffering from serious accidents, such as "falling from the mast-head of a ship," "brought on shore from a wreck in a state of great exhaustion," "fracture of a thigh-bone in two places in consequence of falling over the town quay," "falling from the mast-head of a vessel and pitching on his heels." Such cases as these show the value of Village Hospitals, situated in outlying maritime districts. Dr. Davis, the founder, says that during one year, only 19*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* was paid out of the funds of the institution for fifteen patients, "owing to many of them entirely supporting themselves, and partly in consequence of friends supplying dinners, &c., to the sick when required; indeed, I have scarcely ever to *ask* for broth, wine, and other necessaries, but rather to be careful lest my patient gets too many good things, as sympathy is quickly excited, because the cause of it is more brought home to our minds, and soon bears fruit among our townspeople." This is the gist of the matter. When we know the patient and the circumstances of his accident, it is difficult to restrain sympathy and active aid; but directly a poor creature becomes removed far from home the chain of sympathy is broken and lost. Help, in fact, to those in distress is always in a direct ratio to the nearness of the object.

We have shown, we think, pretty clearly that the difficulties in the way of founding a Village Hospital are not by any means formidable, and that we may depend upon the charity of the country-side for the means of establishing and maintaining it. In nearly every instance with which we are acquainted, some gentleman of the district has been found ready to give the free use of a cottage, and by the aid of a bazaar sufficient is speedily raised to furnish the wards. Where there is no cottage conveniently situated, we have no doubt that some one will be found willing to raise up one for so good a purpose. Indeed we only fear that the simplicity of the movement will suffer from the too generous gifts of those who give in the name of charity. At the present moment a charming little structure is being raised as a memorial Village Hospital by Mrs. Broadwood at Capel, in Surrey, in memory of her late husband, the Rev. John Broadwood, of Lyne. "It is in the style of the fourteenth century; the walls of Leith Hill sandstone, with Bath stone window-dressings and mullions, and red brick groins; and is calculated to hold twelve beds. We hear it is just finished, and we only hope it is not too fine for the poor countryfolk it is intended to succour." That a memorial cannot take a better form than that of a Village Hospital we thoroughly admit, but there is a fear lest such a structure be too pretentious, too unlike the homes of the patients themselves to be agreeable to them. At the same time it cannot be denied that the ordinary arrangements of a cottage can be improved upon for the purpose intended, and we must only hope that with the fourteenth century work we may not also get an attempt at fourteenth century habits in the form of nursing sisters, who we do not believe would work altogether satisfactorily in Village Hospitals.

Bourton-on-the-Water, established in 1861, was the third Village Hospital. As the letter we have received from its energetic surgeon and founder, Mr. Moore, supplies so many characteristic and instructive particulars, we need make no apology for giving the following quotations from it:—

"The number of beds originally was six, but a new bed-room and convalescent room have been fitted up since, and we can now accommodate eight patients. We have had, up to January 1st, 1866, 164 in-patients, who have contributed, on an average, about 14*s.* each towards their maintenance (in weekly sums, varying from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*), but many subjects of accident or acute disease have been admitted without any payment.

"During the past year we have admitted forty-four new cases, and the daily cost of each patient (every expense inclusive) has been 1*s.* 5½*d.*

"We have one nurse, whose wages are 8*s.* 6*d.* per week, who has occasional help when the Hospital is full, or when sitters-up are required. She was formerly employed at charing and field-work, but has now become an efficient nurse, keeps the house very clean, and is generally liked by the patients.

"Written orders are sent by Mrs. Moore to the different tradespeople every Monday for the weekly supply of provisions, and she pays the accounts, which are audited by the committee at their fortnightly meetings.

"Wines and spirits are kept under lock and key at the Hospital, and are issued by me, a bottle at a time, to the nurse when required.

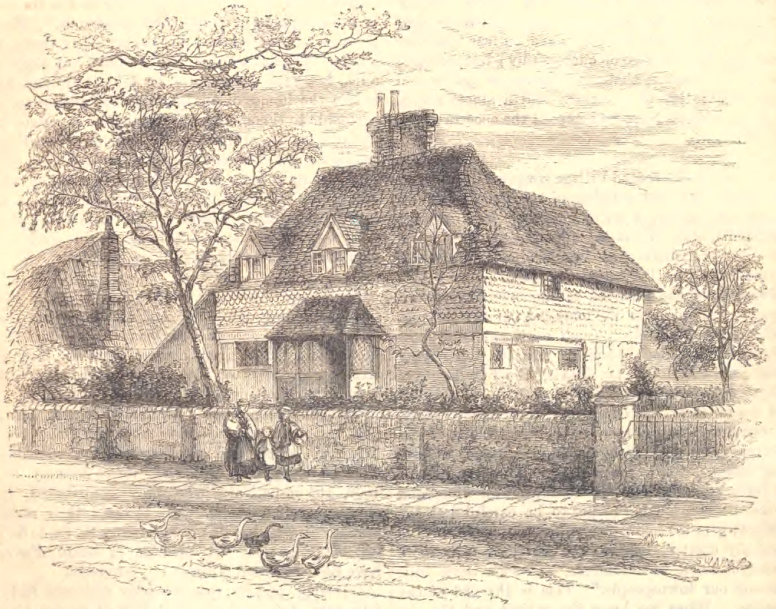
"Our dietary list is as follows:—Meat, 3 lb.; sugar, ½ lb.; butter, 6 oz.; for each adult male per week. Milk, rice-pudding, bread, vegetables, and cocoa, at the discretion of the nurse. Wine, spirits,

beer, and other diet only by special order of the medical officer.

"Medicines are supplied by a druggist in the village at the rate of 3*s.* 6*d.* per case admitted.

"The rent is 12*l.* per annum, in addition to interest on money (the produce of a bazaar) expended in alterations. There are four sleeping rooms, one convalescent room, a kitchen, a committee-room (with dark-closet for ophthalmoscopic examinations, &c.), in which out-patients are seen and prescribed for every Monday from 10 to 12. There is also a nurse's room and bath-room, in the latter of which are a hot and cold bath (supplied by a force-pump from the back kitchen below), and a shower bath and a vapour bath."

Mr. Moore was most ably seconded in his efforts by the Rev. C. W. Payne Crawford, who afterwards removed to East Grinstead, and afforded invaluable support to the founder in the establishment of that



Cranley Village Hospital.

hospital; thus illustrating the value of clerical aid when given with a will. The East Grinstead Hospital has indeed had a great fight for it, and had it not been for the determination of Dr. Rogers and his worthy coadjutor, it would probably have fared but badly. It was the fourth established in order of date, and is a little more pretentious in appearance—as will be seen by the accompanying photograph (see p. 353)—than the Cranley model, but it retains all the characteristics of a Surrey cottage of the better class, with the addition of a spacious room at the back of the house, amply lighted by two large windows. This addition was made at the expense of its founder, Dr. Rogers. The poor rustic brought here in his hour of trouble must look upon it as a little paradise, surrounded as it is by its well kept little garden, and overlooking a perfect bower of flowers, the culture of which appears to be the hobby of the Doctor. This hospital makes up seven beds, and its working expenses are pretty much the same as those at Crawley. The report for the year ending 1865 is now on our table, from which we gather that during the last year, thirty-four cases were treated, against which we find the result "well" recorded in the great majority of cases. The receipts and expenditure of this hospital for the year 1865, are equally satisfactory with those of the Cranley Hospital.

Receipts.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Balance at the Bankers, Jan. 1, 1865 . .	86	12	4
Donations and Subscriptions	75	12	6
Payments by Patients	33	12	0
Collecting-box at Hospital	2	7	6
Total	£198	4	4

Expenditure.

	£	s.	d.
Food, wine, medicines, appliances, fuel, &c.	86	7	4
Nurses	17	0	0
Rates, insurance, furniture, and sundries.	6	17	11
Printing	5	7	6
	115	12	9
Balance	82	11	7
Total	£198	4	4

It will be seen that the receipts from patients were fully a third of the expenditure, bearing out the statement of Mr. Napper that in calculating the means of support, that rate of support from the patients may always be depended upon.

The Tewkesbury Hospital, which was established twelve months ago, appears to be making great way, as we mayindeed expect it would, considering the size of the town. Dr. Devereux, the founder,

The Cottage Hospital, East Grinstead.

informs us it is a simple double-cottage, cleaned and whitewashed, but he adds some particulars which are very instructive :—

"We commenced with five beds ; but within four months the institution was so well appreciated by patients, and its usefulness was so well recognised by the tradesmen of the town, and by the gentry and clergy of the neighbouring parishes, that the number of beds was increased to seven. At the preliminary meetings the great objection urged against a Village Hospital was, that their introduction and general adoption would rob the County Infirmary both of patients and funds. As regards the first, I can safely say that not one of our patients would have found his way to our neighbouring large hospital ; and as for the second part of the objection, I am sure that not one of the subscribers to the large hospital who also subscribe to our Village Hospital, would think for a moment of withdrawing it from the Infirmary. And the tradesman of the town, who subscribes his guinea, half-guinea, five shillings, or two-and-sixpence to our Village Hospital, would never think of subscribing to any of the county infirmaries.

"Each patient pays a weekly sum towards his maintenance during his stay in the hospital. This sum of course varies according to circumstances, and is fixed by the committee. We find this rule very much appreciated by the patients. We are quite full at present. One patient, a footman, with peritonitis, pays 5*s.* a week ; a boy, aged six, with strumous disease of the knee-joint, requiring splints, &c., whose mother is enabled to visit him daily, 2*s.* 6*d.* per week ; a man, with a compound comminuted fracture of leg, whose removal to a large hospital at a distance from the place of accident would pro-

bably have rendered amputation necessary, pays 2*s.* 6*d.* per week; a young blacksmith, with skin disease, requiring medicated baths, which he could not have had at home, pays 7*s.* per week; a boy with rheumatism, 2*s.* 6*d.* per week; and the cook from a gentleman's family, with carbuncle of the leg, 3*s.* 6*d.* per week. These sums are paid very willingly, and it is very gratifying to find that former patients frequently visit the hospital, and bring vegetables, flowers, &c., and even money for the hospital money-box. Only last month a poor woman, whose breast was removed on account of carcinoma, gave a donation of one guinea, besides having paid a weekly sum during her stay in the institution."

This gratitude on the part of old patients is one of the most charming features of the institution. We hear from other sources that it is very common for the friends of convalescent patients to bring flowers to adorn the wards, and to put donations in the box towards the expenses of the hospital.

The question of nursing is the most important matter connected with this movement. As a rule, trained nurses from towns do not work well. They are willing to nurse, but that is only one part of the duty of the motherly person required in a Village Hospital; she must be able to lend a hand to anything, and at the same time be obedient and willing. We should look in vain for such mixed qualities in the highly-trained sisterhoods affiliated to some of our Metropolitan hospitals. Mr. Napper is, we hear, engaged upon a nursing scheme, which will, he thinks, meet the wants of the rural districts. His own experience leads him to believe that the staff of nurses he seeks to establish must be selected from the ordinary peasant women of the country, who know the wants of the patients, their habits, and perhaps their failings; and we think there can be no doubt that Mr. Napper is right. Whilst we express this opinion, however, we cannot, in justice to the trained nurses, refuse the testimony of Mrs. Tyrill, of Sunnyside, Ilfracombe, who interests herself so much in the Village Hospital of this charming watering-place. She speaks most highly of the nurse in that establishment, who was trained for seven years in King's College Hospital. But the hospital must indeed be the *beau ideal* of its class, "standing alone on the hill-side, in a garden of roses and myrtles."

Another question, much discussed, with relation to Village Hospitals, refers to the advisability of establishing fever wards. As we well know, gastric and typhoid fevers are of very common occurrence in the country, and as they are but slightly infectious there appears to be little objection to their admission. It is widely different, however, with scarlet fever, typhus, and small-pox. The general opinion seems to be that if such cases were taken in it would be a death-blow to their success. The hospital would be looked upon as a centre of infection—much, in fact, as the pest-houses were of old—and would be deserted accordingly. We fear there is much truth in this. Isolation could not be sufficiently sustained, even supposing a separate ward were employed for the purpose, with a separate entrance and nurse. We know that such fever cases are admitted into a separate ward of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond-street, without any evil results; but we fear that two nurses, in an isolated cottage, could not be kept apart so effectually as in a town, for obvious reasons. Moreover, outbreaks of contagious fever are few and far between. When they do happen, they would overtax the supply of nurses; and during periods of freedom from an outbreak the ward would be standing idle, at no small expense. Indeed, if fever cases were to be admitted, we do not see why there should not be a ward for contagious skin diseases, for consumption, &c. Once depart from the simple cottage hospital, with one nurse, and the movement would be ruined.

Whilst the importance of these institutions to the labouring poor cannot be over-estimated, the resident gentry will equally participate in the benefit. Under the old style of things, the country was drained of all serious surgical cases. The guardians of the poor, rather than incur the expense of treating severe accidents, and of performing the more serious operations in the workhouses, sent the patients, often suffering the most excruciating agony, to the nearest county or town hospital. The private practitioner, knowing how useless it was to treat such cases in the homes of the patients, often miles away from their own abodes, also recommended their transport to the centres of medical skill. In this manner the county suffered a complete drain of all instructive cases, and the art of the country surgeon became rusted with disuse.

In saying this much we by no means wish to cast a slur upon the skill of the country practitioner, as we well know that in mining and manufacturing districts, where accidents are of frequent occurrence, the resources, the skill, and the quickness of the single-handed surgeon are often of the highest kind, and would put to shame many a hospital surgeon working with all the appliances of his art, with unlimited help at hand. But manufacturing and mining neighbourhoods are one thing, agricultural neighbourhoods another; and without indorsing the expression we lately met with in a country paper, that country practitioners sooner or later "degenerate into mere pill-making machines," we do not think it can be denied that he gradually loses the greater part of the surgical skill and anatomical knowledge he acquired in the schools; and there are but a small proportion of them who would care to be practically tested, knife in hand, as they were before obtaining their diploma at the College of Surgeons. The knowledge of this fact on the part of the public is, without doubt, one great drawback to a country residence to persons suffering from any bodily affliction which requires constant attention. It is not

every man that can afford to summon a celebrity from town. Such persons should hail the establishment of Village Hospitals as a boon to themselves, certainly not less than it is to the poor. The country gentleman who gives his annual subscription to maintain one of these valuable institutions must consider that, whilst he is ministering to the wants of the poor, and relieving the parish rates, he is at the same time keeping the village surgeon at school against the time when some terrible accident overtakes him in the hunting field, or when some sudden emergency to those near and dear to him, calls for the trained and skilful hand.

We cannot conclude this paper, however, without cautioning those inclined to found Village Hospitals —and there should be one in every village ten miles distant from a town or county hospital—that it is not to be done, unless under very favourable circumstances, without great tact and temper. There is rarely any difficulty in procuring sufficient funds, but there are always jealousies to be assuaged and social difficulties to be met and conquered. The surgeon, for instance, who is adventurous enough to establish one is pretty sure to find that his brethren in the neighbourhood look coldly upon him, if he has been unwise enough to do so in direct opposition to their interest or influence; and brother surgeons, it must be remembered, have the ear of the local clergy and gentry, without whose aid it is indeed a hard fight. Not that we think a little wholesome persecution is a bad thing; on the contrary, it always acts as a stimulant. But it should not be too fierce; and this it will be, unless care is taken in interesting as many medical men as possible in its working. In all the most successful institutions of this kind it is a rule to invite every surgeon who sends in a case to attend it himself, and to give him the option of operating. This rule at once disarms a great deal of jealousy. Union surgeons, by an arrangement with the guardians, are in many cases induced to perform operations in these establishments in preference to doing so in the workhouse; of course receiving the extra fees they are entitled to receive. As a rule, these hospitals are instituted for those above the pauper class, and for such as cannot be properly treated at their own homes; but there are many that receive patients chargeable to the parish, in which case the parish allowance is guaranteed by the parish officers.

We have said enough to show, in the language of the mechanic, that there are "hot bearings," at starting, in the working of the machinery of these invaluable refuges for the afflicted, which require a little of the oil of address and persuasion to mollify; and where this is forthcoming on the part of the founder, all is sure to go well.

ANDREW WYNTER.

PREJUDICE IN MATTERS OF RELIGION.

We should certainly be offering to the earnest religious spirit of the age an uncommon dish of flattery, if we were to pronounce it free from an influence that has operated with marked effect in every age of the Church. It was the most guileless of men that asked, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" At every turn of the Gospel history we find prejudice erecting her bristles against the sayings and doings of our Lord, not merely in the person of enemies, but in that of devoted friends. Peter was horrified at the announcement of the crucifixion, and Thomas seems to have fairly lost patience when told of the resurrection. All the disciples marvelled that our Lord talked with the woman of Samaria; and if everything had been told, it would probably be seen that in their secret hearts they were astonished at many of his other proceedings, and perhaps a little ashamed of them. It is not likely that a force which was so powerful in the first age of Christianity has ever ceased to play an important part among the factors that have moulded religious opinion and action, even in the most sincere and enlightened circles. In fact, one can hardly resist a feeling of deep depression when one thinks of all the activity of prejudice during the conflicts of eighteen centuries, and the extent to which it has robbed the Church of her heritage of truth and holiness. In the heat of so many controversies, in the antagonisms and antipathies of so many sects and parties, in the collisions of good men of such diverse nationalities, education, connections, favourite modes of thought and feeling, and so forth; in the tremblings of so many feeble old Elis for the ark of God; in the suspicions so easily roused in many sincere hearts by any proposal of change, how often has the inward vision been distorted, and, as Bacon puts it, the clear *ideas* of the divine mind transformed into the poor *idola* of the human! And what an untold amount of needless bitterness of feeling and bitterness of language, and positive injustice too, has sprung from the distortion, and how much of courage and energy worthy of the noblest cause has been worse than wasted! One wonders less at the incompleteness of our practical Christianity, at the failure of the leaven to leaven the whole lump, when one thinks how much prejudice and her mischievous family have been allowed to influence the Christian counsels. And in proportion to the intensity of one's longing for a purer, more complete, more pervading Christian spirit, is the measure of one's desire that this unwholesome intruder were fairly banished, and, to quote Bacon again, the *lumen siccum* were substituted for the *lumen madidum*—

light uncontaminated by human frailty, for light tinctured with prejudice and passion.

Certainly there is nothing in the characteristics of the present age to show that prejudice has lost its power, or that it needs no longer to be guarded against. In some forms, no doubt, it is weaker, but not in all. Even our philosophers (with deference be it written), with all their unfeigned regard for the inductive method, and all their diligence in the interpretation of nature, often show that they have not left prejudice behind them, when they come to touch the domain of religion. Is it unfair to say of an influential section of scientific men at the present day, that they are prejudiced against belief in the supernatural, in the efficacy of prayer, or in the speciality of divine providence? That is to say, they assume that these things cannot be held by any one who believes in the uniformity of nature, or who understands anything of the system of natural law that prevails in the world. They assume that there is an inevitable connexion between such beliefs, and an utterly confused and superstitious conception of the mode in which the affairs of the world are regulated. Yet, if they would listen calmly to intelligent believers they would find that their faith in natural law is as strong and complete as their own, and that the real difficulty lies, where difficulty inexplicable ever must lie, at the point where the Infinite will comes into contact with the finite. In the more peculiar domain of religion, many causes of prejudice are as active as ever. Our age is not remarkable for conscientious self-discipline. Few men take pains, when addressing themselves to religious questions, to purge their minds of the bias of party, system, personal antipathy, or personal predilection, in order that their conclusions may be come to in the *lumen siccum*, free from all distortion and false colouring. There is a peculiar excitability on religious questions, a nervous sensibility in itself most worthy of commendation, considering the awful issues which religion involves, but extremely unsafe and likely to be very mischievous when it is dissociated from deliberation, candour, and equity. There is a tendency to religious panic,—the very hot-bed of prejudice, because implying a state of feeling when the ordinary measures for protecting religion are counted insufficient; the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended, a state of siege is proclaimed, and no method is spared of exciting a feeling of horror against the unhappy individuals who have caused the commotion. We have got, too, in this age a remarkable faculty of constructiveness or development, by which from a single view of any man we can construct or develop a whole system of opinion. Cuvier probably has given us the hint. From a tooth we can infer the mastodon. And if at any time we seem to be too severe in the vehemence with which we attack an opinion, we can show that it is connected, by the consanguinity of logic, with twenty other opinions of a most dangerous kind. There is, beyond doubt, much truth in this consideration, and it deserves to be taken into account, especially when any doctrine is under discussion that has a place in the great scheme of grace. But loosely or carelessly held, the position affords cover for no end of prejudices, and might tempt one to do grievous injustice to persons who would repudiate with horror the conclusions that we draw from their premises.

On the other hand, it must not be assumed that everything which currently passes under the name of prejudice really bears that character. It may be mere prejudice in me to ascribe prejudice, in some point, to my neighbour. His *ideas* may seem to me to be *idola*, while in reality they are nothing of the kind. This seems to be particularly true of opinions that have a local or sectional connection. It is too readily assumed that these are all *idola specûs*—idols of the cave; that is, distortions caused by our viewing truth in our local cave, as it were, and not under the wide canopy of heaven. But there may be true ideas as well as false idola in the cave. In this northern part of the island, we are accustomed to have most of our peculiar views, on religion and otherwise, treated as idola by our southern neighbours. A writer in the *Times* or in the *Saturday Review* could hardly compose an article on a Scottish topic without an unlimited use of "Scotch prejudices." We do not claim exemption—if we did, we should not be writing this paper—but we protest against the assumption that whatever views are peculiar to Scotland are necessarily prejudices. In fact, there are some of our peculiar opinions that, when taken out of the cave and placed under the canopy, become more convincingly true than ever. We have long been suspected of a very prejudiced opinion in favour of John Knox, whom the rest of the world has been accustomed to look on as somewhat of a savage. In Edinburgh, during the present winter, two of our greatest writers, Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, have taken Knox out of the cave and set him up under the open sky, and they have found him a greater man than even his countrymen dreamt. Froude has pronounced him not only the reformer of his Church but the former of his nation; and Carlyle sets him down as the head and progenitor of Oliver Cromwell and the whole race of heroes that did such deeds in England in her days of struggle. We are believed to breathe an atmosphere of undiluted bigotry; yet Professor Thompson, of Galway, in one of his "Odds and Ends," extols our educational system as the most liberal under the sun, and asks in what other country will you find public schools and universities where the teachers are chosen irrespective of Church connection, and boys and young men of every creed, as well as of every rank, sit on the same benches and join in the same play? The *perfervidum ingenium* is no doubt often *perfervidum* in its prejudices as in other things; but it must be claimed on its behalf, that many of its religious opinions and practices, which are often promiscuously condemned as baseless, rest firmly, nevertheless, upon the rock-foundation.

Of the sources of prejudice in religion, some of the most productive are those which belong to the antagonisms of party. People place themselves, or find themselves on antagonistic sides, and there springs up a disposition to view with dislike whatever is characteristic of the opposition. And it is remarkable how much the strongest natures may be swayed by this powerful and subtle influence. Let us take the case of Jerome, in the fifth century. Every one knows in what reverence he held the decisions of the Church, and with what relentless severity he pursued the gainsayer. It was his boast that he had never spared the heretics, but had always treated the Church's enemies as his own. In promoting monasticism, Jerome, by his example as well as his pen and voice, did all that man could do. Among other opponents whom he tried to silence was the presbyter Vigilantius, a man who seems to have got hold of many of those common-sense and Scriptural views that at the present day are our protection against ascetic tendencies. How did Jerome treat him? Among other points of controversy between them, one related to the lawfulness or propriety of certain nocturnal services or vigils, with which some of the festivals were attended. They were a mere substitution for pagan rites, and the scandals with which they were attended were notorious. Yet the practice was a venerable one, and had received the sanction of the Church; and besides, the person who complained of them was this Vigilantius, a sort of obstinate protestant, who was always setting himself against church authority. The night vigils, therefore, found a strenuous defender in Jerome; their debaucheries were overlooked by the greatest ascetic of the age. "This doctor," as has been well said, "who would himself cheerfully have burned rather than sanction the marriage of a priest, is now heard pouring execrations upon an opponent whose extent of crime was to assert, on the one hand, the lawfulness of clerical matrimony, and to deny, on the other, the expediency of promiscuous nocturnal assemblages in churches!"

The prejudices of party are naturally intensified by protracted and bitter strife. Especially if the conflict has been one of life and death. And in that fiery furnace, the antagonism becomes indiscriminate, and is burned into the very character with an intensity that keeps it from wearing out for generations. During the early history of the Reformed Church of Scotland, there was no such intense horror of some of the usages of Episcopacy as came afterwards to prevail. The Churches of Scotland and England were in several respects nearer to each other, and the contrast which now prevails between their modes of worship was by no means so conspicuous. The Scottish Reformers were remarkably firm in claiming for their Church the constitution which they believed to be at once the most Scriptural and the best adapted to the circumstances of their country. But that they had no indiscriminate prejudice against English ways was evident from the institution of "Superintendents," from the sanction of a service-book for voluntary use, from the repetition of the Creed, the singing of *Gloria Patri*, and several other practices in their worship. But there came a time when unhappily it was attempted by fire and sword to force prelacy, in its most odious and offensive form, upon the people of Scotland. The resistance to this measure forms one of the noblest chapters of Scottish history, and has burnt its mark deep into the very nature of the people. The struggle was for life, and everything that made life dear; blood crimsoned the hills and moorlands, the Grassmarket of Edinburgh rang with dying testimonies,* and the martyrs of the Covenant were counted by thousands. It is not surprising that, after this, the feelings of the Scottish people against the English Church were greatly intensified, and "black prelacy" became a synonym for everything horrible. The line of demarcation between the Churches became more distinct, and several practices that had prevailed in the early period were altogether discontinued. The feelings of the people settled down into a vague horror of everything Anglican; and by a curious but natural enough perversion of language, every feature in which English worship differed from the Scotch was stigmatised as prelatical. It might be current among Presbyterians everywhere else,—in Holland, France, Germany, Scandinavia, America; but its being English was enough to condemn it, and to stigmatise any one who had a leaning to it as a recreant son of the Presbyterian Church. Out of this condition of indiscriminate prejudice many are now happily emerging. Thoughtful and temperate men are walking round the Scottish Zion with a more open and candid eye, marking her ancient bulwarks, and considering her Presbyterian towers, and all the more impressed—because they have left prejudice behind them—with the truly strong and vital points of the system, and the duty of maintaining them, "whatsoever trouble or persecution may arise." At the same time, they are opening their eyes to lesser points in which profitable lessons may be got from England, or from any other quarter whatever. Those who are influenced by these views should not be confounded with any that would surrender everything for which their fathers fought and died, and lay down the Scottish Church, penitent and submissive, at the feet of her more powerful Anglican sister. Yet there are some men who laugh at such discrimination, who make it

* Close to the writer's house is a rising-ground that used to be called the Gallow-hill, adjacent to a piece of nursery-ground, still called the Gallow-lee. Many of the martyrs of the Covenant perished here. It seems at the time to have been a lonely, unfrequented place; and it appears from Wodrow that executions were so common in the Grassmarket, that a rising of the inhabitants was sometimes dreaded, and hence many convicts were sent to this out-of-the-way spot to be executed at an early hour of the morning. A large number of those commemorated in the "Cloud of Witnesses" met their death on the Gallow-hill.

their endeavour to blow up all the ancient prejudices to the red heat of the "killing time," and affirm, and perhaps believe, that the slightest change from the practice of the last two centuries is sure to end in a full-blown system of Popish ritualism!

Nearly akin to the source of prejudice that has been under our view is that which is connected with extraordinary devotion to particular systems. Prejudice here springs from an exaggerated notion of the primary purpose of creeds. Instead of being regarded as designed to set forth revealed truth in opposition to error, they are looked on as a summary embodiment of all truth, and of all possible forms or aspects of truth; and everything which is not cast in the same mould is either viewed with suspicion, or rejected as erroneous. No allowance is made for those differences, whether of intellectual or spiritual temperament, which dispose good men to look at different sides of revealed truth, and to give prominence to one or other of these in their teaching. This is the more remarkable, that in the case of the leading Apostles, who were inspired to be the permanent teachers of the Church, the difference of temperament and of favourite views is so remarkable. Peter, with his favourite view of the Christian salvation as a redemption from the vain conversation and lust of the natural heart, and a translation into fellowship with the living Saviour; John, with his intense reverence for the person of Christ, and fondness for regions warmed with the brightest beams of the Divine love; James, with his plain, practical, realistic tendency, deeply concerned about common duties, and insisting that, whatever else the Church may be, she shall at least be moral; Paul, wonderfully combining the peculiarities of all the three, and expounding, more clearly and forcibly than any of them, the principles that underlie the Christian scheme of salvation—furnish us with types of Christian teaching so diverse, and yet so plainly the same in essence, that it becomes difficult to respect the prejudice that has no toleration for any divergence from one recognised type. Such divergence does not necessarily imply the subversion of any of the other forms, any more than St. James subverts St. Paul, or St. John St. Peter. Yet we have sometimes thought that if a volume of sermons modelled, but unavowedly, on the Epistle of James were to be published, it would be very likely to find a place in the Index Expurgatorius of some very excellent people. We know, indeed, the intensity of Luther's prejudice against that Epistle, arising from the feeling, which is now felt to be so unwarranted, that its teaching subverted the great *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*. In this case, the effects of prejudice were peculiarly disastrous: the book was cast out of the canon as an "epistle of straw." No small error, surely, for such a man as Luther to fall into; and no slight warning to men of other times, to be on their guard against the prejudice that would hold even the Almighty limited to a single view of truth and duty.

The prejudice derived from excessive love of systems is often painfully exemplified in the judgment formed of the character and doings of persons known to belong to a different school. Men find it extremely difficult to believe that there can be true Christian excellence on the part of persons who in any way deviate from recognised opinions or practices. Yet both Scripture and Providence are frequently presenting us with facts that clash rudely with this theory. Our Lord taught that many would come from the East and the West and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, while the children of the kingdom should be cast into utter darkness. It was a shrewd saying of Matthew Henry, that he believed he would get two great surprises in the kingdom of Heaven—to find many there he never expected to see, and to miss many he thought he was sure to find. A story is told of one of the best and worthiest ministers that Scotland ever produced, —old Ebenezer Brown of Inverkeithing,—who one snowy winter day, on his way to a prayer-meeting at North Queensferry, was tumbled by his pony into a ditch at the road-side, where he would have probably perished, had not some carters, bringing up whisky casks from the Ferry, seen the catastrophe. We must let his grand-nephew tell the story in his own words. "The carters rushed up, and raising him and *dichtin'* him, with much commiseration and blunt speech, said, 'Puir auld man, what brocht ye here in sic a day?' There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, soothing and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet and stuffing them with grease. He was most polite and grateful, and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whisky and said, 'Tak that, it 'll hearten ye.' He took the horn and, bowing to them, said, 'Sirs, let us give thanks!' And there, by the roadside, in the drift and storm, with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn. The men cried like children. They lifted him on his pony, one going with him, and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing they repeated the story to everybody, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing: 'And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tash o' whisky!' Next Presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up—he seldom spoke—and said, 'Moderator, I have something personal to myself to say. I have often said that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but'—and then he told the story of these men—'but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have the grace of God—I don't know; but I never mean again to be so *positive* in speaking of this matter.'"

A caution against this class of prejudices must not be held to imply either that the occasional occurrence of moral beauty apart from revealed truth proves that truth and life are unconnected, or that the existence of much Christian excellence where our symbols are not received,

should make us indifferent to the heritage of truth that has been handed down to us by our fathers. Though one may occasionally find flowers in a desert, or trees growing in the cleft of a precipice, it does not follow that flowers have no connexion with cultivation, or that trees are independent of soil and shelter. The occasional occurrence of moral beauty apart from Christian truth does not affect the sad picture of the unconverted world in the Epistle to the Ephesians: "At that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." And we may quite well afford to look round with an open and unprejudiced eye among Christians of other creeds, without drifting into the notion that there is nothing distinctively excellent in our own. Devout minds, especially in a country that has had a marked providential history, will reverently recognise, in the attainments of their fathers, a heritage of which the sons are constituted the guardians, and which, though not binding their consciences by a positive descending obligation, it were shameful to cast carelessly to the winds. In the course of the American war, no more striking words were spoken than those of Mr. Lincoln in the graveyard of Gettysburg, when he called on the survivors to complete their task, and thus give a value to the sacrifice of their comrades, whose bodies were in the graves around them. It is through future generations that value is given to the sacrifices of the past; and we should be showing ourselves faithless to the trust which Providence commits to us if we made light of the heritage bought and handed down to us at so great a cost.

The prejudices of system might be illustrated, more curiously perhaps than profitably, from our prophetic literature. The Stock Exchange is not the only region where illegitimate speculation prevails. The tendency of imaginative minds to form minute theories of the future, from the prophetic symbols, is surely an illegitimate use of a portion of Scripture, which, when rightly used, is as fertile in feelings of reverence for God as in those of hope for the world. Once a compact Apocalyptic theory is formed, even facts themselves become the objects of prejudice. It is said of a well-known Apocalyptic writer, that he refused to believe the report of the death of the son of Napoleon I., so sure was he that in the plans of Providence he had an important part to perform. This writer, however, was comforted when Louis Napoleon succeeded to the throne of his uncle, and especially when he began to take an interest in the affairs of Italy. Of late years, we apprehend, his proceedings have not been quite so satisfactory; for is it not part of his rôle to become King of Rome, and fulfil the symbol of the eighth head of the Empire, who was to be of the seven, the same, yet different? In some cases the prejudice caused by Apocalyptic theories produces a jaundiced view of every movement going on at the present day. It is postulated by a prevalent theory, that the world shall become day by day darker and more daring in its wickedness. The demands of this theory lead even amiable and hopeful men to the most gloomy views of every feature of the times, and impel them to impute evil designs and aims to prominent men in a tone that cannot be reconciled with the spirit of charity.

Prejudices, in many cases, are due to the *vis inertiæ* of mankind. Some one appears propounding schemes that, if they were to be adopted, would cause trouble, change, uncertainty. A great neglected duty, like that of missions, is asserted; or a great scheme of Christian union is proposed; or an important change of policy or of organisation is demanded, when a wave of dislike rolls over a large section of those concerned, caused mainly by the shock that is given to their *vis inertiæ*. About half a century ago, a worthy old gentleman was professor of chemistry in one of the Colleges at Aberdeen. He had framed a course of lectures on his science which had enabled him decently and comfortably to discharge the duties of the chair during a considerable incumbency. In his old age, the received theory of the constitution of salts began to be attacked by Humphrey Davy, and discoveries were announced unsettling the opinions of all former chemists. In the course of time, the voice of the revolutionist was heard even at Aberdeen, and a deference began to be shown to it that troubled the worthy professor. But his Aberdonian caution stood him in good stead. He would give his old theories just as before, merely adding an explanatory note:—"There's a man called Davy telling us now that all this is wrong. He is a troublesome man Mr. Davy, a very troublesome man; but we'll just wait awhile, till we see." The dread of trouble may often have to do with the reception or the rejection of religious proposals or practices. Of course, it is in some measure a fair consideration. Unnecessary trouble is to be avoided. But the consideration is not of itself enough to justify the rejection or the reception of anything. It must be looked at in the *lumen siccum*. It must be considered on its own merits. Still less is the consideration enough to justify the imputation of bad motives, or the branding of any one as dangerous. Yet how often are these things due in great part to dislike of trouble—unwillingness to be disturbed!

A vague dread of consequences is another source of prejudice. The child that would not say A because if he did he would have to say B, has his compeers in older circles. And hence it is that any opinion, even if it be new, has a far better chance of getting fair treatment, if advanced by a man known to be cautious and conservative, than by one suspected to be fast and impetuous. There are positions in the new book of De Pressensé on the Life of Christ that, if advanced by a more suspected writer, would receive the severest denunciations. The book containing such positions would be pronounced a bad one, and the public would be warned against it in

the strongest manner. But, as the proverb says, "One man may steal a horse, when another dare not look over the wall." De Pressensé stands well with all classes of the religious public, and is not suspected of revolutionary tendencies; his most rigid critics, therefore, will give a discriminating review of his book, praising what they like, and taking exception to what is distasteful. Would it really damage the interests of truth and righteousness if this style of criticism were to be generally practised?

There is a lurking feeling in some minds that prejudices, if only they are on the right side, are not such bad things after all. We will not wholly dispute the position, because a great mass of people have so few opportunities of investigation, and so small a faculty of judging, that many of their opinions are little better than prejudices, and of course it is better that they should be right than wrong. But, on the other hand, we must not flatter ourselves that prejudices even on the right side never do harm. Young persons brought up to believe in views and practices without reasons, are extremely liable to have their whole system of belief shaken, when, going elsewhere, they find that many of these traditional opinions have been mistakes. Impress on any one that Popery is a system of unmitigated evil, that the Popish Church in her every member is corrupt to the core, and that reverence, love, holiness, are never to be found in her communion; let that person so instructed go abroad, and fall in, it may be, with proofs of a devotion, an unworldliness, a fervour of soul that quite captivate him;—the probability is he will rush to the conclusion that everything he has heard about Popery is a mistake, and that it is the best religion and the true Church after all. We believe this is not a mere supposition. On the other hand, let one be taught to view even Popery with fairness and candour. Let a discriminating view be taken of her grievous errors and faults, and at the same time let due weight be given to any points in which she has shown superiority. Let the benefits of Protestantism be set forth with due allowance for any drawbacks which belong to her. The chances are, that when a young person so instructed goes to Roman Catholic countries he will have his faith in the strong features of Protestantism, and his dislike of Popery as a whole more firmly established than ever. On questions of the most vital import the same holds true. In the hour of conflict, to an ingenuous mind, prejudice is the weakest of all weapons. The Apostle's rule is the true stronghold: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

The desire to escape the influence of prejudice in matters of religion has no necessary connexion with revolutionary tendencies. On the contrary, the probable effect of the expulsion of prejudice from religious discussions would be, the more rapid and satisfactory re-establishment of the great vital doctrines, accompanied only with those slight modifications of shading and colouring which are demanded by the spirit of the times, and which the succession of ages has so often brought about in the history of Christianity. On the other hand, when advocates of change are exposed to every bitter taunt that prejudice can devise,—to treatment which seems to them both disingenuous and unfair,—there is far less chance of their retiring from their position, by coming to an agreement with their opponents. Counter-prejudices are apt to be raised in them against the other side, and a chronic warfare ensues, in which personal bitterness becomes a far more powerful agent than zeal for truth. The present writer is no advocate of revolution; he would rather that his right hand should forget its cunning than that he should write a word fitted to unsettle a single mind in the great vital doctrines of the faith. He is disposed to take a hopeful view of what may be *the final outcome* of all the prevailing agitation in questions of religion, tumultuous and confused though it be at present. But, in order to a satisfactory ending of these agitations, it is indispensable that combatants on all sides shall be more earnest and conscientious in seeking the *lumen siccum;* more moderate and candid in judging of one another; more disposed to make allowances for diversities of various kinds; and more regardful of the divine canon—"Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing."

W. G. BLAIKIE.

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XXII.

There followed after this a time of such tranquillity as had never yet entered into Mrs. Ochterlony's life. Mary had known joy, and she had known sorrow, as people do to whom life comes with full hands, giving and taking; but it had always been life, busy and personal, which left her little leisure for anything beyond the quickly recurring duties of the hour and day. She had had no time to watch the current how it flowed, being as it were part of it, and going along with it in its ceaseless course. But now all this was changed. After Winnie's marriage a sudden tranquillity fell upon the ladies in the cottage. Life had gone on and left them; they were no longer going with the tide, but standing by upon the bank watching it. They were not unhappy, nor was their existence sad,—for the three boys were world enough to satisfy the two women and keep them occupied and cheerful; and when the children were asleep, Aunt Agatha and her niece were, as people say, company for each other, and talked over their work as they sat by the evening lamp, or in the twilight garden, which was always so green and so sweet,—and were content, or more than content; but still sometimes Mrs. Ochterlony would bethink herself, and it would seem as a dream to her that she, too, had once taken her part with the others and gone with the stream, and suffered cruel sufferings and tasted sudden joys, and been Hugh Ochterlony's wife. Was it so? Or had she never been but with Aunt Agatha by the little river that ran steadily one day like another under the self-same trees? This strange sense of unreality in the past turned her giddy by-times, and made her head swim and the world to go round and round; but, to be sure, she never spoke of these sensations, and life continued, and the boys grew, and everything went very well on Kirtell-side.

Everything went so well that Aunt Agatha many a day pitied the poor people who were out in the world, or the young men who set out from the parish to begin their career, and would say, "Oh, if they but knew how much better everybody is at home!" Mary was younger, and perhaps she was not quite of the same mind; but still it was peace that had fallen upon her and was wrapping her all round like a garment. There was the same quiet routine every day; the same things to do, the same places to walk to, the same faces to see. Nothing unforeseen ever arrived to break the calm. When Hugh was old enough to begin serious lessons, a curate turned up in the course of nature who took pupils, and to whom Islay, too, went by-and-by, and even little Wilfrid, who was always delicate. The boys went to him with shining morning faces, and came back growing louder and stronger, and, as Peggy said, more "stirring" every day. And Sir Edward made his almost daily visit, and let a thin and gentle echo of the out-of-door din into the cottage quiet. He told them in his mild way what was going on, and talked about the news in the papers, and about the books reviewed, and about the occasional heavenly visitant in the shape of a new publication that found its way to Kirtell-side. There were few magazines then, and no cheap ones, and a single *Blackwood* did for a good many families. Sir Edward himself, who had been always considered intellectual, took in the *Edinburgh* all for himself, and lent it to his neighbours; but then it could not be expected that many people in a district could be so magnificent as that. When the Curate, on the other hand, came to tea (he was not the sort of man, as Aunt Agatha said, that one would think of making a dinner for), it was all about the parish that he talked; and as Mrs. Ochterlony was a perverse woman in her way, and had her own ideas about her poor neighbours, such conversation was not so interesting to her as it might have been. But it was in this sort of way that she spent the next ten or twelve years of her life.

As for Winnie, she was having her day, as she had said, and was, it is to be supposed, enjoying it. She wrote letters regularly and diligently, which is one point in which a woman, however little elevated she may be above her masculine companion in other respects, always has the better of him. And she possessed a true feminine gift which ought also to be put in the compensating scale against those female drawbacks which are so often insisted upon. Sometimes she was ill-tempered, sometimes bitter in her letters, for the honeymoon happiness naturally did not last for ever; but, whatever mood Winnie might be in, she always threw an unconscious halo of interest around herself when she wrote. It was, as everybody might see, an instinctive and unpremeditated act, but it was successful to the highest extent. Whether she described her triumphs or her disappointments, her husband's kindness or his carelessness, their extravagant living or their want of money, Winnie herself, in the foreground of the picture, was always charmingly, and sometimes touchingly, posed. A word or two did it, and it was done to perfection; and the course of her history thus traced was followed by Aunt Agatha with an unfailing enthusiasm. She herself went through it all in the person of her favourite, and Mary connected herself with a vague but still fairer future in the persons of her boys. And thus the peaceful existence went on day by day, with nothing more serious to trouble it than a transitory childish ailment, or a passing rumour that the Per-

civals were "going too fast," or did not "get on," —clouds which only floated mistily and momentarily about the horizon, and never came down to trouble the quiet waters. It was a time which left no record, and which by-times felt languid and lingering to the younger woman, who was still too young to be altogether satisfied with so dead a calm in the middle of her existence; but still, perhaps, it was, on the whole, the happiest time of Mary's life.

This halcyon time lasted until the boys were so far grown up as to bring the disturbing plans and speculations of their beginning life into the household calm. It lasted until Islay was sixteen and ready to pass his examination for Woolwich, the long-headed boy having fixed his affections upon scientific soldiership in a way which was slightly disappointing to his mother, who, as was natural, had thought him capable of a more learned profession. It roused the cottage into something like a new stage of existence to think of and prepare for the entry of its nursling into that great vague unseen sphere which Aunt Agatha called the world. But, after all, it was not Islay who was the troublesome member of the family. He had fixed his thoughts upon his chosen profession almost as soon as he knew what was meant by his father's sword, which had hung in Mrs. Ochterlony's room from his earliest recollection; and though there might be a little anxiety about how he would succeed at his examination, and how he would get on when he left home, still Islay was so steady that no one felt any alarm or absolute disquiet about him.

But it was rather different with Hugh. Hugh was supposed to be his uncle's heir, and received as such wherever he went, with perhaps more enthusiasm than might have fallen to his share merely as Mary's son. He was heir presumptive, recognised to a certain extent at Earlston itself as elsewhere in that capacity; and yet Mr. Ochterlony had not, so far as anybody was aware, made any distinct decision, and might still alter his mind, and, indeed, was not too old to marry and have heirs of his own, which was a view of the subject chiefly taken by Aunt Agatha. And, to aggravate the position, Hugh was far from being a boy of fixed resolutions, like his brother. He was one of the troublesome people, who have no very particular bias. He liked everything that was pleasant. He was not idle, nor had he any evil tendencies; he was fond of literature in a way, and at the same time fond of shooting and hunting, and all the occupations and amusements of a country life. Public opinion in the country-side proclaimed him one of the nicest young fellows going; and if he had been Francis Ochterlony's son, and indisputably the heir of Earlston, Hugh would have been as satisfactory a specimen of a budding country gentleman as could have been found. But the crook in his lot was, that he was the heir presumptive, and at the same time was generous and proud and high-spirited, and not the kind of nature which could lie in wait for another man's place, or build his fortunes upon another man's generosity. His own opinion, no doubt, was that he had a right to Earlston; but he was far too great a Quixote, too high-fantastical in youthful pride and independence, to permit any one to say that it was his uncle's duty to provide for him. And withal, he did not himself know what manner of life to take up, or what to do. He would have made a good soldier, or a good farmer, different though the two things are; and would have filled, as well as most people, almost any other practical position which Providence or circumstances had set clearly before him. But no intuitive perception of what he was most fit for was in him to enlighten his way, and at the same time he began to be highly impatient, being eighteen, and a man as he thought, of waiting and doing nothing, and living at home.

"If we could but have sent him to Oxford," Aunt Agatha said; "if I had the means!"—but it is very doubtful whether she ever could have had the means; and of late Aunt Agatha too had been disturbed in her quiet. Her letters to Winnie had begun to convey enclosures of which she did not speak much, even to Mrs. Ochterlony, but which were dead against any such possibility for Hugh.

"If I had been brought up at school where I might have got a scholarship, or something," said Hugh; "but I don't know why I should want to go to Oxford. We must send Will if we can, mother; he has the brains for it. Oxford is too grand an idea for me——"

"Not if you are to have Earlston, Hugh," said his mother.

"I wish Earlston was at the bottom of the sea," cried the poor boy; "but for Earlston, one would have known what one was good for. I wish my uncle would make up his mind and found a hospital with it, or marry, as Aunt Agatha says——"

"He will never marry," said Mary; "he was a great deal older than your father; he is quite an old man."

"Indeed, Mary, he is not old at all, for a man," said Aunt Agatha, with eagerness. "Ladies are so different. He might get a very nice wife yet, and children, for anything any one could tell. Not too young, you know—I think it would be a great pity if he were to marry anybody too young; but a nice person, of perhaps forty or so," said Aunt Agatha; and she rounded off her sentence with a soft little sigh.

"He will never marry, I am sure," said Mary, almost with indignation; for, not to speak of the injustice to Hugh, it sounded like an imputation upon her brother-in-law, who was sober-minded, and not thinking of anything so foolish; not to say that his heart was with his marble Venus, and he was indifferent to any other love.

"Well, if you think so, my dear—" said Miss Seton; and a faint colour rose upon her soft old cheek. She thought Mary's meaning was, that after his behaviour to herself, which was not exactly

what people expected, he was not likely to entertain another affection; which was probably as true as any other theory of Mr. Ochterlony's conduct. Aunt Agatha thought this was Mary's meaning, and it pleased her. It was an old story, but still she remembered it so well, that it was pleasant to think *he* had not forgotten. But this, to be sure, had very little to do with Hugh.

"I wish he would marry," said his heir presumptive, "or put one out of pain one way or another. Things can't go on for ever like this. Islay is only sixteen, and he is starting already; and here am I eighteen past and good for nothing. You would not like me to be a useless wretch all my life?" said Hugh, severely, turning round upon his mother, who was not prepared for such an address; but Hugh, of all the boys, was the one most like his father, and had the Major's "way."

"No," cried Mary, a little alarmed, "anything but that. I still think you might wait a little, and see what your uncle means. You are not so very old. Well, my dear boy! don't be impatient; tell me what you wish to do."

But this was exactly what Hugh could not tell. "If there had been no Earlston in the question, one would have known," he said. "It is very hard upon a fellow to be another man's nephew. I think the best thing I could do would be to ignore Earlston altogether, and go in for—anything I could make my own living by. There's Islay has had the first chance——"

"My dear, one is surely enough in a family to be a soldier," said Aunt Agatha, "if you would consider your poor mamma's feelings and mine; but I never thought, for my part, that *that* was the thing for Islay, with his long head. He had always such a very peculiar head. When he was a child, you know, Mary, we never could get a child's hat to fit him. Now, I think, if Hugh had gone into a very nice regiment, and Islay had studied for something——"

"Do you think he will have no study to do going in for the Engineers?" said Hugh, indignantly. "I am not envious of Islay. I know he is the best fellow among us; but, at the same time— The thing for me would be to go to Australia or New Zealand, where one does not need to be good for anything in particular. That is my case," said the disconsolate youth; and out of the depths, if not of his soul, at least of his capacious chest, there came a profound, almost despairing sigh.

"Oh, Hugh, my darling boy! you cannot mean to break all our hearts," cried Aunt Agatha.

It was just what poor Hugh meant to do, for the moment, at least; and he sat with his head down and despair in his face, with a look which went to Mary's heart, and brought the tears to her eyes, but a smile to her lips. He was so like his father; and Mrs. Ochterlony knew that he would not, in this way at least, break her heart.

"Would you like to go to Uncle Penrose?" she said; to which Hugh replied with a vehement shake of his head. "Would you like to go into Mr. Allonby's office? You know he spoke of wanting an articled pupil. Would you think of that proposal Mr. Mortare, the architect, made us?—don't shake your head off, Hugh; or ask Sir Edward to let you help old Sanders—or—or—— Would you *really* like to be a soldier, like your brother?" said Mary, at her wits' end; for after this, with their limited opportunities, there seemed no further suggestion to make.

"I must do something, mother," said Hugh, and he rose up with another sigh; "but I don't want to vex you," he added, coming up and putting his arms round her with that admiring fondness which is perhaps sweeter to a woman from her son than even from her lover; and then, his mind being relieved, he had no objection to change the conversation. "I promised to look at the young colts, and tell Sir Edward what I thought of them," he suddenly said, looking up at Mary with a cloudy, doubtful look—afraid of being laughed at, and yet himself ready to laugh—such as is not unusual upon a boy's face. Mrs. Ochterlony did not feel in the least inclined for laughter, though she smiled upon her boy; and when he went away, a look of anxiety came to her face, though it was not anything like the tragical anxiety which contracted Aunt Agatha's gentle countenance. She took up her work again, which was more than Miss Seton could do. The boys were no longer children, and life was coming back to her with their growing years. Life, which is not peace, but more like a sword.

"My dear love, something must be done," said Aunt Agatha. "Australia or New Zealand, and for a boy of his expectations! Mary, something must be done."

"Yes," said Mary, "I must go and consult my brother-in-law about it, and see what he thinks best. But as for New Zealand or Australia, Aunt Agatha——"

"Do you think it will be *nice*, Mary?" said Miss Seton, with a soft blush like a girl's. "It will be like asking him, you know, what he means; it will be like saying he ought to provide——"

"He said Hugh was to be his heir," said Mary, "and I believe he meant what he said; at all events, it would be wrong to do anything without consulting him, for he has always been very kind."

These words threw Aunt Agatha into a flutter which she could not conceal. "It may be very well to consult him," she said; "but rather than let him think we are asking his help—— And then, how can you see him, Mary? I am afraid it would be—awkward, to say the least, to ask him here——"

"I will go to Earlston to-morrow," said Mary. "I made up my mind while Hugh was talking. After Islay has gone, it will be worse for Hugh. Will is so much younger, poor boy."

"Will," said Aunt Agatha, sighing. "Oh, Mary, if they had only been girls! we could have brought them up without any assistance, and no bother

about professions or things. When you have settled Hugh and Islay, there will be Will to open it up again; and they will all leave us, after all. Oh, Mary, my dear love, if they had but been girls!"

"Yes, but they are not girls," said Mrs. Ochterlony, with a half smile; and then she too sighed. She was glad her boys were boys, and had more confidence in them, and Providence and life, than Aunt Agatha had. But she was not glad to think that her boys must leave her, and that she had no daughter to share her household life. The cloud which sat on Aunt Agatha's careful brow came over her, too, for the moment, and dimmed her eyes, and made her heart ache. "They came into the world for God's uses and not for ours," she said, recovering herself, "and though they are boys, we must not keep them unhappy. I will go over to Earlston to-morrow by the early train."

"If you think it right," said Miss Seton; but it was not cordially spoken. Aunt Agatha was very proud and sensitive in her way. She was the kind of woman to get into misunderstandings, and shun explanations, as much as if she had been a woman in a novel. She was as ready to take up a mistaken idea, and as determined not to see her mistake, as if she had been a heroine forced thereto by the exigencies of three volumes. Miss Seton had never come to the third volume herself; she thought it more dignified for her own part to remain in the complications and perplexities of the second; and it struck her that it was indelicate of Mary thus to open the subject, and lead Francis Ochterlony on, as it were, to declare his mind.

The question was quite a different one so far as Mary was concerned, to whom Francis Ochterlony had never stood in the position of a lover, nor was the subject of any delicate difficulties. With her it was a straightforward piece of business enough to consult her brother-in-law, who was the natural guardian of her sons, and who had always been well disposed towards them, especially while they kept at a safe distance. Islay was the only one who had done any practical harm at Earlston, and Mr. Ochterlony had forgiven and, it is to be hoped, forgotten the downfall of the rococo chair. If she had had nothing more important to trouble her than a consultation so innocent! Though, to tell the truth, Mary did not feel that she had a great deal to trouble her, even with the uncertainty of Hugh's future upon her hands. Even if Mr. Ochterlony were to contemplate anything so absurd as marriage or the founding of a hospital, Hugh could still make his own way in the world, as his brothers would have to do, and as his father had done before him. And Mrs. Ochterlony was not even overwhelmed by consideration of the very different characters of the boys, nor of the immense responsibility, nor of any of the awful thoughts with which widow-mothers are supposed to be overwhelmed. They were all well, God bless them; all honest and true, healthful and affectionate. Hugh had his crotchets and fidgety ways, but so had his father, and perhaps Mary loved her boy the better for them; and Wilfred was a strange boy, but then he had always been strange, and it came natural to him. No doubt there might be undeveloped depths in both, of which their mother as yet knew nothing; but in the meantime Mary, like other mothers, took things as she saw them, and was proud of her sons, and had no disturbing fears. As for Islay, he was steady as a rock, and almost as strong, and did the heart good to behold, and even the weakest woman might have taken heart to trust him, whatever might be the temptations and terrors of "the world." Mary had that composure which belongs to the better side of experience, as much as suspicion and distrust belong to its darker side. The world did not alarm her as it did Aunt Agatha; neither did Mr. Ochterlony alarm her, whose sentiments ought at least to be known by this time, and whose counsel she sought with no artful intention of drawing him out, but with an honest desire to have the matter settled one way or another. This was how the interval of calm passed away, and the new generation brought back a new and fuller life.

It was not all pleasure with which Mary rose next morning to go upon her mission to Earlston; but it was with a feeling of resurrection, a sense that she lay no longer ashore, but that the tide was once more creeping about her stranded boat, and the wind wooing the idle sail. There might be storms awaiting her upon the sea; storm and shipwreck and loss of all things lay in the future: possible for her boys as for others, certain for some; but that pricking, tingling thrill of danger and pain gave a certain vitality to the stir of life renewed. Peace is sweet, and there are times when the soul sighs for it; but life is sweeter. And this is how Mary, in her mother's anxiety,—with all the possibilities of fate to affright her, if they could, yet not without a novel sense of exhilaration, her heart beating more strongly, her pulse fuller, her eye brighter,—went forth to open the door for her boy into his own personal and individual career.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was a cheerful summer morning when Mary set out on her visit to her brother-in-law. She had said nothing to her boys about it, for Hugh was fantastical, like Aunt Agatha, and would have denounced her intention as an expedient to make his uncle provide for him. Hugh had gone out to attend to some of the many little businesses he had in hand for Sir Edward; and Islay was working in his own room preparing for the "coach," to whom he was going in a few days; and Wilfrid, or Will, as everybody called him, was with his curate-tutor. The cottage held its placid place upon the high bank of Kirtell, shining through its trees in a purple cloud of roses, and listening in the sun to that everlasting quiet voice that sung in its ear, summer and winter, the little river's changeful yet changeless song. It looked like a place to which no changes could ever

come; calm people in the stillness of age, souls at rest, little children, were the kind of people to live in it; and the stir and quickening of pleasurable pain which Mary felt in her own veins,—the sense of new life and movement about her,—felt out of place with the quiet house. Aunt Agatha was out of sight ordering her household affairs, and the drawing-room was silent and deserted as a fairy palace, full of a thousand signs of habitation, but without a single tenant audible or visible, except the roses that clambered about the open windows, and the bee that went in and made a confused investigation, and came out again none the wiser. An odd sense of the contrast struck Mrs. Ochterlony; but a little while before, her soul had been in unison with the calm of the place, and she had thought nothing of it; now she had woke up out of that fair chamber turned to the sunrising, the name of which is Peace, and had stepped back into life, and felt the tingle and thrill of resurrection. And an unconscious smile came on her face as she looked back. To think that out of that silence and sunshine should pour out such a tide of new strength and vigour—and that henceforth hearts should leap with eagerness and wistfulness under that roof, and perhaps grow wild with joy, or perhaps, God knows, break with anguish, as news came good or evil! She had been but half alive so long, that the sense of living was sweet.

It was a moment to call forth many thoughts and recollections, but the fact was that she did not have time to entertain them. There happened to her one of those curious coincidences which occur so often, and which it is so difficult to account for. Long before she reached the little station, a tall figure broke the long vacant line of the dusty country road, a figure which Mary felt at once to be that of a stranger, and yet which she seemed to recognise. She could not believe her eyes, nor think it was anything but the association of ideas which misled her, and laughed at her own fantastic imagination as she went on. But nevertheless it is true that it was her brother-in-law himself who met her, long before she reached the railway by which she had meant to go to him. Her appearance struck him too, it was evident, with a little surprise; but yet she was at home, and might have been going anywhere; whereas the strange fact of his coming required a more elaborate explanation than he had it in his power to give.

"I do not know exactly what put it into my head," said Mr. Ochterlony, "perhaps some old work of mine which turned up the other day, and which I was doing when you were with me. I thought I would come over and have a talk with you about your boy."

"It is very strange," said Mary, "for this very morning I had made up my mind to come to you, to consult you. It must be some kind of magnetism, I suppose."

"Indeed I can't say; I have never studied the natural sciences," said Mr. Ochterlony with gravity. "I have had a very distinguished visitor lately: a man whose powers are as much above the common mind as his information is—Dr. Franklin, whose name of course you have heard—a man of European reputation."

"Yes?" said Mary, doubtfully, feeling very guilty and ignorant, for to tell the truth she had never heard of Dr. Franklin; but her brother-in-law perceived her ignorance, and explained in a kind of compassionate way.

"He is about the greatest numismatist we have in England," said Mr. Ochterlony, "and somehow my little monograph upon primitive art in Iceland came to be talked of. I have never completed it, though Franklin expressed himself much interested—and I think that's how it was suggested to my mind to come and see you to-day."

"I am very glad," said Mary, "I wanted so much to have your advice. Hugh is almost a man now——"

"A man!" said Mr. Ochterlony with a smile; "I don't see how that is possible. I hope he is not so unruly as he used to be; but you are as young as ever, and I don't see how your children can be men."

And oddly enough, just at that moment, Hugh himself made his appearance, making his way by a cross road down to the river, with his basket over his shoulder, and his fishing-rod. He was taller than his uncle, though Mr. Ochterlony was tall; and big besides, with large, mighty, not perfectly developed limbs, swinging a little loosely upon their hinges like the limbs of a young Newfoundland or baby lion. His face was still smooth as a girl's, and fair, with downy cheeks and his mother's eyes, and that pucker in his forehead which Francis Ochterlony had known of old in the countenance of another Hugh. Mary did not say anything, but she stopped short before her boy, and put her hand on his shoulder, and looked at his uncle with a smile, appealing to him with her proud eyes and beaming face, if this was not almost a man. As for Mr. Ochterlony, he gave a great start and said, "God bless us," under his breath, and was otherwise speechless for the moment. He had been thinking of a boy, grown no doubt, but still within the limits of childhood; and lo, it was an unknown human creature that faced him, with a will and thoughts of its own, like its father and mother, and yet like nobody but itself. Hugh, for his part, looked with very curious eyes at the stranger, and dimly recognised him, and grew shamefaced and a little fidgety, as was natural to the boy.

"You see how he has grown," said Mary, who, being the triumphant one among the three, was the first to recover herself. "You do not think him a child now? It is your uncle, Hugh, come to see us. It is very kind of him—but of course you knew who he was."

"I am very glad to see my uncle," said Hugh, with eager shyness. "Yes, I knew. You are like my father's picture, sir;—and your own that we

have at the cottage—and Islay a little. I knew it was you."

And then they all walked on in silence; for Mr. Ochterlony was more moved by this sudden encounter than he cared to acknowledge; and Mary too, for the moment, being a sympathetic woman, saw her boy with his uncle's eyes, and saw what the recollections were that sprang up at sight of him. She told Hugh to go on and do his duty, and send home some trout for dinner; and, thus dismissing him, guided her unlooked-for visitor to the cottage. He knew the way as well as she did, which increased the embarrassment of the situation. Mary saw only the stiles and the fields, and the trees that overtopped the hedges, familiar objects that met her eyes every day; but Francis Ochterlony saw many a past day and past imagination of his own life, and seemed to walk over his own ashes as he went on. And that was Hugh!—Hugh, not his brother, but his nephew and heir, the representative of the Ochterlonys, occupying the position which his own son should have occupied. Mr. Ochterlony had not calculated on the progress of time, and he was startled and even touched, and felt wonderingly—what it is so difficult for a man to feel—that his own course was no longer of much importance to anybody, and that here was his successor. The thought made him giddy, just as Mary's wondering sense of the unreality of her own independent life, and everlastingness of her stay at the cottage, had made her; but yet in a different way. For perhaps Francis Ochterlony had never actually realised before that most things were over for him, and that his heir stood ready and waiting for the end of his life.

There was still something of this sense of giddiness in his mind when he followed Mary through the open window into the silent drawing-room where nobody was. Perhaps he had not behaved just as he ought to have done to Agatha Seton; and the recollection of a great many things that had happened, and that had not happened, came back upon him as he wound his way with some confusion through the roses. He was half ashamed to go in, like a familiar friend, through the window. Of all men in the world, he had the least right to such a privilege of intimacy. He ought to have gone to the door in a formal way and sent in his card, and been admitted only if Miss Seton pleased; and yet here he was, in the very sanctuary of her life, invited to sit down as it were by her side, led in by the younger generation, which could not but smile at the thought of any sort of sentiment between the old woman and the old man. For indeed Mary, though she was not young, was smiling softly within herself at the idea. She had no sort of sympathy with Mr. Ochterlony's delicate embarrassment, though she was woman enough to hurry away to seek her aunt and prepare her for the meeting, and shield the ancient maiden in the first flutter of her feelings. Thus the master of Earlston was left alone in the cottage, with leisure to look round him and recognise the identity of the place, and see all its differences, and become aware of its pleasant air of habitation, and all the signs of daily use and wont which had no existence in his own house. All this confused him, and put him at a great disadvantage. The probabilities were that Agatha Seton would not have been a bit the happier had she been mistress of Earlston. Indeed the cottage had so taken her stamp that it was impossible for anybody, whose acquaintance with her was less than thirty years old, to imagine her with any other surroundings. But Francis Ochterlony had known her for more than thirty years, and naturally he felt that he himself was a possession worth a woman's while, and that he had, so to speak, defrauded her of so important a piece of property; and he was penitent and ashamed of himself. Perhaps too his own heart was moved a little by the sense of something lost. His own house might have borne this sunny air of home; instead of his brother Hugh's son, there might have been a boy of his own to inhabit Earlston; and looking back at it quietly in this cottage drawing-room, Francis Ochterlony's life seemed to him something very like a mistake. He was not a hard-hearted man, and the inference he drew from this conclusion was very much in his nephew's favour. Hugh's boy was almost a man, and there was no doubt that he was the natural heir, and that it was to him everything ought to come. Instead of thinking of marrying, as Aunt Agatha imagined, or founding a hospital, or making any other ridiculous use of his money, his mind, in its softened and compunctious state, turned to its natural and obvious duty. "Let there be no mistake, at least, about the boy," he said to himself. "Let him have all that is good for him, and all that can best fit him for his position;" for, Heaven be praised, there was at least no doubt about Hugh, or question as to his being the lawful and inevitable heir.

It was this process of reasoning, or rather of feeling, that made Mrs. Ochterlony so entirely satisfied with her brother-in-law when she returned (still alone, for Miss Seton was not equal to the exertion all at once, and naturally there was something extra to be ordered for dinner) and began to talk to their uncle about the children.

"There has been no difficulty about Islay," she said; "he always knew what he wanted, and set his heart at once on his profession; but Hugh has no such decided turn. It was very kind what you said when you wrote—but—I don't think it is good for the boy to be idle. Whatever you might think it right to arrange afterwards, I think he should have something to do——"

"I did not think he had been so old," said Mr. Ochterlony, almost apologetically. "Time does not leave much mark of its progress at Earlston. Something to do? I thought what a young fellow of his age enjoyed most was amusing himself. What would he like to do?"

"He does not know," said Mary, a little abashed; "that is why I wanted so much to consult you. I

suppose people have talked to him of—of what you might do for him; and he cannot bear the thought of hanging, as it were, on your charity——"

"Charity!" said Mr. Ochterlony, "it is not charity, it is right and nature. I hope he is not one of those touchy sort of boys that think kindness an injury. My poor brother Hugh was always fidgety——"

"Oh no, it is not that," said the anxious mother, "only he is afraid that you might think he was calculating upon you; as if you were obliged to provide for him——"

"And so I am obliged to provide for him," said Mr. Ochterlony, "as much as I should be obliged to provide for my own son, if I had one. We must find him something to do. Perhaps I ought to have thought of it sooner. What has been done about his education? What school has he been at? Is he fit for the University? Earlston will be a better property in his days than it was when I was young," added the uncle with a natural sigh. If he had but provided himself with an heir of his own, perhaps it would have been less troublesome on the whole. "I would send him to Oxford, which would be the best way of employing him; but is he fit for it? Where has he been to school?"

Upon which Mary, with some confusion, murmured something about the curate, and felt for the first time as if she had been indifferent to the education of her boy.

"The curate!" said Mr. Ochterlony; and he gave a little shrug of his shoulders, as if that was a very poor security for Hugh's scholarship.

"He has done very well with all his pupils," said Mary, "and Mr. Cramer, to whom Islay is going, was very much satisfied——"

"I forget where Islay was going?" said Mr. Ochterlony, inquiringly.

"Mr. Cramer lives near Kendal," said Mary; "he was very highly recommended; and we thought the boy could come home for Sunday——"

Mr. Ochterlony shook his head, though still in a patronising and friendly way. "I am not sure that it is good to choose a tutor because the boy can come home on Sunday," he said, "nor send them to the curate that you may keep them with yourself. I know it is the way with ladies; but it would have been better, I think, to have sent them to school."

Mrs. Ochterlony was confounded by this verdict against her. All at once her eyes seemed to be opened, and she saw herself a selfish mother keeping her boys at her own apron-strings. She had not time to think of such poor arguments in her favour as want of means, or her own perfectly good intentions. She was silent, struck dumb by this unthought-of condemnation; but just then a champion, she had not thought of, appeared in her defence.

"Mr. Small did very well for Hugh," said a voice at the window; "he is a very good tutor so far as he goes. He did very well for Hugh—and Islay too," said the new-comer, who came in at the window as he spoke with a bundle of books under his arm. The interruption was so unexpected that Mr. Ochterlony, being quite unused to the easy entrance of strangers at the window, and into the conversation, started up alarmed and a little angry. But, after all, there was nothing to be angry about.

"It is only Will," said Mary. "Wilfrid, it is your uncle, whom you have not seen for so long. This was my baby," she added, turning to her brother-in-law, with an anxious smile—for Wilfrid was a boy who puzzled strangers, and was not by any means so sure to make a good impression as the others were. Mr. Ochterlony shook hands with the new-comer, but he surveyed him a little doubtfully. He was about thirteen, a long boy, with big wrists and ancles visible, and signs of rapid growth. His face did not speak of country air and fare and out-door life and healthful occupation like his brother's, but was pale and full of fancies and notions which he did not reveal to everybody. He came in and put down his books and threw himself into a chair with none of his elder brother's pleasant shame-facedness. Will, for his part, was not given to blushing. He knew nothing about his uncle's visit, but he took it quietly as a thing of course, and prepared to take part in the conversation, whatever its subject might be.

"Mr. Small has done very well for them all," said Mary, taking heart again; "he has always done very well with his pupils. Mr. Cramer was very much satisfied with the progress Islay had made; and as for Hugh——"

"He is quite clever enough for Hugh," said Will, with the same steady voice.

Mr. Ochterlony, though he was generally so grave, was amused. "My young friend, are you sure you are a judge?" he said. "Perhaps he is not clever enough for Wilfrid—is that what you meant to say?"

"It is not so much the being clever," said the boy. "I think he has taught me as much as he knows, so it is not his fault. I wish we had been sent to school; but Hugh is all right. He knows as much as he wants to know, I suppose; and as for Islay, his is technical," the young critic added with a certain quiet superiority. Will, poor fellow, was the clever one of the family, and somehow he had found it out.

Mr. Ochterlony looked at this new representation of his race for some time with a little alarm. Perhaps he was thinking that, on the whole, it was as well not to have boys; and then, as much from inability to carry on the conversation as from interest in his own particular subject, he returned to Hugh.

"The best plan, perhaps, will be for Hugh to go back with me to Earlston; that is, if it is not disagreeable to you," he said, in his old-fashioned, polite way. "I have been too long thinking about it, and his position must be made distinct. Oxford would be the best; that would be both occupation and preparation for him. And I think afterwards

he might pay a little attention to the estate. I never could have believed that babies grew into boys, and boys to men, so quickly. Why, it can barely be a few years since——Ah!" Mr. Ochterlony got up very precipitately from his chair. It was Aunt Agatha who had come into the room, with her white hair smoothed under her white cap, and her pretty Shetland shawl over her shoulders. Then he perceived that it was more than a few years since he had last seen her. The difference was more to him than the difference in the boys, who were creatures that sprang up nobody knew how, and were never to be relied upon. That summer morning when she came to Earlston to claim her niece, Miss Seton had been old; but it was a different kind of age from that which sat upon her soft countenance now. Francis Ochterlony had not for many a year asked himself in his seclusion whether he was old or young. His occupations were all tranquil, and he had not felt himself unable for them; but if Agatha Seton was like this, surely then it must indeed be time to think of an heir.

The day passed with a curious speed and yet tardiness, such as is peculiar to days of excitement. When they were not talking of the boys, nobody could tell what to talk about. Once or twice, indeed, Mr. Ochterlony began to speak of the Numismatic Society, or the excavations at Nineveh, or some other cognate subject; but he always came to a standstill when he caught Aunt Agatha's soft eyes wondering over him. They had not talked about excavations, nor numismatics either, the last time he had been here; and there was no human link between that time and this, except the boys, of whom they could all talk: and to this theme accordingly everybody returned. Hugh came in audibly, leaving his basket at the kitchen door as he passed, and Islay, with his long head and his deep eyes, came down from his room where he was working, and Will kept his seat in the big Indian chair in the corner, where he dangled his long legs, and listened. Everybody felt the importance of the moment, and was dreadfully serious, even when lighter conversation was attempted. To show the boys in their best light, each of the three, and yet not so to show them as if anybody calculated upon, or was eager about, the uncle's patronage; to give him an idea of their different characters without any suspicion of "showing off," which the lads could not have tolerated; all this was very difficult to the two anxious women, and required such an amount of mental effort as made it hard to be anything but serious. Fortunately, the boys themselves were a little excited by the novelty of such a visitor, and curious about their uncle, not knowing what his appearance might mean. Hugh flushed into a singular mixture of exaltation, and suspicion, and surprise, when Mr. Ochterlony invited him to Earlston; and looked at his mother with momentary distrust, to see if by any means she had sought the invitation; and Wilfrid sat and dangled his long legs, and listened, with an odd appreciation of the fact that the visit was to Hugh, and not to himself or any more important member of the family. As for Islay, he was always a good fellow, and like himself; and his way was clear before him, and admitted of no hopes or fears except as to whether or not he should succeed at his examination, which was a matter about which he had himself no very serious doubts, though he said little about it; and perhaps on the whole it was Islay, who was quite indifferent, whom Mr. Ochterlony would have fixed his choice upon, had he been at liberty to choose.

When the visitor departed, which he did the same evening, the household drew a long breath; everybody was relieved, from Peggy in the kitchen, whose idea was that the man was "looking after our Miss Agatha, again," down to Will, who had now leisure and occasion to express his sentiments on the subject. Islay went back to his work to make up for the lost day, having only a moderate and temporary interest in his uncle. It was the elder and the younger who alone felt themselves concerned. As for Hugh, the world seemed to have altered in these few hours; Mr. Ochterlony had not said a great deal to him; but what he said had been said as a man speaks who means and has the power to carry out his words; and the vague heirship had become all of a sudden the reallest fact in existence, and a thing which could not be, and never could have been, otherwise. And he was slightly giddy, and his head swam with the sudden elevation. But as for Wilfrid, what had he to do with it, any more than any other member of the family? though he was always a strange boy, and there never was any reckoning what he might do or say.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Will's room was a small room opening from his mother's, which would have been her dressing-room had she wanted such a luxury; and when Mrs. Ochterlony went up-stairs late that night, after a long talk with Aunt Agatha, she found the light still burning in the little room, and her boy seated, with his jacket and his shoes off, on the floor, in a brown study. He was sitting with his knees drawn up to his chin in a patch of moonlight that shone in from the window. The moonlight made him look ghastly, and his candle had burnt down and was flickering unsteadily in the socket, and Mary was alarmed. She did not think of any moral cause for the first moment, but only that something was the matter with him, and went in with a sudden maternal panic to see what it was. Will took no immediate notice of her anxious questions, but he condescended to raise his head and prop up his chin with his hands, and stare up into her face.

"Mother," he said, "you always go on as if a fellow was ill. Can't one be thinking a little without anything being the matter? I should have put out my light had I known you were coming up-stairs."

"You know, Will, that I cannot have you sit here and think, as you say. It is not thinking—it is brooding, and does you harm," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "Jump up and go to bed."

"Presently," said the boy. "Is it true that Hugh will go to Oxford, mamma?"

"Very likely," said Mary, with some pride. "Your uncle will see how he has got on with his studies, and after that I think he will go."

"What for?" said Will. "What is the good? He knows as much as he wants to know, and Mr. Small is quite good enough for him."

"What for?" said Mary, with displeasure. "For his education like other gentlemen, and that he may take his right position. But you are too young to understand all that. Get up and go to bed."

"I am not too young to understand," said Wilfrid; "what is the good of throwing money and time away? You may tell my uncle, Hugh will never do any good at Oxford; and I don't see, for my part, why he should be the one to go."

"He is the eldest, and he is your uncle's heir," said Mary, with a conscious swelling of her motherly heart.

"I don't see what difference being the eldest makes," said Will, embracing his knees. "I have been thinking over it this long time. Why should he be sent to Oxford, and the rest of us stay at home? What does it matter about the eldest? A fellow is not any better than me because he was born before me. You might as well send Peggy to Oxford," said Will, with vehemence, "as send Hugh."

Mrs. Ochterlony, whose mind just then was specially occupied by Hugh, was naturally disturbed by this speech. She put out the flickering candle, and set down her own light, and closed the door. "I cannot let you speak so about your brother, Will," she said. "He may not be so quick as you are for your age, but I wish you were as modest and as kind as Hugh is. Why should you grudge his advancement? I used to think you would get the better of this feeling when you ceased to be a child."

"Of what feeling?" cried Will, lifting his pale face from his knees.

"My dear boy, you ought to know," said Mary; "this grudge that any one should have a pleasure or an advantage which you have not. A child may be excused, but no man who thinks so continually of himself——"

"I was not thinking of myself," said Will, springing up from the floor with a flush on his face. "You will always make a moral affair of it, mother. As if one could not discuss a thing. But I know that Hugh is not clever, though he is the eldest. Let him have Earlston if he likes, but why should he have Oxford? And why should it always be supposed that he is better, and a different kind of clay?"

"I wonder where you learned all that, Will," said Mary, with a smile. "One would think you had picked up some Radical or other. I might be vexed to see Lady Balderston walk out of the room before me, if it was because she pretended to be a better woman; but when it is only because she is Lady Balderston, what does it matter? Hugh can't help being the eldest: if you had been the eldest——"

"Ah!" said Will, with a long breath; "if I had been the eldest——" And then he stopped short.

"What would you have done?" said Mrs. Ochterlony, smiling still.

"I would have done what Hugh will never do," cried the boy. "I would have taken care of everybody. I would have found out what they were fit for, and put them in the right way. The one that had brains should have been cultivated, and the one who had no brains should have—done something else. There should have been no such mistake as—— But that is always how it is in the world—everybody says so," said Wilfrid; "stupid people who know nothing about it are set at the head, and those who could manage ——"

"Will," said his mother, "do you know you are very presumptuous, and think a great deal too well of yourself? If you were not such a child, I should be angry. It is very well to be clever at your lessons, but that is no proof that you are able to manage as you say. Let Hugh and his prospects alone for to-night, and go to bed."

"Yes, I can let him alone," said Will. "I suppose it is not worth one's while to mind—he will do no good at Oxford, you know, that is one thing; whereas other people——"

"Always yourself, Will," said Mary, with a sigh.

"Myself—or even Islay," said the boy, in the most composed way; "though Islay is very technical. Still, he could do some good. But Hugh is an out-of-door sort of fellow. He would do for a farmer or gamekeeper, or to go to Australia, as he says. A man should always follow his natural bent. If, instead of going by eldest sons and that sort of rubbish, they were to try for the right man in the right place. And then you might be sure to be done the best for, mother, and that he would take care of *you*."

"Will, you are very conceited and very unjust," said Mary: but she was his mother, and she relented as she looked into his weary young face; "but I hope you have your heart in the right place, for all your talk," she said, kissing him before she went away. She went back to her room disturbed, as she had often been before, but still smiling at Will's "way." It was all boyish folly and talk, and he did not mean it; and as he grew older he would learn better. Mary did not care to speculate upon the volcanic elements which, for anything she could tell, might be lying under her very hand. She could not think of different developments of character and hostile individualities, as people might to whom the three boys were but boys in the abstract, and not Hugh, Islay, and Will—the one as near and dear to her as the other. Mrs. Ochter-

lony was not philosophical, neither could she follow out to their natural results the tendencies which she could not but see. She preferred to think of it, as Will himself said, as a moral affair—a fault which would mend; and so laid her head on her pillow with a heart uneasy—but no more uneasy than was consistent with the full awakening of anxious yet hopeful life.

As for Will, he was asleep ten minutes after, and had forgotten all about it. His heart *was* in its right place, though he was plagued with a very arrogant, troublesome, restless little head, and a greater amount of "notions" than are good for his age. He wanted to be at the helm of affairs, to direct everything—a task for which he felt himself singularly competent: but, after all, it was for the benefit of other people that he wanted to rule. It seemed to him that he could arrange for everybody so much better than they could for themselves: and he would have been liberal to Hugh, though he had a certain contempt for his abilities. He would have given him occupation suited to him, and all the indulgences which he was most fitted to appreciate; and he would have made a kind of beneficent empress of his mother, and put her at the head of all manner of benevolences, as other wise despots have been known to do. But Will was the youngest, and nobody so much as asked his advice, or took him into consideration; and the poor boy was thus thrown back upon his own superiority, and got to brood upon it, and scorn the weaker expedients with which other people sought to fill up the place which he alone was truly qualified to fill. Fortunately, however, he forgot all this as soon as he had fallen asleep.

Hugh had no such legislative views for his part. He was not given to speculation. He meant to do his duty, and be a credit to everybody belonging to him; but he was a great deal younger than his boy-brother, and it did not occur to him to separate himself in idea—even to do them good—from his own people. The future danced and glimmered before him, but it was a brightness without any theory in it—a thing full of spontaneous good-fortune and well-doing, with which his own cleverness had nothing to do. Islay, for his part, thought very little about it. He was pleased for Hugh's sake, but as he had always looked upon Hugh's good-fortune as a certainty the fact did not excite him, and he was more interested about a tough problem he was working at, and which his uncle's visit had interrupted. It was a more agitated household than it had been a few months before—ere the doors of the future had opened suddenly upon the lads; but there was still no agitation under the cottage roof which was inconsistent with sweet rest and quiet sleep.

It made a dreadful difference in the house, as everybody said, when the two boys went away—Islay to Mr. Cramer's, the "coach" who was to prepare him for his examination, and Hugh to Earlston. The cottage had always been quiet, its inhabitants thought, but now it fell into a dead calm, which was stifling and unearthly. Will, the only representative of youth left among them, was graver than Aunt Agatha, and made no gay din, but only noises of an irritating kind. He kicked his legs and feet about, and the legs of all the chairs, and let his books fall, and knocked over the flower-stands—which were all exasperating sounds: but he did not fill the house with snatches of song, with laughter, and the pleasant evidence that a light heart was there. He used to "read" in his own room, with a diligence which was much stimulated by the conviction that Mr. Small was very little ahead of him, and, to keep up his position of instructor, must work hard, too; and, when this was over, he planted himself in a corner of the drawing-room, in the great Indian chair, with a book, beguiling the two ladies into unconsciousness of his presence, and then interposing in their conversation in the most inconvenient way. This was Will's way of showing his appreciation of his mother's society. He was not her right hand, like Hugh, nor did he watch over her comfort in Islay's steady, noiseless way. But he liked to be in the same room with her, to haunt the places where she was, to interfere in what she was doing, and seize the most unfit moments for the expression of his sentiments. With Aunt Agatha he was abrupt and indifferent, being insensible to all conventional delicacies; and he took pleasure, or seemed to take pleasure, in contradicting Mrs. Ochterlony, and going against all her conclusions and arguments; but he paid her the practical compliment of preferring her society, and keeping by her side.

It was while thus left alone, and with the excitement of this first change fresh upon her, that Mrs. Ochterlony heard another piece of news which moved her greatly. It was that the regiment at Carlisle was about to leave, and that it was *Our* regiment which was to take its place. She thought she was sorry for the first moment. It was upon one of those quiet afternoons just after the boys had left the cottage, when the two ladies were sitting in the silence, not talking much, thinking how long it was to post-time, and how strange it was that the welcome steps and voices which used to invade the quiet so abruptly and so sweetly, were now beyond hoping for. And the afternoon seemed to have grown so much longer, now that there was no Hugh to burst in with news from the outer world, no Islay to emerge from his problems. Will sat, as usual, in the great chair, but he was reading, and did not contribute to the cheerfulness of the party. And it was just then that Sir Edward came in, doubly welcome, to talk of the absent lads, and ask for the last intelligence of them, and bring this startling piece of news. Mrs. Ochterlony was aware that the regiment had finished its service in India long ago, and there was, of course, no reason why it should not come to Carlisle, but it was not an idea which had ever occurred to her.

She thought she was sorry for the first moment, and the news gave her an unquestionable shock; but, after all, it was not a shock of pain: her heart gave a leap and kept on beating faster, as with a new stimulus. She could think of nothing else all the evening. Even when the post came, and the letters, and all the wonderful first impressions of the two new beginners in the world, this other thought returned as soon as it was possible for any thought to regain a footing. She began to feel as if the very sight of the uniform would be worth a pilgrimage; and then there would be so many questions to ask, so many curiosities and yearnings to satisfy. She could not keep her mind from going out into endless speculations—how many would remain of her old friends?—how many might have dropped out of the ranks, or exchanged, or retired, or been promoted?—how many new marriages there had been, and how many children?—little Emma Askell, for instance, how many babies she might have now? Mary had kept up a desultory correspondence with some of the ladies for a year or two, and even had continued for a long time to get serious letters from Mrs. Kirkman; but these correspondences had dropped off gradually, as is their nature, and the colonel's wife was not a woman to enlarge on Emma Askell's babies, having matters much more important on hand.

This new opening of interest moved Mrs. Ochterlony in spite of herself. She forgot all the painful associations, and looked forward to the arrival of the regiment as an old sailor might look for the arrival of a squadron on active service. Did the winds blow and the waves rise as they used to do on those high seas from which they came? Though Mary had been so long becalmed, she remembered all about the conflicts and storms of that existence more vividly than she remembered what had passed yesterday, and she had a strange longing to know whether all that had departed from her own life existed still for her old friends. Between the breaks of the tranquil conversation she felt herself continually relapse into the regimental roll, always beginning again and always losing the thread; recalling the names of the men and of their wives whom she had been kind to once, and feeling as if they belonged to her, and as if something must be brought back to her by their return.

There was, however, little said about it all that evening, much as it was in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind. When the letters had been discussed, the conversation languished. Summer had begun to wane, and the roses were over, and it began to be impracticable to keep the windows open all the long evening. There was even a fire for the sake of cheerfulness—a little fire which blazed and crackled and made twice as much display as if it had been a serious winter fire and essential to existence—and all the curtains were drawn except over the one window from which Sir Edward's light was visible. Aunt Agatha had grown more fanciful than ever about that window since Winnie's marriage. Even in winter the shutters were never closed there until Miss Seton herself went upstairs, and all the long night the friendly star of Sir Edward's lamp shone faint but steady in the distance. In this way the hall and the cottage kept each other kindly company, and the thought pleased the old people, who had been friends all their lives. Aunt Agatha sat by her favourite table, with her own lamp burning softly and responding to Sir Edward's far-off light, and she never raised her head without seeing it and thinking thoughts in which Sir Edward had but a small share. It was darker than usual on this special night, and there were neither moon nor stars to diminish the importance of the domestic Pharos. Miss Seton looked up, and her eyes lingered upon the blackness of the window and the distant point of illumination, and she sighed as she often did. It was a long time ago, and the boys had grown up in the meantime, and intruded much upon Aunt Agatha's affections; but still these interlopers had not made her forget the especial child of her love.

"My poor dear Winnie!" said the old lady. "I sometimes almost fancy I can see her coming in by that window. She was fond of seeing Sir Edward's light. Now that the dear boys are gone, and it is so quiet again, does it not make you think sometimes of your darling sister, Mary? If we could only hear as often from her as we hear from Islay and Hugh——"

"But it is not long since you had a letter," said Mary, who, to tell the truth, had not been thinking much of her darling sister, and felt guilty when this appeal was made to her.

"Yes," said Aunt Agatha, with a sigh, "and they are always such nice letters; but I am afraid I am very discontented, my dear love. I always want to have something more. I was thinking some of your friends in the regiment could tell you, perhaps, about Edward. I never would say it to you, for I knew that you had things of your own to think about; but for a long time I have been very uneasy in my mind."

"But Winnie has not complained," said Mary, looking up unconsciously at Sir Edward's window, and feeling as if it shone with a certain weird and conscious light, like a living creature aware of all that was being said.

"She is not a girl ever to complain," said Aunt Agatha, proudly. "She is more like what I would have been myself, Mary, if I had ever been—in the circumstances you know. She would break her heart before she would complain. I think there is a good deal of difference, my dear, between your nature and ours; and that was, perhaps, why you never quite understood my sweet Winnie. I am sure you are more reasonable; but you are not—not to call passionate, you know. It is a great deal better, a very great deal better," cried Aunt Agatha, anxiously. "You must not think I do not see that; but Winnie and I are a couple of fools that would do anything for love; and, rather than complain, I am sure she would die."

Mary did not say that Winnie had done what was a great deal more than complaining, and had set her husband before them in a very uncomfortable light—and she took the verdict upon herself quietly, as a matter of course. "Mr. Askell used to know him very well," she said; "perhaps he knows something. But Edward Percival never was very popular, and you must not quarrel with me if I bring you back a disagreeable report."

"If it is about Aunt Winnie's husband, they say he is a fellow who bets and does all sorts of things," said the voice from the corner, which broke in so often upon their confidential talk.

Aunt Agatha gave a great jump in her chair. "Oh, Mary, I thought that dreadful boy was in bed!" she said, tremulously. "Do you know, Will, that it is very unkind and inconsiderate to say such things? Edward Percival is as much to me, or nearly as much to me—or at least he ought to be as much—as you are. And you ought to call him your uncle; and where could you ever hear a dreadful falsehood like that?"

"It is not a dreadful falsehood," said Wilfred. "It is quite true, I am sure. I should like to see him. It would always be something to see a man who was not exactly like everybody else."

"Be quiet, Will," said Aunt Agatha, with a little indignation. "You ought to be in bed. If your mother were to take my advice, she would send you to bed every night at nine o'clock. It would be so much better for you. People who are not like other people, are never safe people," Miss Seton added, pointedly; for since his brothers had been away, Will, who was brought out by their absence, and attracted much more attention, had been unquestionably too much for his aunt.

"It is only some foolish story he has heard," said Mary. "He cannot know anything. I think I will go in to Carlisle as soon as they arrive. I should like to see them all again."

"And yet it will be a trial for you, Mary," said Aunt Agatha. "I do not think I could have borne it if it had been me. It will make you think of the difference. I was very angry with Sir Edward for telling you; but then you are so brave, and bear these things so well."

This was another little prick such as, kind as she was, Miss Seton rather liked to inflict upon her niece, who was not sentimental, nor apt to find ordinary things "great trials." But Mary was silent, for she was thinking of other things: not merely her happy days, but the one great vexation and mortification of her life, of which the regiment was aware—and whether the painful memory of it would ever return again to vex her. It had faded out of her recollection in the long peacefulness and quiet of her life. Could it ever return again to shame and wound, as it had once done? From where she was sitting with her work, between the cheerful lamp and the bright little blazing fire, Mary went away in an instant to the scene so distant and different, and was kneeling again by her husband's side, a woman humbled, yet never before so indignantly, resentfully proud, in the little chapel of the station. Would it ever come back again, that one blot on her life, with all its false, injurious suggestions? She said to herself "No." No doubt it had died out of other people's minds as out of her own, and on Kirtell-side nobody would have dared to doubt on such a subject; and now that the family affairs were settled, and Hugh was established at Earlston, his uncle's acknowledged heir, this cloud, at least, could never rise on her again to take the comfort out of her life. She dismissed the very thought of it from her mind, and her heart warmed to the recollection of the old faces and the old ways. She had a kind of longing to see them, as if her life would be completer after. It was not as "a great trial" that Mary thought of it. She was too eager and curious to know how they had all fared; and if, to some of them at least, the old existence, so long broken up for herself, continued and flourished as of old.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was accordingly with a little excitement that when the regiment had actually arrived Mrs. Ochterlony set out for the neighbouring town to renew her acquaintance with her old friends. It was winter by that time, and winter is seldom very gentle in Cumberland; but she was too much interested to be detained by the weather. She had said nothing to Wilfred on the subject, and it startled her a little to find him standing at the door waiting for her, carefully dressed, which was not usually a faculty of his, and evidently prepared to accompany her. When she opened the cottage-door to go out, and saw him, an unaccountable panic seized her. There he stood in the sunshine,—not gay and thoughtless like his brother Hugh, nor preoccupied like Islay,—with his keen eyes and sharp ears, and mind that seemed always to lie in wait for something. The recollection of the one thing which she did not want to be known had come strongly to her mind once more at that particular moment; a little tremor had run through her frame—a sense of half-painful, half-pleasant excitement. When her eye fell on Wilfred, she went back a step unconsciously, and her heart for the moment seemed to stop beating. She wanted to bring her friends to Kirtell, to show them her boys and make them acquainted with all her life; and probably, had it been Hugh, he would have accompanied her as a matter of course. But somehow Wilfred was different. Without knowing what her reason was, she felt reluctant to undergo the first questionings and reminiscences with this keen spectator standing by to hear and see all, and to demand explanation of matters which it might be difficult to explain.

"Did you mean to go with me, Will?" she said. "But you know we cannot leave Aunt Agatha all by herself. I wanted to see you to ask you to be as agreeable as possible while I am gone."

"I am never agreeable to Aunt Agatha," said

Will; "she always liked the others best; and besides, she does not want me, and I am going to take care of you."

"Thank you," said Mary, with a smile; "but I don't want you either for to-day. We shall have so many things to talk about—old affairs that you would not understand."

"I like that sort of thing," said Will; "I like listening to women's talk—especially when it is about things I don't understand. It is always something new."

Mary smiled, but there was something in his persistence that frightened her. "My dear Will, I don't want you to-day," she said, with a slight shiver, in spite of herself.

"Why, mamma?" said Will, with open eyes.

He was not so well brought up as he ought to have been, as anybody will perceive. He did not accept his mother's decision, and put away his Sunday hat and say no more about it. On the contrary, he looked with suspicion (as she thought) at her, and kept his position—surprised and remonstrative, and not disposed to give in.

"Will," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "I will not have you with me, and that must be enough. These are all people whom I have not seen since you were a baby. It may be a trial for us all to meet, for I don't know what may have happened to them. I can speak of my affairs before you, for you—know them all," Mary went on with a momentary faltering; "but it is not to be supposed that they could speak of theirs in the presence of a boy they do not know. Go now and amuse yourself, and don't do anything to frighten Aunt Agatha; and you can come and meet me by the evening train."

But she could not get rid of a sense of fear as she left him. He was not like other boys, from whose mind a little contradiction passes away almost as soon as it is spoken. He had that strange faculty of connecting one thing with another which is sometimes so valuable and sometimes leads a lively intellect so much astray; and if ever he should come to know that there was anything in his mother's history which she wished to keep concealed from him——. It was a foolish thought, but it was not the less painful on that account. Mary had come to the end of her little journey before she got free from its influence. The united household at the cottage was not rich enough to possess anything in the shape of a carriage, but they were near the railway, which served almost the same purpose. It seemed to Mrs. Ochterlony as if the twelve intervening years were but a dream when she found herself in a drawing-room which had already taken Mrs. Kirkman's imprint, and breathed of her in every corner. It was not such a room, it is true, as the hot Indian chamber in which Mary had last seen the colonel's wife. It was one of the most respectable and sombre, as well as one of the best of the houses which let themselves furnished, with an eye to the officers. It had red curtains and red carpets, and blinds drawn more than half way down; and there were two or three boxes, with a significant slit in the lid, distributed about the different tables. In the centre of the round table before the fire there was a little trophy built up of small Indian gods, which were no doubt English manufacture, but which had been for a long time Mrs. Kirkman's text, and quite invaluable to her as a proof of the heathen darkness which was her favourite subject; and at the foot of this ugly pyramid lay a little heap of pamphlets, reports of all the societies under heaven. Mary recognised too, as she sat and waited, the large brown-paper cover, in which she knew by experience Mrs. Kirkman's favourite tracts were inclosed; and the little basket which contained a smaller roll, and which had room besides occasionally for a little tea and sugar, when circumstances made them necessary; and the book with limp boards, in which the colonel's wife kept her list of names, with little biographical comments opposite, which had once amused the subalterns so much when it fell into their hands. She had her sealed book besides, with a Bramah lock, which was far too sacred to be revealed to profane eyes; but yet, perhaps, she liked to tantalize profane eyes with the sight of its undiscoverable riches, for it lay on the table like the rest. This was how Mary saw at a glance that, whatever might have happened to the others, Mrs. Kirkman at least was quite unchanged.

She came gliding into the room a minute after, so like herself that Mrs. Ochterlony felt once more that time was not, and that her life had been a dream. She folded her visitor in a silent embrace, and kissed her with inexpressible meaning, and fanned her cheeks with those two long locks hanging out of curl which had been her characteristic embellishments since ever any one remembered. The light hair was now a little grey, but that made no difference to speak of either in colour or general aspect; and, so far as any other change went, those earlier years might never have been.

"My dear Mary!" she said at last. "My dear friend! Oh, what a thought that little as we deserve it, we should have been *both* spared to meet again!"

There was an emphasis on the *both* which it was very touching to hear; and Mary naturally could not but feel that the wonder and the thankfulness were chiefly on her own account.

"I am very glad to see you again," she said, feeling her heart yearn to her old friend—"and so entirely unchanged."

"Oh, I hope not," said Mrs. Kirkman. "I hope we have *both* profited by our opportunities, and made some return for so many mercies. One great thing I have looked forward to ever since I knew we were coming here, was the thought of seeing you again. You know I always considered you one of my own little flock, dear Mary! one of those who would be my crown of rejoicing. It is such a pleasure to have you again."

And Mrs. Kirkman gave Mrs. Ochterlony another

kiss, and thought of the woman that was a sinner with a gush of sweet feeling in her heart.

As for Mary, she took it very quietly, having no inclination to be affronted or offended—but, on the contrary, a kind of satisfaction in finding all as it used to be; the same thoughts and the same kind of talk, and everything unchanged, while all with herself had changed so much. "Thank you," she said; "and now tell me about yourself and about them all: the Hesketh and the Churchills and all our old friends. I am thirsting to hear about them, and what changes there may have been, and how many are here."

"Ah, my dear Mary, there have been many changes," said Mrs. Kirkman. "Mrs. Churchill died years ago—did you not hear?—and in a very much more prepared state of mind, I trust and hope; and he has a curacy somewhere, and is bringing up the poor children—in his own pernicious views, I sadly fear."

"Has he pernicious views?" said Mary. "Poor Mrs. Churchill—and yet one could not have looked for anything else."

"Don't say poor," said Mrs. Kirkman. "It is good for her to have been taken away from the evil to come. He is very lax, and always was very lax. You know how little he was to be depended upon at the station, and how much was thrown upon me, unworthy as I am, to do; and it is sad to think of those poor dear children brought up in such opinions. They are very poor, but that is nothing in comparison. Captain Hesketh retired when we came back to England. They went to their own place in the country, and they are very comfortable, I believe—too comfortable, Mary. It makes them forget things that are so much more precious. And I doubt if there is anybody to say a faithful word——"

"She was very kind," said Mary, "and good to everybody. I am very sorry they are gone."

"Yes, she was kind," said Mrs. Kirkman, "that kind of natural amiability which is such a delusion. And everything goes well with them," she added, with a sigh: "there is nothing to rouse them up. Oh, Mary, you remember what I said when your pride was brought low—anything is better than being let alone."

Mrs. Ochterlony began to feel her old opposition stirring in her mind, but she refrained heroically, and went on with her interrogatory. "And the doctor," she said, "and the Askells?—they are still in the regiment. I want you to tell me where I can find Emma, and how things have gone with her—poor child! but she ought not to be such a baby now."

Mrs. Kirkman sighed. "No, she ought not to be a baby," she said. "I never like to judge any one, and I would like you to form your own opinion, Mary. She too has little immortal souls committed to her; and oh! it is sad to see how little people think of such a trust—whereas others who would have given their whole souls to it—— But no doubt it is all for the best. I have not asked you ye how are your dear boys. I hope you are endeavour ing to make them grow in grace. Oh, Mary, I hope you have thought well over your respon sibility. A mother has so much in her hands."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ochterlony quickly; "but they are very good boys, and I have every reason to be content with them. Hugh is at Earlston, just now, with his uncle. He is to succeed him, you know; and he is going to Oxford directly I believe. And Islay is going to Woolwich if he can pass his examination. He is just the same long-headed boy he used to be. And Will—my baby; perhaps you remember what a little thing he was?—I think he is going to be the genius of the family." Mary went on with a simple effusiveness unusual to her, betrayed by the delight of talking about her boys to some one who knew and yet did not know them. Perhaps she forgot that her lis tener's interest could not possibly be so great as her own.

Mrs. Kirkman sat with her hands clasped on her knee, and she looked in Mary's eyes with a glance which was meant to go to her soul—a mournful inquiring glance which from under the dropped eyelids seemed to fall as from an altitude of scarcely human compassion and solicitude. "Oh, call them not good," she said. "Tell me what signs of awakening you have seen in their hearts. Dear Mary, do not neglect the one thing needful for your precious boys. Think of their immortal souls That is what interests me much more than their worldly prospects. Do you think their hearts have been truly touched——"

"I think God has been very kind to us all, and that they are good boys," said Mary; "you know we don't think quite alike on some subjects; or, at least, we don't express ourselves alike. I can see you do as much as ever among the men, and among the poor——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Kirkman, with a sigh; "I feel unworthy of it, and the flesh is weak, and I would fain draw back; but it happens strangely that there is always a very lukewarm ministry wherever we are placed, my dear. I would give anything in the world to be but a hearer of the word like others but yet woe is unto me if I neglect the work. This is some one coming in now to speak with me on spiritual matters. I am at home to them between two and three; but, my dear Mary, it is not neces sary that you, who have been in the position of an inquiring soul yourself, should go away."

"I will come back again," said Mary, rising "and you will come to see me at Kirtell, will not you? It makes one forget how many years have passed to see you employed exactly as of old."

"Ah, we are all too apt to forget how the years pass," said Mrs. Kirkman. She gave a nod of re cognition to some women who came shyly in at the moment, and then she took Mary's hand and drew her a step aside. "And nothing more has happened, Mary?" she said; "nothing has followed? and there

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is to be no inquiry or anything? I am very thankful, for your sake."

"Inquiry!" said Mary, with momentary amazement. "What kind of inquiry? what could have followed? I do not know what you mean!"

"I mean about—what gave us all so much pain—your marriage, Mary," said Mrs. Kirkman. "I hope there has been nothing about it again?"

This was a very sharp trial for the superstition of old friendship in Mrs. Ochterlony's heart, especially as the inquiring souls who had come to see Mrs. Kirkman were within hearing, and looked with a certain subdued curiosity upon the visitor and the conversation. Mary's face flushed with a sudden burning, and indignation came to her aid; but even at that moment her strongest feeling was thankfulness that Wilfrid was not there.

"I do not know what could have been about it," she said; "I am among my own people, here; my marriage was well known, and everything about it, in my own place."

"You are angry, dear," said Mrs. Kirkman. "Oh, don't encourage angry feelings; you know I never made any difference; I never imagined it was your fault. And I am so glad to hear it has made no unpleasantness with the dear boys."

Perhaps it was not with the same charity as at first that Mrs. Ochterlony felt the long curls again fan her cheek, but still she accepted the farewell kiss. She had expected some ideal difference, some visionary kind of elevation, which would leave the same individual, yet a loftier kind of woman, in the place of her former friend. And what she had found was a person quite unchanged—the same woman, harder in her peculiarities rather than softer, as is unfortunately the most usual case. The Colonel's wife had the best meaning in the world, and she was a good woman in her way; but not a dozen lives, let alone a dozen years, could have given her the finer sense which must come by nature, nor even that tolerance and sweetness of experience, which is a benefit which only a few people in the world draw from the passage of years. Mary was disappointed, but she acknowledged in her heart—having herself acquired that gentleness of experience—that she had no right to be disappointed; and it was with a kind of smile at her own vain expectations that she went in search of Emma Askell, her little friend of old—the impulsive girl, who had amused her, and loved her, and worried her in former times. Young Askell was Captain now, and better off, it was to be hoped; but yet they were not well enough off to be in a handsome house, or have everything proper about them, like the Colonel's wife. It was in the outskirts of the town that Mary had to seek them, in a house with a little bare garden in front, bare in its winter nakedness, with its little grass-plot trodden down by many feet, and showing all those marks of neglect and indifference which betray the stage at which poverty sinks into a muddle of discouragement and carelessness, and forgets appearances. It was a dirty little maid who opened the door, and the house was another very inferior specimen of the furnished house so well known to all unsettled and wandering people. The chances are, that delicate and orderly as Mrs. Ochterlony was by nature, the sombre shabbiness of the place would not have struck her in her younger days, when she, too, had to take her chance of furnished houses, and do her best, as became a soldier's wife. And then poor little Emma had been married too early, and began her struggling, shifty life too soon, to know anything about that delicate domestic order, which is half a religion. Poor little Emma! she was as old now as Mary had been when she came back to Kirtell with her boys, and it was difficult to form any imagination of what time might have done for her. Mrs. Ochterlony went up the narrow stairs with a sense of half-amused curiosity, guided not only by the dirty little maid, but by the sound of a little voice crying in a lamentable, endless sort of way. It was a kind of cry which in itself told the story of the family—not violent, as if the result of a sudden injury or fit of passion, which there was somebody by to console or to punish, but the endless, tedious lamentation, which nobody took any particular notice of, or cared about.

And this was the scene that met Mrs. Ochterlony's eyes when she entered the room. She had sent the maid away and opened the door herself, for her heart was full. It was a shabby little room on the first floor, with cold windows opening down to the floor, and letting in the cold Cumberland winds to chill the feet and aggravate the temper of the inhabitants. In the foreground sat a little girl with a baby sleeping on her knee, one little brother in front of her and another behind her chair, and that pretty air of being herself the domestic centre and chief mover of everything, which it is at once sweet and sad to see in a child. This little woman neither saw nor heard the stranger at the door. She had been hushing and rocking her baby, and, now that it had peaceably sunk to sleep, was about to hear her little brother's lesson, as it appeared; while at the same time addressing a word of remonstrance to the author of the cry, another small creature who sat rubbing her eyes with two fat fists, upon the floor. Of all this group, the only one aware of Mary's appearance was the little fellow behind his sister's chair, who lifted wondering eyes to the door, and stared and said nothing, after the manner of children. The little party was so complete in itself, and seemed to centre so naturally in the elder sister, that the spectator felt no need to seek further. It was all new and unlooked for, yet it was a kind of scene to go to the heart of a woman who had children of her own; and Mary stood and looked at the little ones, and at the child-mother in the midst of them, without even becoming aware of the presence of the actual mother, who had been lying on a sofa, in a detached and separate way, reading a book, which she now thrust under her pillow, as she raised herself on her cushions and

gazed with wide-open eyes at her visitor, who did not see her. It was a woman very little like the pretty Emma of old times, with a hectic colour on her cheeks, her hair hanging loosely and disordered by lying down, and the absorbed, half-awakened look, natural to a mind which has been suddenly roused up out of a novel into an actual emergency. The hushing of the baby to sleep, the hearing of the lessons, the tedious crying of the little girl at her feet, had all gone on without disturbing Mrs. Askell. She had been so entirely absorbed in one of Jane Eyre's successors and imitators (for that was the epoch of Jane Eyre in novels), and Nelly was so completely responsible for all that was going on, that the mother had never even roused up to a sense of what was passing round her, until the door opened and the stranger looked in with a face which was not a stranger's face.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Askell, springing up. "Oh, my Madonna, can it be you? Are you sure it is you, you dear, you darling! Don't go looking at the children as if they were the principal, but give me a kiss and say it is you,—say you are sure it is you!"

And the rapture of delight and welcome she went into, though it showed how weakminded and excitable she was, was in its way not disagreeable to Mary, and touched her heart. She gave the kiss she was asked for, and received a flood in return, and such embraces as nearly took her breath away; and then Nelly was summoned to take "the things" off an easy-chair, the only one in the room, which stood near her mother's sofa. Mary was still in Mrs. Askell's arms when this command was given, but she saw the girl gather up the baby in her arms, and moving softly not to disturb the little sleeper, collect the encumbering articles together and draw the chair forward. No one else moved or took any trouble. The bigger boy stood and watched behind his sister's chair, and the younger one turned round to indulge in the same inspection, and little Emma took her fists out of her eyes. But there was nobody but the little woman with the baby who could get for the guest the only comfortable chair.

"Now sit down and be comfortable, and let me look at you; I could be content just to look at you all day," said Emma. "You are just as you always were, and not a bit changed. It is because you have not had all our cares. I look a perfect fright, and as old as my grandmother, and I am no good for anything; but you are just the same as you used to be. Oh, it is just like the old times, seeing you! I have been in such a state, I did not know what to do with myself since ever I knew we were coming here."

"But I do not think you are looking old, though you look delicate," said Mary. "Let me make acquaintance with the children. Nelly, you used to be in my arms as much as your mamma's when you were a baby. You are just the same age as my Will, and you were the best baby that ever was. Tell me their names and how old they all are. You know they are all strangers to me."

"Yes," said their mother, with a little fretfulness. "It was such a mercy Nelly was the eldest. I never could have kept living if she had been a boy. I have been such a suffering creature, and we have been moved about so much, and oh, we have had so much to do! You can't fancy what a life we have had," cried poor Emma; and the mere thought of it brought tears to her eyes.

"Yes, I know it is a troublesome life," said Mary; "but you are young, and you have your husband, and the children are all so well——"

"Yes, the children are all well," said Emma; "but then every new place they come to, they take measles or something, and I am gone to a shadow before they are right again; and then the doctors' bills—I think Charley and Lucy and Emma have had *everything*," said the aggrieved mother; "and they always take them so badly; and then Askell takes it into his head it is damp linen or something, and thinks it is my fault. It is bad enough when a woman is having her children," cried poor Emma, "without all their illnesses you know, and tempers and bills, and everything besides. Oh, Madonna! you are so well off. You live quiet, and you know nothing about all our cares."

"I think I would not mind the cares," said Mary; "if you were quite like me, you would not like it. You must come out to Kirtell for a little change."

"Oh, yes, with all my heart," said Emma. "I think sometimes it would do me all the good in the world just to be out of the noise for a little, and where there was nothing to be found fault with. I should feel like a girl again, my Madonna, if I could be with you."

"And Nelly must come too," said Mrs. Ochterlony, looking down upon the little bright, anxious, careful face.

Nelly was thirteen—the same age as Wilfred; but she was little, and laden with the care of which her mother talked. Her eyes were hazel eyes, such as would have run over with gladness had they been left to nature, and her brown hair curled a little on her neck. She was uncared for, badly dressed, and not old enough yet for the instinct that makes the budding woman mindful of herself. But the care that made Emma's cheek hollow and her life a waste, looked sweet out of Nelly's eyes. The mother thought she bore it all and cried and complained under it, while the child took it on her shoulders unawares and carried it without any complaint. Her soft little face lighted up for a moment as Mary spoke, and then her look turned on the sleeping baby with that air half infantile half motherly which makes a child's face like an angel's.

"I do not think I could go," she said; "for the children are not used to the new nurse; and it would make poor papa so uncomfortable; and then it would do mamma so much more good to be quiet for a little without the children——"

Mary rose up softly just then, and, to Nelly's great surprise, bent over her and kissed her. Nobody but such another woman could have told what a sense of envy and yearning was in Mary's heart as she did it. How she would have surrounded with tenderness and love that little daughter who was but a domestic slave to Emma Askell! and yet, if she had been Mary's daughter, and surrounded by love and tenderness, she would not have been such a child. The little thing brightened and blushed, and looked up with a gleam of sweet surprise in her eyes. "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Ochterlony," she said, in that sudden flush of pleasure; and the two recognised each other in that moment, and knitted between them, different as their ages were, that bond of everlasting friendship which is made oftener at sight than in any more cautious way.

"Come and sit by me," said Emma, "or I shall be jealous of my own child. She is a dear little thing, and so good with the others. Come and tell me about your boys. And, oh, please, just one word—we have so often spoken about it, and so often wondered. Tell me, dear Mrs. Ochterlony, did it never do any harm?"

"Did what never do any harm?" asked Mary, with once more a sudden pang of thankfulness that Wilfred was not there.

Mrs. Askell threw her arms round Mary's neck and kissed her and clasped her close. "There never was any one like you," she said; "you never even would complain."

This second assault made Mary falter and recoil, in spite of herself. They had not forgot, though she might have forgotten. And, what was even worse than words, as Emma spoke, the serious little woman-child, who had won Mrs. Ochterlony's heart, raised her sweet eyes and looked with a mixture of wonder and understanding in Mary's face. The child whom she would have liked to carry away and make her own—did she, too, know and wonder? There was a great deal of conversation after this—a great deal about the Askells themselves, and a great deal about Winnie and her husband, whom Mrs. Askell knew much more about than Mrs. Ochterlony did. But it would be vain to say that anything she heard made as great an impression upon Mary as the personal allusions which sent the blood tingling through her veins. She went home, at last, with that most grateful sense of home which can only be fully realised by those who return from the encounter of an indifferent world, and from friends who, though kind, are naturally disposed to regard everything from their own point of view. It is sweet to have friends, and yet by-times it is bitter. Fortunately for Mary, she had the warm circle of her own immediate belongings to return into, and could retire, as it were, into her citadel, and there smile at all the world. Her boys gave her that sweetest youthful adoration which is better than the love of lovers, and no painful ghost lurked in their memory—or so, at least, Mrs. Ochterlony thought.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Two Sisters are there—ever year by year
Companions true and dear
To meek and thoughtful hearts. Fair Hope is one,
With voice of merry tone,
With footstep light, and eye of sparkling glance.
The other is perchance
E'en somewhat lovelier, but less full of glee.
Her name is Memory.

She wanders near me, chaunting plaintive lays
Of bygone scenes and days:
And when I turn, and meet her thoughtful eye,
She tells me mournfully
Of soft low gurgling brooks, and glistening flowers,
And childhood's sunny hours:
And then with tears and melancholy tone
She tells me they are gone.

Hope gently chides her—bids me not to cast
My eyes upon the past—
Cheering me thus, she leads me by the hand
To view her own fair land:
And soon I see where many pleasures meet,
Some close before my feet;
And some, seen dimly through the distant haze,
Grow brighter as I gaze.

Oh! both refresh me.—Yet not only so:
They teach—where'er I go.
One tells of follies past, and one is given
To talk to me of Heaven.
And thus I'll cling to both. Soft Memory,
All pensive though she be,
Shall bide a comrade cherish'd to the end:
But Hope shall be my friend.

J. S. HOWSON.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK,

BY WAY OF THE SALT LAKE CITY.

On the 13th of May, 1865, my three years' command of her Majesty's gun-boat *Grappler*, in the Pacific colonies, terminated, and I received permission from Admiral Denman, the Commander-in-Chief, to select my own route for returning to England. I arrived at San Francisco early in June, and, after visiting one or two places of interest in California, travelled to New York in an almost direct line, through a region but little known in the Old World.

The famous big trees of Talaveras county were my first object. A steamer leaves San Francisco at four in the afternoon, and, after winding through the narrow and tortuous "sleughs" of the San Joaquin river, reaches Stockton in the early morning. Hence a four-horse "Concord" coach leaves at six for Murphy's, where it arrives at about eight the same evening.

Let me describe a Concord coach: it derives its name from the town in the eastern states where it is built, and is an overgrown loutish descendant of the English mail-coach of former days. It is usually painted bright red, and carries on its panels a glaring portrait either of a President, a maiden, or a general; over the door is written "U. S. Mail," generally translated "Uncle Sam's Mail;" and along the top are the names of the termini between which it runs. Inside are three seats, each made to hold three people; the back and front seats are of course the most comfortable, those who are on the middle bench having but a strap to lean against. Thus, nine is the limit of inside accommodation; the limit outside has not yet been ascertained, but eight besides the driver may be comfortably seated, that is, if the word "comfort" is at all applicable to a Concord coach. A most important part is its powerful break, applied by heavy pressure of the driver's right foot. These breaks are used in all American coaches and mud-waggons, and are indispensable in the steep country they traverse. The luggage is strapped on to a vast platform behind; small parcels are put in the front boot, and miscellaneous light baggage is placed on the top. No springs would support this cumbrous body over Californian roads, so it is hung on stout leather thorough-braces.

The distance from Stockton to Murphy's is about eighty miles, travelled at an average speed of seven miles an hour. The road is good, for a new country, but little has as yet been done by art. It passes through grain-fields of from one to five thousand acres, the ground being absolutely level, and dotted with a sort of weeping oak. The last thirty miles of the road are through hilly country, lightly timbered with pine and flowering shrubs.

Murphy's is a pretty little country village in a mining district, and boasts a good inn, owned by Mr. Perry, the proprietor of the Mammoth Grove. Its comforts are an agreeable surprise to the traveller, almost stifled as he is by the dust, which tries the temper and equanimity of the most amiable.

Mr. Perry runs a stage to the big trees—fifteen miles—every morning, returning to Murphy's in the evening. There is a good hotel at the Grove, situated under the very shadow of the trees; it is a great place of resort for a few weeks in the summer, as the country is famous for an abundance of game, and for the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

One of the largest trees, thirty-one feet in diameter, was felled some years ago, and a section of it sent to New York; its stump is roofed over, and is used as a floor for dancing upon. The means taken for felling this tree were original and ingenious. A ring of bark was removed at a convenient height from the ground and the trunk was bored through with augurs, each hole touching its neighbour; it was then overthrown by wedges driven in on one side, the whole operation lasting three weeks.

The immense size of the trees does not impress one at first: it takes some little time to realise their magnificent proportions. The tallest is about three hundred and thirty feet high, but not one appears to be symmetrically finished; all seem to have been broken off or severely injured by the fires which have from time to time swept through the forest. As nearly three thousand rings can be counted on the stump of the tree above referred to, the largest are supposed to be nearly three thousand years old. The young trees are pretty with light graceful foliage. The botanical name is *sequoia gigantea;* the Americans very justly objecting to its being called *Wellingtonia*, and retaliate on our impertinence by calling it *Washingtonia*. It is said that this tree is only indigenous in two other places, and both are in California, at the same altitude above the sea. Its bark grows in vertical ridges like buttresses, sometimes projecting as much as two feet, and a section of the tree shows where the solid wood has in some instances overgrown the bark, enclosing small patches of it. The fibre of the wood is like the California red-wood, soft and rather fine grained; it is light, the cubic foot weighing rather less than nineteen pounds.

Most of the largest trees have names on marble tablets affixed to their trunks, such as "The Mother of the Forest," "The Father of the Forest," "Florence Nightingale," "Richard Cobden," "Hercules," "The Pride of the Forest," &c.

The most beautiful and striking spot in California, some say in the world, is the Yo Semite valley in Mariposa County, where are the highest known waterfalls. It is approached by stage from Stockton, through fine hill country affording some noble points of view and intersected by many streams and

rivers, of a muddy-red colour, owing to the operations of miners. The stage stops fifty-seven miles from the valley, at a small dull place called Coulterville, said to be 2500 feet above the level of the sea.

On the 27th of June I started from Coulterville, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Baker, of Sacramento, who were so kind as to allow me to join their party. We travelled on horseback, accompanied by a guide, and what few articles we required were strapped on to the saddles. Mrs. Baker possessed in an eminent degree the art of at once putting a stranger at his ease, and, like most American ladies, thoroughly understood the leading topics of the day, and how to express herself clearly and intelligibly. Such pleasant companions as Mr. and Mrs. Baker proved to be, materially added to the pleasure of the journey, and as we rode through the forests her clear sweet voice rang out the patriotic melodies the late rebellion has given birth to and cherished.

We left Coulterville at nine A.M., and after travelling up the hills all the forenoon along a dry waggon-road, soft with a reddish impalpable dust that found its way everywhere where it ought not, we reached the Bower Cave soon after noon. A few distant glimpses through the trees, as we ascended the mountains, showed the glorious snow-capped Sierra Nevadas to the east, and the hills, streams, valleys and plains to the westward, through which we had already come.

This cave would not be much visited were it not on the road to the Yo Semite Valley, but it is rather a remarkable place. At any rate, it is very pleasant to leave the dry, dusty, hot, baking air of the upper earth, and descend a few steps to a cool and shady grotto. At the bottom is a deep pool of clear green icy water, by the side of which grow a couple of trees whose topmost branches are level with the ground above. A few stalactites hang from the roof, among which swallows and squirrels make their homes. I must add that the Frenchman and his wife who own the spot keep good cream, butter, and eggs, for the refreshment of the weary.

At half-past four in the afternoon we reached Black's—a wayside house eighteen miles from Coulterville, where travellers usually put up. Here we sat down to the best meal I tasted in California, —plain meats and farm produce, but everything genuine and quite the best of its kind — so we made merry over our excellent fare. Then rolling myself up in my Scotch plaid in the verandah, with my saddle-bags for a pillow, I fell asleep.

The next morning we started at half-past six along the mule trail which leads to the valley, thirty-six miles distant. Our way lay through much grander scenery, with views here and there over large tracts of country. The forest was never thick, but consisted chiefly of spruce and sugar pine, thinly growing in a red sandy soil, with granite or trap boulders cropping up. A group of these boulders was arranged in a hollow form like Stonehenge, enclosing an area about fifty feet in diameter, and a round boulder on the top of a slab seemed as if it must have been placed there by human hands.

The light underwood was composed principally of the manzanita, a celebrated mountain wood which takes a fine polish, but is seldom found to grow to any thickness, and can only be used in veneers. Although the best time for wild flowers had passed, there were many in bloom of rich and exquisite hues. As we reached the higher levels the species varied, and we saw quantities of sweet white azaleas.

At last we topped the hill over-looking the valley, and a grand sight was before us. Its remarkable feature was that it appeared to be an enormous rent in the rocks, whose perpendicular sides had opened out. Its depth, and not the height of the hills surrounding it, was what struck us most. On their further sides the hills are not steep, while towards the valley they are almost perpendicular. It is over these that the water pours uninterruptedly from a great height, feeding the Yo Semite river, which is seen like a bright serpentine line along the bottom. The descent occupied about an hour, and was tedious from its steepness and the roughness of the trail, and when we reached the foot we had still five miles to go to the hotel at the east end of the valley.

The trail lay through perfectly level park land, with long rich grass, and it abounded in picturesque retired spots, where nothing could be heard but the murmuring of the river and the distant thundering of the falls. As we looked up at the granite mountains, sheer rock faces of unequalled height and grandeur towering above our heads on either side, we began to realise what we had come so far to see. The melting snows threw their waters over the precipices at many points, but we saw only one of the grand falls, the Bridal Veil. In several places the river spreads out into a narrow still lake, and then again contracts to a rushing noisy stream.

At the distance of a mile from the hotel, we crossed a ferry, and presently met a merry party taking an evening ride; the ladies being in Bloomer costume, which is well fitted for this kind of travel.

At a quarter-past five we reached the hotel, somewhat wearied by our long ride, and found about a dozen people staying there, besides one or two picnic parties living in tents by the river-side. In the evening we hired the services of a guitar and a violin, and danced quadrilles and country-dances, and sang patriotic songs hilariously.

One of the sights of the valley is the Mirror Lake. Here the mountains approach very closely on either side, and are perfectly reflected in a small sheet of glassy water. The effect is quite unique: one feels suspended in space—endless heights above, and boundless depths below; but this effect is only produced in the early morning, when the air is still and clear, and before the sun shines directly on the water.

The two finest falls in the valley, that is, those which contain the largest bodies of water, are on the same stream, the chief feeder of the Yo Semite river. For the latter part of the way they can only be approached on foot, over a rude trail through forest and among boulders. The Vernal Fall is the one first reached, but its roaring appeals to the ear and its spray to the touch long before it is seen. It is only three hundred feet high, but is on the whole the most impressive, as the sheet of water is unbroken; while the Nevada Fall, although three times the height, strikes the side of the rock about half-way down, sending clouds of spray in all directions. The rushing of such a volume of water produces a constant and unvarying wind, while the spray is scattered round for a long distance. Thus the soil is always moist, even during the hottest summers, and the trees and bushes are luxuriant, but all bow in one direction before the prevailing wind.

A very narrow trail made along the slippery face of a naked rock, leads from one waterfall to the other. The precipice over which the water pours has to be ascended by two long flights of ladders, the results of much perseverance and ingenuity; after which we come to the connecting quarter of a mile of smooth swift water. The ceaseless flow has worn the rocks away in circular basins, and the stream runs from one into another as if they were artificial.

The top of the Nevada Fall may be reached by laborious climbing, but it is beyond the route of most tourists, and there is little to reward one for the labour of the ascent. Precipitous rocks so lofty are probably to be found nowhere else in the world, and the effect is bewildering.

The Bridal Veil Fall is so called, because it breaks as soon as it tips over the rocks, and the water comes down in a sheet of spray like the most exquisite lace. Ever-changing tongues of foam course down its face, starting into existence, chasing one another, overtaking, uniting, vanishing: now swayed to one side, now to another, and now borne out by a breeze far from the rock, in a light cloud. The Indians call it Pohono, the name of an evil spirit. Its height is upwards of nine hundred feet; but it contains the smallest body of water of any of the great falls, and dries up in the summer.

The Yo Semite Fall is the highest in the world, 2548 feet; but it is caught by the rocks in two places, dividing it into three falls; the lower one is about 700 feet high, while the upper is about 1448 feet, and between the two is a series of rapids rather than a fall.

I despair of being able to convey to the mind of a reader the emotions experienced at the sight of these stupendous falls. The enormous size both of them and of the mountains of rock is almost stupefying; the eye wanders up higher and higher, till the brain quite loses the power of judging heights and distances.

During last June, experiments were made by the Surveyor-General of California, Mr. Houghton, with the view of determining the volume of water pouring over the Yo Semite Fall. He selected a point below the Fall, where the stream is wide, and of nearly uniform depth, and where the current is comparatively slow. He estimated the area of a section of the river at this point to be 77·83 square feet, and the quantity of water passing this point, 428,861 cubic feet per hour. But it must be observed that of the water pouring over the first and third falls, a large amount is converted into spray, and the evaporation is very great; also that the river runs over a loose sandy and gravelly soil, from the foot of the last fall to the point of the above measurements, and that much must be lost by percolation. From these causes it is estimated that from the first dash over the upper fall to the point of measurement the volume is diminished at least 20 per cent., which would give a total volume at the first named point of over half a million cubic feet per hour.

I shall always remember my visit to the Yo Semite Fall with peculiar pleasure, because of the unreserved friendliness with which a party of American ladies and gentlemen at once freely admitted me to their society, knowing nothing of me except that I was a British sailor. It was chiefly owing to their kindness and genuine, simple good-will, that I spent in the Yo Semite valley one of the happiest weeks of my life, and enjoyed its beautiful sights thoroughly, when, but for them, I might have visited it mechanically—a bachelor, lonesome and despised.

On the 1st of July I quitted the valley in company with those whose society I so much valued, and the following day we reached Coulterville. Our return journey seemed to me to pass away too quickly. We left Coulterville by stage the same evening at midnight, and at six the next morning I parted from those friends whose unaffected goodness and kindness to a perfect stranger has taught me a lesson of true hospitality I shall never forget.

Having parted with my charming Bloomer companions, I pursued my solitary way with depressed spirits. Taking the stage I passed through Sonora, San Andreas, Mokelumne Hill, Jackson, and Drytown, and reached the Latrobe railway station on the morning of the 5th of July, where I joined the direct overland route between San Francisco and New York.

Leaving Latrobe by the evening train, we arrived at Shingle Springs after a couple of hours' run. This place, to the eastward of the 121st degree of longitude, is at present the end of that railroad which, starting from Sacramento, is some day to cross the continent. Gigantic as the task appears, it is steadily and perseveringly pursued: year after year do trains run further and further to the eastward, and the railway levels mount higher and higher. The Sierra Nevada mountains once crossed, the road will advance much faster; and I am persuaded that the central plains of this great continent will be crossed by steam before many years are over.

Some Americans think that this railroad will soon be considered a political necessity, as a bond of union between the Eastern and Western States. If the Federal Government would take the matter in hand, and furnish a guarantee for the money laid out, it would be an accomplished fact in two years, and I am inclined to think it would not prove an unprofitable speculation.

Leaving Shingle Springs by a six-horse stage, I arrived at Placerville at eleven P.M. The next morning, at half-past four, I rose to go on by the early coach. When it arrived I found that it was full, two gentlemen having engaged six seats, that they might sleep at ease. The night being now so far spent, I asked one of them to rent me a seat; but he replied that the pleasure of obliging me on his arrival at Placerville was not the motive that had induced him to engage his three seats at San Francisco. I begged him not to let it prey upon his mind; and I really don't think he did, as I saw him settle comfortably down into his feather pillows for another nap as the stage drove off. I tried to look happy, cheerful, contented, &c.; how far I succeeded, history must decide.

However, when the second coach arrived in the afternoon, I found a vacant seat, and pursued my journey to Virginia City. The road between that place and Shingle Springs is always kept in first-rate order; during the summer it is watered every night, and so kept hard. The coaches are first-class, the six horses are always carefully chosen and well matched, and the drivers are selected for their skill and good character. It is said that some of the "tallest" driving in the States may be seen on this road, and, as far as my experience goes, I certainly never saw such driving. One passes heavy waggons drawn by long teams, both journeying east and west; the road is often narrow and steep, with sharp turns; and when the driver, rapidly swinging his six horses round a bluff, sometimes comes suddenly on a waggon labouring up the hill, only great skill and experience, and firm nerve, prevent either a collision on the one hand, or a capsize on the other. The hills are descended at full gallop, and ascended at a smart trot. At one place it became necessary for us to go very near the edge of the steep; the earth crumbled and sunk under the outer wheels, and for a moment the coach heeled over a little, but, at the pace we were going, soon recovered itself. Accidents are very rare.

Placerville is a pleasant little town, with trees in the streets and ice in the hotels. Many of its houses are of brick or stone, and well built. Wooden houses are common in all parts of the United States, and are by no means ugly or uncomfortable; but in winter the better-built houses are far preferable. All houses are roofed with wooden shingle, usually made from the cedar.

There are on this road two high points, the First and Second Summits, said to be about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Between them lies Lake Tahoe, a large sheet of fresh water about forty miles in diameter. A small steamer plies on it, and it is resorted to in the summer for the sake of its excellent fishing. We passed the First Summit in the evening, just before sundown, and the view was magnificent; mountain after mountain rolling away in the distance as far as the eye could reach. I have seen many of the celebrated views of the world, but never one which seemed to command so vast and immeasurable a view of this round earth.

From the First Summit, the American river flows to the westward. During our ascent we followed its banks for many miles, and saw in several places the old emigrant road used in former days before the present one was made. Anything less like a road, or more like the track of an avalanche could scarcely be imagined; and one could in some degree conceive what were the obstacles surmounted by the hardy gallant pioneers of the far far west. In a few short years, Yankee go-aheaditiveness will have wiped out even these memorials of the past.

A wayside house in Strawberry Valley is worthy of mention on account of the simple derivation of its somewhat romantic name. It is kept by a man named Berry, noted for the good fare he provides for man and beast. It seems, however, that during one severe winter he ran short of provender, and fed some packer's mules with straw, and from this fact the valley has acquired its name.

The western slope of the Sierra Nevadas abounds with quail of two species. Near the plains is the common California quail, but higher up is the mountain quail, distinguished by a crest of two long feathers, which quiver with every quick nervous motion of its little head, as it runs over the rocks and among the bushes. Both species are numerous, of beautiful plumage, and good eating. They are difficult to catch alive, but I have seen a large cageful of them at a wayside house among the mountains.

Descending at a break-neck pace from the First Summit we reached the borders of Lake Tahoe, whose southern shores we followed for nearly twenty miles. It was now night, but a full moon gave to the scene a peculiar beauty, lighting up points of the most distant hills, and shadowing valleys in the deepest gloom.

All day had I been jolted on the top of the coach, but when night came I took my place inside, where was a vacant seat. This was my first experience of a night spent in a Concord coach. Looking back to my first middle-watch as a midshipman, to my last middle-watch as a lieutenant, or to my first night after I caught the measles, I can remember no night of horror equal to my first night's travel on the Overland Route. We all know how veal-and-ham pie increases the intensity of a nightmare; and in the same way did the solid meal, bolted against time in the Strawberry Valley, affect this night's delights. An American friend, who had himself crossed the plains, had recommended me to bring an air-pillow. This became my mainstay: I sat on it by day, or interposed it between the hard side of the

coach and my ragged skin and jaded bones, and by night I put my head through the hole in the middle and wore it as a collar, like a degraded Chinaman. This saved the sides of my head during my endeavours to sleep, but occasionally a heavier jolt than usual would strike the cranium violently against the roof, driving it down between my shoulders. I remember nothing between the shores of Lake Tahoe and the Second Summit; here I certainly did look out of the window, and then fell to bumping about again until we stopped for a short time at Carson City, at one A.M. Here we got out and stamped around for a few minutes while the horses were being changed, and were amused by a lady who had no money wherewith to pay her fare any farther, and at the same time declined to alight. The mail agent was in an awkward fix: he did not like to engage in a fray in the dead hours of the night, as the awakened neighbours would be sure to side with the woman they did not know, for the pleasure of abusing the man they did know; and yet if he allowed her to proceed, the amount of her fare would be charged against his pay. At last, however, he was persuaded to leave her in possession by her assurance that she was a person of great consideration, owning houses and lands in Virginia City, and that everybody knew where she lived. So I poked my head into my air-pillow again and off we went.

At 4 A.M., just as the day was breaking, we stopped at the door of the International Hotel, Virginia City, and more dead than alive I fell asleep on a real bed for several hours. A very frowsy-looking saint, bound for the Great Salt Lake, came with us, and started for his Eden two hours after arrival.

Virginia City is a remarkable specimen of the towns that seem to spring up by magic in the mining districts. It is situated near the foot of a conspicuous hill, Mount Davidson, in a land where rain never falls, where not a blade of grass is visible, and where trees are only to be seen in one distant valley. It lies in the focus of the rays of the sun reflected from the naked hills, a dry and uninviting evidence of underground wealth. All that part of the State of Nevada, recently admitted into the Union, is known as the Washoe country, and is celebrated for the richness of its silver mines. The rain-bearing clouds that come floating in from the Pacific Ocean are caught by the Sierra Nevada mountains, and fall condensed before they reach the Washoe country. Snow falls heavily in winter on the Sierra Nevadas, and on the high plateau of Nevada State, which is much more elevated than California. These snows melting in summer feed two or three considerable streams which flow for some distance and are then lost in sinks in valleys, where a few cotton-trees grow. The ground is hard, and mostly covered with a sage-brush like the common garden-sage. A few attempts at irrigation have succeeded, and in one or two places round the town are small vegetable gardens.

There are many well-built brick buildings in Virginia City, including two theatres. The mines gave birth to three towns, Gold Hill, Silver City, and Virginia City; and houses have now sprung up between them, making one continuous street, three or four miles long, running along the side of a hill, which is burrowed and tunnelled in every direction. Like most speculative towns, Virginia City lives in a condition of normal collapse; every man you meet assures you that the place is "caving in," and that the mines are "played out;" yet, if you walk round the town, you will see houses springing up, and much business being transacted in the "stores."

Beautiful specimens of petrified wood are found in the neighbourhood. They are very remarkable, as there are now no trees within miles of the spot; and they seem to show that this country was once well wooded, and enjoyed a totally different climate. About five miles from Virginia City are some hot springs. I had not time to visit them, but I believe that there are several acres covered with small geysers of various temperatures.

From Placerville I journeyed with Mr. Little, a merchant returning from China, where he had spent some years. The pleasure of meeting an English gentleman in such a distant land cannot be exaggerated. I was also glad to renew at Virginia City, my acquaintance with Mr. Rising, Episcopal clergyman of that town, whom I had met at the Big Trees. He has opportunity for doing much good, and it appeared that his efforts were appreciated. He has a numerous attendance at his Sunday-school of both teachers and pupils, and their harmonious singing showed that trouble had been taken to cultivate that art.

Some letters I had brought with me, assisted by kind recommendations from Mr. Rising, secured for me the privilege of visiting the Gould and Curry silver mine, in company with the foreman. To the uninitiated, I do not know that there is any great interest in a mine. One mine is generally very much like another. One is sometimes dirtier than another; in one there is sometimes more bad air than in another; in one there is sometimes more black water than in another; but there is a strong family likeness. The Gould and Curry mine formed no exception. We entered the side of the hill, following a level tunnel, and carrying greasy candles; we went down shafts, clambered up ladders, crawled along drains, examined muddy pieces of rock, tapped them with pick-axes, broke off lumps and held them to the candles, and declared they were very beautiful and very rich. We were soon wet through with perspiration, and envied the miners in the scantiest possible clothing. Although quite tired out after a couple of hours, I had still to follow the foreman on his rounds, and did not reach the upper earth till I had spent three hours and a half in this noisome hole.

But although such a long visit was not very entertaining to me, two or three Californian gentlemen made up the party, and I was able to learn

something from their remarks. The Gould and Curry silver mine is one of the richest and probably the best worked in the world. The Company does everything on a handsome scale: it gives the resident manager 2,500*l.* a-year, and a good house; most of its buildings and work-shops are of brick and hewn stone; and no expense is spared in order that the works should be conducted as well as possible. The silver is contained in quartz, which is crushed in a steam quartz-crushing machine, worked with ninety stampers; and it is found to contain 25 per cent. of gold. Many mines are worked in the neighbourhood, but none afford returns so rich as the Gould and Curry. It has a great advantage in being on a hill, because the quartz is brought out in waggons, which run down on a railroad by their own impetus to the store-rooms and mills below.

A visit to the top of Mount Davidson, which overhangs the town, rewards one with an extensive view of the country. The ascent is steep and stony, but the sight from the top, like that at the First Summit of the Sierra Nevadas, is one never to be forgotten. The clearness of the sky in that pure mountain air makes the view almost illimitable, but it is only the great distance one is able to see, and the endless succession of mountain ranges, that is beautiful; for owing to the absence of all verdure, the nearer country looks painfully barren and repulsive. The grey sage-brush which everywhere covers the ground, has a dreary monotonous appearance that is wearisome both to eye and heart. At the top is a tall flag-staff, whence usually wave the stars and stripes; the pole is seventy feet long, but from the town below it looks like a stick with a handkerchief on the end of it. I believe Virginia City is about the ninth or tenth highest in the world.

At half-past six in the morning of the 10th of July, I left Virginia in a Concord coach. At last I felt myself fairly off on the great Overland Route, and a very charming journey it promised to be. The morning was cool, the sun was rising over the hills, and there was no wind to make the dust unendurable. Our coach was nearly a new one, and six beautiful glossy black horses, with flowing manes and tails, proudly champed their bits and pawed the ground, as we waited at the door of the stage-office for our final orders. Presently we dashed down the hill, through the lower streets of the town, and were soon rattling over the plain through the eternal sage-brush. The coach was quite full, nine inside and one out, the greatest number ever carried on this road. Three Mexican women and an American lady were among the passengers; the other five were miners, and proprietors of mule or waggon trains.

After journeying for two or three miles, we found there was plenty to try the temper of the passengers. We began to feel cramped, the heat of the sun made us hot and irritable: and not only was there a difficulty about stowing away one's feet, but we had even to fit in our knees, one with another, and then occasionally give and take pretty smart blows caused by the jostling of the carriage. Most of the men chewed tobacco, and those who occupied centre seats had to exert considerable skill to spit clear of the other passengers. Americans are generally adepts in this art, but we had one or two unskilful professors, although it must be admitted that they had hardly a fair opportunity of showing off their proficiency, from the jolting of the coach. Occasionally they would unconcernedly expectorate among the baggage on the floor. The smell caused by this abominable practice was intolerable and sickening at first, until one became somewhat accustomed to it. In railway carriages, in the best hotels, and even at the renowned West Point military academy, the disgusting habit of chewing tobacco prevails. Pocket-handkerchiefs do not appear to be common, and my fellow-passengers occasionally resorted to the primitive custom probably handed down to us from the Patriarchal ages, and religiously preserved among the London Arabs.

The females of the party had many small packages which they insisted on having inside with them, as is the wont of their sex. In this department the ladies from Mexico were distinguished. One basket, with the contents of which I must confess they were truly hospitable, thus quite disarming the grumblers, contained cheese, biscuits, dried fish, and onions. A very large soft flabby bundle contained dirty linen which they had not had time to have washed. I fear one of the gentlemen who chewed tobacco found it rather in his way.

After we had been an hour or two on the road the heat became oppressive; a light westerly breeze sprang up, which carried the dust along with us, and was at times stifling. The severe discomforts of this travelling can hardly be exaggerated, but one learns to endure them. The character, the language, and the manners of the class of people who chiefly use this route, however, became if possible even more repugnant to me each day. These I could not endure without disgust, and at the end of my journey, in spite of all attempts at reserve or civility, I felt myself cowed and humiliated in a manner not to be described. Even now I cannot think of my companions in some parts of the overland journey without a shudder.

We changed horses about every ten miles, and soon discovered that distance did not lend enchantment to the horses. The beautiful long-tailed prancers of the morning were shortly changed for muddy bony beasts, with drum-like skins, which suggested the idea that they were only walking about to save funeral expenses. But great was our chagrin, after bolting our dinners at Cottonwood, forty-five miles from Virginia City, to find that the coach went no further, and that our journey must be pursued in mud-waggons. This accounted for our starting with only one outside passenger in the morning.

I must endeavour to give some idea of a mud

waggon. If it had springs, it would be something like what in England is called a spring-van; but it hasn't. Like a Concord coach, it rides on thorough-braces; its sides and top are of leather or folds of stout painted canvas stretched over a wooden frame; inside are three seats, each carrying three persons; a platform behind carries the mail-bags and heavier luggage, while the front boot holds the express bags and small parcels; and there is one seat for a passenger alongside the driver. These carriages are generally painted red, without expensive or elaborate ornament, and drawn by four, or sometimes six horses. Some mud-waggons are rather better than others, but all are very rough. It may be doubted, however, whether any better kind of carriage would stand the hard usage they receive. Some of the teams are fierce little mustangs, which draw very well, but are difficult to drive; others are respectable old carriage-horses that have seen better days, but staging is severe work, and soon kills them. I did see one fine horse that had been staging for ten years in the wildest country, and appeared ready for ten years more, but he was an exceptionally sturdy old fellow.

The quality of the food supplied at the way-side houses, distinguished from the stations where only horses are changed by the name of home-stations, varied much. The meal set before us at Cottonwood was certainly good, consisting of meats and vegetables, bread, butter, and milk, and tea and coffee. And as a rule the meals supplied where the line is in regular working order are passable; but at some home-stations there was very little to be had; in one or two instances only bread, beans, and bacon, and even those very bad.

The stages profess to stop for three meals a-day, and to allow half an hour each time. This sounds fair enough, but it must be remembered that no other time is allowed for washing or change of clothes; the latter is a luxury never attempted, the former seldom. Between Virginia City and Salt Lake City the electric telegraph follows the stage-road, and so the number of passengers and the hour at which they may be expected is telegraphed from station to station. Ten minutes after arrival the food is on the table; ten minutes afterwards, you choke yourself as the driver calls out "all aboard"; and ten minutes after that again, you are fairly under weigh, inhaling dust; and ten minutes later still you are suffering from a severe attack of indigestion.

During the first part of the journey, tolerably punctual time is kept, but time once lost cannot be made good afterwards, and as the home stations are at irregular distances, the results are apt to be inconvenient. One night at 11 o'clock we reached a home station where we ought, according to the way-bill, to have breakfasted. Breakfast was ready, but dead tired as we were, we refused to turn out. The driver warned us we were a long way from the next home station, but who thinks of the morrow when he is worn out with fatigue? The next day we had to pay for our neglect, as we did not reach a home station until two in the afternoon. By that time we were all more or less ill, and only a box of prunes from my hamper kept us at all alive.

The journey from Virginia City to Salt Lake City lasted five days and four nights. On the evening of the second day we crossed a brook called Reese River, and passed through a small town called Austin City. This was the only place on the road worthy of the name of a town, and it contained a few brick and stone houses. It stands among the hills, and is purely a mining town, some of the mines opening on to its street. A year or two ago there was a rush to the Reese River district, but the gold and silver mines have not quite answered the expectations formed of them.

Prospecting parties are often formed by speculators, and sent out to examine ledges or ranges of hills which are not well known. These parties often make valuable discoveries, and bring back rich specimens of the precious metals, and accounts of districts where such specimens abound. On the strength of their report companies are formed, and a rush to this particular spot takes place. Sometimes these reports are false, the specimens having been procured elsewhere to abet the fraud, but more often there is no deception in the matter.

Reese River is marked on most maps as a stream of some importance. It rises from two or three springs to the northward of Austin, flows some seventy or eighty miles to the southward, and sinks nowhere in particular. It is at best a mere ditch, probably in no place above two feet deep; and yet it is drawn on the map as a respectable well-conducted river, and gives its name to a large district. I believe that a bogus company was got up recently to run steamers on the Reese River, but nobody made any money out of it except the secretary, who has not been heard of since.

The road lay through desert alkali plains, barren red hills and mountains, marshes, and sands. The winds traversing these plains become impregnated with the alkali, which causes a bad taste in the mouth, and dries up the lips and the skin on the face and hands. In some places there were pretty views: some of the hill tops and a few of the valleys were relieved by pine and cedar scrub, but little can be said in favour of the scenery. The ground was invariably covered with dull grey sage-brush; the ranges of hills and mountains run north and south, and between them are absolutely level plains, varying from ten to twenty miles in breadth; but the hills are seldom ascended. It is very remarkable that in almost every instance there is a natural pass through the hills on nearly the same level as the plains. One of these, nearly four miles long, had the regularity of a railroad cutting; it was in these passes that two or three years ago the Indians used to attack the stage.

On the morning of Friday the 14th, we reached Fort Crittenden, about fifty miles from Salt Lake City. Here we stopped to breakfast, and I made

acquaintance with the Mormon innkeeper. He had but two wives, the youngest of whom I saw, herself a mere child, with her baby at her breast. Our mud-waggon from hence was rather better than those we were accustomed to, and the horses were finer and fatter.

At a distance of twenty-five miles from Salt Lake City we forded the river Jordan, the water being about four feet deep. It runs in a northerly direction about forty miles, from the fresh-water Utah Lake to the Great Salt Lake. These lakes lie at each end of a valley some fifteen miles in breadth. At the north end, the Salt Lake does not run across the whole breadth, but the mountains sweep round to meet its eastern shore; and on an elevated "bench" at their foot, sheltered from the north and east, is situated the famous city of the Latter Day Saints.

We entered the valley from the southward, passing over a rising ground from which we could see it stretching out. For twenty-five miles the road ran due north, and at its termination the city was before us, bearing the appearance of white specks on a green ground—a striking contrast to the surrounding arid desert. On our right rose grand mountains, six or seven thousand feet high, thrown like a sheltering arm behind the City of the Saints; and on our left stretched the broad Salt Lake, with two mountainous islands standing out in bold relief, while the river Jordan, passing almost under our feet, was seen winding its way to the Dead Sea. The air of these regions is so pure, that distant objects are seen with a distinctness very deceiving. The drive into the city passes between fields irrigated by streams descending from the eastern hills. We changed horses every ten miles, and as we advanced, signs of prosperity were more numerous, for we saw houses, gardens, and small farms. At length it became dark, and it was not until 9.30 P.M. that our long, long drive terminated as we drew up in front of the Salt Lake House.

I was too much knocked up for sight-seeing on the first day after my arrival. Without feeling actually tired, I found myself continually dropping off to sleep, but the excitement of the journey gradually wore off. The first piece of news we heard by telegraph that morning was that a stage-coach, which runs three times a-week between Virginia City in the Idahoe territory and Salt Lake City, had been attacked and robbed by highwaymen. The driver and four passengers out of five were shot dead; the fifth fell down severely wounded in the bottom of the coach, and was only saved by the bodies of his companions falling on him. The murderers escaped with a booty of seventy thousand dollars, or fourteen thousand pounds, in gold dust. Last summer this same stage was robbed, and the passengers murdered; some of the robbers were caught and hung, while others escaped.

The general impression given by Salt Lake City is an agreeable one. The streets divide the town into ten-acre blocks: they are all 128 feet broad, and at right angles to each other. On each side is a stream of living water, and rows of cotton-wood and locust trees border the side walks. There is but one main street, in which the houses are built close to each other; everywhere else each house stands in its own garden or orchard. Some of them are large, two or three stories high, built of burnt bricks, red sandstone, or granite, but most are of white sun-dried bricks. They look clean and cheerful: the door-posts, window-sills, &c., are of wood, painted bright green, or of rich red sandstone, and creepers adorn the walls. The gardens are well and tastefully kept, and fruit-trees are particularly successful. The streets chiefly used are gravelled; and as the plateau on which the town stands slopes gently to the southward, there is good drainage. Altogether, few towns have been so judiciously designed and so perfectly built; few enjoy so great natural advantages, which have been cleverly made the most of. The barren country we passed through would have prepared us to appreciate any place where there might be a spare blade of grass, but Salt Lake City would be considered beautiful anywhere. When it is remembered that seventeen years ago, this end of the valley was a desert, like the other, one is astonished at the enterprise and perseverance of the Mormon leaders. The city is 4000 feet above the level of the sea, so the climate has greater extremes than that of England. In summer it is hot and dry, and rain rarely falls at any season; in winter there are heavy snows, which caused great suffering to the Mormons on their first arrival. The Wahsatch Mountains, on the east side of the valley, are a spur of the Rocky Mountains, and much higher than the hills on the west side. From the east flow all the streams used for irrigation, fed by the ever-melting snows.

On the morning of Sunday, July 9th, I attended Divine Service, which is held in the rooms of a Young Men's Literary Association lately formed. The service was conducted by a Congregationalist clergyman, a Scotchman, the Rev. Norman M'Leod, Chaplain to the Forces stationed here. He is a gallant determined fellow, of considerable force of character. I believe he will do a great work here. I think the days of Mormonism are numbered: and its fall will be brought about by such agencies as Mr. M'Leod's ministry, by immigration, and by education, but not by persecution.

In the afternoon I attended the Mormon service. I was prepared to hear something of Mormon doctrines, or perhaps some gospel truths with which I could myself agree, but was utterly disappointed. During his address, the Mormon marshal twice stopped—once to bless the bread, and once to bless the water. These were handed round: the Sacrament being administered in that way every Sunday. Water is used instead of wine, until the Mormons shall be able to obtain the pure juice of the grape.

The people were assembled in a large booth in

the Temple Block. It is one of the squares, which has been walled in, and on which the temple is being built.

When the first address was concluded, a second was given by a cadaverous-looking man. He urged the great weight his opinion of Mormonism ought to have with his audience, because, he said, he had tried all other religions and found them to be false. He said he was educated as a Baptist, but that religion did not satisfy him: he felt he wanted more, so he tried Presbyterianism; but that did not satisfy him, so he tried the Church of England and various sects, till at last he had found a home among the Mormons, and was happy. This climax was received with a sensation approximating to applause.

At the conclusion, a hymn was sweetly sung by a large choir, most of whom were Brigham Young's sons and daughters. The congregation did not join in this the only devotional part of the service, which otherwise, neither in the subject-matter of the addresses nor in the behaviour of the people, had in it any appearance of reverence or devotion. It is difficult to believe that there can be any elevated sentiment among a people who allow themselves to be led by such palpable ignorance and folly.

After the service, we strolled round the Temple Block, which, like the other squares or blocks in the city, is ten acres in extent. Besides the booth in which the service was held, it contained two finished and two unfinished buildings. The former are the tabernacle and the endowment-house, presently in use, and the latter are the new tabernacle and temple. The tabernacle is used for preaching in on cold or wet days, when the booth cannot be used: the ceremonies performed in the endowment-house are secret.

It is very difficult to ascertain anything about the Mormons which has not been published to the world, owing to the overwhelming flood of gossipping-stories which are retailed from one Gentile to another, many of them palpably false, and nearly all exaggerations. I believe, however, that of one of their ceremonies—that of initiation—I received a tolerably accurate account. The candidate is left in the temple, to fast and pray for a day and a night; at the expiration of which he is brought, in a state of nudity, before Brigham Young, who sits as the representative of God, with Elder Heber Kimball seated on his right hand, to represent Our Lord. He is then baptised by total immersion, takes certain oaths, and is invested with a white robe, woven in one piece. This is bound with red round the throat, and has gashes bound with red cut in it over the heart and stomach, to signify that if he is unfaithful to his creed, his throat shall be cut, his heart taken out, and his belly ripped open; and that any brother may, without sin, perform these kind offices for him. Rigid Mormons are said always to wear this garment under their clothes, day and night.

The tabernacle is a long building, like a chapel, with a round roof; the sun's rays, emblems of divinity, being carved in wood at the ends. I did not go inside. The interior of the endowment-house can of course only be seen by saints; but from without it appears to be a plain two-storied house.

The new tabernacle is to be an oval building, surmounted by a huge dome, sustained on oblong red sandstone buttresses, in place of walls. The spaces between the pillars are to serve for windows and doors, and to be filled in winter by large glass frames on rollers. At the time of my visit, the last pillar was nearly finished, and it was hoped that the building would be completed in autumn. It is intended to hold fifteen thousand people. Only the foundations of the temple are, however, as yet built.

After walking round the block, we had some conversation with an old Scotchman who was in charge of the buildings. He appeared to me to be a genuinely pious man—the only Mormon I met whom I should be disposed so to characterise. He was well acquainted with the Bible, and able to bring many texts in support of the Mormon doctrine, and seemed sincerely to pity all who did not belong to the Church of Latter-Day Saints. Were there many such men among them, they would command our sympathy but I hardly think this character can be common, as I neither met with nor heard of a second.

It is hard and thankless to condemn a whole people, but the more I saw of the Mormons, the more was I convinced of the utter corruption of their chief men, and of the blind folly of the lower class. I believe Mormonism may be described as a system of extravagant fanaticism and unbounded licentiousness. It is often asked whether the women can get away if they are miserable. The answer is that, theoretically, there is no restraint; but what hope is there for a helpless woman in the middle of that continent, surrounded by vast deserts, and having probably alienated from herself the affections of her family? That some are unhappy, and deeply feel their desolate condition, I know, and I believe there must be many such. If they choose to go to the Camp, they can have personal protection; but what they want is home and kindred. One case was mentioned which seems too monstrous to be true, but I found no reason to disbelieve it. Two widowed sisters arrived, one with four daughters, and the other with five, and one Mormon married the whole eleven of them!

Polygamy is the doctrine of the Mormon faith which most readily strikes a civilised man as being false and unnatural; and so this is the doctrine which is most commented on and ridiculed. It is not, however, the point on which a Mormon can be the most easily shaken. Polygamy is so great a plunge into a new order of things that it is only taken when a man has well fortified himself with arguments. Most Mormons I spoke to seemed to view this question just as I did myself—as a bare-faced gratification of the passions. Of course, they

would not say it in those words, but not one attempted to defend it on religious grounds.

At the north end of the town are some hot sulphur springs. The waters are much resorted to, and are considered very healthy.

Great attention has been paid to the internal economy of the city. It is divided into twenty wards, each of which is presided over by its own bishop, and controlled by its own sanitary and other officers, who all report regularly to Brigham Young. Among these officers are the watermasters, whose duty it is to see that the water of the streams is fairly divided among the streets by day and among the gardens by night. These last depend for their moisture entirely upon irrigation, but when carefully tended they are very fruitful. All English fruits and vegetables thrive well; the currant grows to a great size, but its skin becomes hard, and it loses its flavour. Ice is stored in the winter in large quantities, and is cheap even through the dry hot summer.

At Salt Lake City I made the acquaintance of Captain Charles Dahlgren, son of the distinguished American Admiral. He had done good service, both by sea and land, during the rebellion, and had now come to Utah as superintendent and confidential agent for a silver mining company, about to commence operations in the neighbourhood. Though he knew me only as an officer of the Royal Navy, he introduced me to Colonel George and the officers of the camp, and laid himself out to make my visit as agreeable as possible. This national habit of recognising the claims of strangers to be treated as guests is one that we in England would do well to cultivate more generally, especially when Americans visit this country.

On Monday Captain Dahlgren took me to Camp Douglas, where the American troops were stationed. A cheerful site has been chosen for their barracks on a plateau somewhat higher than the town, and distant from it about two miles to the eastward. Here there is a parade ground, encircled, Mormon-fashion, with young locust-trees and running water, where their brass band plays daily. The houses are built of adobie (sun-dried) bricks or timber, and command a fine view of the valley to the southward. A small theatre has been built, and there are some workshops and storehouses.

Three newspapers are published at Salt Lake—two in the city, and one, *The Vidette*, in the Camp. This last is a Gentile daily paper, and is probably safer in the Camp than it would be in the city. *The Deseret News* is a weekly Mormon paper, printed and published at the Tithing Office; and there is also a daily Mormon paper. At only one shop in Mormondom could books be purchased, and they were few in number and of the most paltry description. This is a significant fact with regard to a town which has a population of at least 10,000 souls.

It is difficult to estimate the amount of personal safety in the city, but there is no doubt that there is a most perfect system of espionage, and that little goes on with which the Prophet of the Lord—as Brigham Young is styled—is not made acquainted. An artisan told me that seventeen years ago he joined the Mormons, and left them again about two years since. He said he still had some faith in Mormonism as it first existed, when there was probably a good deal of earnest piety among them. He held that now it was entirely changed and corrupted, and that the chiefs were a set of the lowest, most sensual, and degraded men. I doubt whether half-a-dozen years ago life was safe for anyone offending Brigham Young, but now, in the presence of the troops, the Mormon authorities would be afraid to have a man made away with. Some years ago a band of men existed, called Danites, or the destroying angels, whose business it was to execute the vengeance of the Prophet. They are now, however, released from that duty. One of them was pointed out to me, a man of most ferocious appearance. He was drunk, and driving a waggon through the street.

The town, however, has generally a sober and moral aspect; no retail liquor shops are allowed, and it is rare to see a drunken man. Offences are few. Sunday is scrupulously respected, and the people walk about in an orderly and quiet manner in their "Sabbath-day suits." The social evil is supposed not to exist, but this is not exactly the case. It is commonly said by the Gentiles that it exists for Mormons only, under the sanction and control of Brigham Young. I certainly know that all Mormons in good standing are not moral men.

I was warned by Gentile residents not to send my letters through the post, and was positively assured that they are often opened, and, if considered expedient, burned. As a people the Mormons are supercilious and insolent to outsiders, generally treating them with coldness and reserve—often with rudeness. There is great jealousy against them, and no prudent effort is spared to render their residence here uncomfortable. The insulting bearing of the Mormon hotel-keeper of the Salt Lake House, his indifference to the comfort of his guests, the bad food and slovenliness of the establishment, made me rejoice when on Sunday night I moved into a boarding-house, kept by Mrs. King, where I spent the remainder of my stay in the enjoyment of cleanliness and civility. Mr. Little and Captain Dahlgren joined me there, so we Gentiles consoled each other. Excellent food is always to be had: fresh meat, vegetables, cream and eggs as good as in an English country town.

The Mormon women wear large sun-bonnets, and when they meet a Gentile they turn away their heads and look down. As a class I believe them to be modest and well-behaved—probably above the average—but ignorant and unintellectual.

On Monday evening I was invited to become an honorary member of the Young Men's Literary Association. Its president is the Chief Justice of the territory, Judge Titus, appointed by the Federal

Government,—a man of high reputation, who ably fills his difficult post. Owing to the acquaintance with English law and precedents which he must have, a first-rate American lawyer is usually an agreeable and interesting man to meet. The Association is of considerable importance, because it forms the only point of union for the Gentiles, who probably do not number more than a couple of hundred residents, besides the troops. The strong point of the Mormon government is its union and centralisation, so that the institution of this association was a first step by the Gentiles towards mutual help and sympathy, and accordingly the Mormons regard it with great disfavour.

On Wednesday morning I visited Elder Heber C. Kimball at his house. He is next in rank to Brigham Young. I had a conversation with him, in which he stated his belief that in a few years polygamy would be legalised all over the world; that the rapid strides made by the social evil proves this; and that it is a necessary thing for all young men. He is an uneducated and low-minded man. I did not hear him speak in public, but I was told that when defining the position and duties of woman in his sermons, his language is most gross and indelicate. With chivalrous gallantry, he alludes to his wives as "his cows."

The Mormon leaders are evidently in tribulation respecting the fate of their sect. The Speaker of the House of Congress, and other influential Americans who have lately visited Salt Lake City, plainly said that the Federal Government would insist on its laws being respected.

During the late rebellion, the Mormons cannot be accused of having assisted either party. In the most candid unblushing way they gloried in the strife between North and South, and prophesied the disruption of the Union. Of course, they looked forward to asserting their own independence—a future they keep steadily in view; and the complete triumph of the North has been a serious disappointment to them. Some of the sermons preached during the rebellion were little else than treason and sedition.

Seven-tenths of the population are from the British Isles, the remainder being Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, or Americans. The leading men are generally 'cute Yankees, while the others are from the most ignorant classes of various countries, especially remote parts of Wales and Scotland. It is a disgrace to England that this should be so. It is argued that as polygamy and murder are essential parts of Mormonism, a Mormon missionary is in fact soliciting people to commit a crime, and may therefore be apprehended and bound over to be of good behaviour. I say murder, because every Mormon, on donning his endowment robes, swears that, if directed to do so, he is prepared to take the life of a brother who violates his oaths or speaks against the Mormon priesthood. In Prussia the former view of the case is taken, so there are no missionaries there. When we remember that from the shores of Old England hundreds of poor deluded creatures annually cross the sea and the desert, and arrive at Salt Lake City, it would be well if some steps could be taken to stop the proselytising of the missionaries. Whatever modicum of good or of genuine piety there may have been among the early Mormons, their city is now a hot-bed of vice, ignorance, and sensuality.

The following day I called on Brigham Young. He was very reserved, but courteous and obliging. His dress and appearance are those of a farmer of the better class. I should say that his countenance has in it nothing sensual or repulsive, but he gives one the idea of a man of strong character and determined will. He is about sixty years of age, but looks ten years younger. His manner is perfectly natural, without the smallest vanity or arrogance, and he seemed by far the most superior Mormon I saw. Yet vanity or affectation might well be expected in a man who has done what he has done. It is not easy to realise what noble qualities must have been essential to the man who led a small body of people into the most desolate and least known part of the New World; who cheered and encouraged them during days of great hardship; and, after seventeen years, has built up in this distant valley a well-ordered town, surrounded with smiling farms and suburbs. However much the Mormons may now be degraded and deluded, their leader must have been no common man to have performed his life's work. From many things I heard, I am somewhat inclined to fear that, in spite of his talents and some admirable qualities, he is at heart a bad and wicked man; but no one will blame me if I shrink from too hasty a judgment. As far as I could learn, he has sixty-four carnal wives, besides two or three hundred spiritual wives. It is part of the Mormon creed that a woman cannot receive salvation except through a man. Brigham is said to have forty-eight sons capable of bearing arms, and he has a school-house set apart for his younger offspring. He is said to be enormously wealthy, but his wealth is probably exaggerated. No doubt, he is anxious to provide for his family.

Every Mormon is expected to pay tithes to the Church, the control of which rests with the bishops and elders. I could not find out that any check is kept on the disposal of these funds, or that there is anything like a public audit. This, to say the least, is a great temptation to those who finger the money. Most of it is supposed to be spent on public works, but there were not many buildings to show for it. Some is said to be spent in bribes to American officials; but I should be inclined to doubt this. It is also said that one of the Sandwich Islands has been bought as a refuge in case of further persecution. One of the richest Mormons—a chemist, owning a large shop in Main Street—has for the last two or three years very wisely declined to pay his tithes, the arrears of which amount to a considerable sum. He has been publicly rebuked for it in church, but to no purpose.

I requested permission to visit the schools, and Brigham Young directed Mr. Campbell, the superintendent of education, to take me round. There were, however, only two in session at the time, and of these two I formed but a poor opinion, both from the appearance of the children and from their stock of knowledge.

I frequently met people who admitted they were not very good Mormons, and, when pushed with a little close questioning, confessed they would leave the Mormon faith if there were any way open to them; but that at present to secede from it would entail some distress, and perhaps even personal danger.

On Friday, the 21st, four of us Gentiles hired a carriage-and-pair, and drove across the valley—twenty miles—to visit a point on the Great Salt Lake, where is a small inn, and where boats are kept. The only bridge over the Jordan is on this road: it is remarkably well built, and very creditable to its designers. The shores of the lake are covered with dark brown salt to a depth of three or four inches, and the only living creatures we could detect were minute flies, myriads of which settled on the water in patches, looking like scum until, on being touched, they rose in a cloud. The water holds in solution the greatest possible quantity of salt. When we bathed, we found it very buoyant; and when we dived, its great specific gravity forced it into our eyes, noses, and ears to an extent that was acutely painful. Mr. Little courageously dived with the view of reaching the bottom, and when he came up his sufferings were so severe that we were quite alarmed lest he should be seriously injured: however, patience and a little fresh water at length relieved us, leaving us sadder and wiser men.

The water is of a deep blue—an effect probably caused by the salt, which makes it so dense as materially to check a boat sailing through it, though making her float lightly. The depth of water is nowhere greater than thirty feet, and in many places only five or six. There are many islands in the lake, one of which—Church Island, at the east side—can be reached by fording. It contains good pasture. At the inn we were amused by seeing two full-length profile portraits of the martyrs, Joseph and Hiram Smith. I am afraid there is something ludicrous in the idea of a martyr in a claw-hammer coat.

Driving back, we were struck by the parallel water-lines, one above another, on the sides of the hills. At one place we counted seven distinct marks. The idea most readily suggested is that this country has all been under water, and that these lines represent the different levels to which it has from time to time sunk, until at last only the existing lake has been left. This theory is the most generally received; but the marks on the hills are to be seen all over the high plateau in the centre of the continent. Some say that the sandstone strata are harder in some places than in others, and that these lines are caused by the action of the sun and rain. Banks of fallen sand and gravel at the foot of the cliffs seem to give some colour to this theory.

On Saturday, the 22nd, I took my ticket for Atchison, on the Missouri River, and prepared to continue my journey eastward. On this day we heard of a Mormon settlement, about fifty miles to the southward, being attacked, and two Mormons killed, by Indians. We also heard of two murdered bodies being found in a stream near Fort Bridger, and that the stage from Virginia City in Idahoe, had again been stopped in the same place, but allowed to proceed, as it contained neither passengers nor treasure.

At this time, passenger traffic between Salt Lake City and Denver City was stopped on account of Indian troubles on the road. I received permission, however, to overtake the superintendent, who had started for the east this morning, and to obtain his sanction to proceed. From Mr. Roberson, the mail agent at Salt Lake, and from Mr. Carleton, the agent at the telegraph office, I received the same courtesies and goodwill that I experienced from so many Americans. But for the assistance that each afforded me in his particular line, I might have been detained many days.

The fare on the overland route is exorbitant. Approximately in English money it is as follows:—From San Francisco to Salt Lake City, twenty-five pounds; from Salt Lake City to Atchison, seventy pounds; from Atchison to New York, by rail, ten pounds: total of fares from ocean to ocean, one hundred and five pounds. The time in which the journey should be performed, if everything were in good working order, is about twenty days. During this time the traveller, of course, has to feed himself. Three meals a day, averaging at least a dollar a meal, amount to twelve pounds. He must also provide himself with suitable clothing, arms, blankets, and a small basket of provisions. So that on the whole the journey cannot be accomplished for much less than one hundred and thirty pounds. This is at least double what it ought to be. The voyage by Panama occupies about twenty-eight days, and the expense is about thirty pounds; so great press of business alone, or a desire to see the country, would induce any one to take the overland route, and few would wish to try it a second time.

On the morning of the 23rd of July, I bade farewell to the Great Salt Lake City; and while following the course of a stream flowing down from the Wahsatch Mountains, I looked back rather regretfully at the peaceful valley I should probably never revisit. Accounts of the eastern road were gloomy: rumours of Indian troubles, of drivers and travellers murdered, and stage-horses driven off, were not wanting. Our mud-waggon was a poor make-shift, and our horses were but sorry beasts. As the stage professed to start at 4 A.M., I rose at three, and came downstairs at the half-hour, to "fix a bite" before starting. At that moment the waggon drove

up, and the driver declared it was four o'clock, and he could not wait a moment. I bundled in my chattels, and we drove off. Presently we stopped at a house in the suburbs, to pick up another passenger. The driver, with many execrations, surlily declared he was behind time, and could not wait a moment. This passenger, who had not finished his breakfast, understood the language which had been lost on me, and produced a bottle and glass, which the driver enjoyed, while the passenger concluded his meal at his leisure. Presently, he got up on the box-seat, which had been refused me, and we went on our way. I have no doubt that a box of cigars and a keg of whisky judiciously applied, would have smoothed at least some of the unpleasantness of stage-travel.

After ascending mountains the whole forenoon, we came to a plateau of comparatively good land, watered by the Weber and Bear Rivers. These are separated from each other by a rocky ridge, which we passed through by a gorge called Echo Cañon. The forms assumed here by the soft red sandstone were more grotesque and striking than on any other part of the road. In some places we saw solid buttresses projecting far from the side of the rock, or standing out like towers, unconnected with the cliff, and in other places were caverns and archways, with the face of the rock seamed in all directions.

The portion of the overland route which lies between the western and eastern limits of civilisation, might be in general terms divided into three parts, each averaging about six hundred miles. These divisions would be—from Virginia to Salt Lake City; from Salt Lake City to Denver; from Denver to Atchison, on the Missouri River. Lest any hypercritical reader should cavil at the term "limit of civilisation," let me once for all declare that civilisation terminates at that point where boot-blacking at the hotels is made an extra charge. In this second division of the journey we used mules more than horses, and found them on the whole quite as serviceable.

During the first two days we passed upwards of a hundred west-going waggons. It must be a hard road for emigrants; but men, women, and children all appeared the very picture of health. The cattle were usually poor, and in some places the road was literally lined with the bones of beasts who had died from cold, starvation, drought, or overwork. The long trains of waggons we met on the road from time to time, were sources of frequent pleasure. Sometimes we were detained for a short time in the neighbourhood of an encampment, where the waggons were "coralled," the camp-fires lighted, the cooking-stoves at work, the jaded cattle in the distance trying to pick up a meal, and little heaps of children rolling over each other in the dust. In these cases we always found the emigrants cheerful, in good spirits, and anxious to be sociable. When their party happened to include an aged or sick person, their thoughtfulness and care for his comfort was quite touching. A horse-shoe bend of a river is often chosen as a camping-ground, because the corall of waggons is placed on the narrow neck, while the cattle graze on the broad enclosed land, and are easily caught when wanted. These emigrant trains have on several occasions been attacked by Indians, both when coralled and while on the road, but in no case with success.

It is estimated that about five thousand waggons, with an average of four souls each, cross these plains every year. This annual emigration of twenty thousand persons, is a constant drain that no country but America could sustain without feeling it a serious loss. It is, besides, an evidence of the boundless resources of the United States, which are ever developing more and more, to an extent of which few people in the Old World have any idea. Salt Lake City is the point where the paper and the gold currencies meet: there, paper is universally used. At the same counter the man travelling west pays his fare in gold, and the man travelling east, in paper.

It was impossible to resist the conclusion, that even the high plateau on which we were travelling had at some time been under water. The ground was in many places covered with alkali and salt, and the everlasting sage-brush. Here and there were hills of sandstone rocks, deeply scored with horizontal water-lines, appearing like islands in an unruffled sea. A few streams flow in a northerly direction, along green ravines that appear to have been washed out when the waters were swollen. They abound with bushes and shrubs, which relieve the dreary monotony, but the extreme cold in winter makes it impossible to cultivate the neighbouring land.

For the first three days I was the only passenger, and having the interior of the waggon to myself, succeeded by crafty disposal of my blankets and kit in making myself tolerably comfortable. Sometimes on arrival at a station we found no mules, and had to rest and feed our team and take them on another stage. On each side of the road were here and there burrows of ground squirrels and prairie dogs. The latter is a comical animal, not the least like a dog: he is a sort of ground rat, or rather like a grey guinea-pig. When the coach is heard he comes up to see it go by, and squats himself on the brink of his hole, where he gives vent to a peculiar squeak, which people have thought fit to designate a bark. These prairie dogs congregate in villages, and make a great noise as each sits at his front door; but the least offensive movement on the part of the passer-by, the lifting of a stick or the presenting of a gun, sends them all out of sight in an instant. A sort of large grouse is also seen, called by some the sage hen, and by others the prairie chicken; it differs from the grouse in the legs not being feathered.

On the evening of the second day we came to a river known as the North Fork. The night was dark, and in fording it we went a few yards out of the way and stuck in the mud. The driver had an assistant with him who held the reins and beat the

mules with a rope, while the the former jumped into the water, broke his whip over them, dragged them from one side to the other, and lavished upon them all the most endearing epithets from the slang dictionary of a Western rowdy. Strange to say, even this had no effect; all four mules quietly lay down, with their heads just above the stream, and broke the pole. There was no help for it but to unhitch the team, which the two drivers drove to the bank, leaving me in the waggon with the water up to the floor. I cried to them to carry me on shore, which after a little hesitation one of them did. We walked to the nearest station about half a mile off, where we slept.

In the morning I was the first up, so I lighted the fire, and began preparing breakfast. Soon the drivers joined me, and one of them addressed me thus: "I guess, Mister, you've travelled round a bit." I replied that I had "travelled some," and inquired what made him think so. He said, "Wall, now! when we was stuck in the crick last night you sat still and says nothin; now if you'd a begun cussin at us, as some does, there you might have stayed, or got yourself wet walking out." After this we became bosom friends of course, and he borrowed my knife, which he quite forgot to return until he had been asked for it three times. He asked me many minute details about my personal and family history, and expressed great admiration for the cat-o'-nine-tails, which he said was just the "institootion" the American army wanted. We persuaded some emigrants to lend us a team of eight oxen which dragged the coach out at once, after which we spliced the pole and pursued our journey.

The electric telegraph follows the stage road beyond Fort Bridger, to a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles from Salt Lake City; then it keeps along a more northern road, which was formerly the stage road, but, owing to the frequent Indian troubles, was abandoned.

On the morning of the 26th I overtook Mr. Reynolds, the superintendent of the line, and travelled with him as far as Denver City. It was to me a matter of no small satisfaction that he consented to allow me to go with him, and a favour of which I am very sensible. I was fortified with letters from Colonel George to the officers commanding the troops along the road, and these, together with Mr. Reynolds' office, which he made the most of, secured us attentions by the way, large escorts, and occasionally government mules. At first our escort numbered only four men, but as we penetrated to the more dangerous country, it was increased to twelve. We were ourselves well armed with rifles and revolvers. The escort was changed every ten or fifteen miles, when we came to small detachments posted at those intervals. Generally I found one of the escort very glad to travel in the waggon, and to allow me to ride his horse—a benefit to both parties. The air in this high country is very exhilarating, and on one or two days I rode sixty or seventy miles without being the least knocked up.

The stage has been molested by Indians on more than one occasion. It was attacked a fortnight before I passed by about seventy. There were seven or eight passengers, who, with the escort, made up twenty persons, and after an hour's skirmishing they completely discomfited the savages, with only the loss of one horse killed and two wounded. The Indians are very chary of their lives; they usually gallop round and round the waggon, their bodies being bent down and sheltered behind their horses, to which they are always attached by stout leather thongs, so that if wounded they are carried off and do not fall into the enemy's hands. Their weapons are bows and arrows, and rifles, with which they are expert, but they prefer fighting at long range. It is said that there are white men among them who teach them to fight, and encourage them in their present rebellion. They have good telescopes, and signal by directing the rays of the sun from looking-glasses, reflecting from one to the other.

Riding for some miles every day, I had opportunities of conversing with the soldiers composing our escort. They were generally from a volunteer regiment, and in every instance included two or three men of good education: probably all were able to read and write, and held decided views on public questions, which they discussed with intelligence. The troops at Salt Lake City were volunteers, but well disciplined and cared for. The dress of our escort was at times little more than parti-coloured rags. At some places on the road between Denver and Atchison, they did not start until half-an-hour after the stage had gone on; in one instance they were all drunk; on another occasion they were too lazy to bring their carbines, and would fire off their revolvers at marks on the road, leaving themselves quite defenceless.

In conversation with the soldiers, I was surprised to find how readily they admitted the many advantages of a monarchical form of government, and the incorrectness, to say the least of it, of the passage in the beginning of their Declaration of Independence, which says that all men are born free and equal, and entitled to the blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They confessed that it was all "bunkum" in a marching regiment in wartime. All whom I saw were armed with breech-loading rifles, but different kinds were in use in different corps. Among both officers and men it seemed to be quite the general opinion, that on the whole the Joslyn rifle was the best, and ultimately would be adopted throughout the army.

One night we were awakened by a loud report close to our ears. We started up and seized our arms, but were quieted and soothed by the assurance that it was only a double-barrelled blunderbuss loaded with slugs which had gone off by accident, and blown out the side of the coach.

One day, as I rode on the right side of the serjeant in command of the escort, his revolver went

off; the bullet pierced through the saddle, wounded his horse, and passed down close to my foot. For the remainder of that stage I rode on his left side.

On the 27th we rode through the pass in the Rocky Mountains called Bridger Pass. This is the watershed of North America. Here we saw two tiny streams, within a few yards of each other: the one joins the Colorado, and flows into the Pacific; the other joins the Platte River and Mississippi, and flows into the Atlantic. This, then, was the summit of the Rocky Mountains in that latitude, yet we were only among hills, and no mountains were near. Nevertheless, the patches of snow a few yards up the hill-side,—still remaining through hot days when we were glad to wear broad-brimmed hats and linen coats,—showed that we must be at a considerable altitude. Near this spot we came upon a covey of sage-hens; the whole detachment opened fire on them with rifles and revolvers, but they walked majestically away through the sage-brush unhurt.

The following day we reached Fort Halleck, where we heard reports of Indians being in the neighbourhood, so our escort was increased. After leaving this place, the barren aspect of the country somewhat changed; the hill-sides were lightly timbered and picturesque, and the sage-brush was replaced by coarse prairie grass. There were many streams, so that the land appeared as if it might have been brought under cultivation by irrigation. More or less gold is found in all these hills, which it will be profitable to mine when transport and provisions are cheaper. The reddish soil abounding in quartz is just like the gold-bearing earth of some parts of California. Coal is also found in the neighbourhood, and so near the surface that it is dug up and used as wanted at Fort Halleck.

On the 30th we arrived at a romantic little station among some rocky hills, called Virginia Dale; after which we entered the prairie country. These stations consist in most instances of only the stage-house and stables, and at the best there are but one or two houses besides. In themselves of no interest, they are nevertheless the only landmarks across a great continent, and may some day give their names to cities or districts. The houses are invariably loopholed between the logs; no man stirs out without at least a revolver, and everywhere one sees signs of being in a hostile land.

On the afternoon of the 31st, we reached Denver, a young and thriving town, with many brick buildings. It is built at a ford over the south fork of the Platte river. Last year the water rose suddenly, carrying off some houses on its banks, and since then all new houses have been built on higher ground. Denver is a centre of what is called the Pike's Peak mining district; the stage-road makes a deep bend to the southward to pass through it, and a line of telegraph wire follows the South Platte as far as Fort Kearney, where it takes a northerly direction and joins the main overland wire from Salt Lake City.

This formed a period in the long journey. Here was a fair inn, a daily newspaper, telegraphic communication, and iced drinks; but I was only two-thirds of the way across the uncivilised country, and was anxious to press on. Early in the year there were Indian troubles between this and Atchison: the savages came in large bodies and drove off the stage-cattle, killed and horridly mutilated the station keepers, and carried off the women. Lately, however, they have been comparatively peaceful. A Concord coach arrives and departs daily, and a small escort of only three or four men accompanies it.

On the morning of the 1st of August I left Atchison. Mr. Reynolds at parting gave me letters to his subordinates at the different stations, which proved valuable credentials. Our journey was chiefly through rolling prairies, with but little variety—all sure to be brought under cultivation sooner or later. We saw several antelopes, and got a shot or two at them, but without damage to either party.

At Denver, we heard by telegraph that a body of fifteen hundred Sioux Indians had attacked some troops at Platte Bridge, near Fort Laramie, about seventy miles from the stage-road, and defeated them with a loss of one officer and twenty-six privates killed, and sixteen wounded. Along the road we found the telegraph operators and station-keepers in some alarm, fearing another Indian raid. On the second day we reached Julesburg. Four days previously two waggons travelling near this place were attacked by a party of Sioux, the occupants were killed and shockingly mutilated, the waggons burned, and their contents carried off, with the team of horses.

On the 4th we passed Fort Kearney, where is a small village. In the afternoon we stopped to dinner at a home-station, where we picked up another passenger, who travelled in the coach for a few miles. He studiously strove to pick a quarrel with me, which I as carefully avoided. At last he abused me outright, saying I was not the sort of man for that country; that he knew quite well who I was; that there were too many of my sort in the country already; that he saw through my little game perfectly, &c. I saw he had been drinking, so I laughed, and took no notice of him; and after he had got down I inquired of a fellow-passenger what I had done to provoke his wrath. He told me that I had mortally offended him by asking for a second plate off which to eat my tart, instead of using the same one I had for my meat, and that he believed me to be a New York travelling-clerk to a dry goods shop and "putting on style" in the far west.

On this overland journey I saw the roughest men I ever saw in my life. I have been among gold miners and coal miners, and I have seen the lowest specimens of 'long-shore bargees, but I never met such utterly degraded and repulsive men as some of the stock-keepers on this road. Two or three generally live together; they are unmarried,

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and rarely see a woman. They never get hold of a book or a newspaper, unless it be one dropped by a passing traveller—whose baggage is not likely to contain much literature—and, as might be expected, they become thoroughly degraded and brutalised. I have always been able to make some headway with every class of people until I came across these men, and I must confess that with the exception of the driver, who brought us to grief in the river, I hardly met with a decent or civil word from any one of them.

In the evening we saw a body of about twenty horsemen a couple of miles distant, making for the road behind us. The driver walked his horses, in order that if they were Indians they might not think we were afraid of them, while we felt rather uncomfortable and got our arms ready. Presently, however, we opened out a hollow where was a military camp, so we concluded that the horsemen were either a cavalry picket or an Indian picket watching the soldiers. An hour or two later we saw a body of thirty or forty Indians travelling northwards. They passed close to an emigrant train that we met, without attempting to molest them, probably deterred by the proximity of the soldiers.

After Fort Kearney we left the Platte, and followed the course, first of the Little Blue and then of the Big Blue Rivers. Our progress now was slow, as late rains had made the roads heavy, and swollen the streams so that some were impassable. The damp cherished the mosquitoes, which came about us in clouds, adding much to our discomfort. At night the bushes swarmed with fireflies, or, as Americans elegantly describe them, "lightning-bugs."

On the morning of the 6th we reached the banks of the Big Blue, and found upwards of twenty feet of water dashing down over the ford. A stout rope was stretched over it, and we went across one at a time, on a raft made of three shapeless logs nailed together, which our weight completely submerged. The swift current rushed by up to our knees, and of course some of our baggage got wet, but all crossed without accident. Another coach was waiting for us, on the top of which we spread our wet things, and they dried quickly in the sun. On the following evening we drove into Atchison, and found ourselves once more in civilised parts.

From the Missouri river, New York may be reached by two or three railroads. I left Atchison the same evening and travelled by Quincy, Chicago, Detroit, and Buffalo. Hurrying at railroad speed over one thousand miles of country, and journeying with but few hours' interval for four days and nights, I was of course unable to form much idea of the several States through which we passed; and the comparative smoothness and rest of railway travelling produced a feeling of continued drowsiness, to which I was only too glad to give way. Thankful indeed was I when, on the afternoon of the 11th of August, I found myself safely housed in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

EDMUND HOPE VERNEY.

THE ISLAND CHURCH.

BY THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF EMLY.

[The subject of these lines is borrowed from Runeberg, the poet of Finland. Of Runeberg's poem I have only seen a literal translation in French prose by M. Geffroy. I have freely used the incidents supplied by the Swedish poet, but there are not more than two or three verses in which I have attempted to preserve the expressions which I found in the French translation.]

POOR was the peasant, poor and heavy-hearted;
Gone were his fields, his children, and his wife,
The kindly friends of other days departed,
The fine lights faded from the hills of life.

Glad threads of speech, if rough, the labourers mingle
By their own fires, where their own smoke-wreaths curl;
But Onni sat beside the stranger's ingle,
And steep'd in tears the scant bread of a churl.

The young have hope: but on his head was shaken
The snow that summer-sun shall never thaw;
Yet bless'd are they whom Heav'n hath undertaken
To chasten and to teach from out God's law.

O bread of God! O fields for ever sunny!
O fadeless flowers upon life's craggiest shelves!
O better substance, more enduring money,
By grace laid up within our hearts themselves!

Midsummer-day! All night the child hath folden
Himself in expectation, heart and head,
Like a bee in some rich bell dusty-golden,
With long sleep pleasantly disquieted.

Midsummer-day! All night the rivers going
By heath and holm triumphantly have slid,
All night a soft and silver overflowing
From joy expected bathed the sleeper's lid.

Midsummer-day! At morn the maiden merry
Dons her green kirtle: in the hawthorn lane
The farmer's boy beneath the rows of cherry
Brings hampers full of flowers in the wain.

Midsummer-day! The sad and wrinkled peasant
Smiles as he stands erect upon the sod:
"In holy church to-day it will be pleasant
To taste the liberty of the sons of God."

Midsummer-day! They smother up the altar
With coronals, the richest of the year,
The village choirs have practised well the psalter,
The grand old hymns to Finland ever dear.

The feast of flowers! The old priest has conn'd over
A bran new homily—joyful, yet perplex'd—
Redolent of garden bloom and meadow-clover;
"Behold the lilies!" is the good man's text.

The feast of flowers! Sky, ocean, earth, seem turning
All things to flowers. Midsummer winds expire
In perfumed music through the roses, burning
Like wreaths of red flame on the gilded wire.

Flowers in the churches! Every birchen column
Blushes like dawn, or gleams as when it snows;
Their sweet breath in the holy air is solemn,
Like warbled music when it comes and goes.

Flowers on the window-sill, and in the chamber,
Flowers round the great stem of the village tree,
And far away of infinite blue and amber
The rose of heaven, the violet of the sea.

Speaks out the peasant Onni: "O my master!
But for a little while let me away.
Hark, through the woodland walks is rising faster
The voice of them that keep their holiday.

"All winter long, when the wild wind was grieving,
Thou know'st I drudged for thee in wet and cold;
All spring, when God's great sunshine was in-
weaving
Through forest-leaves his thousand nets of gold,

"I work'd thy flax; and still the bounding river
Swept with his silver trumpets through the glade,
But my poor ear was sicken'd with the shiver
That the monotonous shuttle always made.

"Worse, worse than that; for we our gathering
festal
Once in the twelvemonth only have down here,
But saints and angels, on the sea of crystal,
Their feast of flowers keep round th' eternal year.

"And much I dread, lest, when my dear Lord call
me,
The chants of Heaven sound strange within my
heart,
The low base influence of the earth enthral me,
Till I forget how I may bear my part.

"Yea, worse than all, six months how long and
dreary,
This starving soul of mine is unsufficed
With that sweet invitation to the weary,
The music of the promises of Christ.

"O master!—let me call thee, O, my brother!—
I pray thee by all prayers thy heart may search,
I pray thee by the days when with thy mother
Thou kept'st the feast, O, let me go to church!"

But the churl pointed to the stream, where sombre
A great white mist was creeping from the hill,
Dulling the splendid laughters without number
That twinkled on the water by the mill,

And said with thick voice, eloquent of the flagon,
"There lies thy way to church, thou preaching
Go in that boat alone, I have no waggon— [loon!
Perhaps thy prayers to church will bring thee soon."

And Onni heard speechless, and taking only
The oar, full heavy for that wrinkled hand,
A weak adventurer in his vessel lonely,
Pray'd inly, "God of ocean and of land!

"Sweetly and strongly at Thy will far-bringing
All fins in waves, all plumes upon the breeze,
Beautiful birds to western forest winging,
And whatso passeth through the paths of seas,

"Me, of more value, with my soul immortal,
Mine infinite futurity, than they,
Me, a wing'd voyager to Thy starry portal,
Lead, loving Father! to Thy church to-day."

Wearily, wearily, drags the oar, and slowly,
Like a man blinded by the snow athwart
His smarting eyelids, trails the boat, and wholly
Lost in the fog, the rower loses heart.

And ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, in the distance,
The church bells sounded over holt and hill.
He dropp'd his oars, and, weary of resistance,
Let the strong river bear him at its will,

Until at last the bark's keel sharply grated
Upon the white sand of a little isle;
Then ding dong, ding dong, to the man belated,
The bells first clash'd, then ceased a little while.

White clung the colourless mist on the island forest,
Unbeautifying its green depths and fells;
Sad were his thoughts, but just when grief was
A silver music changed upon the bells. [sorest,

Then the mist thinn'd; the lustrous sky, from off it
Sweeping one cloud, left interspace of blue,
One isle of summer-light, one voiceless prophet
Of sunny touches that make all things new;

And kenn'd beyond the furthest intervening
Of dark green hall, and sombre colonnade,
The northern river far away was sheening
Like the dark blue of some Damascan blade.

"Ah, in the church are psalms divinely tender"—
Yet here is music too, not earthly born,
Dropp'd downward by the sky-larks as they render
Some air heard up beside the gates of morn.

And in the woodland depths, with restless shiver,
From branch to branch the countless wild birds
So the swift bow of a musician ever [sing;
Flits with the melody from string to string.

"Ah, in the church the flowers are surely glorious,
And the old pillars look full bright and brave;
And the great organ, trembling yet victorious,
Keeps quivering on like light upon the wave.

"And better still, the good Priest of Christ's merits
Speaks to believing hearts, right glad yet awed,
And launches sinful yet forgiven spirits
On that great deep, the promises of God;—

"Whilst I, far off from church, like one in blindness
Groping, lose sacrament and pastoral tone.
The Lord commandeth not His loving-kindness,
I am cast out from His pavilion."

Yet here are flowers, and light, and voices mystic—
Were never such, since when, as Scripture tells,
The High Priest in the Holiest moved majestic
With gems oraculous and with golden bells.

And here are pillared pines, like columns soaring,
With branches tall that like triforiums are,
And a soft liturgy of winds adoring,
With echoes from some temple-gate ajar.

And that no consecration may be wanted,
One gently passes through the haunted place,—
Not like Him on the crucifixes painted,
With white, cold, aged, agonising face—
Not crown'd with thorns, and ever bleeding, bleeding,
Stains on that rigid form more dark than wine—
Not dead but living, beautiful exceeding,
Divinely Human, Humanly Divine.

And Onni prays the prayer that knows no measure
By bead, or clock, or count of regular chime—
The prayer which is the fulness of all pleasure,
In words unutter'd, and transcending time.

His worship ended, Nature sang no longer,
But grown contemplative was silent too;
And now made gladder, calmer, holier, stronger,
He raised his voice, and bade his soft adieu.

"O, fellow-worshippers with me and Nature,
Who sang God's praises with my soul forlorn,
Wild flower, and forest tree, and wingèd creature,
And all the sunny sanctities of morn,

"River, whom God hath taught to be my pilot,
Needles of light that dart through larch and birch,
Ripples that were the music of mine islet,
And pines that were the pillars of my church—

"Peace, and Farewell." Then happier and faster
He glided homeward down the watery way,
And with a gentle smile, said, "Thank you, Master.
"I was at church, I kept my feast to-day."

SOME EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE ON THE BRAIN.

By A MEDICAL MAN.

The ordinary evil effects of intemperance are so well known and generally admitted that it would be waste of time to treat of them here. In this paper I shall therefore confine myself to pointing out, in a psychological point of view, how terrible occasionally are its results on the mind.

Dipsomania, or drinking madness, is about the most distressing phase of insanity that can afflict humanity. The sufferer is not only aware of the approach of the attack, but has sufficient reason to wish to avoid it. He is conscious that he is about to commit actions of the most degrading and ruffianly description, and that during the terrible paroxysm he will be deprived of all self-control. He knows perfectly well that by abstaining from drink he can avoid the catastrophe with which he is threatened, and yet he is utterly incapable of resisting the temptation, even while he has sufficient good sense to abhor it.

In some respects the disease is more marked in women than in men; and, disgusting as is the habit of excessive drinking, they are occasionally much to be pitied when it arrives at that degree of intensity which precludes the possibility of their breaking off the habit. Few women who have ever been accustomed to a respectable position in society acquire the habit of drinking from a love of the vice itself. The principal cause which induces them to contract it is sorrow. Another cause, though in a far less degree, originates in the habit of certain medical men frequently administering alcohol as medicine. My opinion on the former point received a full corroboration from a remark made to me by the late Mr. Gilbert Abbott A'Becket, magistrate at the Southwark Police Court:—"For some time after I was appointed to that court," he said, "nothing puzzled me more than the language made use of by irreclaimable female drunkards when in a state of sobriety. When under the effects of intoxication, language of the foulest description seemed perfectly natural to them; but as soon as the effect of the spirits had gone off, and they were penitent, their grammar was good, their language admirably chosen, and their general tone of thinking appeared to be irreproachable. After frequent inquiries, however, I found that most of those women had formerly occupied a decent position in society; but sorrow, occasioned possibly by their own improper behaviour, had induced them to apply to drink for consolation, and the effects were that the natural habits of the woman when in a state of intoxication became completely reversed, and the language and behaviour, which were then habitual to her, were utterly repugnant to her feelings when sober."

As proofs of the difficulty a reclaimed drunkard has in avoiding the temptation of drink, even when feeling the strongest desire to do so, the two following cases may be considered as in point:—

A gentleman connected with the City Mission, about two years since gave a lecture on temperance at the Portland Hall, in the Edgeware Road. When he had finished his lecture and was about to leave the room, he noticed one of his audience—a tall, powerful, soldier-looking man, between forty and fifty years of age—eying him attentively. Mr. S., the missionary, immediately stopped, thinking the man perhaps wished to speak with him. For some moments the man appeared to hesitate; but at last, when no one was near them, he advanced to the lecturer and said, "I hope, sir, you will not be offended at the liberty I am about to take, but I want you to do me a very great favour. I am an army pensioner, and married to as good a wife as ever man had; but some years ago, when my regiment was in India, I foolishly took to drinking, and I also suffered from the sun-stroke. I was very ill in consequence, and was confined to the hospital for some time. When I arrived in England I determined to become a sober man, and took the pledge. For some time I kept it very well, flattering myself that I had completely broken through the habit of drinking. The first day, however, I had to receive my pension, I found I had made a mistake, for I met some old comrades, who invited me to a public-house, and, not liking to refuse, I went with them, and the result was that I came home to my children far more like a madman than a drunkard. Well, I determined this should never occur again, and that nothing for the future should induce me to enter a public-house. I faithfully kept my word till my next pension was due, and then, as I left my house in the morning to fetch it, my wife said to me, 'Take care, John dear, and do not be tempted to enter a public-house. You are as good a husband as ever lived, when you are sober; but since your illness, you know your brain cannot stand drink.' I promised her I would not, and was returning home with my money safe enough in my pocket, having taken care to avoid meeting with any of my old comrades, when I found that to pass a public-house with my pension was impossible. I gave way to the temptation and entered one, resolving at the same time that I would only take one glass; but that one glass brought the desire for another; and the result was, that I became mad drunk, and every shilling of the pension I had received I either spent or was robbed of before I returned home. Nor did it end there. My wife received me without any anger or provocative remark, but simply asked me to go to bed, saying, I should be better the next day. Somehow I took this as an affront, and it ended by my brutally assaulting her. The next day, of course, I begged my wife's pardon, and although she had suffered greatly, she readily forgave me. From that time until my next pension was due I was never once intoxicated, although I frequently had money about me; and, singularly enough, it is only when I have my pension money in my pocket that this temptation comes over me. Now, it will be due to-morrow, and if you will go with me to receive it I will place it in your hands the moment it is paid, and we will return home together, and you shall give it to my wife. If you do not, I know it will end as before; for when the fit comes on I cannot help it."

Mr. S—— met him the next day, as he requested, and as soon as the pensioner had received the money he placed it in his hands, and they returned together to the man's lodgings. The poor woman expressed herself most grateful to Mr. S—— for the trouble he had taken, and spoke of her husband in the highest terms, stating that he was as good a man as ever lived when sober, and that the temptation to drink never came over him unless he had his pension money in his pocket. The next time the money was due, Mr. S—— again met him, and the whole passed off in the same satisfactory manner. On the third occasion, however, Mr. S—— was unfortunately absent from London, and the pensioner went alone for his money, and returned home in the evening brutally intoxicated, and raving like a madman. His wife, seeing the condition he was in, attempted to persuade him to go to bed and sleep it off. This irritated him to such an extent that, taking the kettle of boiling water from the fire, he threw it at his wife, who held in her arms a fine little boy of about eighteen months old, to whom the unhappy man was himself tenderly attached. Both mother and child were frightfully scalded, and had to be taken to the hospital, and the drunkard was placed in the hands of the police. The poor woman and her child remained for some time hanging between life and death; at last both fortunately recovered, but the infant was disfigured for life. The husband was committed for trial, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment with hard labour. He did not, however, work out the whole time of his punishment, for sorrow and remorse for his conduct, and the treatment his darling child had received at his own hands, added to the effect that solitary confinement frequently exercises on the mind, brought on lunacy, and the poor fellow is now an inmate of a convict lunatic asylum.

The other case I shall mention is that of a woman, and is singular in proving how strong occasionally the spirit of integrity may be in the poor creature who has fallen a victim to the vice of drinking.

A lady of my acquaintance was in want of a nurse for her children, and on looking down the list of advertisements in the 'Times' newspaper, her eye was arrested by one which seemed to point to a person of a most eligible description. It was that of a woman, forty years of age, with five years' excellent character from her last place. The advertisement was answered, and the applicant made her appearance. She was a stout, handsome woman, very respectably dressed, and with a remarkably

good-natured expression of countenance. The lady with whom she had last lived, unfortunately resided at Abergavenny, but the woman said she had no doubt all questions put to her would be answered. The address was taken, and the letter written for the woman's character. The answer was of the most satisfactory description; indeed one or two expressions in it were of so laudatory a description, that suspicion might naturally have been aroused as to their being genuine. The lady, however, was satisfied; but not so her husband, and although the woman was engaged, he determined to make inquiries on the subject. A friend, who was going into Wales, promised he would do so for him. The character, as the husband had expected, turned out to be a false one, and the person who had given it, although of most honest and sober reputation, was the wife of a journeyman carpenter. There was every reason to suspect she was the nurse's sister. With this letter in his hand the husband confronted the woman.

"Well, sir," she said, "I acknowledge that the character was not a genuine one; still I lived for five years in the family of Sir —— ——, and if you like to make inquiries there, you will find that what I shall now tell you is correct. I left the family to be married to the coachman, who treated me so badly, that one day, to console myself, I drank till I became intoxicated, and both my husband and myself were immediately dismissed."

The gentleman wrote to Sir —— ——, who, in reply, informed him that the woman's statement was substantially correct, but that both she and her husband (from whom she was now separated) had been seen several times intoxicated. It was true that she had been five years in his service, and he had since heard that she had been reclaimed, and was now a very sober woman.

All this was satisfactory, so far as it went, and the woman was allowed to remain, and a better servant never entered a house. At last, when her first quarter's wages were due, she requested to be allowed a day's holiday, stating that she wished to redeem some of her things, which were in pawn. Permission was, of course, given her, and she left about eleven o'clock in the day, with the strict injunction to return before ten in the evening. But ten o'clock came, eleven, and then midnight, and still the woman did not make her appearance, and after waiting up for some time longer, the family went to bed, giving up all thought of her return. About noon the next day she came back, stupidly drunk, and her clothes covered with mud. As it was impossible to reason with her in that state, she was allowed to stagger up stairs to bed, her mistress determining she should leave the house as soon as she was sufficiently recovered. In the evening the poor woman descended to her mistress in a most penitent mood, and implored to be forgiven. She said she remembered taking her things out of pawn, and feeling fatigued she had gone into a public-house; but from that moment she remembered nothing, and what had become of her clothes she knew not. She promised faithfully that when her wages again became due, she would leave them with her mistress to invest for her in the savings-bank, adding, "As long as I have no money of my own, ma'am, I feel no temptation to go into a public-house; but if I have, I cannot resist entering one."

The woman was forgiven; and another three months passed over without a single fault being found with her. As she had promised, she left her wages in the hands of her mistress, who invested them for her in the savings-bank. Three more months passed in an equally satisfactory manner, and the morning her wages were due she told her mistress she should like to have one sovereign of the money to purchase a pair of boots. "Take care what you are about," said the lady. "Remember what you said, that if you had money in your pocket, you could not keep out of the public-house."

"Very true, ma'am," was the reply, "but I wanted to ask if you will allow the housemaid to go with me, for then I should be in no danger."

Her mistress applauded her prudent resolution, and the housemaid and nurse left the house together. It was eleven o'clock at night before they returned home. Both were—drunk! Indignant at such behaviour, her mistress resolved that she should leave the house the next day, and that she would take no excuse. She had no difficulty on this occasion, for the next morning the nurse came to her, perfectly penitent, and addressed her in these words: "I am not a-going to ask you to forgive me this time; as a lady you could not do it. No person has tried to break themselves off drinking harder than I have, but it is stronger than I am. There is nothing in the world but the workhouse before me, and I may as well go to it at first as at last."

Notwithstanding the terrible influence the drinking mania had over this poor woman, it was inoperative on her natural integrity. During the whole time she had been in her situation she had not only abstained from using her employer's money to purchase spirits, but never on a single occasion had she been known to taste the wine belonging to the family, which was frequently under her care.

As a proof how strong this temptation may be, even in a strong-minded man, the case of Mr. —— may be mentioned. He was a member of one of the first families in Scotland, and a young man of independent fortune. He had secretly acquired the vice of drinking, and it had taken firm hold upon his constitution before his family succeeded in detecting it. He was naturally of a very gentlemanly and amiable disposition; but when intoxicated he was more like a madman than a sane person, his language and behaviour on these occasions being of the most disgraceful description. With a view of curing him of this habit, his friends placed him under the care of a physician residing at South Kensington. He had great personal liberty given him, but, at the same time, was watched to see that he did not enter a public-house, for it was in

those establishments that he generally misconducted himself. To make security doubly sure, he was never allowed to have money with him when he left home. For some time his behaviour was perfectly irreproachable, so much so that at last the physician said to him,

"Mr. ——, it is a most painful thing to me not to allow you to have any money in your pocket when you leave home. If you will pledge me your honour as a gentleman that you will not enter a public-house, you may have any sum you wish."

"I give you my word of honour, doctor," replied Mr. ——, "that I will not enter a public-house, and I should feel obliged to you if you will allow me to have ten pounds."

The money was given to him. About mid-day he quitted the house, and it was expected he would return home to the family dinner at seven o'clock. He did not make his appearance, however, and as he was generally very punctual, his absence caused the doctor considerable uneasiness, and after waiting nearly an hour, the family dined without him. During the whole evening the worthy doctor remained in a state of great anxiety, wondering what had become of his patient. It was past midnight before he made his appearance, and then with such a changed countenance that it perfectly terrified the doctor. Mr. S. had left in the morning in high spirits and perfect good humour: when he returned he was pallid as a ghost, with intense and painful anxiety expressed on his features. Before the doctor could ask what had caused his absence, Mr. S. thrust his hand into his pocket, and taking from it the ten sovereigns which had been given to him in the morning, he threw them on the table, saying:

"Take back your money, doctor; I will have nothing more to do with it, for I never passed such a dreadful day in my life. From the time I left home to the present moment, the temptation to enter a public-house was so strong on me that several times I stood outside the door of one for half-an-hour together, trying to summon up power to leave it. Fortunately, I succeeded; but I will never be placed under the same temptation again, unless you will withdraw from me all restriction. I will not, I assure you, enter a public-house if I can restrain myself, but to submit to a day of the same torture again, I will not."

Shortly after, the poor fellow became a confirmed lunatic, and had to be placed under confinement.

The most terrible cases of the eccentric action of the brain caused by the excessive use of alcohol are, perhaps, those where strong-minded men have determined to cure themselves of the vice. The tenacious manner in which the temptation frequently clings to them, and the fearful struggles the victims make to relieve themselves from its thraldom, have something in them savouring of the romantic. Indeed they are occasionally such as would have formed a strong foundation for those monkish traditions of the Middle Ages, in which men are represented as having sold themselves to the fiend in return for some temporary happiness or success, and then tiring of their bargain and vainly attempting to withdraw from the contract. The most remarkable instance in this respect is the phantom that opposes the wish of the victim to return to sobriety, and actually forces him, against all his efforts and will, to continue the habit of drinking, until it ends in his death. I will give two or three of these cases, out of many which have been at different times brought under my notice.

Mr. G——, a young Englishman of large fortune and vast expectations, resided, about twenty years since, in the city of Milan. He was a kind-hearted, amiable, and liberal young fellow, but, unfortunately, an incurable drunkard. He became enamoured of a young Italian lady, of a good but poor family, and he made an offer for her hand. Considerable opposition was shown by her family to the match, solely on account of the intemperate habits of her suitor, and his violent conduct when under the influence of drink; but the young lady herself was so fully persuaded of the sufficiency of her power over him to cure him of the folly, and perhaps dazzled at the prospect of a brilliant match, that at last all opposition was withdrawn and consent was given to the marriage. Among the guests invited was a certain English physician, who was attached to the suite of a nobleman then travelling in Italy. He refused the invitation, candidly admitting as his reason that he considered the poor girl was about to be consigned to a life of misery, in consequence of the intemperate habits of her future husband. After the wedding was over, and his opposition could be of no avail, he became a frequent visitor at the house and a great favourite with both husband and wife. For some time Mr. G—— conducted himself with great propriety, and his friend, the doctor, on leaving Milan for two months, congratulated him on the improvement of his conduct. On the return of the physician to Milan, he called on Mr. G——, who received him with a most sorrowful, downcast countenance. The doctor inquired the cause of his melancholy, and Mr. G—— frankly admitted that shortly after his departure, the passion for drink had returned, and that in a fit of drunken madness he had seriously and dangerously assaulted his wife. The police had interfered, and the result was that a legal separation had taken place between G—— and his wife, and he was threatened with a lengthened imprisonment should he again in any way importune or molest her.

"I am very happy to see you again," said Mr. G——, "for I am sure you will act as my friend in the matter, and use your influence to effect a reconciliation between myself and my wife."

"I am exceedingly sorry to refuse you," replied the doctor, "but at the same time I must positively do so, for I consider it better for the welfare of both of you that you should continue separated,

otherwise I am certain that in one of your drinking fits you will do her some great injury, if not worse."

"I pledge you my word of honour as a gentleman," said Mr. G——, "that if you will make peace between us, I will never taste a drop of spirits again."

"I do not doubt your good intentions; but, strong as they may be, your habit of drinking is stronger."

"Only try me," said Mr. G——; "name any time you like for the experiment, and see if I do not keep my word."

"Well," replied the doctor, "I am going with his lordship for six weeks, to his villa on Lake Como; and when I return, if I find you have kept your word, I will see what I can do in bringing about a reconciliation between you and your wife."

The doctor again left Milan, and returned at the appointed time. His first visit was, of course, to his friend Mr. G——, whom he found at home, and who appeared delighted to see him.

"Doctor," said he with great glee, "I have faithfully kept my word, and now you must keep yours. I pledged you my word of honour that I would not taste any spirits, and I have not done so since you left; and now, as you promised, you must try your influence on my wife."

"Where is she now?"

"She is in Florence, but will, I understand, return in about a fortnight."

"As soon as she returns," said the doctor, "I will call on her, and see what I can do."

The conversation then turned on other subjects, when Mr. G—— inquired of the doctor if he knew Count Lanzfeld, the head of the police.

"Yes, I know him very well," said the doctor; "but why do you ask?"

"Because I want you to remonstrate with him on his behaviour to me; he has placed a spy on me, who follows me everywhere."

"Are you certain of it?" inquired the doctor.

"Positively certain," was the reply; "wherever I go, I find the fellow watching me."

"I will certainly speak to the Count for you, and this afternoon, if possible," said the doctor.

Accordingly he called, and found the Count at home, and told him his errand.

"I assure you," said the Count, "Mr. G—— is under a great error; no person has been set to watch him; and beyond the dread that he may again annoy his wife, the police have no anxiety on his account. Pray tell him so from me; and also, ask him to point out any person who annoys him, and I will have him severely punished."

The doctor communicated the result of this conversation to Mr. G——.

"I hardly believe him," said Mr. G——, "for no man would dare to offer me the annoyance that fellow does, unless he was certain he was doing it with impunity; however, I will watch him carefully, and the next time I see him I will collar him, and hand him over to the police."

For two days nothing further transpired on the subject; but on the third evening—a beautiful moonlight night,—the doctor was walking home with his friend, when suddenly the latter stopped, and exclaimed—

"Doctor, there he is!—now we will catch him; he went into this doorway."

The doctor immediately darted with Mr. G—— into the passage, from which there was no outlet; but there was no person there, and it was very certain no one could have entered it.

"Mr. G——," said the doctor, "you must have been mistaken; you did not see the man."

"I saw him as plainly as I see you," he replied; "I have seen him too often to be mistaken."

"What sort of a man is he?" asked the doctor, beginning to think that Mr. G—— was suffering under some hallucination.

"He is a tall thin man," replied Mr. G——, "dressed entirely in black. He wears three black studs in his shirt, and always carries a glove in his right hand."

"Always?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes, always," was the reply.

The doctor immediately came to the conclusion that Mr. G—— was suffering under some delusion, and he resolved to trace it to its source.

A week had yet to elapse before the expected arrival of Mr. G——'s wife. In the meantime the doctor began to be considerably alarmed about his friend, so pertinaciously did the phantom pursue him. G—— stated that night and day he had no peace, and that he could see the man looking through the window-blinds at night as he lay in bed. This, of course, the doctor knew to be a delusion; but that there might be no mistake in the matter, he requested the officer of a detachment of Austrian troops to allow a sentinel to keep watch round Mr. G——'s house, and especially to mark if any strangers approached it; and if so, of what description they were. The soldier reported that during the first night not a person had attempted to approach the house. The doctor then inquired of Mr. G—— whether he had been annoyed the night before.

"Yes," replied Mr. G——, "the fellow was peeping through my blinds all night long."

The doctor was now fairly puzzled what to do. At last Mr. G——'s excitement and terror increased to such an extent that the doctor determined on going to Florence to ask his wife to come back; hoping that her presence might, to a certain degree, neutralise the effect the phantom seemed to have upon him. Mrs. G——, now perfectly willing to be reconciled to her husband, immediately left Florence with the doctor for Milan. On their arrival, however, they found that a terrible change had taken place; Mr. G—— receiving his wife in the most unkind manner; upbraiding her for her conduct in having left him, and threatening her with personal violence if she attempted to approach the house again. The doctor had no difficulty in perceiving that Mr. G—— was intoxicated at the time;

and he inquired of the servants how the change had come over their master, having left him under the resolution to keep sober. They told him, in reply, that no sooner had he left Milan, than the phantom never quitted their master night nor day. He asserted that it no longer looked through the window-blinds, but stood by his bed-side. Mr. G—— could support the torture no longer, and one night, in a fit of desperation, seizing a sword, he followed the phantom, which fled before him from room to room. The servants, aroused by the noise, went to their master's assistance, and found him, in his night-dress, stabbing the clothes on the bed through and through with his sword, calling out that the fellow had hidden himself there, and that he was determined he should annoy him no longer. The servants took the sword from his hand, and Mr. G—— fainted from the effects of his exertion. A medical man was immediately sent for, who, noticing the exhausted condition of his patient, ordered him a glass of brandy.

No sooner had Mr. G—— tasted the spirits than he exclaimed, "I am all right again; the fellow has gone." The next day the phantom again made its appearance, and the medical man being sent for, ordered a repetition of the glass of brandy, and again the phantom vanished. Having now found the means of relieving himself from the terrible persecution which followed him, every time the phantom appeared, Mr. G—— took a similar quantity of brandy, and it vanished.

His habit of intoxication had now commenced again, and when under the influence of spirits he was a perfect maniac. Frequently, however, when sober, he would implore the doctor to get him reconciled to his wife, for the poor fellow was ardently attached to her. The doctor of course refused, and the police were obliged to interfere. Mr. G—— now made another attempt to relinquish his habit of drinking, but it was impossible; the phantom never left him night or day. Its identity was so perfect that he would implore it, in the most piteous accents, to cease the persecution, but without the slightest effect. The phantom stood before him, with its cold, frigid glance, gazing at him with a look almost of indifference on its countenance, and, as usual, always holding its glove in the right hand.

A consultation of medical men was now held, when it was considered that the best thing that could be done for the unhappy man would be to persuade him to leave Italy and reside in some place on the Continent where he could have the benefit of sea-bathing. Boulogne, in France, was chosen as his place of residence, and he went there, the doctor thinking that the change of scene might restore him to sanity. For a short time after his arrival a most beneficial change certainly took place in him, and he recovered both strength of mind and body. A temporary fit of illness having somewhat weakened him, the phantom again made its appearance, nor would it quit him until he again took to drinking. It continued persecuting him night and day, till at last, at thirty-two years of age, the poor fellow fell a victim to a phantom conjured up by the effects of his immoderate drinking.

A somewhat similar case occurred in Belgravia during last winter. A gentleman had engaged a butler, whose character for integrity and sobriety for many years had been an excellent one; but during the last six months he had not been in a situation, having attempted to start an inn with his savings, but had not been successful. For some time the man's conduct was of a most exemplary description. One night one of the young ladies, in a state of great alarm, entered the bedroom of the governess, and informed her that she had seen a light pass her bedroom door, and had heard a footstep ascending the stairs. The lady thought she had merely been dreaming, and advised her to go to bed again, and nothing more was said on the matter. The little girl, however, was fully persuaded that she had not been in error, and resolved to watch again the next night, and at the same hour she saw the light pass her room, and heard the step again ascending the stairs. She immediately went to the governess, and this time informed her that she was certainly not deceived, and requested the lady to arise from her bed and judge for herself. The governess immediately arose, and throwing a dressing-gown over her, stood at the partially open door, and in a short time she perceived a light descending the stairs, and directly afterwards the butler, carrying a candle in his hand, made his appearance. It was difficult for her to judge whether the man was asleep or awake; his eyes were open, but he seemed in a state of intense alarm, as if under the influence of some terrible dream. He passed her door without noticing it was open, and proceeded to the drawing-room, which he entered. The governess, without hesitation, followed him, and found him turning over the sofa-cushions, and moving the chairs, as if searching for something.

"B——," she said, "what are you doing there?"

"I am looking for them," he replied; "I know they're somewhere here, and this time I'll have them. They shall not escape me now; I'll put a stop to this, once and for all."

The governess now called for assistance, and the man was advised to go to bed. On inquiring next morning, it was found that, in consequence of the misfortunes he had experienced during the time he was keeping the inn, he had sought consolation from drinking, which he had carried to an immoderate extent. He was, however, resolved to cure himself of it; and being a man of strong determination, he felt he had succeeded. No sooner, however, did he enter on his new situation, than the first night, on retiring to rest, two children placed themselves beside his bed, and continued staring at him. He was not acquainted with them, and they afforded no clue to connect them with his history. The second and every following night, they again made their appearance; the poor man

feeling the while the certainty that if he took again to drinking they would vanish—but he would not succumb to the temptation. Night after night, the same phantoms appeared to him regularly, till he could support the persecution no longer, and he attempted to drive them away, when he was detected by the young lady and the governess. What was the termination of his case, I know not. Doubtless he either became insane or returned to his drinking habits: all I know is, it was found impossible to retain him in his situation.

The last case I shall mention is even more terrible than either of those already given. A lady called one morning on Dr. F——, a physician who was celebrated for his profound knowledge of diseases connected with the brain, and consulted him about her husband. She informed the doctor, without the least attempt at concealment, that her husband had formerly been the captain of a ship in the East India Company's service, and that unfortunately he had acquired habits of great intemperance. In consequence of some act which he had committed when intoxicated, and which was little to his credit, he became so disgusted with the degrading exhibition he had made of himself, that he resolved nothing should again tempt him to touch spirits, and he had since adhered strictly to his resolution. He felt the temptation occasionally come over him, however, very strongly; still he would not yield to it. At last, when there appeared to be every prospect of his becoming a reformed character, his wife noticed he had become very uneasy, as if something was weighing on his mind of which he did not like to inform her. She pressed him upon the point, and he told her that every night he had the same dream. A little old woman, with a red cloak and red petticoat, appeared to him, and gazed at him intently. Somehow he got the idea, that if he again commenced drinking, she would leave him; but nothing would induce him to alter his resolution. The phantom, at last, exercised so strong an influence upon him, that even during the day-time he had the blood-red colour of the cloak and petticoat she wore continually before his eyes. The lady told the doctor that she was afraid her husband was going out of his mind, and asked him what step she had better take to prevent it.

"I am sorry to tell you," said the doctor; "the case is a most serious one; and if the greatest precautions are not used, it is extremely probable your husband will commit suicide. You must watch him narrowly, and prevent it if possible. My advice to you is, to take him abroad immediately—to the south of Italy, or somewhere else—so that he may have a total change of scene; and the sooner you go the better."

The lady promised to follow the advice of the doctor; and without informing her husband of her reasons, she earnestly pressed him to take her for a trip into Italy; adding at the same time, she was sure it would benefit his health as well. He agreed to her request, and preparations were made for their departure. When the day arrived for them to start, and the carriage was at the door to take them to the railway station, he suddenly stopped, and told his wife to wait a moment, as he had left something in his bedroom. A few minutes afterwards she heard the report of a pistol, and on rushing up-stairs, found to her horror that her husband had shot himself.

Should the few facts I have mentioned make any impression on the mind of the reader, I sincerely trust he will not be contented without investigating the question further. Let him inquire of any experienced medical man of his acquaintance, whether the facts I have alluded to are not of every-day occurrence. For my own part, I have but one test of the evil of drinking, either in a greater or less degree; and that is of Scripture origin: "Therefore by their fruits shall ye know them." If the mature fruits of a tree produce effects such as I have named, what must be the value and quality of the plant itself?

LONDON STREET TRAFFIC.

If an aëronaut were suspended in a balloon over London for a day, so as to command a fair bird's-eye view of its great lines of thoroughfare, he would witness a scene as the hours rolled by such as no other capital in the world could show him, and such we venture to say as no other people but the British would submit to. If he were to "take stock" of the great lines of intercommunication, one thing would at once strike him as very remarkable,—namely, that the further they run from the great centres of attraction and traffic the wider they become. The gathering channels, if we may so speak, which traverse the suburbs, where they shade off into the country, are generally of more than ordinary width; whilst the thoroughfares which deliver the vehicular and pedestrian traffic grow fine by degrees and beautifully less the nearer they approach the two great centres, or ventricles, West End and City, to which the great mass of the Metropolitan population are propelled every morning. This is the exact reverse of the method in which the blood, which we take to represent the flood of human life, is made to circulate in the human body. We do not find wide arteries at the extremities, but fine capillaries, the blood-vessels increasing in capacity, until they finally discharge themselves into the great arterial centre.

The reason of this apparently unreasonable and perverse tendency on the part of our great channels of circulation is obvious enough on a little thought

—it is regulated by the value of land. In the suburban lines of road a very singular process of enlargement has been going on, which the reader must have noticed himself. Rows of small houses with garden-plots in front have gradually been absorbed by trade—the fore-courts, or gardens, have necessarily been thrown into the street, either in the form of roadway or footpath. In this manner all the main outlets into the country are gradually becoming colossal in their proportions. Let us instance Brompton Row, Knightsbridge, as having but lately undergone this process of augmentation; the Whitechapel Road and Mile End Road, again, have increased their volume in like manner; whilst from the same cause (*i.e.*, increased commercial value acting through long periods of time) the streets of the City have been encroached upon until they are no longer able to carry the human tide that is daily being forced through them. This law, dictated by commercial instinct, we have never seen noticed, but it is worth consideration whilst contemplating the congested condition of the leading thoroughfares, but especially those of the City. If for the sake of our bird's-eye view we again suspend ourselves in the balloon, the dead lock the traffic is brought to, by reason of the perverse system of street-making prevalent among us, becomes painfully apparent. Towards nine o'clock the immense army of business men begins to move upon the City. Let us watch those wings which approach from the south-west, west, and north-west; and when we speak of an army we are by no means using a figure of speech, for the City proper is invaded every day by a torrent of men larger than Napoleon ever had under his command. The main collecting channels into which this moving mass of humanity is forced, are two. The line of Oxford Street, Holborn, and Newgate Street, form one of these, and Piccadilly, Strand (augmented by the torrent flowing into it at Charing Cross from Westminster Bridge), Fleet Street, and Cheapside, form the other. Either channel is scarcely sufficient to deliver its load of vehicular and pedestrian traffic, but we find them both commingled at the top of Cheapside; and at an early hour in the day a congested state of the circulation takes place as a matter of course in its narrowest point, the Poultry, which in no part is more than thirty feet wide in the roadway. Practically then the Poultry is the western entrance to the heart of the City—all the lines running from west to east being collected into one, and then stopped in the narrow neck of the bottle! It certainly is no exaggeration to say that, many times in the day, a sheep-dog could leap from carriage to carriage for the whole length of the street—from St. Paul's Churchyard to the Mansion House, as easily as he could scramble over the backs of a flock of sheep.

And this stagnation of the circulation of commercial men takes place at a time when their minutes are worth guineas. What a curious speculation it would be to calculate the fortunes that have been lost by the precious moments wasted through the block in Cheapside. It is observable that in none of the great north and south channels of communication is there any stoppage of the traffic (with one notable exception), unless where they come in contact with, and are interrupted by the current running from east to west. Moorgate Street is never stopped, Tottenham Court Road runs freely, and so does Bishopsgate Street until it crosses Cornhill and Leadenhall Street. The same may be said of its continuation, Gracechurch Street, were it not for the arterial current passing and repassing from Lombard Street to Fenchurch Street, which renders the whole roadway through the greater part of business hours a scene of curses and collisions. At this point, Gracechurch Street is the pipe of a funnel leading to and from London Bridge—the narrow strait dividing all England eastward of that point. The population located upon its banks is little if anything short of one million, and it is constantly growing; hence it must be seen how vain it is to hope that by any system of police regulations a free passage across this Via Mala can be maintained. It may be urged that the opening of new railways, and of other bridges, and new streets (on the other side of the river), will do much to turn the flank of this narrow pass gorged with traffic, horse and foot. But we have proof that all the easements that have lately been made with respect to this bridge, do not by any means even keep the traffic upon it from increasing. In the year 1850, in a single day, between the hours of eight and eight o'clock, 13,000 vehicles passed over it; in 1860, this number had increased to 16,000, or 23 per cent. In the latter year the Brighton line opened a western terminus at Pimlico, and in 1864 Southwark Bridge was opened toll free. From an average of one thousand vehicles a day, the traffic across it rose to 3700 by 1865, a very large portion of which must have been abstracted from London Bridge. In 1864, the South Eastern drained a further traffic, in cabs, &c., from this bridge, by reason of the extension of its terminus to Charing Cross; and in the same year a new road was opened on the south bank of the Thames, which gave a passage for 5700 vehicles daily from the west over Blackfriars Bridge, very many of which would have otherwise gone over the great City bridge. Nevertheless, such was the amount of traffic attracted by this structure, that notwithstanding these various diversions, in the year 1865 its vehicular traffic had increased to 19,000. In the face of such facts as these, we cannot hope that the opening of Cannon Street station, or of the London, Chatham and Dover station at Ludgate Hill, will have any effect in keeping down the crush of carriages of all kinds that now pass over it.

Mr. William Hayward, the surveyor to the City Commissioners of Sewers, who by means of the police has collected many important statistics with reference to metropolitan traffic, upon which he has founded a very able report, urges that the only remedy for this overpowering rush across London

Bridge is to build a new one lower down the stream. This proposition would necessitate the closure of the navigation for ships and ocean-going steamers to the west of it, a matter which would entail enormous losses upon the wharfingers who at this point of the river have colossal interests. There is a bill now before Parliament for the laying down of a subaqueous bridge — similar to that now in actual progress between Whitehall and the Waterloo Bridge station. Such a bridge or tunnel, running trains upon the pneumatic principle every five minutes, would drain a very large number of cab passengers from London Bridge, without in any way impeding the navigation. This subaqueous tunnel-bridge will, if accomplished, accommodate a line running from Leadenhall Market to London Bridge station, and thence by a junction to the Elephant and Castle on the one hand, and to the Waterloo Bridge terminus (now in hand) on the other. Such a scheme would relieve the great City bridge of a very large amount of omnibus and cab traffic, very much larger than any of the railways now open across the river, for the reason that it will be a strictly local line, running with far greater dispatch than any locomotive line, such as the Metropolitan, could do under the circumstances.

We are reminded that what may be termed the noisy highway, in contradistinction to the "silent highway" above bridges, could be made much more subservient to passenger traffic, if the river steamers were not so repulsive and dirty in appearance. Some years ago we were promised some new and spacious boats like Roman galleys, but they never made their appearance. There are, we see, some new steamers, with fine deck cabins and promenades over head, capable of carrying great numbers of passengers without inconvenience. If there were many such, and the approaches to the piers were made more convenient and public, we have no doubt whatever but that they would be used by large numbers now travelling by omnibus. Possibly when the Thames Embankment is finished—which of itself will only cause a greater embarrassment to London Bridge, and possibly to the Poultry, in consequence of the increased current it will throw across the latter thoroughfare at its Mansion-house Street *embouchure*—we shall have such improved river steamers, both above and below bridge. We may hope at least that by these means London Bridge traffic may be kept stationary for many years; and who knows what engineering science may enable us to do by that time?

But independently of the water communication at present existing between the different parts of the City and the West-End, causing chronic congestion of the traffic, there is the spasmodic rush in and out of the City morning and evening. It is unnecessary to say that the small space of 631 acres under the City jurisdiction is the most valuable area of ground in the world. When we know that the Commissioners of Sewers lately had to give 10,000*l.* for a plot of ground, at the corner of St. Paul's, measuring 412 superficial feet, we see the reason why the City proper is rising up skyward. Just as by the action of natural laws lateral pressure will sometimes squeeze level ground into considerable elevations, so the financial pressure is now slowly working by a law quite as irresistible, to double the height of the houses of business and great warehouses in the City of London. Whilst, however, accommodation is thus afforded for a very large augmentation of business-men during the day, the resident City population is growing year by year smaller. In 1851 there were 129,128 residents; ten years later this number had declined to 113,387, a smaller number than it had ever contained possibly since the days of the Plantagenets. The City proper is, in fact, nothing more than a vast counting-house, deserted at night, with the exception of a few housekeepers, and the poor, who are to be found everywhere. Between seven and ten in the morning the true stream of commercial City life sets in. In 1860 the police counted the number of persons who arrived on foot and in vehicles, when the number was 706,621; and, according to the increase of population since that time, Mr. Hayward estimates that at the present time the number who seek this commercial centre of the world daily, is at least three quarters of a million, and the same number of course leave it. As it is well known that the arrivals and departures are mainly between the hours of nine and ten o'clock in the morning and five and six o'clock in the evening, we may imagine the stress put upon the great City thoroughfares to carry this multitude of people. The Duke of Wellington used to say that there was but one man in England besides himself who could march 10,000 men out of Hyde Park: is it to be wondered at therefore that 750,000 find a difficulty in engineering themselves through the narrow streets that lead to and from the City! It may be said that, as the larger proportion of the daily City visitors are carried by their own legs, the difficulty is not so great as may be imagined if they all went in on wheels. The police tell us that the mean of the whole number entering the City in 1860, was 1 vehicle to 3·13 on foot. But averages are deceptive. What our road-makers have to provide for in vast populations are spasmodic rushes. A steady downfall of rain at once doubles the number of riders, and halves the means of riding, as omnibuses and cabs find no outside passengers under such circumstances. Our vehicular means of conveyance is not elastic enough, as every one knows, on such occasions. But happily engineers have found out the way to relieve the peripheral and centrifugal rush on the part of trading London. The underground railway system, which is purely a passenger system, is expansive enough to relieve any pressure upon the streets; and the construction of these conveniences under all the great lines of thoroughfare leading to and from centre and suburbs, may be looked upon as only a foregone conclusion. Already the Metropolitan line provides an arc of communication

for the northern half of the metropolis, whilst the Metropolitan Extension will in a short time complete the southern sweep. In any Continental city such a line would not be of so much importance as in London, where we have no Boulevards. With us it opens up a perfectly new route. We are struck with astonishment sometimes at the very short stages the majority of the travellers by this line go. It would seem to be scarcely worth while to mount so many steps to travel so short a way. But the way is only short by rail: by road, even where one exists, the way is often so roundabout that a journey by it, which occupies by the line only a few minutes, takes on foot perhaps half an hour. The circular line is therefore of immense advantage to the metropolis irrespective of the through riders. But it is clear that a line running under Oxford Street and Holborn to Smithfield, is even more required than this useful roundabout rail. The Mid-London line was projected to meet this great want, and it seems extraordinary to us that the Committee of the House of Commons were short-sighted enough to overlook the necessity for such a route, when they authorized the Inner Circle line, and unwisely promised that no other metropolitan scheme should be considered until it was completed. The consequence, as we have seen, is the rejection of the Mid-London scheme, for two years at least. On the Surrey side of the river, the pneumatic system, in connexion with the two subaqueous tubular bridges proposed and in progress, will go a great way to relieve the cab and omnibus traffic.

Nevertheless a new east and west street is absolutely indispensable, a street that shall turn the flank of the Poultry, and escape the dead-lock at the ends of Cornhill and Lombard Street. Mr. Hayward proposes a route for this purpose which appears to us to be admirable. His idea is to run a street, seventy feet wide, starting from the eastern end of Holborn Valley Viaduct, by St. Sepulchre's Church, and terminating by a junction with Whitechapel High Street, close to Commercial Street. It would run to the north of St. Martin's-le-Grand, cross Wood Street, Basinghall Street, north of Guildhall, Coleman Street, and Moorgate Street, about 250 yards north of the Bank; thence by Drapers' Buildings to London Wall, along the northern side of Wormwood Street, up to Bishopsgate Street Within, across Houndsditch and Petticoat Lane, and thence to Whitechapel Road, near Commercial Street, where, before long, the Great Eastern, the East London (Thames Tunnel line), the North London, and the Metropolitan lines will have a joint terminus. Of necessity such a conjunction of important lines will draw a very large traffic to this point, vehicular and pedestrian, and it is quite certain that the present thoroughfares leading to it will be utterly inadequate to carry it. Such a street is therefore a necessity, and we have no doubt that it will eventually repay itself. Although land in the line of the great City thoroughfares, and even in the line of those at the West-End, is so valuable, yet a few paces out of this line its value sinks greatly. A bird's-eye view of the Metropolis,—even a run along some of the lines that are on a high level,—shows that immediately contiguous to the most flourishing thoroughfares, there are hollow squares or blocks of building of a character so squalid as to astonish the spectator. These blocks are sometimes surrounded by streets in which the shops are very valuable, and the inhabitants are prosperous and respectable. Our streets are, in fact, hollow squares, in which we hide our wretchedness and poverty—the very reverse of the infantry square, in which all the valuables, both human and otherwise, are placed for security against attack. Such property cannot be very valuable; a street driven through it would convert these retreats of filth and fever into a highway that would every year increase in value. We do not know what the ultimate loss, if any, will be by the construction of New Oxford Street; it cannot in the long run be much; but we do know the value it has been to the neighbourhood in ventilating and purifying it. Side streets that were pestiferous before it was made are now putting on a fresh appearance, even the people are clad more decently now they are open to the light of the outer world. Such would be the sanitary as well as the commercial value of opening up a new street sure of a large traffic in an entirely decayed neighbourhood. The navvy, when he slashes through the festering and putrefying hovels—for they can scarcely be called houses—in such back slums, will act as curatively as the surgeon when he passes his knife through a corrupt wound.

We have spoken hitherto of the great commercial centre of traffic, which is, indeed, the one that is most distressed; but the seat of the Legislature and of the Court, the quarters of the nobility and gentry, and, in fact, the pleasure city of Westminster, also deserve some attention with respect to this question of traffic. There can be no doubt that the pressure upon Cheapside is greatly augmented by the conflict of vehicular traffic between these two centres. The traffic of the West-End proper, however, is of a totally different character from that in the City, depending as it does mainly upon season and the capricious movements of fashion. The streets that are comparatively deserted in the autumn and winter months, in April, May, and June are, on particular occasions, nearly as crowded as the City thoroughfares. Piccadilly, looking down the "dip," appears more like an avenue of flowers—the open carriages displaying the brilliant toilets of the fashionable fair—than an ordinary street. Regent Street, again, is often blocked in the afternoon, but as a rule the thoroughfares are equal to the traffic, greatly exceeding as they do in capacity the City streets. Thus, Regent Street is fifty-two feet wide, Westminster Bridge fifty-six feet; Oxford Street east of Duke Street, fifty-one feet; Piccadilly west of

Half Moon Street, fifty feet eight inches; whilst the most densely-thronged City streets have the following measurements between the footways: Temple Bar, twenty-five feet; Holborn Hill, by St. Andrew's Church, thirty-five feet; Bishopsgate Street Without, twenty-two feet; London Bridge, thirty-five feet. Thus the mean of the four West-End streets is fifty-two feet and a half wide, whilst that of the four City thoroughfares is but little more than thirty feet, though they have a strain upon them in many cases double that upon the West-End ones.

There are no statistics of the vehicular West-End traffic at the height of the season; we have not therefore the means of making a comparison between it and that of the City streets; but in July, which may be considered the "cheap trippers" season, within the twelve hours 11,343 carriages passed along Regent Street, 8220 along Piccadilly west of Half Moon Street, and 10,619 along Oxford Street south of Wells Street; and 11,609, the largest vehicular traffic west, passed over Westminster Bridge. This is diminutive indeed to the number composing the crush of wheels passing along the constricted City thoroughfares—Fleet Street, by Temple Bar, with its 25,000; London Bridge, with its 19,000; Holborn, with its 29,000; and Blackfriars with its 24,000. Whilst, however, there is yet room enough for the fashionable in the majority of the West-End streets, there is one thoroughfare that is constantly choked by reason of the same cause as blocks London Bridge. It is true there is no river separating vast masses of the population, such as is the case eastward of London Bridge; but there is Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, which for one mile and a half as effectually stop the passage of heavy traffic, and a great deal of the light, north and south. Hence the whole of the traffic eastward is forced into the narrow gut of Park Lane, whilst the nearest western road is Silver Street, Bayswater, a tortuous thoroughfare of a most inconvenient kind.

But, independently of the loss of time caused by the chaotic condition of the metropolitan traffic, we must consider the very large loss of life it entails. There are many battles that are famous in history, in which the killed and wounded have been less than Londoners annually suffer in the battles of the streets. According to a parliamentary return just issued of the number of persons run over in the City and metropolitan districts, we find that from the 1st of January, 1865, to the end of February, 1866, there were 180 persons killed, and 2175 maimed and injured. And this list is very far from being perfect, as it only includes those cases which come under the knowledge of the police. Dr. Lankester, in his third annual report as coroner for the central district of Middlesex, states that he believes the number of maimed must be greatly more, as he finds that last year, in the Royal Free Hospital alone, one thousand four hundred and fifty-eight out-patients were treated there for accidents so received, and that 31 cases resulted in death. If such a multitude of injured persons were received into a second-rate hospital, what must be the total received into all the great metropolitan hospitals! It is certainly extraordinary, however, that the City, which is by far the most crowded with pedestrian and vehicular traffic, and which *à fortiori* we should have credited with the largest number of accidents, is by no means remarkable in this respect. For instance, within the civic limits for the time mentioned, there were only seventeen persons run over and killed out of a daily circulation of three quarters of a million of people, whilst in the comparatively open district of Hampstead there were fourteen deaths from the same cause. There seems to be only one possible explanation of this singular discrepancy. The number of female pedestrians in the City proper, are only as 1 to 5 males, and it is generally the former sex who hesitate and are lost amid the rush of vehicles.

Among the metropolitan police divisions in which the greatest number of fatal accidents occur may be reckoned Finsbury, Stepney, Hampstead, and Highgate. But the greatest number maimed were to be found in St. James's: namely, one hundred and thirty-eight; in Lambeth, one hundred and forty; Camberwell, one hundred and one; and Southwark, one hundred and forty-two. The crossing just by the entrance to the London Bridge station certainly appears to be the most dangerous in the metropolis; but although many persons are annually injured there, the deaths are not many, only six in fact taking place in the entire district. The only manner in which we can account for the great number of fatal accidents which occur from being run over on suburban roads, is by supposing that they are more subject to the furious driving of tradesmen's light carts—that frantic charioteer, the butcher-boy, being the greatest offender. A pedestrian is always within an inch of his life in the morning, either from the furious little pony, who seems to be rendered frantic by the tray bumping upon his back, or from the butcher's cart which gallops round the corners totally regardless whether he runs over you or not. In the more settled districts they have the fear of the police before them, but in the suburbs they stay their chariot-wheels for no living thing.

The street crossings which are most liable to produce accidents are not those in which the traffic crosses at right angles, such as the bottom of Ludgate Hill. The number of vehicles is so great there, and the danger of collision so imminent, that they are obliged to proceed at a walking pace; moreover, at such points the police are ever ready to assist the timid. The really dangerous crossings are those where several roads meet, such as the wide open space at the top of St. Martin's Lane. Here the foot-passenger is subjected to a concentrated fire, which takes him in flank and rear—he is raked by swift cabs as remorselessly as were the "Six Hundred" in the valley of death. There is a

very spiteful crossing at the bottom of Snow Hill, down the incline of which a succession of omnibuses are slipping and sliding, when the roads are wet and greasy. It was here Mr. Wills of Bristol lost his life last year. Small side streets again, leading to great thoroughfares, are very dangerous. Carriages turning rapidly out of narrow thoroughfares are apt to bewilder the crowd of persons crossing at such situations. Argyll Place, Regent Street, enjoys a sad celebrity in this respect; and Hanover Street, turning into Hanover Square from Regent Street, is a regular trap for the unwary; and the same may be said of the Piccadilly end of Park Lane. At many of the frequented City crossings we believe that the greatest convenience and safety from accidents would be afforded by subways. In all railway stations we find they are adopted, and really between the passing of trains there is less danger there than in the crowded metropolitan thoroughfares. Bridges of the height necessary for the passage of traffic beneath them, would be both unsightly and very laborious climbing for the elderly people that would mostly use them.

It is evident that we are slowly taking a leaf out of the Parisian book: we are rebuilding the City—from bricks we are turning it into stone and marble. What a pity it is we cannot make our thoroughfares wide as well as the houses high. Perhaps our children may see even this accomplished, and then London will certainly be the most splendid city in the world.

ANDREW WYNTER.

ADMIRAL FITZROY.

In the long Summer's day few think of wintry storms, but when Summer is past, and Autumn has given place to Winter, and the piercing nor'-easter or milder sou'-wester scatters desolation and destruction on the more exposed parts of our coasts, then we both hear and read with keen interest and concern of disasters which bring misery upon thousands! Many a heart is touched with true sympathy for those of whom it knows nothing, save that they are unfortunate fellow-creatures. With some, again, the feeling dies almost as soon as it arose. But in the hearts of others it takes deep root, and gives no rest till some step is taken to alleviate the misery. With such minds the necessity for vigorous effort in a right direction becomes an imperative duty. And it is usually those who have themselves experienced the dangers of the ocean who feel most for others exposed to similar perils. At all events, he whose name stands at the head of this article knew well the dangers of the sea, and felt much for those who suffered from its ravages. To do good in his generation was the aim of his life, and more especially did he desire to do good to those with whom he had shared many of the risks common to all who embark on the uncertain waves; and the result is, that for a period of years the name of Fitz Roy has been familiar as a household word.

Robert Fitz Roy was born on July 5th, 1805, and had not completed his sixtieth year when his life terminated. He was the youngest son of Lord Charles Fitz Roy, second son of the third Duke of Grafton. His mother, Frances Anne, eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Londonderry, died in his infancy.

Ampton, in Suffolk, was his birthplace; but only a very short period of his life was passed there. The home of his boyhood was Wicken, in Northamptonshire, and it continued to be the residence of his father till his death in 1830. His first attempt at navigation was somewhat daring for a boy, but was not a wholly successful one. Taking advantage of the servants' dinner-hour, he possessed himself of one of the laundry tubs, which he lined with bricks for ballast. He then launched it on a large pond, and stepping in by the aid of a pole, he steered his way triumphantly across; but on reaching the opposite shore, he leant over to fix the pole in the ground, and in so doing overbalanced the extemporised vessel; the bricks came sliding down, and in one moment, sailor, tub, and bricks were in the water. A gardener, who fortunately happened to be near, came to the rescue, and succeeded in drawing the young navigator to the bank, with no more injury than a thorough soaking.

His first school was Rottingdean, near Brighton; from that he proceeded to Harrow, whence he was removed to the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, which he entered in February, 1818, being then not thirteen years old.

His education hitherto had partaken more of a sporting than a scholarly character, and the consequence was that, on entering the Naval College, he found himself in the lowest grade in everything but classics. He was especially deficient in arithmetic; but this was soon proved to be owing to no natural defect, but to want of instruction. He advanced so rapidly, under the good tuition now provided, that he finished the usual three years' course of education in one year and eight months, and left the Naval College in October, 1819, having attained such marked proficiency in mathematics that he was awarded the first College medal.

He was first appointed to the "Superb," bearing Sir Thomas Hardy's broad pennant in South America, and he sailed to join her in the "Owen Glendower," commanded by the Hon. Robert Spencer. He remained on board the "Superb," between Brazil and Northern Peru, until her return to England in 1821: when he joined the "Hind," under the Hon. Captain Rous. He served for two

years in the Mediterranean on board that corvette, during the last four months of which she was commanded by Lord John Churchill. He then went on board the "Cambrian," Captain Hamilton, and returned in her to England, to undergo his examination.

In July, 1825, he passed in seamanship, before Sir William Hoste and other officers, at the same time obtaining their marked approbation. In a later examination at the Naval College, he was first on the list of twenty-six. Every question was correctly worked by him, and many of them by two or three different methods. Promotion was immediately awarded by the Admiralty, in consequence of this examination and of the first College medal.

He was appointed early in 1825 to the "Thetis," Sir John Phillimore, and served in her till that frigate was paid off and re-commissioned by Captain Bingham, when he was immediately re-appointed to her.

In 1828, at Rio de Janeiro, Sir Robert Otway, Commander-in-Chief, proposed to Lieutenant Fitz Roy that he should join the "Ganges." Soon afterwards he was made flag-lieutenant, and in November of the same year, Sir Robert took the opportunity of a death-vacancy to promote him to the rank of commander, giving him the command of the "Beagle," a surveying vessel, from which period he commenced his labours as a hydrographical officer. He made some important surveying observations and discoveries while on board the "Beagle," and returned to England on the 14th of October, 1830, when that vessel anchored in Plymouh Sound, and was paid off.

It was in this, his first surveying voyage, that he discovered the Otway Water, in the Straits of Magalhaens. Captain King, the distinguished commander of this expedition, named one of the straits "Fitz Roy Strait," in honour of the discoverer.

On one occasiona violent pampero nearly capsized the "Beagle;" but by dint of great skill and readiness in seamanship, she was righted, and brought with her head to the wind, not, however, without loss of both topmasts and other smaller spars; her sails, although furled, being torn to pieces. But the severest disaster was the loss of two men, who were blown overboard and drowned. To his sensitive mind, this was a severe blow; but to have attempted to render aid in a boiling sea, when all were in similar peril, would have been useless. The impression made on Lieutenant Fitz Roy by this circumstance was great, and the lesson derived from it was never forgotten, and ever after that time he laid great stress on the silent warnings of the barometer.

So greatly did he prize that most useful instrument, and so skilfully did he interpret its premonitory signs, that in his second surveying expedition, on most dangerous and unexplored coasts, he lost not a single spar, nor was he even once overtaken by a storm unprepared. He met and weathered the severest gales without the loss of a soul on board, or injury to his small vessel, one of those little brigs then named "Coffins" from their great insecurity.

In his able and interesting "Voyage" he has given an account of the loss of their boat, which was stolen by the savages; and of their unavailing efforts to recover it. He also tells of the seizure of one of the natives as a hostage, and the final arrival of the expedition in England, with three native men and one woman. His object was so to bring these natives under the influence of civilisation and education, that they might be made useful as government interpreters. A communication, he thought, might thus be opened with the natives, which would tend to civilise and ultimately christianise them; and thus the trade of the world and navigation generally would be greatly benefited.

This idea, however, was not carried out; and after maintaining the savages for more than a year entirely at his own expense, he resolved on restoring them to their own country, though it should cost him money and trouble. One of them died of smallpox soon after his arrival in England; but the others were healthy, and greatly enjoyed their life in a civilised land. They quickly acquired European habits, and learned enough of the English language to converse intelligibly in it. Many manifested a great desire to see them. William IV. and Queen Adelaide caused them to be brought to the palace, and received them very graciously.

Finding at length that the Admiralty had no intention of prosecuting the survey, and anxious to restore the Fuegians to their countrymen, Captain Fitz Roy engaged a vessel at great personal expense for that purpose. His uncle, the Duke of Grafton —grandfather of the present duke—had exerted all his influence to obtain for his nephew the command of a surveying vessel. Captain (afterwards Sir Francis) Beaufort, the celebrated hydrographer, who for several years filled that position at the Admiralty with so much credit to himself and benefit to the public, at the same time urged the necessity of a more complete survey of the South American coast. This double pressure resulted in the appointment of Captain Fitz Roy to the "Beagle" again, his commission dating from June 27th, 1831.

He had, however, to pay a large proportion of the sum for which he had contracted to the owner of the ship he had chartered for the reconveyance of the Fuegians to their own country.

The "Beagle" sailed in December, 1831. Captain Fitz Roy had been specially solicitous about the comfort and safety of the crew, and a great part of the necessary fittings in the small vessel was paid for out of his own private purse. The Lords of the Admiralty were scarcely inclined to be generous. Those who inspected the "Beagle" previous to her departure, considered the number of chronometers greater than was necessary, and they therefore desired that it should be reduced to *five!*

Captain Beaufort thus expresses himself to Com-

mander Fitz Roy, on the occasion: "The first thing, and indeed the only thing, that their Lordships have said to me since their return to Plymouth, was to express their surprise at the number of chronometers in the 'Beagle;' and they ultimately ordered me to let you have but five. This grieves me exceedingly, but I must submit; choose therefore those you like best, and when you have made up your mind, return the rest into store. Or would you like to write to the Board, to solicit your being allowed to retain seven out of the nine, on the ground of the accidents that may happen? If you do so, perhaps their Lordships may give way; and if my opinion is asked, you may be sure of my urging it as strongly as I can; but I felt so much hurt at the manner of the order, that I have not been able to persuade myself to interfere further."

The result of all this was, that Captain Fitz Roy spent 300*l.* of his own upon chronometers. Captain Beaufort, in a former letter had referred to the chronometers, and said that in his opinion "eighteen *might* be enough," but allowing for accidents, he should recommend that twenty be taken.

This memorable survey occupied five years, and is without doubt one of the most complete in the world's records. Long after, Captain Beaufort, having been called on, by the House of Commons, to report on the surveys that had been made, spoke of this one as "the *splendid* survey of Captain Fitz Roy." It was unparalleled indeed, in the greatness of the work done, the little aid given by Government, and the noble sacrifice of the surveyor's own private fortune.*

The following extracts from a letter to one of his cousins, referring to these expenses, and also giving an account of the return of the Fuegians to their native shores, may perhaps be read with interest:—

"In January, 1833, the Fuegians were landed at a pretty and really pleasant spot in Tierra del Fuego, at the northern part of what is called in the maps, Nassau Bay. '*Jemmy Button*' said it was his *own* land. A young Englishman named Matthews voluntered to settle with them. We built houses of a beehive fashion, dug gardens, sowed and planted seeds and roots, and left our *protégés* to make their way amongst the natives as well as they could. As long as the 'Beagle's' party were present, nothing could promise better than the prospect of a peaceful settlement; the natives, though numerous, were very quiet, well disposed, and absolutely without any offensive weapons. There were about three hundred assembled around us while we were making the houses and gardens. Some even assisted in carrying the wood; but they could not understand why we dug up the ground for the seeds. To my great mortification, I found that Jemmy had quite forgotten his native language; and that the other two, belonging to a different tribe, were quite as mute. This default of Jemmy was a serious drawback. Although he found his mother, brothers, and sisters, he could only make himself partially understood by them. York and Fuegia preferred staying with Matthews and Jemmy, to going farther west into their own country. I think now, that old York, who was a deep, crafty character, had an eye to the good outfit which Matthews carried, and which sooner or later he hoped to get into his own possession. York had been desperately in love with Fuegia during some months, and on their landing we married them. During a week which elapsed between my first leaving Matthews, and my revisiting him, the natives had commenced stealing whatever they could lay their hands on, and at times they insulted and tormented Matthews so much, that he considered his life in great danger. The Fuegians who had been with us fared better, particularly Fuegia, who appeared to be a great favourite. I took Matthews away, with what remained of his goods, considering it very wrong to risk his life any longer.

"At the expiration of another week I again went to the place, which is called, in the Fuegian vernacular, Wullia (or Wool-li-a), and found *our* friends were doing well, better I think by far than when Matthews was with them. His presence appeared to irritate the natives; they were angry with his colour, they disliked his beard, despised him because he was not so strong as they were, and appeared (as he thought) to hold frequent consultations as to his fate. When I last saw York he was busy building a boat, out of planks and nails which we had given him. Jemmy was making a canoe out of a large tree; thinking one of that sort better than the frail birchen kind used by his countrymen. Fuegia was dressed very tidily, and looking quite smart, although I took her by surprise. Several of the seeds and roots had sprouted up above the ground: I saw pears, beans, turnips, and corn, showing green leaves.

"From that time until February of this year, I saw no more of the Fuegians.

"In that month the 'Beagle' went close to Wullia, but not a trace of our friends was to be found. In the deserted gardens were potatoes and turnips, just enough to make one dish. The houses were standing, but had not been inhabited, it was evident, for some months. For more than an hour, my feelings were not to be envied; but, as I was thinking of leaving the place, three canoes were seen approaching. In two of the canoes were individuals washing their faces, who were soon recognised as Jemmy Button and his brother. He was soon on board, bringing also his mother, his *wife*, two other brothers, and a sister. He had seen the ship at a distance, and hastened to us from an island where

* Details of this expenditure of private means are given in a memorial, drawn up since Admiral Fitz Roy's lamented end, by William James Farrer, Esq., with the assistance of officers who served in the "Beagle" at the time, and Government have in consequence promised to ask Parliament for a grant for part of the expenditure—3100*l.*

he had lived since the wigwams (where we established him) had been plundered, and their inmates put to flight by the incursion of a hostile tribe. He was as naked as any of his companions; his hair long and matted, and his whole appearance wretched; though he said he had never been ill, and was very happy. He said—'live, very good'—'plenty fruits'—'plenty birdies'—'too much fish'—and in snow time, plenty guanacoes. He was not cold, though without clothes, after having been used to them: but what surprised me most was, that he preferred staying in his present state to returning to a civilised life. He used to say that after passing one year with his people he should like to return with me to England for good. Instead of learning his own language, he had taught his family many words of English. We were surprised not a little, to hear one of his brothers call out—'Jemmy Button—canoe—come,'—when he was anxious that Jemmy should leave us, and return to the shore. The whole party seemed greatly to fear his being taken away again. I think the young, and not ill-looking wife, had wrought the charm which bound him to a savage life. York and Fuegia had departed, soon after the irruption of the hostile tribe, in a large canoe; until that time, the three had lived together peaceably. Jemmy had had many meals in which *beans*, *potatoes*, and turnips, formed the material parts. The last acts of *friendship* which passed between them were, York stealing all Jemmy's clothes, Fuegia hiding them, and Jemmy slinging stones at the pair of thieves as they paddled away in their canoe. After passing two days with Jemmy, and loading his canoe with tools and various useful things, we took leave of him, Mrs. Button, and Co., and directed our course towards the Falkland Islands. From these Isles of Discord, we are now to remove to the Straits of Magellan, taking a peep in our way, at the great river Santa Cruz. From the Straits, we shall go to Concepcion, Valparaiso, and Coquimbo. During the next year or two, Valparaiso will be our rendezvous for letters, provisions, &c., and our employment will be examining the coast between the Straits of Magellan and Coquimbo, during the first year; farther northward, I hope, during the next, and in the third year from this time I trust we shall be crossing the Pacific. I have purchased, and am maintaining a schooner to assist the 'Beagle,' as *your* economical Admiralty will not assist me in any way, though I only asked them to pay the men and buy their provisions; but maintain her, I must and will—if it makes me a poor half-pay commander for the rest of my life. She is a fine vessel, is well found, has a good crew, is well officered, and has already done much essential service. Their Lordships at the Admiralty are little aware of the extent of the work their operations enjoin, and how inadequate one solitary vessel is to do all that ought to be done. I feel that the honour of England is somewhat touched in a survey of the shores of South America from La Plata to Guayaquil, including the Falkland Islands: and while I have an eye, a leg, a head, and a shilling, I will struggle against wind and tide, to execute my share in a manner that shall not bring discredit on our character as explorers of that ocean, on which we ought to be first in *every* thing. How long did the Spanish surveyors put our officers to the blush? How few English charts were there forty years, nay thirty years ago, which could be compared for a moment with those of the Spaniards? But I will get down from my hobby, and remember that I am paying for everything and get nothing in return, except the satisfaction of doing my duty. This ought to be somewhat of a damper to my rather enthusiastic feelings, but I am such a mule that I care not much what happens to me in future—provided the 'Beagle's' voyage is but well carried on and satisfactorily ended."

An artist accompanied this expedition on board the "Beagle," to whom Captain Fitz Roy himself paid 300*l.*; which did not, in his opinion, entitle him to receive any of the products of the artist's genius, for himself or his friends, without paying the usual price.

Sir Roderick Murchison, in an eloquent and feeling address at a geographical anniversary meeting in May, 1865, has so amply set forth all the benefits to science Captain Fitz Roy effected in this survey, that it is unnecessary to recapitulate them here. It is sufficient merely to state that he carried a chain of meridian distances round the globe, and that his charts are faultless. He was accompanied on this voyage by Mr. Darwin, the celebrated naturalist, who has since become a man of world-wide reputation.

For the particulars of this voyage, we would refer to the published narrative by King, Fitz Roy, and Darwin. In it there is an interesting account of the rescue of the crew of the "Challenger," by Captain Fitz Roy in 1835. The captain rode many hundred miles, partly by night, through the unconquered territory of the Araucanian Indians, who were then hostile to all white men, and he afterwards piloted the "Blonde," (Commodore Mason,) to the place where the crew were saved.

In 1834, Captain Fitz Roy was promoted to the rank of Post-Captain by Lord Auckland. In 1837, on the recommendation of Sir Roderick Murchison, the Royal Geographical Society honoured him with the presentation of their gold medal, in acknowledgment of the results of the "Beagle's" voyages. He was elected an Elder Brother of the Trinity House in 1838. In 1841 he entered Parliament as member for Durham. The following year he was appointed to act as Conservator of the Mersey; and in August of that year (1842) he was selected by the Admiralty to attend on the Archduke Frederick of Austria, in his tour through Great Britain.

In March, 1843, he introduced into Parliament a Bill for establishing Mercantile Marine Boards, and for enforcing the examination of Masters and Mates in the Merchant Service; and from this Bill much of

the present Act, called the Mercantile Marine Act, has been taken.

In the midst of this useful and prosperous career, an offer was made to him by the late Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley (now Lord Derby) to go out to New Zealand as Governor. To do right, at whatever cost to himself, was the governing principle of his conduct, and after much anxious deliberation, he decided in giving up his seat in Parliament, his conservatorship of the Mersey, and his position at the Trinity House, (the latter two bringing in a certain income for life,) to fill a post which had little to offer in exchange. A more thorny path he could hardly have chosen, but to men of enterprise difficulties are an attraction rather than otherwise. The appointment had been offered to him in a highly gratifying manner, honourable alike to his character and his talents.

In the summer of 1843 he sailed, with his family, in a merchant vessel, for New Zealand.

It would far exceed our limits to enter fully into this portion of his life. It will be sufficient to state that he found the colony in a very depressed state. He brought with him neither money nor forces, nor even the promise of any; he threw open the ports, to save the colonists from bankruptcy; he issued debentures, to save the settlers from starvation. But by his efforts to avert ruin and destruction from New Zealand, he gave offence to the New Zealand Company, then sufficiently powerful to effect his recall; and, to the astonishment of his friends and partisans, of whom there were many amongst the most respectable of the colonists, his successor arrived with money, and military aid, and all that Governor Fitz Roy had in vain demanded! These voyages to and from New Zealand, with a family of little children, of course greatly increased his pecuniary embarrassments.

Before quitting this subject, the following extract from a speech by Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, at a farewell dinner given to Sir George Grey, December 26th, 1853, will be read with interest:—*

"Next came a man whom I can never think of without sorrow and respect. For, mark me, gentlemen, I cannot measure merit by success. A good man struggling with the storms of fate will command my sympathy, even more than one standing on the pinnacle of success. I honoured Captain Fitz Roy in his misfortunes, as I honour you, Sir George Grey, in your prosperity. Shortly after his recall, I saw a letter from the Secretary for the Colonies, in which he said: 'No one here dares say a word for poor Fitz Roy.' I am thankful to have this opportunity of saying a word in New Zealand, which no one would say in England. I have seen that honourable man, for the sake of the public good, sacrificing his own private property, and, what is even dearer to us all, his public reputation. There are many here present who can recollect the time, so different from the present, when this colony was on the verge of bankruptcy. I have seen my honourable friend, the Colonial Treasurer, who now sits so comfortably upon his well-filled chest, reduced almost to despair; and I have seen my trusty friend Mr. Kennedy, not then, as now, the officer of the Union Bank of Australia, and helping to pay the proprietary a dividend of forty per cent.—not then, as now, rejoicing in deposits to the amount of 120,000*l.*, but preparing at four o'clock in the afternoon to close the doors which, at ten o'clock the next morning, he had resolved not to open to the public. Then, in the face of his instructions, at the risk of loss of office, with no possible advantage to himself, right or wrong according to political economy, well or ill as to the result, for the sake of the public credit, and for no other cause, Captain Fitz Roy made debentures a legal tender, and lost his office in his attempt to save the colony from ruin. One instance more, gentlemen,—for I shall not weary you with many: I was with Captain Fitz Roy at the meeting with the native chiefs of the north, when the reinforcement of 200 men arrived from Sydney. On that occasion Thomas Walker gave the pledge, which he has since amply redeemed, that if the Governor would give the lie to Heke's assertions, that the land was to be taken from them, by sending back the troops, he and his men would guarantee the protection of the north. It was the wisest as well as the bravest act that was ever done by any Governor in the British Empire. It is true that the native allies were a little too late in taking the field; but when they took it they kept it. The example was set, and from north to south no British force has ever been employed without its contingent of native allies. The effect of that alliance, it is for military men to estimate rather than for me. I simply state the fact; and if I were to write the history of Captain Fitz Roy's administration, it would be in these words: 'He was the man who lost Kororareka, but who saved New Zealand.'"

In 1846, Captain Fitz Roy returned to England. In the House of Lords, in February, 1848, Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley), took occasion to speak in high terms of Captain Fitz Roy's disinterested and patriotic zeal.

In July, 1848, Captain Fitz Roy was directed by Lord Auckland to attend to the new frigate "Arrogant:" then about to be fitted with a screw and peculiar machinery. From that time till she was commissioned by him he continually superintended her arrangements, all of which answered satisfactorily; many of them being new and original. He commanded her with great success; and that same happy tact and consideration for others, which made the "Beagle" a home to all in her, caused him to be equally popular in the "Arrogant," and much regretted when from ill-health he gave up this splendid command, in 1850.

His sacrifices for New Zealand, and his finding himself on his return without money—all being

* *The New Zealander*, December 31st, 1853.

lost, save his honourable character—had greatly broken his constitution. The return to active service, in the profession he so dearly loved, did much to restore him; but his health was not proof against the combined anxieties of his public duties, and the pressure of distress and illness in his own home. His expenses, as captain of a new and beautiful frigate like the "Arrogant," were great, and especially when senior officer at Lisbon. His pay did not cover all the necessary expenses incurred, and his own private means were inadequate to supply the deficiency and provide for his family at home.

When his health was sufficiently re-established for active occupation, he became for a short space of time one of the managing directors of the "General Screw Steam Shipping Company." He was desirous, however, for employment afloat again, and this he earnestly sought, naturally anxious to serve his time. He was unsuccessful, on the ground of having given up the "Arrogant;" and as time wore on, he turned his mind resolutely to the serving of his country on shore.

In 1854, a new office was organised, for the purpose of collecting data from observations at sea, and for deducing results for the promotion of science and navigation. It had its origin in the Brussels Conference of 1853, and was similar, though on a more limited scale, to the office held by the eminent Maury in America, which had done such good service, and had become so widely known before the unfortunate American War broke out.

Pending the establishment of the office, Captain Fitz Roy undertook the duties of private secretary to the Commander-in-chief, Lord Hardinge, at the time of the Crimean War: with the understanding that he was to give up the post when this new office to which he was appointed was ready for him, to assume its direction, which he accordingly did in August, 1854.

We have no space here to trace this little office through all its stages.

The Government applied to the Royal Society for their aid, and in the reply of that society the objects of the Meteorological Office are all elaborately set forth, in a manner worthy of the deeply scientific and highly cultivated mind of the writer;* though in its perusal, one cannot help wondering at anybody being found willing to undertake so herculean a mental labour as such a multiplicity of subjects involves.

However, as we have before said, difficulties have attractions for enterprising minds; and although in worldly position it was very inferior to what Captain Fitz Roy's friends could have desired for him, and the salary small,† yet he entered gladly on its duties, which opened up so wide a field of usefulness for his talents. For upwards of ten years he laboured at the work of this office, organizing it, building it up step by step, guiding, directing and teaching others to enable them to assist in the work.

In the eleventh year he sank under this unceasing labour, which daily increased upon him, notwithstanding that he was ably seconded by the few in his office competent to assist him, the foremost of whom for ability and zeal is his successor, Henry Babington, Esq.

When a sufficient supply of data was accumulated, from which to deduce valuable information, many useful and accurate wind-charts were issued; likewise diagrams showing the course of storms, one of the most interesting of which is that of the "Royal Charter" gale. Various publications also emanated from this office, many of them of great interest to the scientific world; some of them compiled by him, and others his own original writing.

The first result of practical utility was the establishment of barometers on the coast, for the use of fishermen; these were supplied by the Board of Trade gratuitously, wherever the population was too poor to defray the expense. A small manual, in simple terms and bold type, written by Admiral Fitz Roy, was sent with the barometers, and proved of great use in assisting the fishermen to understand correctly the indications of that instrument.

In 1857, Captain Fitz Roy became Rear-Admiral on the Reserved List.

It was not till 1861 that he accomplished the object he had had at heart for many years, and to which he had been gradually working his way: the system of Storm Warnings, or warning signals of approaching dangerous gales. On February 20th, 1861, the first Storm Warning was issued—and before the stated limit of time the storm burst furiously on most of our shores, amply verifying the signals. The Storm Warnings gradually gained on the public confidence, and became at length of such general interest, that foreign nations eagerly resorted to Admiral Fitz Roy for information respecting them.

France, with her usual quickness of apprehension and readiness of adaptation, was the first to follow and adopt the signals.

The same system has since been established in Prussia, Italy, and Holland, and is in progress of adoption by Russia, both in the Black Sea and the Baltic. Occasional cautions are also sent from the Meteorologic Office to Hamburgh, Hanover, and Oldenburgh, at the request and at the expense of the Government of those states—likewise to Sweden, at the request and cost of the Gothenburg Chamber of Commerce. Cautions were sent to Denmark—but the war there put a stop to the communications, which have not since been resumed.

These arrangements entailed an immense amount

* General Sabine, F.R.S., &c.

† An increase was promised, which, however, was not made till 1863, eight years after the establishment of the office, though a gratuity of 200*l.* was awarded by the Board of Trade to Captain Fitz Roy in 1861, in acknowledgment of his public services.

of correspondence on Admiral Fitz Roy, requiring much thoughtful consideration; and it was impossible for him to delegate this duty to another. Let it be borne in mind, too, that all this was *extra* work; the regular routine office duties were continued, and the objects for which the office was originally instituted were not neglected.

He met with much regard from foreigners; and at home, those who were really men of science looked on with interest and appreciation. Many who owned themselves ignorant of all science, applauded the honest zeal and energy displayed by Admiral Fitz Roy. Facts, of course, are the best tests of such a system; and it is to them we should turn for corroborative testimony. It is not our purpose to enter into a defence of the warning signals here; and the facts are all clearly stated in the reports issued from the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade. We will merely mention that Admiral Fitz Roy never supposed they could be infallible. His object was to save life by diminishing disasters at sea; and by avoiding dangerous risks. He hoped others would aid in a scheme which had for its object such benefits to mankind, and that by their advice and co-operation a system which he knew was only in its infancy might be brought to perfection.

The signals continue to be eagerly sought for at those ports which have not already had them; and the fearful storms of last November bear witness to the veracity of their warnings, and refute one of the many objections urged against them—that with him their success would terminate, as meteorologic science was not sufficiently advanced to form a reliable theory for such warnings.

In the winter of 1862 the "Weather Book" was published, which he began to write during a six weeks' autumn holiday. It was a rare thing for him to take a holiday, and even on this occasion it did not imply total absence from his duties. He was within easy reach of the office, going there and returning frequently the same day. This work was continued, and completed at his own residence on his return home, evening after evening, through successive nights. His overstrained mind never entirely recovered this pressure. The late work, destroying his night's rest, soon told its tale; and from that time he was totally unable to write in the evening, or even to read for a few minutes without falling asleep. In vain he struggled against this propensity, trying every possible means to overcome it, but without avail. A more serious inconvenience resulted also from this overstrained pressure on the brain—an increasing deafness, from which he had slightly suffered for many years past, especially when very much fatigued. He consulted aurists, but derived no benefit, and he began to dread lest he should become stone-deaf.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that the "Weather Book" has been translated into the French and Russian languages.

Admiral Fitz Roy had been elected, January, 1852, Member of the Athenæum Club, without ballot; he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, Royal Geographical Society, British Meteorological, Astronomical, and Ethnological Societies; honorary member of the York Philosophical Society; and, in 1863, he was elected, in the room of the late Sir John Ross, Corresponding Member of the Paris "Académie des Sciences," an honour he greatly prized. In July, 1863, the Belfast Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution at their general meeting expressive of satisfaction at the results of scientific research, and their practical application, as shown by the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade. In October, 1864, the French Government presented Admiral Fitz Roy with a beautiful "Pendule de Voyage," accompanied by a gratifying letter from the "Ministre de la Marine," offering it as a "mark of gratitude for the services rendered by Admiral FitzRoy, and which he continues to render to the Imperial Navy."

Never was there a man more free from personal vanity or self-love. He was always more ready to blame himself, than to censure others. Strictly conscientious in principle, nothing would make him swerve from what he considered the path of duty. The public claims were his first consideration; he regarded the time during office-hours as that of the Government by whom he was employed, and not at his own disposal. So scrupulously did he carry out this principle, that, during that time, he carefully avoided all personal matters, writing his own private letters after five o'clock, before his return home.

He was the most devoted of husbands, the tenderest of fathers, and a very warm and true friend. It is but the plain truth to say that he would exert himself in a friend's cause far more eagerly and indefatigably than in his own. The interest he took in all that affected Captain Maury, for whom he felt real feelings of friendship, was unbounded. In the last week of his life, the news arrived of the murder of the President of the United States, and this seemed to absorb his whole being. Ill as he was, he could not rest without exerting himself beyond his strength to see Maury once more, and once again, notwithstanding medical injunctions to take rest. After his last interview, he was painfully excited, and could neither rest nor sleep. When urged to do so, his only reply was: "Think of poor Maury, without a home; his wife and children away, he knows not where." Everything failed to divert him from the sensation of horror that seemed to possess him at the ideas called up by the scenes he had pictured to himself.

Though too ill to attend regularly at his office latterly, he went there, for the last time (as it proved), to telegraph a reply to her Majesty respecting the weather when she was about to cross to the Isle of Wight. He was frequently honoured by such messages from her Majesty and other members of the royal family, a few days previous to their embarkation.

When advised to rest by those whom he consulted, he asked how much longer he could work without risk. On being told that immediate rest was necessary, he replied, that when such and such letters were answered then he would rest. That time never came.

He had often said, that "he would rather wear out than rust out." To die unflinchingly working to the last with his hand on the helm, was his wish; and this was realized to the utmost.

To an earnest, thoughtful mind like his, religious subjects could not fail to be interesting. He reflected deeply, taking nothing for granted, till he had weighed and considered every point that admitted of such deliberation. When once convinced, nothing could shake or remove that conviction. He was not fond of expressing his opinions in ordinary conversation, feeling that such subjects were too serious for general discussion; but to a friend he would speak freely, and when he felt called on to stand up for the Truth, no fear of censure or ridicule could deter him from doing so openly.

The too lavish expenditure of money caused him continual embarrassment; but his own liberality was always exercised in acts of public generosity or private friendship; he never spent money in frivolous amusements. If he had had but one shilling left in the world, he would have given it away if touched by the cry of distress. He spent but little on himself—not caring for luxuries, and was remarkably temperate and abstemious. Naturally of a sanguine, buoyant temperament, he had no fears for the future, till his health gave way, when both mind and body had lost their wonted elasticity.

In conclusion, we quote the words of Admiral Stokes, who served with him in the "Beagle," and who thus mentions him in his work, entitled "Journal of Discoveries in Australia":—"Our success afforded me a welcome opportunity of testifying to Captain Fitz Roy my grateful recollections of his personal kindness; and I determined, with Captain Wickham's permission, to call this new river after his name, thus perpetuating by the most durable of monuments the services and the career of one, in whom with rare and enviable prodigality, are mingled the daring of the seaman, the accomplishments of the student, and the graces of the Christian—of whose calm fortitude in the hour of impending danger, or whose habitual carefulness for the interests of all under his command, if I forbear to speak, I am silent because, while I recognise their existence, and perceive how much they exalt the character they adorn, I feel, too, that they have elevated it above either the need or the reach of any eulogy within my power to offer."

EVASIONS OF THE LAW.

THE machinery of the law in relation to crime is very great, and very costly. The judicial statistics for England and Wales (1863) inform us that the police and constabulary force are maintained at an annual cost of £1,658,265 14*s.* 5*d.* In that year there were known to the police 126,139 criminal people of various classes, and this fact shows that if the agencies for the arrest of crime are great, the evils to be dealt with are also great. In that year, 52,211 crimes were committed as known to the police, and to these many thousands of unreported crimes must also be added. In connection with these crimes, 30,410 persons were apprehended, of whom about 16,000 would be convicted, leaving more than 36,000 crimes undetected and unpunished.

The number of undetected and unpunished crimes naturally awakens one's anxiety to know how it is that so many criminals escape the hands of justice. The subject is well worth studying, and must be studied if the amount of crime is to be materially reduced. But as the question is too vast to be here discussed in all its ramifications, our inquiries must be limited to one particular department of crime—the habitual thieves and their coadjutors.

With such a costly apparatus at work throughout the country, it is matter of surprise that the thieves can hold their ground. Individual criminals are crushed by law or mortality, but the class itself is perpetuated from generation to generation. One general explanation of this perpetuity is, that the criminal intellect increases in skill and deepens in acuteness in proportion to the legal difficulties which are placed in the way of its success.

The thieves owe much of their success to themselves, and to the classes of people with whom they are connected. Sharpened by danger and by constant exercise, their guilty wits attain to extraordinary facilities for crime. The whole fraternity are in league to assist each other. The police report 22,710 houses of bad character scattered throughout the country, and, when the thief wishes to hide himself, very many of these branded domiciles are ready to conceal him.

Occasionally our courts of law reveal to us the fact that the thieves receive much assistance from those who are not fully given up to criminal pursuits. Servants and policemen have before now been found in secret alliance with thieves and robbers, to the no small astonishment of the innocent and unsuspecting public. These solitary instances of detected collusion are small chinks through which the outer world obtains a slight glimpse into the internal machinery of thiefdom. If these exceptional revelations could be fully traced, the discoveries would probably startle most people, inasmuch as these left-handed helps undoubtedly belong

to a system of concealed assistance. Putting together the instances of criminal collusion on the part of *quasi* honest people which have been brought to light, one is driven to the conclusion that the thieves receive a large amount of assistance from those who do not belong to their class, and any statements which the criminal profession may choose to make on the subject cannot *à priori* be disbelieved. Such assistance is possible, because it is known to have been rendered; and a system of such assistance is probable, because the legally acknowledged instances of it are not a few.

Who, then, are the criminal helpers of the thieves, and in what way is the assistance rendered? None can answer these questions exhaustively except the thieves themselves, and some of them have been frank enough to give us their explanations. No one will for a moment accept everything as true which people who live by dishonesty may choose to say, and yet with the instances of criminal assistance which have been detected and punished in our recollection, it would be rash to conclude that there is no truth whatever in the following revelations of the thieves as to their evasions of the law. Let each reader believe as much or as little of their disclosures as his own judgment and his general acquaintance with the criminal question may incline him.

Several classes of people are involved in the thieves' accusations of collusion, and we shall at once proceed to explain what has been explained to us, interspersing the communications of the criminal fraternity with a few independent remarks.

The phrases "put up, putting up, and putters up," are of very frequent use among the thieves. They mean by these terms the assistance which they receive from persons supposed to be innocent, and not directly connected with themselves. Cases of burglary and robbery from the person are often said to be "put up"; and if the thieves did not receive much private information and direction, these depredations would be far less numerous than they are. Servants, hotel-waiters, cabmen, workmen, and policemen occasionally tell the thieves where booty is to be had, and when is the best time to go for it. Should the "put-up job" succeed, the putter-up comes in for his share of the criminal spoil. It is the general opinion of thieves, or rather their statement to us, that the great majority of heavy robberies is always effected by the aid of a traitor in the camp, and that some of them could have been accomplished in no other way. But the reader will say, "Dare any servant, or would any servant, give information whereby his present or *former* master's property might be stolen? The thing is impossible." Not so fast with assertions of impossibility. How is it that the thieves so often know exactly where what they want is to be found? How could they immediately lay hands on the right thing or the right person if no one had directed them? It is evident, in many instances, that some one must have put the criminal on the scent. The following, published originally in an English newspaper, speaks for itself. "A well-known member of the swell-mob was recently arrested in London, and on searching his pockets there was found upon him a letter, among others, dated from * * *, near * * *, giving information that the family would very shortly be away, and describing the doors, the approaches, the various rooms, the ways in and out, the plate and its chests, and everything which could facilitate what is, in the police world, known as a 'put-up' burglary. Had it not been for this timely discovery, the town would some morning have been alarmed by a bold and successful exploit. The valuables would have been safely removed, and, after a nine days' wonder, the whole would have passed by, perhaps only leaving a suspicion on some of the outlying rangers of * * *. As it is, however, we were astonished at hearing that a detective and others of the police had come down and arrested no less a person than the butler of the above mansion, whose name was attached to this remarkable letter." Servants, either by their wickedness or by their ignorance, are said to be frequent putters up of robberies. By some means, accidental or otherwise, they come into contact with the criminal fraternity, give them the required information and assistance, and too often escape with impunity. In very large towns, the thieves positively profess to have servants in their pay, who take situations expressly for the purpose of betraying the house to the burglar. At any rate this shows the importance of caution in the hiring of servants, and the ridiculous culpability of those employers who are indifferent to written certificates of character.

A thief's accusation must go for what it is worth; but if the criminal classes are at all to be believed, the police are by no means universally clear in the matter; and if returns of all who have been dismissed from the police force—not excepting the detective department—were published, it would be seen that the accusation made by thieves of police assistance, is not entirely without foundation. If the police authorities deny it, *let them publish their returns.* A corrupt policeman can easily plant the thieves upon some house in his old beat, or be out of the way when a depredation is committed in his own immediate walk; and the thieves say that such things have been done, for which service the guilty officer took care to be well paid.

Pocket-picking is put up or connived at as well as house-breaking. The omnibus conductors are accused of conniving at the sharpers, and hotel waiters are blamed for occasionally planting a likely mark.

Among the professional thieves there is said to be a remarkable class having the singular name of *licensed thieves.* These licensed rogues are said to be in the employment of the police, the detectives especially. Strange tales are told about them. It is said that a detective, anxious for fame and nothing scrupulous as to the means of its accomplish-

ment, will perhaps see a *wire* busily employed at his nefarious trade of picking pockets in the streets. By chance the wretch does his work cleverly, and so the policeman embraces the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He frightens the thief by telling him what he has seen, and hints that he can bring so and so against him; but if he will render him some private assistance, he shall be let alone for the present. If the thief agrees, he thus gets his licence; and dearly he has to pay for it. When the policeman wants a case for the sessions or the assizes, the thief must work. By discovering and furnishing secret information, he puts the policeman upon the right track of obtaining information sufficient to get up a case. The more of this work the spy does, the more he has to perform, and the further he becomes involved. At length the licensed thief quarrels with his employer, or refuses to do his bidding. Then comes his own doom. His licence is taken from him, something is brought against him, and he is probably condemned to penal servitude for many years. We tell the following story as it was told to us. A robbery of plate had been committed; the suspicions of the police guided them to the delinquent, but they could obtain no clue by which to prove the charge they had against him. He was, however, apprehended, and thrust into the cell. Another thief, known to the police, was thrust into the same cell, with secret instructions to act the spy. The spy had not been long in the cell before he began to speak very bitterly of the police, because of what he alleged to be their bad usage of himself. Presently he took half-a-crown out of his boot, and thrust it into the fire, saying, "There; that evidence is gone." "What evidence?" said the suspected man. "That I am a maker of money," answered the spy, who proceeded to describe in glowing colours his lucrative method of manufacturing base coin. The two became very confidential, and the spy began to bewail his want of silver with which to continue his business when he obtained his liberty. The bait took. The suspected man confessed that he had some silver which he had stolen. They at once agreed to partnership, and the next morning they were both set at liberty. The spy was furnished, it is said, by the police, with moulds, &c., and he fixed the time with his new friend to commence the manufacture. They were soon at work. One evening while they were melting the plate, the police, as previously arranged, suddenly rushed in. The spy was allowed to escape, but the real thief was caught. The career of the spy did not last long. The police became tired of him, he was beginning to know too much, and it was necessary to get rid of him. For anything we know to the contrary this licensed thief is now undergoing penal servitude. To what extent this kind of service is rendered to the police can never be completely known, but sufficient is known to lower the popular estimate of the skill of the detectives. They do exceedingly little in the way of actual and direct discovery by means of their own independent and individual intelligence. Compared with the great bulk of undetected crime the success of the detectives is significantly small. "In consequence of information received" is a convenient formula for the police, the full meaning of which is best known to themselves and their (sometimes criminal) assistants. The morality of setting a thief to catch a thief passes muster in the English force; but they do these things better in America. Mr. Pinkerton's system for the detective police in America is vastly superior to the British system. He sets no thief to catch a thief, but works by pure and honourable means, and keep his entire force of agent beyond the reach of the temptations which arise from rewards and unfair means.

"Working back" is another phrase peculiar to thiefdom. It means the private restoration of stolen property. For instance, when a thief has commenced taking a watch, or whatever it may be, and finds that he cannot complete what he has begun without being caught, he "whips it back," or "works it back," and so saves himself by saving appearances. But stolen goods that have been safely carried away, are sometimes worked back when a reward is offered. This kind of felony is occasionally concealed in advertisements which convey the significant hint that no questions will be asked. Many stolen things are "worked back," and many more would be so, if people would lend themselves to that kind of felony. Almost any stolen documents may be recovered if the business is gone about in the right way, that is, if the thief be a regular member of the criminal fraternity. When it is privately circulated through the criminal quarter that a reward will be given and no questions asked, the business soon commences if the reward be high enough. The advertiser receives a letter or a call, pays his money in advance, occasionally recovers his documents or goods, and sometimes he is duped, losing both his property and the reward which he offered for its return. We once heard the following remarkable story of working back. Some trust deeds were taken by burglars from a house a long way from London. A reward of more than £100 was offered for their return. In about three months after the robbery the gentleman concerned for the restoration of the legal documents received a communication from London, in which he was told that the deeds might be restored if he would act honourably. The necessary pledge was given, and the time and place of meeting appointed. The gentleman was strictly enjoined to come alone; he would be well watched, and if anyone was seen with him, the worker back would not show himself at the place of meeting. So the gentleman went alone to London, on a Saturday, and stood in Hyde Park at the appointed place of meeting. After a while a carriage drove up, a person stepped out of it—this was the worker back. After some conversation the gentleman was informed that he could not be put into possession of the documents until

Monday. The time and place of meeting was again appointed, and the gentleman was required not to leave London in the meantime. He did, however, leave London, went home, and returned to the place of rendezvous on Monday at the time agreed upon. When the worker back came up, he at once charged the gentleman with a breach of faith, told him by what train he left London, where he went on the Sunday, and described the person who accompanied him to the railway station on the Monday morning. The gentleman urged that he had committed no breach of faith, and that it was only the necessities of business which compelled him to go home. They then got into a conveyance, and drove from the Park into one of the low parts of London. After traversing many back streets the passengers alighted, dismissed the conveyance, and went through several low streets on foot. They wandered on through dark passages, up one staircase and down another, until they came to a small back yard, and here the business was done. A small shutter was opened, and a hand held out the deeds. The gentleman saw that these were the identical documents he was in quest of. He passed the reward through the little window. The deeds were given to him, and he was requested to examine them in order that he might satisfy himself that he had not been deceived. He found that he had been honourably dealt with, and now the return journey commenced. He followed the footsteps of his guide through many a dark passage, and many a dreary street. They approached one of the leading thoroughfares and the guide suddenly vanished.

Suppose a thief has been justly apprehended, and is safely lodged in the police cell: are his evasions of the law then at an end? One would think so; but the thief says they are not. He professes to find a ready and efficient friend in the corrupt policeman. The charge-sheet lies upon the table, and the policeman finds in the list the name of an old friend. Then to business. Information is conveyed to the criminal's friends. They are perhaps instructed to tamper with the accuser, who is assured that the property shall be restored, in result of which the charge may be withdrawn. Or perhaps the line of defence is planned, and false witnesses are called. And here it may be said, that in close connection with the thieves there is a class of people who will swear to anything, if they are paid for it; "suborned witnesses," if a New Testament phrase may be used in such a connection. Low public-houses, where the magsmen take their victims, and lewd women drug the drink and fleece the purse of their hapless prey, are said to receive not a little assistance from the police; so that, in addition to the curse of drunkenness, these licensed pandemoniums are frequently dens of knavery. A man, let us suppose, has been cheated and robbed of everything, and, stung to madness, he rushes into the street for a policeman. But it may happen that the policeman on this beat knows the houses well, and has received many a bribe at their hands; so he "bounces" the maddened victim as well as he knows how, probably telling the plundered wretch that he has been where he ought not to have been, and advising him to go quietly home and say nothing about it, lest he should bring disgrace upon himself and his friends by a public exposure. So the victim sneaks home, and the corrupt policeman repairs to the criminal house, and refreshes his polluted throat with the bribing beer. He has smoothed away a disturbance, and must be rewarded with a share of the spoils. One is compelled to believe that public-houses are frequently no better than a den of thieves, and that the keepers of them frequently break the law by the connivance of those who ought to know better. Some time ago the following paragraph appeared in one of the provincial papers, headed "CRIME IN LARGE TOWNS.—Mr. ——, the late chief constable of ——, has written a letter to a gentleman in that town, in answer to inquiries as to the chief cause of crime in ——, and the ability of a watch committee to repress it. As to the first point, Mr. —— says, that drink is at the root of nearly all crime, and he complains that at present it is not fairly grappled with. As to the second, he says:—'Shortly after I was appointed at ——, a member of the watch committee (not now in the council) called upon me with a list, in writing, of four public-houses which were his property, and promised that, if I laid no informations against them, himself and friends would support me in the committee. He gave a similar list to the inspector next in command under me. These four were among the very worst-conducted houses in the town.'"

The marine-store dealers continue to evade the law as cleverly as most folks. After a long run—let us suppose a case—in the criminal purchase of criminal goods, the marine-store dealer attracts to himself the suspicions of the police. The suspected party soon feels that he must do something to avert suspicion and to prevent unpleasantness. He therefore saves himself by giving information to the police concerning some one who has brought what he believes to be stolen goods to his shop. But who and what are the parties against whom he informs? The thieves say that the marine-store dealer never informs against any one who really serves him well by cleverly bringing plenty of valuable goods. He informs only of those whose custom is so small as to make it worthless. Facts seem to bear this out, for, as far as we know, the marine-store dealers never do give information when anything very valuable is at stake.

There is a peculiar class closely allied with the regular thieves, whom we may call the better educated class. Scholars, clever people, and clerks, who have lost their character. These draw up briefs, write letters, and make sham invoices, by means of which the travelling thief passes himself off for what he is not.

The public press renders immense service to the country in reference to crime, but the press is used

for evil as well as for good. Every morning the regular thief reads the police reports. Not unfrequently he has been an active agent in the crimes reported, and from these reports he draws his own conclusions as to what he must do to secure his own safety. The police *Hue and Cry* is not always perused by official eyes alone. Many of the thieves declare that they can see it as often as they please, and they go so far as to say that all the leading fence-masters, or receivers of stolen goods, read the *Police Gazette* regularly every week. The *Hue and Cry* contains detailed descriptions of supposed guilty parties, of missing or stolen property, and from these minute descriptions, the receivers of stolen goods and the thieves know whether or not the law is on the right scent, whether the chase is hot, or whether the pursuit will soon be given up. Thus they know whether to hide, to keep quiet, or to abscond.

The public mind has been frequently agitated in reference to ticket-of-leave men, and although it is not the province of this article to take up that subject at large, we may glance at it in its relation to evasions of the law. The loose manner in which the ticket-of-leave system was formerly administered, enabled numbers of returned convicts to plunder the public. This shameful state of things was chiefly owing to the fact that the ticket-of-leave men were not obliged to put in an appearance anywhere, nor were they compelled to report themselves to any one who had power to prevent the abuse of their conditional freedom. But the success with which these criminals evaded the law was also achieved by their own ingenuity. To say nothing of their clever selection of new and distant localities as the scene of their depredations, or of the assistance which they received from uncaught thieves, we may confine ourselves to one ingenious trick. Most of the regular thieves have their arms tatooed, sailor fashion, and these marks are carefully noted by the police and the prison authorities. The first thing, therefore, that the ticket-of-leave man did after coming out of prison was to get his arm marks altered. A wine-glass was turned into a sand hour-glass, or an anchor was transformed into a shield with quarterings. So he expected to escape, and sometimes did, because his arm marks failed to correspond with the evidence for identity. It was absolutely necessary that the ticket-of-leave man should regularly report himself to some appointed officer, in order that his manner of life might be truly known. So far the principle of the new regulation is wise and just, but to whom the ticket-of-leave man should report himself is another and a very different question. To make these criminals report themselves to the police is, in our judgment, a mistake. No man who has ever undergone penal servitude—whether he be a regular thief or only an exceptional offender—has any confidence in the police. The gentlemen in blue are execrated and mistrusted by the whole criminal fraternity, and at this fact, in the light of the foregoing revelations, no one need be surprised. Whether we believe the thieves' accusations or not, the thieves themselves do certainly believe them. Such, then, being the state of feeling between the two parties, it would be very extraordinary if the police inspection worked well. In addition to the prejudices and accusations which the thieves hold against the police, the inspection is not consistent with the proper functions of the police. A policeman's office and interests are vitally bound up in the detection of rogues, *rather than in making men honest.* How can any man successfully unite these two functions, without sacrificing the one to the other. If the ticket-of-leave man goes on quietly and honestly, as many of them do, the policeman gains neither emolument nor fame, but loses both; whereas, if by any means he can fall foul of the ticket-of-leave man he is lauded in the newspapers, and is soon promoted by the watch committee. Thus destruction to the ticket-of-leave man means salvation for the policeman. Many ticket-of-leave men never were regular thieves, and most of these, together with a few who have been criminal from their infancy, are anxious to bury the past, and strive their uttermost to earn an honest living. But the officious taunts of an ignorant and swaggering policeman will not help them very much. Not long ago a theft was committed in a manufactory. A detective was sent for, but he could make no discovery. Still he must earn professional honour of some sort in the case, and so he singled out about a dozen ticket-of-leave men who were steadily earning an honest living in that factory; and these poor fellows were at once dismissed, although from the arrangements of the factory, it was morally impossible that they could have had anything to do with theft. So this showy detective was eulogised, and the struggling ticket-of-leave men, against whom nothing was proved, were driven out into the open world, to beg, to starve, or to steal. So much for officious police interference. It would have been much better if the new regulations had required the ticket-of-leave men to report themselves to the Poor-law officers once a fortnight, instead of being obliged to report themselves to their natural enemies, the police, once a month.

The following case of distress resulting from police interference with a reformed thief may be taken as a specimen of many such cases which must be well known to those whose official or philanthropic labours have brought them into contact with reformed criminals. During a two years' imprisonment a thief was brought to a better state of mind. He resolved to lead an honest life, and on his release from prison he sought and obtained employment. He got on well, and soon exchanged his first situation for a second with better wages. He formed an acquaintance with a respectable and prudent girl, whom he married. About six months after his marriage, the police got to know that he

had "squared up," and was doing well. One night the reformed thief met a policeman whom he had known when he was leading a criminal life. The policeman asked him to do some "nasty work" for him, but the *quondam* thief promptly refused, saying that he was now leading an honest life, and meant to stick to it. This made the policeman angry, and he took a cruel revenge. The employer of the reformed thief was warned and prejudiced by the police, and the poor fellow was dismissed from his situation. The man knew not what to do: he had not the means of removing from the town, and could get no work where he was. In despair, and wanting the common necessaries of life, the poor fellow fell back to crime. When he was tried at the sessions his last employer was sent for, who gave him an excellent character, and said that he had nothing whatever against him. He was dismissed solely through the influence of the police. The man got two years' imprisonment, and of course from that hour all hopes of his reformation were at an end. His wife and child must have starved but for the kindness of her parents.

Some of the statements in this paper will surprise the reader, but he must pause before he rejects everything which the thieves say upon the subject of evasions of the law. So many thousands could never live by crime unless they had some strange means of escaping justice, and upon this aspect of the subject it is high time that the public should be enlightened. As far as the writer knows, or can ascertain, there is scarcely a prison chaplain, a governor of a reformatory, or a manager of a prison, who has not heard, again and again, from the criminal classes themselves the substance of the revelations contained in this article, and what everybody so positively affirms should certainly be well considered. The manuscript of this article was submitted to a police authority of considerable experience. After he had read it, the writer asked him "Is it all true?" and the answer was "*No doubt of it.*"

HENRY W. HOLLAND.

A REMEMBRANCE.

OTHER thoughts have parted me
From thy tender memory;
Spaces, like a cloudy sea,
Lie between my life and thee.

Buried sunsets heave and glow
Where I would, but cannot, go;
Purple storm and golden veil
Make the lovely distance pale.

O! I want, across the cloud
Once to hear thee speak aloud!
Not with those faint calls that seem
But a summons from a dream.

Not with those faint calls that fleet
Daily past me in the street,
Ceasing but to sound again
While I turn my head in vain.

One vast moment, to content
Hunger of my banishment!
One strong clasp, and then I *know*
I could bear to let thee go!

M. B. SMEDLEY.

"WALKING WORTHY OF GOD."

By THE EDITOR.

"That ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory."—1 Thess. ii. 12.

EACH of us, as he reads these words, should consider whether his faith has been more defective with reference to the truth here revealed, or his practice with reference to the life here enjoined. Where is our faith in the fact that the living God has "called us to His kingdom and glory?" Who of us firmly believes it? If so, where is our gratitude and joy; or, rather, where is our life as a necessary consequence of such faith? Would that the truth of God could be brought out of the shadowy dream-land in which, to our dim eyes, it is apt to dwell, and that it became to us as real as any of those things which so powerfully rivet our attention, fill our thoughts, and stimulate our labours! For what a great change would it work in man, if God were to him as real a person as any of his neighbours—that His kingdom and glory were as palpable a reality as the money, to gain which he fights every day, to lose which he fears every hour, and to forget which is impossible for a single moment. Could we but attach the importance to this "kingdom and glory" which we do to the rise or fall of the money-market, to the question of war or of peace, to the expectation of a time of health or of sickness, then would there be such a true "revival" among us as would make us "walk more worthy of God" all the days of our pilgrimage, until we "dwelt in the house of the Lord for ever!"

Consider first of all the kingdom and glory to which God has called us. But to what kingdom? Is it His material kingdom only? Is it to possess its beauty by beholding and enjoying it, as revealed in world on world, for ever? Is it to possess its riches and to gather up its gold and jewels where and when we please? Is it to possess the power which everywhere so subtly works, and to exercise it in moulding worlds into beauty, or rearing in them palaces and homes of grandeur, such as the earth in its scenes of greatest magnificence never possessed? This indeed might seem a grand destiny, to have dominion over worlds, and these paradises of joy given to us for ever. Were such a kingdom as this a fit expression of God's bounty, He could assign it to us as readily as He does the cup of cold water to the lips of a parched saint! But if we knew what is really implied in possessing God's kingdom, we would smile in pity at those who preferred the material creation of God to it, just as the matured Christian would smile at the memory of his childish days when he preferred a toy to his Creator.

The greatest kingdom we can possess is to know the only living and true God, or, in other words, to love God. It is impossible indeed for Him, who is infinitely wise, and infinitely powerful, to give us any inheritance greater than this. It was Christ's possession throughout eternal ages before the world was, or any created thing existed; and it is His chief possession now. It is the possession of angels and of saints. What sights, think you, have the mighty angels seen since they came into being! What have they enjoyed from the riches of creation—from the intellect, from the affections, from society, and from labour! Yet, nevertheless, their kingdom and glory is in knowing and loving God. And it is thus, too, with those who once lived here, and, like children, chased bubbles as we do, and pursued shadows, and had their foolish and their sinful dreams, and who bought and sold, planted and builded, and were made glad by successful speculation in merchandise or made sad by failure, and who sometimes thought lightly enough of God's kingdom, yet who sincerely held fast their faith in God in darkness and their love to Him in weakness. These died and were buried and are forgotten, and the world goes on as it did when they were in it. But they now understand somewhat better what is meant by God's kingdom; and could they speak to us, we know not whether they would do so with holy indignation at our unbelief, or with pity at our folly, remembering their own, or with words of yearning love to awaken us from our sleep. One thing, however, they would tell us—that in the universe they had found but one kingdom in all, through all, and above all, the perfect love of the loving God. And if they once more prayed on earth, it would be to intercede with God in our behalf that their own richest possession might also become ours.

I should like to dwell for a short time on the thought of this kingdom. The idea of possession or inheritance belongs to a kingdom; hence such expressions as these:—"Thou hast made us kings:" "We are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ:" "All things are ours:" "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." And if it is so, what would we reckon to be the greatest of all possessions, of all that exists or that can be possessed? *God* or the *creature—God* or the *things* which He has made? And if there is but one reply to this question, then consider further how we can possess God. Not surely by the senses, nor through the intellect or the understanding; but by the spirit, the heart, the knowledge, which is love. And this is the greatest possession, the richest inheritance possible for us. This is the "kingdom of God which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." The same truth is expressed when it is said "that we are

priests unto God;" for priestly sacrifice is the sacrifice of self, or in other words, the reign of love over self. Hence again, it is said, "if sons then heirs:" for the son is an heir, because he possesses his Father in love, and so is a fellow-heir with Jesus Christ at once the Son and Brother. When therefore God calls us "unto His kingdom," He calls us to possess Himself.

But it may be asked—what of other *persons*, and *things?* Shall we be poor in these? I reply that we possess all persons and all things when we possess God.

For example, we thus possess *ourselves*. There is such a thing as losing oneself, or being cast away: but we lose ourselves, lose self-possession, self-government, self-respect, when we lose our God. And it is only when we find Him that we find ourselves, and when we come to Him that we come to ourselves, and when we love Him that we can truly love ourselves; for then, but not till then, we are to ourselves, what we are to our God, very dear and precious. And thus it was said of the prodigal when he arose and went to his father: "My son was lost but *now* is found."

Then as to the possession of *our brethren*, it is sufficiently evident that if as sons we possess God our Father, so must we possess as our brethren all who are His sons. This union and sympathy of soul, by which we can use the language "I am thine and thou art mine," is based upon eternal righteousness, and grounded on the love which is of God and in God. Hence the possession by Jesus of the perfect love of His whole redeemed Church as His brethren, is, next to the possession of the love of His Father, His most glorious inheritance, and is described as "the riches of the glory of his inheritance *in* the saints."

And what, again, it may be asked, of our possession of *things?* What of the material kingdom of God, for example, with its magnificent scenery, its rich melodies, and its noble works? What of the possession by the eye and ear of all that can be seen or heard within its ample borders? What of the grander possession by the intellect, in the gathering of truth for ever from the finite and Infinite, from the unchangeable and variable, from the seen and unseen, from the laws of the Creator, and from the things created? "*All things are ours*, whether the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are ours." What the universe of glory and of beauty is to God, it must be to us, in so far as creatures renewed after the image of God, and made like to Him in Jesus Christ, can possess and enjoy all things with the Creator. If he rejoices in His works so will we. That which is true, and good, and beautiful to Him, will be so to us. His kingdom will come into us, or we into it, when we come to Himself, the King. Now this is also "*glory:*" and no higher glory can the creature attain to. It is the perfection of the creature's being. "The glory thou hast given *me*, I have given them, that they may be one even as we are one," one in love, and therefore one in blessedness and joy. Christ in us is the hope of glory.

We can very feebly apprehend all this. It is easy to repeat the words, but O, how difficult to attach a real, or adequate meaning to that which they express! Yet the saints in Heaven comprehend what we so feebly but apprehend. There is not one in Heaven, let him while on earth have been called statesman, philosopher, warrior, man of science, or sovereign, to whom every idea of what is glorious and worthy of admiration, is not absorbed in this love to God, and to all who are like Him, as the very glory of the universe.

But this kingdom and glory are not to be enjoyed hereafter only, for they are shared in kind, though not in degree, now. We can say even here, "Behold now are we the sons of God!" "We are partakers of the glory which shall be revealed." And again, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Consider, further, that God hath "*called* us to His kingdom and glory."

The ground of this call is His own character. He is perfection, and therefore desires perfection in all his creatures, which alone can fully meet His wishes. Material perfection is the immediate result of His will, and consequently all things are made very good, and indeed with reference to the ends which they are intended to serve, they could not be better. The starry heavens are perfect in their mechanism; the whole earth is full of His glory. But it is not so with man, because man is not a *thing* but a *person*, and his choice is an essential element in forming his character.

Now God calls him to choose this perfection, and presents every motive, and is willing to bestow upon him every power essential to the discharge of his responsibility, and to the realisation by him of the end of his being, which is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.

And in how many ways does He call us to His kingdom and glory! From the addresses of St. Paul to the heathen even, we are taught how His call is issued to those prodigal children, who are furthest from Him. The Apostle told the heathen Greeks, who worshipped in ignorance an unknown god, that the living and true God had, by even the arrangements of His providence, called them to "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him." Though He was not far from any one of them:—"He told them that He had determined the bounds of their habitation" for this purpose—a doctrine which might be applied to their inner life, as well as to their outer condition, in so far as they were conscious of an ideal of glory, which had its "bounds" in the actual and could never be realised except in God, and which therefore led to Him. He told the heathen Romans, that if they did not from visible things discover the invisible, and so perceive God's eternal power and Godhead, and from

their own moral being see His reflected, though as in a glass darkly, it was their own fault, "because they did not like to retain Him in their knowledge." He told the heathen Asiatics, that God had never "left himself without a witness, in that he did good, and gave them rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with joy and gladness."

But *we* have not to fall back upon such calls from afar—echoes, so to speak, of that Divine voice which is addressing us; for the call of God has come to us clear and distinct from Heaven, repeated and repeated in so many forms, that its sound fills the earth and sky. This call, interpreted by the Gospels, is expressed indeed in every instance of mercy that speaks of One who has "good will to men;" in every play of the affections that points to a love deeper and fuller than the heart of the creature can afford; in every loving parent who attracts the heart to the Father in Heaven; in every brother who attracts to Him who is *the* Brother; in every friendship which is but a sign of a higher friendship, satisfying, purifying, and enduring; ay, even in every agony or sense of emptiness experienced by the lonely and selfish spirit, which is designed to drive us, as by a strong wind, from the stormy sea into a harbour and a home where the heart can find rest. All these and many more voices from the Eternal Throne are saying to us, had we only an inner ear to listen to them, "Come to me." But these are almost lost in the one mighty voice of the Living Word—Jesus Christ—who has come to call us to His own kingdom and glory. O, mighty call, loud as a hallelujah of love which might surge through the universe in waves of joy, and beat upon the listening ear of distant worlds; yet a melody so low and soft that a child can hear it without fear, and lift up its eyes in peace to God and say—"My Father in Heaven!"

Jesus Christ the Son of God, who dwelt in the bosom of His Father from all eternity, has come from God and has been made flesh and has dwelt amongst us, to reveal in His own person what the kingdom is, and how it is to be obtained and possessed. By His life and death, summed up in His great atoning sacrifice, He has received, as His greatest reward, the joy of calling sinners unto the kingdom, and many sons and daughters unto God; and hence His prayer—"Glorify thy Son, that thy Son may also glorify thee: as thou hast given Him power over all flesh to give eternal life to as many as thou hast given Him: and this is life eternal, that they might know thee, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

Jesus Christ, "who was dead and is alive, liveth for evermore," to accomplish his divine work. All power is given to Him as king, that He might make us heirs of His own kingdom, and that, as kings, we might in the end reign with Him for ever. All that Christ said and did, as embodied in the Gospel, is God's call to a lost world to receive the kingdom. And when Jesus left the world, in His love and wisdom He made arrangements for keeping that call alive, so that His word should never die. He willed that the call should be embodied in an imperishable record, which should be spread before the eyes of men, and read and re-read until it was transferred to the mind and memory, as "with a pen upon the rock for ever;" and He ordained that it should be spoken aloud in the ears of men by ambassadors from God, who were to speak as "though God did beseech" by them and "as in Christ's stead." He has, moreover, so arranged matters in His Divine providence, and according to the will of His Father, that the first day of every week should be consecrated to the special advancement of His kingdom, when the messengers of the Gospel should preach the message of love, and His people meet to hear it, and to praise God for it, and to pray that His kingdom might come more and more into their hearts, and to labour that others should be brought into it. He has directed all who share the blessings of the kingdom to send the message of love and mercy to every land, and to say to every human being—"The God who made you, who spread those heavens over your head, who has formed this palace of earth for your comfort, who has given you every blessing—this God has made you for good and not for evil, for love and peace and not for hate and misery; and He has sent His Son to seek and save you by His death and life, and He now calls you to turn from dumb idols to worship the living God, and to bring you out of the kingdom of darkness into the marvellous light of the kingdom of His dear Son."

The King has also instituted sacraments, each testifying to love on the part of God. By one, children even are baptised on their entrance into the world, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—God thus claiming them as His own, as having been created to become children to Him the Father, by Jesus Christ the Son, through the Spirit the Sanctifier, and thus to be made heirs of the kingdom; and He charges parents and the Church to accept of these young heirs, and so to instruct them and train them up as that they shall in the end obtain the inheritance. Moreover, He spreads before His people a social meal, inviting them to partake of it in memory of His death for the redemption of transgressors, that "they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance." That Holy Supper is a constant witness to a communion with God in Christ, and with His people, and of a kingdom and glory whose meat and drink and whose bond of fellowship is love. It is also a foreshadowing of the time when His people shall inherit the kingdom prepared for them before the foundation of the world, and eat and drink at His table in His kingdom when He comes again. "Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father," that "God may be all in all." Nay more: God seals these outward calls by

His own Spirit, who, in ways and by means unknown to us, worketh in the spirit of man, knocking at the door of man's intellect, conscience, and affections, addressing him through every avenue to his will, to quicken him, persuade him, and strengthen him to obey the call of God. "The Spirit says, Come." His work is to glorify the Son in us, that we, through Him, may glorify God and share His kingdom and glory.

And now let us consider what our duty is with reference to this call of God. It is that we "*walk worthy of God*, who hath called us to His kingdom and glory."

This command is more directly applicable to those who have heard and obeyed the call. But seeing that the call is, in deed, to every man, since "God willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," His ambassadors as fellow-workers with Him are to beseech all whom they address not to "receive the grace of God in vain," but "to be reconciled to God." When any one hears the call for the first time, what a moment in his history is that! He hears the good news that his God and Father is calling him through Jesus Christ to inherit all things, by simple faith in the righteousness of his Redeemer—a faith which cannot exist without working by love. In these circumstances, would he not be bound by every consideration that could affect a responsible being "to walk," at least, worthy of this *call;* and upon the mere chance that it might be true? Assume the possibility that there is no such kingdom—that it is a vain imagination and presumption; and let it merely be granted that what all the Christian Church for eighteen centuries has believed and rejoiced in *may* be true—that it is not impossible that even they themselves *may* be, as most certainly in the belief of every Christian they *ought* to be, partakers in some degree of its blessings now, and perfectly hereafter;—then, surely, this would be sufficient to condemn a man as wanting in all principle, all reverence for God, and as being unaffected by even the most prudential considerations, if he is not roused to thoughtfulness or even earnest inquiry. Does he not deserve to remain a beggar, if he despises even to inquire after the inheritance and the kingly crown which are thus offered to him? An honest seeking, a calm attention, a reverential thoughtfulness, are morally required of them, even should they believe nothing more than that what Christ and His apostles taught, what the Christian Church has believed, and what millions of the truest and best on earth have enjoyed, *may* be true, and may also be theirs. Let them begin at this starting-point, and, if sincere, they will by God's help run the race, and in the end reach the goal, and possess the inheritance. "Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." But let those who hear the call and refuse to pay attention to it,—let them turn away the shoulder and reject all God's counsels, and "not regard" Him, even when He stretches forth His hand, saying, "Turn ye at my reproof: I will pour my Spirit upon you,"—then, verily, the kingdom will never be theirs, and the ground of their condemnation will be this: "Because *I have called*, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; ye set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof." It was for this the slothful servant was condemned,—not merely because he did not his Lord's work, but because he "*prepared* not himself" to do it.

But how can those who have obeyed the call walk worthy of God?

To walk worthy of God! Weigh these words well, and say if they do not seem to extinguish rather than to kindle hope in our hearts? Methinks the highest seraph before the throne, or the first of heaven's hierarchy, might shrink at the thought of even attempting to walk worthy of God, so mysterious in His Eternal Being, so magnificent in His endless creations and contrivances, so perfect in His adorable character, so unfathomable in the depth of His wisdom, so incomprehensible in the fulness of His love! Such an attempt might seem an effort bordering upon the sinful ambition which made the angels fall. Nevertheless it is proposed to us. It is *we* who have never walked worthy of our own feeble convictions or beliefs for a single hour,—who have walked so often and so long in harmony with all that was vain, paltry, and worthless; *we* who have been contented with husks and proud of our rags—who have been poor and needy and in want of all things, yet in our ignorance and folly have said, "We have need of nothing;"—it is *we* who are called to walk worthy of God! And how can it be done? Before the attempt is hopefully, and therefore earnestly made, we must have some true idea how a man in this present world would walk, if he walked worthy of God. And what picture would our imagination be likely to draw of such a one? How would we represent our ideal man? It is possible that we would picture to ourselves a being with a noble, world-awing aspect, such as the old poets ascribed to their hero-gods. We might surround him with such signs of power and magnificence as would express the dignity of a person called to act so distinguished a part upon the earth, and give him a visible kingdom, a throne of resplendent glory, the sceptre of wide-spread dominion, the possession of a gorgeous palace encircled by glittering hosts obedient to his will. We might assign to him also what is called glory—the glory of genius in every form, of the poet, the philosopher, the orator, the man of science, the wise legislator, the irresistible commander, and the supreme ruler of the earth. And such a man we might possibly imagine would adequately realise, as far as man could do, the idea of a being who was Godlike. If this, or anything the least like it, can be accepted as a representation of one walking worthy of God, no Gospel verily

could be preached to the poor, nor indeed to any of us!

But let us turn from the foolish picture which might be fashioned by man's fancy, and look at a very different one—not a fiction, but a reality—not what might be, but what actually was—and see the Godlike in the Godly. Come, see a man who, indeed, walked worthy of God! But where shall we find him? Not in a palace, but in a lowly home—not in the abode of an earthly monarch, but of a common artisan. He was not a rich man, but one who had no place where to lay His head—one who was not honoured by men, but was despised and rejected. He was Jesus of Nazareth! About Him there was no outward visible grandeur, but lowliest birth and humblest upbringing, with most ordinary labour for many a year, and the endurance of the heaviest sorrows. No regal pomp attended His walks across the fields of Palestine. A few poor fishermen and pious friends alone were with Him. Yet this man was a King, heir of a King, sent by a King, the Founder of a Kingdom that cannot be moved, and the Lord of Glory. He possessed a power which is even yet subduing the earth; not such power as shattered the rocks of Horeb, or made the hurricane roar through its giant peaks, but power which, like the sun and dew, causes verdure to cover the earth and fills it with mellow fruitfulness and food for man. His was the power of the still small voice of truth which, when it entered the heart, subdued it and possessed it with irresistible might for ever. He had, indeed, a glory before which that of all earthly thrones pales; but it was not that belonging to material things, which cannot be ours, but that of character, which may be ours—the splendour of humility and meekness, the beauty of purity and holiness, the magnificence of self-sacrifice and self-denial: in one word, the glory of perfect love. His majesty shone amidst the lowly hills when prostrate before God in silent prayer; or in rural villages when He wept tears of sympathy with Martha and with Mary; or in words and works of mercy, as when he said, "Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee;" "Thy faith hath made thee whole." His kingly march of triumph was going about doing good; His spoils of victory, captives freed from the power of evil; His conquests, human hearts. Never did such a true King tread the earth, although His crown was thorns, His sceptre a reed of mockery, His festal cup a cup of sorrow, His anointing drops of blood, His throne a cross, His death among thieves, and His grave a gift of charity. And there never trod the earth one who walked so worthy of God; because in life and death He did the will of His Father, and at all times perfectly loved God and man. As a son and brother He loved. He loved the Father with heart, soul, and strength, and His neighbour as Himself; and God said of Him, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

It is thus that, when we contemplate the life of Jesus, we see what it is to "walk worthy of God." We understand how neither genius, nor rank, nor riches, nor anything which we cannot grasp, are necessary to constitute such worth as this; but that all which is necessary is within the reach of all who believe in Jesus, and receive His spirit; that no human being is excluded by God from the possession of His kingdom, which is for the cottage as well as for the palace, and is suited for Lazarus in his rags as well as for Abraham in the bosom of God—for Martha serving or for Mary listening—for the Magdalen in tears or for the Virgin-mother rejoicing—for Peter fishing on the lake or opening the door to Jew and Gentile—for Nicodemus in the council or for Cornelius in the army—for the children in the temple or for the priests at the altar—for all men, for all nations, for every kindred and tongue, Greek and Barbarian, bond and free. To nothing higher does God call the angel Gabriel than to perfect love; to nothing lower the blind beggar. It is the inheritance and glory of Christ—the inheritance and glory of Christians.

And where is the man to be found among us who walks worthy of God? "The Lord knoweth them that are His." And when He who judgeth not as man judgeth, who searches the heart and tries the reins of the children of men, sees any true love in the heart, however weak, emanating from His own love as seen in the cross, and imparted by His Spirit,—and when, with His own infinite charity, he sees in the lives of men deeds of self-sacrifice performed out of love, sees even a cup [of cold water given for Christ's sake, sees forbearance and gentleness manifested towards others, and a readiness to cover with a mantle of charity a brother's sins, sees a perfect peace amidst adversity, sees a careful and conscientious discharge of daily duty in the unknown walks of life,—there He beholds one walking worthy of Himself; for this love is the spirit of obedience, the bond of peace, the root of humility, the light of heaven and earth.

"I therefore beseech you to *walk worthy* of the calling wherewith ye are called, with *all lowliness and meekness*, with *long-suffering, forbearing one another in love.*" "Be followers of God as dear children; and *walk in love* as Christ also hath loved us and given Himself for us." So be it.

BETWEEN THE SHOWERS.

Down it came—the summer shower—
Bursting from the nimbus cloud;
Spending its impetuous power
On the great tree, strong and proud.
And the great tree murmur'd loud
As it caught the summer shower—
Turn'd it to a diamond dower.
When the cloud, its passion spent,
Broke and drifted, pale and rent,
Like a king refresh'd with wine,
Shone the tree. O heart of mine!
Pass through passion's frequent stress
With a like strong steadfastness.

Down it came—the summer shower—
Rushing through the sobbing air;
Beating on the lily-flower,
Till she trembled in despair
For her blossom, white and fair.
But in silence bent the flower,
Yielding perfume through the hour,
Till the sunbeams came and shed
A new glory on her head,
On her robes, more dazzling white,
And her crown more golden bright.
Thus—my heart!—is patience tried,
Thus is meekness glorified.

Down it came—the summer rain—
Dashing through the darken'd sky,
On the green and tender grain;
Which received it with a sigh,
Quiver'd in each blade, and nigh
Bow'd unto the earth with grief.
But a whisper of the sheaf
Raised its head, and so it stood,
Swelling into bounteous food;
And ere yet the rain was o'er
Glist'ning gladder than before.
Thus—my heart!—may dire distress
But increase thy fruitfulness.

RUTH THORNBURY; OR, THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, Author of "De Profundis," &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE GENERAL SHOP.

About three miles from the Cathedral city of X—— stands the Claydon turnpike gate, round which are clustered a number of cottages almost sufficiently numerous to merit the name of village. The most conspicuous of these, after the little road-side inn, is the dwelling of Mr. Thomas Carter, the proprietor of a highly respectable general shop. Mr. Carter was a married man, and his wife—a tall, honest, shrewd woman, about forty years of age—was a person of very industrious and cleanly habits, but somewhat infirm of temper. In the shop Mr. Carter employed an errand boy named Giles—a big, raw-boned, lazy shopboy, about sixteen years of age; and Mrs. Carter had under her special command a little girl about fourteen years of age, parents unknown, who had been obtained from the union workhouse. It was this damsel's duty to assist in making the beds and to take charge of the kitchen fire, when her mistress, in consequence of the master's absence from home, stress of customers, or other causes, was occupied in the shop.

Mr. Carter himself was an active, bustling man of business, about fifty years of age. Although the amount of capital he employed was far from being large, the articles he dealt in were very numerous. As an ill-painted board over the shop-door indicated, he was licensed to deal in tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff. Besides these, he sold Bath bricks, lucifers, treacle, soap, small beer, and candles. Butter and bacon were also to be found in his shop in considerable quantities. To these were added pins, needles, balls of cotton all the colours of the rainbow, barley-sugar, spices, and a hundred other things too various to describe. Besides the onerous duties of general shopkeeper, he was also post-master of the district, as might be seen by a letter-box being inserted in an opaque pane in the shop window. He was much respected by his customers, and with reason, for although there was no other shop near to offer him any opposition, he was very civil and attentive to all, no matter how small their orders might be, and he was moreover, in the fullest acceptation of the term, perfectly true and honest in his dealings.

Our narrative opens on a fine autumnal afternoon, shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Carter and their subordinates had finished their dinner. Mrs. Carter had taken up her post behind the counter in order to attend to any chance customer who might enter, and her husband attended by Giles was occupied in placing in a basket the different articles which had been purchased in the morning by families resident in the neighbourhood, and which had now to be sent to their different destinations.

"Let me see," said Mr. Carter, pausing in his task; "what is the next order? Two pounds of moist sugar, a bottle of blacking, and six Bath bricks, for Mrs. Jones."

BETWEEN THE SHOWERS.

"You can't send them all to-day," said Mrs. Carter; "we have only two Bath bricks in the house."

"How very annoying," said her lord and master. "This is the first order we have had from the Jones's, and it don't look well not to complete it."

"Why should you worry yourself about that?" said his better half, somewhat tartly. "Send the two we have, and Giles can take the rest to-morrow; we shall have some more in to-night. Don't forget to tell them, Giles, they shall have them the first thing in the morning."

"Yes, ma'am," said Giles, with a sort of groan; Bath bricks, owing to their weight, being the *bête noire* of that young gentleman's existence.

"Two pounds of currants, a pound of sugar, two ounces of beeswax, and a small-tooth comb, for the Wilsons," continued Mr. Carter, placing the separate items in the basket as he spoke. "Don't forget, Giles, when you leave them, to say that the packet of pins the servant took away from here last Friday were not paid for, and ask if I am to put them down to Mrs. Wilson's account. Say it civilly, you know, and that will give her a hint that I don't give servants credit."

"I won't forget, sir," was Giles's reply.

"Two shoe-brushes and another pot of blacking for the Brickmakers' Arms. You had better wait, Giles, after you have given them in for a moment or two, to see if they intend to pay for them; but don't ask for the money. They will pay in the long run, though they are rather long-winded. Let me see; that is all, I believe. No, by-the-bye, there are the things ordered last week for the Red House, two twopenny loaves and three candles."

When Mr. Carter had mentioned the last two items his wife gave a short satirical sort of laugh.

"What nonsense," she said, "your sending to that Red House; why, their orders don't pay Giles's shoe-leather. I'd stop that at once if I had my way."

"Come, come, wife," said her good-natured husband, "don't be angry. They have been better customers in their time, and I don't like to neglect them now they are poor. Let us do to others as we would be done by."

"As for my part," said Mrs. Carter, "I don't remember the time when their orders were anything to boast of. We have been here now five years, and all the profit we have made out of them would not buy me a new bonnet. I should not so much mind it if their house was in the road to anybody else's; but they are pretty well a mile beyond the Brickmakers' Arms, and we have no other customer out their way. It's nonsense our carrying business on in that manner."

"Well, well, perhaps you're right. However, the things are now in the basket, so there is no use saying anything more about it. Now, Giles, you may be off, and the sooner you are back the better."

"If we see him back before supper-time," said Mrs. Carter, with a toss of the head, "he will make more haste than he has ever done yet."

Mr. Carter made no further observation, and Giles, with a groan strongly resembling that uttered by an overloaded camel, had the basket lifted on his shoulder and left the shop.

Notwithstanding the recommendation of his master to be speedy, Giles's movements were of the slowest. Of all that amiable youth's duties, the one he liked least was the one he was then employed on. He had at any time an instinctive aversion to a long walk; but to one after dinner, and with the accompaniment of a heavy load, he had a particular abhorrence. There was no alternative for him, however; the work was to be done, and all the consolation he could find was to perform it with as little inconvenience to himself as possible, and this he conscientiously carried out. But even in this good resolution the fates were somewhat against him. If his road had lain in the direction of the town he might have met persons with whom he could converse, and in that he could have found some relief, as he was by nature exceedingly loquacious; but his route was now directly opposite, and as he advanced travellers became scarce in proportion. As he arrived at the different customer's houses he not only left the goods consigned to them, but at each he rested himself as long as he conveniently could. He left the Bath bricks, as ordered, but utterly forgot the message sent by his master. The packet of pins which had not been paid for he certainly did remember, and even went beyond his instructions in pressing for immediate payment instead of applying the gentle hint suggested by his master. To this he was possibly instigated by the amiable idea that being out of humour himself he was justified in ruffling the temper of the girl to an equal extent. If such really was his intention, he succeeded to perfection, for he not only obtained no money from the damsel, but received instead some most uncomplimentary remarks both on his master and his messenger. At the Brickmakers' Arms he carried out his master's orders to wait to a far greater extent than was at all needed, for he sat in the porch for more than half an hour, complaining bitterly both of fatigue and thirst, in the vain hope that they might offer him a glass of beer. For some time no notice was taken of his remarks, but at last the landlady asked him if he would like a glass of water—an offer he treated with contempt. Utterly disgusted with the selfishness of human nature, he rose, and taking his basket on his arm, he turned from the high road into that which led to the Red House.

The cross road which Giles now took was the principal thoroughfare between two towns of but moderate importance. It was broad and well kept, although the traffic on it was but small; in fact, Giles that afternoon did not meet an individual the whole of the road, nor did one overtake him, as would certainly have been the case had any one been following him. With no better companion than his own bitter thoughts, he sauntered leisurely along, occasionally relieving the monotony of his melancholy by throwing a stone at some bird that offered

a good mark for the exercise of his skill. But lazy as he was, and tardy as was his pace, he at last arrived at his destination.

Had Giles possessed in the slightest degree a mind more impressionable than his own, he could hardly have escaped being struck with the dreary aspect and dilapidated condition of the Red House, notwithstanding that he generally visited it twice a week. An air of desolation seemed to hang over the whole place; all was either in ruin or bore marks of utter neglect. The house itself stood at some distance from the high road, but was occasionally seen from it through breaks in the trees. It had formerly been approached through a handsome lodge gate, and along a neatly kept carriage drive. But the lodge was now in ruins, its roof had fallen in, the panes in its windows were all broken, and its door wrenched from its hinges, probably for fuel to some of the numerous bands of gipsies which occasionally infested the neighbourhood, and who appeared to hold the whole vicinity as an eligible camping ground, frequently even using the neglected shrubberies of the Red House for that purpose. The lodge gate, which being of iron was not capable of being burnt, and was too heavy and inconvenient to be carried, had, in a spirit of pure mischief, been lifted from its posts and thrown upon the grass beside the drive, leaving the grounds exposed to the ravages of stray cattle. This, however, was of comparatively rare occurrence, for from some inexplicable cause the very brutes of the field seemed to have an instinctive dislike to the place, and preferred browsing on the dusty sward at the roadside.

From the lodge gates to the house the carriage drive proceeded through what had formerly been tastefully designed and well-kept pleasure grounds, but for several years past these had been allowed to run utterly wild. Rare and beautiful flowering shrubs it is true might occasionally be seen, but they were so choked with rank briars and foul weeds that they had lost all their vigour, and were dwindling and falling down among into the vegetable chaos which surrounded them. All trace of flower beds and borders had long since disappeared, and coarse and rank weedy grass covered the whole space they had occupied. As the visitor approached the house the gravel road branched off into two walks, one continuing its course towards the principal entrance-door, the other turning off to the left towards a tolerably extensive range of stable-buildings and out-houses. The same air of neglect and desolation which seemed to overshadow the whole place was discernible also in this cluster of buildings. All were in the most dilapidated condition, and evidently fast sinking into ruins. Stable doors were off their hinges, the glass in the window frames was all broken, roofs were falling in, and coarse weeds had sprung up a foot high in the interstices of the paving, while the stones themselves as well as the walls were covered with a slippery, thick, soft moss.

The house itself was a substantial moderate-sized mansion, built of red brick, from which it had derived the name of the Red House, and, judging from the style of its architecture, had been erected about the latter part of Anne's reign, or in the early part of that of George the First. Its appearance was gloomy and unpromising in the extreme. Its numerous long, gaunt, narrow windows with frames of solid clumsy carpentry, were glazed with the small dim square panes of glass of the last century, and which from want of paint and care were almost falling from the wood-work which enclosed them. The entrance-door was flush with the front of the house, and had a curious small wicket inserted in one of its upper panels. It was of oak, large and massive, but unpolished, and dried up by many years' exposure to the suns of summer and the action of the atmosphere, while the flight of stone steps which led up to it were in such a ruinous condition, that great care had to be taken in ascending them, lest they might fall out of their position. The back and sides of the house were, if possible, in a worse condition than the front. Hardly a pane of glass was whole in any of the windows, while the large conservatory, which had formerly led from the drawing-room to a handsome lawn, had fallen-in some years before from the weight of snow in winter, and had been left ever since in the same condition utterly uncared for.

Giles had now reached the entrance-door of this inhospitable-looking abode. After having placed his basket on the most secure stone on the top of the flight of steps he gave a loud knock with the heavy rusted iron knocker, and then seating himself somewhat uncomfortably on the handle of his basket, he waited patiently till his summons should be answered. He remained thus for some minutes, by no means surprised at the delay, as the inmates of the house were generally even slower in their movements than himself. He beguiled the time by watching the flight of a colony of rooks who had established themselves in the high elm-trees surrounding the house, and being disturbed by the noise he had made were now testifying their surprise and curiosity in a most excited manner. Still no one came to the door; and as the lengthening shadows of the trees on the grass and his own appetite warned him that supper-time was rapidly approaching, he rose from his seat, and again taking the knocker in his hand he gave such loud notice of his impatience that the sound re-echoed through the house. No more notice however was taken of this second appeal than of the former, with the exception of still greater agitation among the rooks. Giles's annoyance at the delay was now so great that he took no further notice of the rooks beyond bestowing on them some very uncomplimentary remarks for the noise they were making, for the noise hindered him in his attempt to listen, with his ear glued to the wicket, whether any one was coming.

Several times did Giles repeat his double knock, but without any satisfactory result. At last, almost in despair, he again seated himself on the handle of his basket, that he might reflect more at his ease what course to pursue in the unpleasant predicament he found himself placed in. His position was really a most unpleasant one. From all appearance there was not the slightest probability of the wicket, through which he was accustomed to communicate with the inmates of the house, being opened to him, even though he remained there till the next morning. On the other hand, if he returned home without having executed his commission, it was extremely possible that Mr. Carter, who was a strict disciplinarian, and who had but slight faith in his servant's veracity, might discredit the whole of his (Giles's) statement, true as it was, and under the supposition that he had shirked his duty, and had not called at the Red House, send him back again. At last that physiological phenomenon which in hard winters drives the robin to seek for succour at the dwellings of man—hunger—began to act so powerfully on Giles that he became desperate, and resolved at all hazards to return home, and undauntedly brave whatever dangers might there await him. Before leaving the house, however, he resolved to make one more effort with the knocker as a solace to his conscience. He did so, and with such energy that the most terrible brazen thunder produced by the hand of the most expert London postman sank into utter insignificance when compared with it. Still not the slightest result followed his efforts, and even the rooks, which, during Giles's cogitation, had again sought their nests, as the evening was fast advancing, took no notice of it.

Giles now got fairly desperate, and snatching up his basket he proceeded rapidly homewards. From time to time, however, certain timorous qualms and doubts as to the reception his master would give him passed across his mind, in spite of his energetic whistling and other efforts to drive them away. As he neared home his fears increased, and with them his pace slackened till the quick march he had started with diminished to a melancholy drawl, and when he came in sight of the turnpike gates he came to a dead halt. After waiting for a few minutes in doubt, he at last came to the conclusion that sooner or later he must face his master, and that nothing could be obtained by further delay, with the exception, perhaps, of a more severe scolding. He again moved slowly forward, taking care however to keep on the side of the road opposite to the shop, so that he might be able to ascertain what was passing within it before he entered. The evening was now so far advanced that the two shop candles had been lighted, and by their aid he could perceive that Mr. Carter was engaged in his postmaster's duties, sorting the letters, and tying them up in little packets, preparatory to the arrival of the mail cart, and that Mrs. Carter was nowhere to be seen. All this fell in admirably with Giles's wishes, for his master had issued strict orders that no one was to speak to him when occupied with the letters, and consequently there would be no questioning for the moment, nor would there be any inspection of the basket by Mrs. Carter.

Having fully made himself master of the position, Giles made a desperate dash forward, entering the shop in great haste, as if the impetus of his homeward march had been so great that he found it impossible to stop himself. The trick, however, did not pass without notice from Mr. Carter, who, however, for the moment said nothing, but contented himself with casting a threatening glance at Giles, and then continued with his letters. The glance was by no means without its effect on Giles, who hastily concealed his basket under the counter opposite to his master, and then turned into the kitchen, where, to his great joy, he found his supper set down for him. Fearing the entrance of his master into the kitchen, he immediately seated himself at the table, and ate so voraciously that the little handmaiden who was present began to be greatly alarmed lest he should choke himself. Fortunately, however, no such calamity occurred, and Giles succeeded in finishing his supper before his master made his appearance. He immediately commenced a series of uncomplimentary remarks on Giles's habitual idleness and vagabond habits, all of which were listened to silently but sullenly, the good supper that young gentleman had lately consumed having considerably raised his courage. To one of his master's severe remarks Giles had even begun to meditate a reply, which was, however, nipped in the bud by the entrance of Mrs. Carter, who had been on some commission to the town. She immediately commenced a report of her adventures, and the conversation thereon lasted till bedtime. Before they retired for the night, however, Giles received a proof that his behaviour was neither forgiven nor forgotten by his master. "Although," said Mr. Carter, addressing him, "it is too late to-night, sir, for me to explain to you my opinion on your conduct, the subject will keep hot, and I promise you it shall not lose by keeping till to-morrow morning."

Giles, although he made no answer, was by no means displeased at the affair standing over, for he knew full well the difficulty his good-natured master would have in keeping up anger for twelve whole hours. He now slunk off quietly to his sleeping apartment under one of the counters in the shop, where, amidst the collection of odours peculiar to a country general-shop, and in the company of a fine tom cat which Mrs. Carter had kindly provided to frighten away the mice which were in the habit of nestling in his bed-clothes, he soon fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER II.—AT THE RED HOUSE.

As soon as breakfast was over next morning, Giles was called into the presence of his master, not only to render an account of the business trans-

actions given him to execute the day before, but also to receive a lecture on the unwarrantable length of time he occupied when on errands, as well as on his general idle habits. The latter part went off without any very great difficulty. Giles knew that nothing could be gained by arguing the point with his master, and he also distinguished by the tone of Mr. Carter's voice that his anger had already greatly subsided.

"And now, sir, about the things you had to take home yesterday. Have you anything to tell me about them?"

"Nothing, sir. I left them all as you told me."

"Did you speak about the packet of pins not having been paid for?"

"Yes, sir, I did; but the servant put herself in a passion, and said you ought to be ashamed of yourself for troubling her about a trifle of the kind."

"Like her impudence," said Mrs. Carter, entering the shop. "There is always more bother with those servants than their mistresses."

"True enough, wife," said Mr. Carter; "but at the same time, we should bear in mind that if there were no servants there would be no mistresses, and that would not suit our books you know. Did you leave the message about the Bath bricks as I told you?" he continued, addressing Giles.

"Yes, I did, sir," said Giles, without the slightest hesitation: a lie being but a trifle in his way when occasion required one.

"Well, then, keep your word this morning, and start off with the other four. Where is your basket?"

"Under the counter, sir," said Giles, reddening at the danger of discovery.

Mr. Carter immediately advanced to the spot indicated by Giles, and drew out the basket. Finding in it the two twopenny rolls and the three candles which he had ordered to be taken to the Red House, he angrily demanded of Giles an explanation of the affair.

"If you please, sir, I knocked ever so long at the door, but I could not make anybody hear. It was not my fault if I did not leave the things."

"I more than half suspect," said his master, "that you never went near the house at all."

"Yes, I did, sir; you can ask them at the Brickmakers' Arms, if you please. They saw me go down the road, and said it was a shame to send me so far with such a beggarly order."

"I suspect they were not far wrong," put in Mrs. Carter, "and since he has brought the things back, they may as well remain here. If the Red House folk want to deal with us, let them come here. It's not farther from their house to ours than from ours to theirs."

"That's all very well, wife, and perhaps you are right on the whole. For the future, I am willing to give up the custom of the Red House, if you wish it. To-day, however, I will be obeyed. Take those things back again," he continued, addressing Giles, "as soon as you have left the Bath bricks; and see that you get the money for them. They always pay regularly enough, I must say that."

The Bath bricks were now placed in the basket, and Giles started off on his errand.

A long walk after a good breakfast on a fine autumnal morning not being by any means so objectionable as one after a good dinner, Giles went along contentedly enough. He left the Bath bricks at the house they were intended for, and he then continued his road to the Red House, and in due time arrived at his destination. He first commenced operations by giving a loud postman's knock, knowing full well that that functionary is generally more quickly attended to in his calls than other visitors. Nor was Giles disappointed in his calculation. After waiting patiently for a few moments, listening attentively at the door the while, he fancied he heard some one moving in the house. The sound suddenly stopped again, and Giles began to doubt whether he had not been mistaken. To assure himself on the point, he again took the knocker in his hand and repeated the postman's knock even louder than before. The sound of some one slowly moving towards the door he now most unmistakably heard, and he took the candles and loaf from his basket ready to hand them through the wicket as soon as it should be opened, as the door had never once been unclosed to him before.

The wicket opened, and immediately afterwards the person behind it disappeared, having fallen down heavily on the floor. Giles, greatly surprised, waited anxiously to see if the person would rise again, but she—for it was a woman—remained motionless. Giles now raised himself on tip-toe to see, if possible, through the wicket what had taken place inside. At first he could see nothing, but on looking carefully on the stone floor of the hall, he could distinguish a female hand and arm, but, from not being tall enough, he could not see the figure to which they belonged. What to do fairly puzzled the boy, whose intellects at the best were none of the brightest. Finding he could come to no settled conclusion, he got frightened, and instead of seeking for assistance in the neighbourhood, he left his basket on the door-steps and started home with an amount of celerity most unusual to him, nor did he slacken his speed till he had arrived at his master's house.

Although Giles's account of his adventure, owing to his fright and want of breath, was somewhat obscure, the worthy shopkeeper understood it sufficiently to be aware that something serious had happened, and without more ado he called to his wife to mind the shop during his absence, and putting on his hat, he accompanied Giles at a sharp pace to the Red House. Arrived there, he found Giles's basket still upon the steps, and on looking through the wicket, which was still open, he saw, at a short distance from the door, the motionless form of a woman. At first sight he

thought she was dead; but Giles assured him that she was not in the same position she was in when he had left her, but must have moved since her fall. Mr. Carter therefore concluded that life might not be extinct, and he called loudly several times without eliciting any answer or detecting the slightest movement to prove that she had heard him.

He now left the door and proceeded rapidly to the public road to seek for assistance. Fortunately two persons were in sight: one, the Rev. Mr. Keats, a clergyman resident in the town, a justice, and a canon of the Cathedral, to whom Mr. Carter was known; and the other was a farm labourer, who resided some short distance from the Red House. The shopkeeper clearly and concisely explained to the clergyman the position the poor woman was in, and requested his advice what steps to take in the matter.

"We must get into the house by some means," said Mr. Keats, "and see what we can do for her. Here, my man," he continued, addressing the farm labourer, "have you anything to do just now?"

"No, sir," replied the labourer; "I am very sorry to say I have not."

"Then come and help us. I will see you are paid for anything you do."

The man willingly accepted the offer, and they all advanced towards the house.

"I thought," said the peasant, as they walked along, "there was something wrong with the old woman, and I have said so many times."

"What made you think so?" inquired the clergyman.

"Because for some nights past no light has been seen in her sitting-room. My mistress noticed it as well. She had been out for a day's charing, and as she came home late at night she looked out for the light in the sitting-room, but it was not to be seen, and after that the night policeman noticed it too."

"Why did you not give an alarm about it, then?"

"Well, you see it was no business of our'n, and besides that, nobody would like to interfere with her, or go near the house, if they could help it."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," said the man somewhat sheepishly. "Perhaps because they say the house is haunted. Not that I believe it myself."

"Who told you that nonsense?" said the clergyman.

"I don't remember who told me, but that's what they say about here."

"By whom do they say it is haunted?"

"Well, they say the old woman sits up all night playing cards with the devil," replied the labourer, "and that she sleeps all the daytime."

"This appears to be a very serious offence indeed," said Mr. Keats, smiling, "and one that I, as a clergyman, ought to take up without a moment's delay."

By this time they had reached the door, and the clergyman, looking through the wicket, still saw the form stretched upon the floor of the hall. When he removed his head, Mr. Carter looked in.

"Is she in the same spot she was in when you left her?" inquired Mr. Keats.

"She is, sir," was the reply; "but if I am not very much mistaken she has moved one of her arms since I saw her. Yes, I am certain she has. Giles, look in and tell me whether I am not right."

Giles did as he was desired, and fully corroborated his master's statement.

"Then," said Mr. Keats, "we must contrive to get into the house immediately in some way. Pray God we may yet be able to save the poor creature's life."

They now left the front door and examined the windows on the basement floor, to find one through which they might with the least inconvenience enter into the house. This was a work of some short time, for although most of the panes were broken, all the window-shutters were closed, and barricaded more or less effectually. At last they selected one, whose fastenings appeared to be more insecure than the rest. The countryman then quickly obtained a stake from a fence near by, and by using it as a lever, they soon contrived to effect an entrance. With some little difficulty, owing to the darkness of the passages, they found their way into the hall; and raising the prostrate woman from the floor, they bore her carefully into the sitting-room, and placed her gently on a sofa. The clergyman, who like most of his profession knew something of medicine, felt for her pulse, but failed to detect it. He then placed his hand on her heart, and at last, with great difficulty, distinguished a slight low throbbing.

"Thank heaven, life is not extinct," he said; "we may perhaps be able to save her. You, my man," he continued, addressing the labourer, "go as fast as you can to the nearest public-house, and get me some brandy, or any other spirit which may be handy; and you, my lad, gallop off at once to the town and find out Doctor Wilson who lives in the Close. Give him my card, and tell him I should feel greatly obliged by his coming here as quickly as possible. Tell him to come himself if he possibly can; if not, to send some one else. If you obey me diligently, I will give you a shilling for your trouble."

The labourer and Giles started off on their respective errands, while the clergyman and Mr. Carter remained with the poor woman, who as yet showed no external signs of animation. The former continued to stand by her side, his anxiety and impatience for the return of his messengers being somewhat dimmed by the sympathy he now began to feel for his patient. There was something particularly interesting in her appearance. Although certainly in the decline of life, (she was evidently fully fifty years of age), her hair grey and dishevelled and her dress scanty, poor, and ragged, there was

such an expression of profound sorrow over her pallid features that it fairly went to his heart. Without knowing a word of her history, he instinctively felt that her life had been a blameless one, and that her present condition had been caused more by her misfortunes than her faults. He inquired of his companion if he knew anything of her family, but he received the somewhat unsatisfactory reply that he knew nothing of her whatever beyond that she and an old woman resided together in the house, and even that he knew only from the statement of his errand-boy, Giles. Some few months since the poor woman before them was in the habit of coming to his shop to make purchases of provisions and household necessaries, but always in a very small way, and she then used to take them away with her. She was always very taciturn, avoiding all conversation. About three months since she inquired if he would have any objection to let his boy call two or three times a week at her house for orders, as she found the walk very fatiguing. He acceded to her request, but she would never let the lad into the house, but gave her orders through the wicket, and received the goods by it as well, always punctually paying for them at the time. Latterly her orders had been very small indeed, in fact they were hardly worth executing, and he often feared she was getting very poor. Somewhere he had heard that she had formerly been very respectable, but from his own knowledge he knew nothing.

Mr. Keats cast a hasty glance around him. The room was large and lofty. The sole furniture consisted of the sofa upon which the poor woman was stretched, two torn and much worn antique easy chairs, one on each side of the fire-place, a few ordinary chairs which, though old-fashioned, had been well made, and a soiled mahogany dining table, with a large open Bible upon it at one corner, and a common brass candlestick, in which a candle had suddenly burnt out, in the centre. The paper on the walls was faded to an extent which rendered it impossible to discern what had been its original pattern; the fire-place was rusted and dilapidated, and without fuel, and the curtainless windows had evidently not been cleaned for months, possibly for years. Poverty and neglect were, in fact, stamped on everything in the room.

The labourer now returned with some spirits in a glass, and the clergyman, not without some difficulty, contrived to insert a few drops into her mouth. Small as the quantity was it was evidently not without some beneficial effect, and the dose was repeated. Animation now began perceptibly to return, and the kind-hearted clergyman congratulated himself on the result of his experiment. He next took a small piece of bread from the little loaf in Giles' basket, and after soaking it in the spirits, he succeeded in placing it in her mouth, and he could perceive from the mechanical movement of the muscles of the cheek, that she felt its presence. By degrees the vital powers became more apparent, but still no return to consciousness could be detected. Mr. Keats hoped on, however, and continued the stimulant.

Presently the sound of carriage wheels was heard on the gravel road leading to the house, and on looking out of window Mr. Keats, to his great joy, saw the doctor's brougham approaching. It stopped at the door, and Doctor Wilson himself alighted from it. With merely a nod and a friendly look at the clergyman, he walked straight to the sofa on which the patient was stretched. He felt her pulse, pressed his hand on her heart, and then, without speaking, carefully examined the pupil of her eye.

"You have been giving her some spirit," he said at last, examining the glass which had contained it. "You have done well, and it is probable you may have saved her life by it."

"What do you think is the matter with her, sir?" inquired Mr. Carter.

"There is but one conclusion I can at present arrive at," was the reply. "Judging from her emaciated form, poverty-struck appearance, and the powerful effects of the few drops of spirits you have given her, I am afraid she is simply suffering from starvation."

"Do you know anything of her?" asked Mr. Keats.

"Very little, indeed. Several months since I attended her mother, a very aged woman, on her death-bed. I suspected then they were very poor, but I had no idea there was any danger of an affair like this. I understood, by the bye, that this poor woman was to leave the house immediately after her mother's funeral, but I forget from whom I heard the report. One thing, however, I remarked about her, was that she hardly seemed in her right mind. Not insane, understand me, but utterly bewildered, probably by misfortune, of which I have heard she has had her full share. There appeared about her an air of great respectability not unmixed with pride, which gave me the impression that she would possibly consider it an act of indiscretion if I inquired into her family affairs. Now you know as much about her as I do.

"Probably not," said Mr. Keats, "or you must be ignorant of her name."

"From the fact of her wearing no wedding ring, I presume it is the same as her mother's, which was Thornbury," replied the doctor.

"I am certain they were very poor, said Mr. Carter, "I now remember having heard that after her mother's death, and before the funeral, she went in the dusk of the evening more than once to a pawnbroker's shop in the town to raise some money on her plate, a few pieces at a time, which I dare say was to pay for the expenses she had incurred."

During this conversation the doctor had been engaged in inserting into his patient's mouth small quantities of the spirit. At last, evidently with great difficulty, she gave a deep sigh, and immediately afterwards her lungs slowly commenced their action.

"I think we are safe for the moment," said the doctor.

"Thank God for it," said Mr. Keats.

"Don't you think, sir," said Mr. Carter, "that we had better ascertain for certain whether there is any one else in the house? From what Giles has told me, there were two women living here together, one much older than the other, though he certainly has not spoken much about them lately."

"Certainly we ought to be well informed on that point," said the doctor. "And now you mention it, I remember when I was attending Mrs. Thornbury there was an old servant who nursed her. I was very much struck with her appearance at the time, as there was a certain air of almost Quakerish neatness about her. I remarked also that she was much distressed at her mistress's death, and wept bitterly over her. Possibly she may now be in the house, bed-ridden and ill. If you two will go over the house and seek for her, I will remain here with my patient."

Mr. Keats and the shopkeeper agreed, and they immediately commenced their search.

If the sitting-room which they had left had borne on it the marks of utter poverty and neglect, it was a model of neatness and comfort when compared with the other parts of the house they visited. Room after room they entered, some of which had possibly not been opened for years. The atmosphere of those whose windows were unbroken, was almost stifling from the accumulated dust which arose in clouds from the mere action of opening the doors. The chambers on the first floor, though somewhat scantily furnished, were in tolerably decent order when compared with those on the second. These were crammed with all sorts of useless, dilapidated furniture, in a singularly damp and mouldy state, evidently arising from water from the rooms above them having filtered through the ceiling, many parts of which had fallen down on the floor beneath it. On ascending to the third floor, this crowding of the one beneath it was partly accounted for. When the roof had begun to get out of order and to let in the rain, no attempt had been made to repair it; but to remedy the inconvenience tubs had been placed to catch the water, and the furniture of the rooms was removed to the story below. As the tubs when full were never emptied, it naturally followed that the floor soon became flooded, and the water made its way through it.

Not finding the old servant in any of these rooms, Mr. Keats and his companion descended again, but before giving up all hope they resolved to search the basement floor. Here also there was the same appearance of poverty and neglect. The kitchen range was so rusted that it could not certainly have been used for years; indeed it was easy to perceive that the whole floor had long since been in disuse. Nothing was here found that could afford the slightest clue to the old servant's whereabouts, and they ascended to the ground floor. There they entered a room (the library) they had not yet visited. Some of the books were still upon their shelves, the others were piled up together in one corner of the room, and all were covered with a thick layer of dust. After the occupants of the house had determined that the basement floor should no longer be used, they had turned the library into a kitchen. Here it might have been expected that the gloom which pervaded the other part of the house would be wanting. Such however was far from being the case. It formed no exception to the rest. The small stove, which had been badly set by some inexperienced hand, was falling away from the brickwork which surrounded it. The kitchen battery was of the poorest description, and out of repair; while the crockery, which was placed on the shelves from which the books had been removed, was in no better condition, being cracked and broken, and only a few pieces amongst it belonging to the same set.

They again entered the sitting-room, where they found the doctor still watching his patient, and they informed him of the fruitless results of their search. The poor woman was evidently stronger than when they had left her, but still totally unconscious.

"We must now," said the doctor, "determine on some plan of action. My patient is certainly recovering, but it would be dangerous to attempt to move her just yet. I have sent the labourer for some milk for her, and when he returns I will endeavour to make her swallow some of it. In the meantime," he continued, addressing the clergyman, "you had better take my brougham and go to Mrs. Mitchell's. You know who I mean,—the person who was lately the matron of the County Hospital. She now lets lodgings for invalids, and a good, kind, attentive creature she is. Tell her I want her bedroom on the first floor for a patient of mine who is very ill. She must prepare it for her reception immediately, as I may want it in an hour's time."

"But what will become of the house when we have left it? There ought certainly be some one to take care of it," said Mr. Keats.

"You are quite right; I never thought of that," replied the doctor. "We ought not to leave it without some one to take charge of it, as you say."

"Would not the labourer answer our purpose?" said Mr. Keats. "I dare say for a trifle he would willingly remain in the house."

"But we know nothing of him," said the doctor; "besides, I do not like the idea of taking any responsibility on myself in the matter."

"I should think, sir," said Mr. Carter, "the better way would be, after Mr. Keats has seen Mrs. Mitchell, for him to go to the inspector of police, tell him all that has taken place, and ask his advice on the subject. I think it is very likely he would send a policeman to take care of the house till the right owner turns up, or the poor woman can explain herself."

"That is a capital suggestion," said the doctor. "Get the inspector by all means to send a policeman, if you can. He can come back in my car-

riage. I will, in the meantime, remain with my patient, and, as soon as she is strong enough, I will bring her with me to her lodgings."

Mr. Keats, accompanied by the shopkeeper, now started off in the brougham, leaving the doctor at his post. On the road Mr. Carter stopped at his own residence, and Mr. Keats proceeded onwards to Mrs. Mitchell, whom he was fortunate enough to find at home. Her first-floor being disengaged, she willingly agreed to receive the doctor's patient, and promised, as he desired, that everything should be ready for her in an hour's time. Mr. Keats then called on the inspector of police, who promised to send a policeman, and one was immediately dispatched to the Red House in the doctor's carriage, with instructions not to leave the place till further orders.

"There was always something about that house I could not understand," said the inspector. "I should have thought for some time past it had been uninhabited if my men had not told me there was a candle burning all night in one of the sitting-rooms, but was never seen in any of the bedrooms. More than once I sent a man to make some unimportant inquiry in the daytime, for the purpose of finding out who inhabited it, but no one ever answered the knock."

"What sort of reputation had the place?" inquired Mr. Keats.

"Oh, the foolish people about there used to say it was haunted, and told all sorts of absurd stories about it, all of which were, of course, lies."

"Who formerly occupied the house?"

"It belonged, I have heard, to an old gentleman of the name of Thornbury, now dead, and the present owner cannot be found. He went abroad, I understand, some years since, and nothing has been known of him since. At the same time I am a poor authority on the subject, as I have, as you know, only been here three years, and my duties are principally confined to the town."

The reverend gentleman then left the police station, and having now performed the whole of the duties assigned to him, he returned to his house. As it was now considerably past his dinner-hour, and his prolonged absence having caused a great deal of anxiety to his wife and two daughters, they anxiously inquired the cause. In reply he gave them a full account of his adventures at the Red House, and the danger the poor woman was in when he had left her, although somewhat recovered. The ladies, as may naturally be supposed, were greatly interested in his narrative. They readily volunteered to render her every assistance in their power, and proposed starting off immediately to Mrs. Mitchell's in order to receive the poor creature when the doctor should arrive with her. Knowing full well that too many persons round a sick person was fully as prejudicial as too few, Mr. Keats told them it would be far better for them not to interfere in the matter for the present, and by way of allaying their anxiety, he promised that as soon as dinner was over he would go over to the doctor's and see if he had arrived with his patient, and if so he would ask him whether Mrs. Mitchell needed any assistance. For his own part, he believed the doctor would prefer that his patient should be perfectly quiet and have no excitement. The young ladies and their mamma admitted the justice of this reasoning, and contented themselves with divers speculations as to what could have been the cause of the poor woman's misfortunes, for all of which, it is needless to say, they had not the slightest data to go upon.

In the meantime the doctor had been unremitting in his attention to his patient. Fortunately the labourer had been able to obtain some milk from a neighbouring cottage, and with some of the spirit mixed with it he contrived to raise the poor woman's strength considerably. Still, however, she showed not the slightest return to consciousness. It could hardly be said that her mental faculties were in a state of prostration, she seemed rather to be in the deep sleep of a greatly fatigued person in feeble health. He attempted to rouse her sufficiently to understand that he wished to remove her from the house. He desired her that if she understood, but was unable to speak, to raise her hand, but she evidently did not hear him, so profound was her slumber. In due time his brougham returned with the policeman in it, and he now resolved to take all responsibility and remove his patient to Mrs. Mitchell's. He put the policeman in possession of the house, and after remunerating the labourer for the trouble he had been put to, he took the emaciated form of the poor woman in his arms and placed her gently in his carriage. Having seated himself beside her the coachman drove as rapidly back to the town as the jaded energies of his horse would allow. Nor was the journey performed without considerable anxiety to the worthy doctor, the sitting position his patient was in being most objectionable in her condition. Thanks, however, to his great care, and the judicious use of the stimulants he had brought with him, he succeeded in reaching Mrs. Mitchell's without any accident; where for the present we will leave her, in good and skilful hands, and tended with the greatest care and attention, not only by her landlady but by the family of the Rev. Mr. Keats as well.

(To be continued.)

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Cottage changed its aspect greatly after the arrival of the regiment, and it was a change which lasted a long time, for the depôt was established at Carlisle, and Captain Askell got an appointment which smoothed the stony way of life a little for himself and his wife. Kirtell was very accessible and very pretty, and there was always a welcome to be had at the Cottage; and the regiment returned in the twinkling of an eye to its old regard for its Madonna Mary. The officers came about the house continually, to the great enlivenment of the parish in general. And Mrs. Kirkman came, and very soon made out that the vicar and his curate were both very incompetent, and did what she could to form a missionary nucleus, if not under Mrs. Ochterlony's wing, at least protected by her shadow; and the little Askells came and luxuriated in the grass and the flowers; and Miss Sorbette and the doctor, who were still on the strength of the regiment, paid many visits, bringing with them the new people whom Mary did not know. When Hugh and Islay came home at vacation times, they found the house so lively, that it acquired new attractions for them, and Aunt Agatha, who was not so old as to be quite indifferent to society, said to herself with natural sophistry, that it was very good for the boys, and made them happier than two solitary women could have done by themselves, which no duobt was true. As for Mrs. Ochterlony herself, she said frankly that she was glad to see her friends; she liked to receive them in her own house. She had been rather poor in India, and not able to entertain them very splendidly; and though she was poor still, and the Cottage was a very modest little dwelling-place, it could receive the visitors, and give them pleasant welcome, and a pleasant meal, and pleasant faces, and cheerful companionship. Mrs. Ochterlony was not yet old, and she had lived a quiet life of late, so peaceful that the incipient wrinkles which life had outlined in her face, had been filled up and smoothed out by the quietness. She was in perfect health, and her eyes were bright, and her complexion sweet, and her hair still gave out by times a golden gleam out of its brown masses. The gold had not turned as yet to silver, but with all this she did not look preternaturally young, but carried all the dignity of her age in her serious matronly beauty. Emma Askell with her usual vehemence, knowing nothing whatever about the matter, declared that she was more Madonna Mary than ever, for there had always been a certain amplitude and repose about her, and her attractions had always been emphatically those of a matron. Mary had nothing to fret her, and tranquillity surrounded her on every side. No wonder then that her old friends saw little or no change in her, and that her new ones admired her as much as she had ever been admired in her best days. Some women are sweet by means of being helpless, and fragile, and tender; and some have a loftier charm by reason of their veiled strength and composure, and calm of self-possession. Mary was one of the last: she was a woman not to lean, but to be leant upon; soft with a touch like velvet, and yet as steady as a rock—a kind of beauty which wears long, and does not spoil even by growing old.

It was a state of affairs very agreeable to everybody in the place, except, perhaps, to Will, who was very jealous of his mother. Hugh and Islay when they came home took it all for granted, in an open-hearted boyish way, and were no more afraid of anything Mrs. Ochterlony might do, than for their own existence. But Will was always there. He haunted the drawing-room, whoever might be in it at the moment; and yet—though to Aunt Agatha's consciousness, the boy was never absent from the big Indian chair in the corner—he was at the same time always ready to pursue his curate to the very verge of that poor gentleman's knowledge, and give him all the excitement of a hairbreadth 'scape ten times in a morning. Nobody could tell when he learned his lessons, or what time he had for study—for there he was always, taking in everything, and making comments in his own mind, and now and then interposing in the conversation to Aunt Agatha's indignation. Mary would not see it, she said; Mary thought that all her boys did was right—which was, perhaps, to some extent true; and it was said in the neighbourhood, as was natural, that so many gentlemen did not come to the Cottage for nothing; that Mrs. Ochterlony was still a young woman; that she had devoted herself to the boys for a long time, and that if she were to marry again, nobody could have any right to object. Such reports spring up in the country so easily, either with or without foundation: and Wilfrid who found out everything, heard them, and grew very watchful and jealous, and even doubtful of his mother. Should such an idea have entered into *her* head, the boy felt that he would despise her; and yet at the same time he was very fond of her and filled with unbounded jealousy. While all the time, Mary herself was very glad to see her friends, and, perhaps, was not entirely unconscious of exciting a certain respectful admiration, but had as little idea of severing herself from her past life, and making a new fictitious beginning, as if she had been eighty; and it never occurred to her to imagine that she was watched or doubted by her boy.

It was a pleasant revival, but it had its drawbacks—for one thing, Aunt Agatha did not, as she said,

get on with all Mary's friends. There was between Miss Seton and Mrs. Kirkman an enmity which was to the death. The Colonel's wife, though she might be, as became her position, a good enough conservative in secular politics, was a revolutionary, or more than a revolutionary, an iconoclast, in matters ecclesiastical. She had no respect for anything, Aunt Agatha thought. A woman who works under the proper authorities, and reveres her clergyman, is a woman to be regarded with a certain respect, even if she is sometimes zealous out of season: but when she sets up on her own foundation, and sighs over the shortcomings of the clergy, and believes in neither rector nor curate, then the whole aspect of affairs is changed. "She believes in nobody but herself," Aunt Agatha said; "she has no respect for anything. I wonder how you can put up with such a woman, Mary. She talks to our good vicar as if he were a boy at school—and tells him how to manage the parish. If that is the kind of person you think a good woman, I have no wish to be good, for my part. She is quite insufferable to me——"

"She is often disagreeable," said Mary, "but I am sure she is good at the bottom of her heart."

"I don't know anything about the bottom of her heart," said Aunt Agatha; "from all one can see of the surface, it must be a very unpleasant place. And then that useless Mrs. Askell; she is quite strong enough to talk to the gentlemen and amuse them, but as for taking a little pains to do her duty, or look after her children—I must say I am surprised at your friends. A soldier's life is trying, I suppose," Miss Seton added. "I have always heard it was trying; but the gentlemen should be the ones to feel it most, and they are not spoiled. The gentlemen are very nice—most of them," Aunt Agatha added with a little hesitation, for there was one whom she regarded as Wilfred did with jealous eyes.

"The gentlemen are further off, and we do not see them so clearly," said Mary; "and if you knew what it is to wander about, to have no settled home, and to be ailing and poor——"

"My dear love," said Aunt Agatha, with a little impatience, "you might have been as poor, and you never would have been like that; and as for sick—— You know I never thought you had a very strong constitution—nor your sister either—my pretty Winnie! Do you think that sickness, or poverty, or anything else, could ever have brought down Winnie to be like that silly little woman?"

"Hush," said Mary, "Nelly is in the garden, and might hear."

"Nelly!" said Aunt Agatha, who felt herself suddenly pulled up short. "I have nothing to say against Nelly, I am sure. I could not help thinking last night, that some of these days she would make a nice wife for one of the boys. She is quite beginning to grow up now, poor dear. When I see her sitting there it makes me think of my Winnie;—not that she will ever be beautiful like Winnie. But Mary, my dear love, I don't think you are kind to me. I am sure you must have heard a great deal about Winnie, especially since she has come back to England, and you never tell me a word."

"My dear aunt," said Mary, with a little embarrassment, "you see all these people as much as I do; and I have heard them telling you what news of her they know."

"Ah, yes," said Aunt Agatha, with a sigh. "They tell me she is here or there, but I know that from her letters: what I want to know is, something about her, how she looks, and if she is happy. She never *says* she is not happy, you know. Dear, dear! to think she must be past thirty now—two-and-thirty her last birthday—and she was only eighteen when she went away. You were not so long away, Mary——"

"But Winnie has not had my reason for coming back upon your hands, Aunt Agatha," said Mrs. Ochterlony, gravely.

"No," said Aunt Agatha: and again she sighed; and this time the sigh was of a kind which did not sound very complimentary to Captain Percival. It seemed to say "More's the pity!" Winnie had never come back to see the kind aunt who had been a mother to her. She said in her letters how unlucky she was, and that they were to be driven all round the world, she thought, and never to have any rest; but no doubt, if Winnie had been very anxious, she might have found means to come home. And the years were creeping on imperceptibly, and the boys growing up—even Will, who was now almost as tall as his brothers. When such a change had come upon these children, what a change must there be in the wilful, sprightly, beautiful girl whose image reigned supreme in Aunt Agatha's heart. A sudden thought struck the old lady as she sighed. The little Askells were at Kirtell at the moment with the nurse, whom their mother was now able to keep for them, and Nelly, who was more than ever the mother of the little party. Aunt Agatha sat still for a little with her heart beating, and then she took up her work in a soft stealthy way and went out into the garden. "No, my dear, oh no, don't disturb yourself," she said, with anxious deprecation to Mary, who would have risen too, "I am only going to look at the lilies;" and she was so conscientious that she did go and cast an undiscerning, preoccupied glance upon the lilies, though her real attraction was quite in an opposite quarter. At the other side, audible but not visible, was a little group which was pretty to look at in the afternoon sunshine. It was outside the garden, on the other side of the hedge, in the pretty green field, all white and yellow with buttercups and daisies, which belonged to the Cottage. Miss Seton's mild cow had not been able to crop down all that flowery fragrant growth, and the little Askells were wading in it, up to their knees in the cool sweet grass, and feeding upon it and drawing nourishment out of it almost as much as the cow did. But in the corner close by the garden hedge there was a more advanced development of youthful existence. Nelly

was seated on the grass, working with all her might, yet pausing now and then to lift her serious eyes to Will, who leant upon an old stump of oak which projected out of the hedge, and had the conversation all in his own hands. He was doing what a boy under such circumstances loves to do; he was startling, shocking, frightening his companion. He was saying a great deal that he meant and some things that he did not mean, and taking a great secret pleasure in the widening of Nelly's eyes and the consternation of her face. Will had grown into a very long lank boy, with joints which were as awkward as his brother's used to be, yet not in the same way, for the limbs that completed them were thin and meagre, and had not the vigour of Hugh's. His trousers were too short for him, and so were his sleeves. His hair had no curls in it, and fell down over his forehead. He was nearly sixteen, and he was thoroughly discontented—a misanthrope displeased with everything without knowing why. But time had been kinder to Nelly, who was not long and lean like her companion, but little and round and blooming, with the soft outlines and the fresh bloom of earliest youth just emerging out of childhood. Her eyes were brown, very serious and sweet—eyes that had "seen trouble," and knew a great many more things in the world than were dreamt of in Will's philosophy; but then she was not so clever as Will, and his talk confused her. She was looking up to him and taking all in with a mixture of willing faith and instinctive scepticism which it was curious to see.

"You two are always together, I think," said Aunt Agatha, putting down a little camp-stool she had in her hand beside Nelly, for she had passed the age when people think of sitting on the grass. "What are you talking about? I suppose he brings all his troubles to you."

"Oh, no," said Nelly, with a blush, which was on Aunt Agatha's account, and not on Will's. He was a little older than herself actually; but Nelly was an experienced woman, and could not but look down amiably on such an unexercised inhabitant of the world as "only a boy."

"Then I suppose, my dear, he must talk to you about Greek and Latin," said Aunt Agatha, "which is a thing young ladies don't much care for: I am very sure old ladies don't. Is that what you talk about?"

"Oh, yes, often," said Nelly, brightening, as she looked at Will. That was not the sort of talk they had been having, but still it was true.

"Well," said Miss Seton, "I am sure he will go on talking as long as you will listen to him. But he must not have you all to himself. Did he tell you Hugh was coming home to see us? We expect him next week."

"Yes," said Nelly, who was not much of a talker. And then, being a little ashamed of her taciturnity, she added, "I am sure Mrs. Ochterlony will be glad."

"We shall all be glad," said Aunt Agatha. "Hugh is very nice. We must have you to see a little more of him this time; I am sure you would like him. Then you will be well acquainted with all our family," the old lady continued, artfully approaching her real object; "for you know my dear Winnie, I think—I ought to say, Mrs. Percival; she is the dearest girl that ever was. You must have met her, my dear——abroad."

Nelly looked up a little surprised. "We knew Mrs. Percival," she said, "but she——was not a girl at all. She was as old—as old as mamma—like all the other ladies," she added, hastily; for the word girl had limited meanings to Nelly, and she would have laughed at its application in such a case, if she had not been a natural gentlewoman with the finest manners in the world.

"Ah, yes," said Aunt Agatha, with a sigh, "I forget how time goes; and she will always be a girl to me: but she was very beautiful, all the same; and she had such a way with children. Were you very fond of her, Nelly? Because, if that were so, I should love you more and more."

Nelly looked up with a frightened, puzzled look in Aunt Agatha's eyes. She was very soft-hearted, and had been used to give in to other people all her life; and she almost felt as if, for Aunt Agatha's sake, she could persuade herself that she had been fond of Mrs. Percival; but yet at the same time honesty went above all. "I do not think we knew them very well," she said. "I don't think mamma was very intimate with Mrs. Percival; that is, I don't think papa liked *him*," added Nelly, with natural art.

Aunt Agatha gave another sigh. "That might be, my dear," she said, with a little sadness; "but even when gentlemen don't take to each other, it is a great pity when it acts upon their families. Some of our friends here even were not fond at first of Captain Percival, but for my darling Winnie's sake—— You must have seen her often at least; I wonder I never thought of asking you before. She was so beautiful, with such lovely hair, and the sweetest complexion. Was she looking well—and—and happy?" asked Aunt Agatha, growing anxious as she spoke, and looking into Nelly's face.

It was rather hard upon Nelly, who was one of those true women, young as she was, who can see what other women mean when they put such questions, and hear the heart beat under the words. Nelly had heard a great deal of talk in her day, and knew things about Mrs. Percival that would have made Aunt Agatha's hair stand on end with horror. But her heart understood the other heart, and could not have breathed a whisper that would wound it, for the world.

"I was such a little thing," said Nelly; "and then I always had the little ones to look after—mamma was so delicate. I remember the people's names more than themselves."

"You have always been a very good girl, I am sure," said Aunt Agatha, giving her young com-

panion a sudden kiss, and with perhaps a faint instinctive sense of Nelly's forbearance and womanful skill in avoiding a difficult subject; but she sighed once more as she did it, and wondered to herself whether nobody would ever speak to her freely and fully of her child. And silence ensued, for she had not the heart to ask more questions. Will, who had not found the conversation amusing, had gone in to find his mother, with a feeling that it was not quite safe to leave her alone, which had something to do with his frequent presence in the drawing-room; so that the old lady and Nelly were left alone in the corner of the fragrant field. The girl went on with her work, but Aunt Agatha, who was seated on her camp-stool, with her back against the oak stump, let her knitting fall upon her knee, and her eyes wander into vacancy with a wistful look of abstraction that was not natural to them. Nelly, who did not know what to say, and yet would have given a great deal to be able to say something, watched her from under the shadow of her curls, and at last saw Miss Seton's abstract eyes brighten up and wake into attention and life. Nelly looked round, and her impulse was to jump up in alarm when she saw it was her own mother who was approaching—her mother, whom Nelly had a kind of adoration for as a creature of divine helplessness, for whom everything had to be done, but in whose judgment she had an instinctive want of confidence. She jumped up and called to the children on the spur of this sudden impulse: "Oh! here is mamma, we must go in," cried Nelly; and it gave her positive pain to see that Miss Seton's attitude remained unchanged, and that she had no intention of being disturbed by Mrs. Askell's coming.

"Oh how deliciously comfortable you are here," cried Emma, throwing herself down on the grass. "I came out to have a little fresh air and see after those tiresome children. I am sure they have been teasing you all day long; Nelly is not half severe enough, and nurse spoils them; and after a day in the open air like this, they make my head like to split when they come home at night."

"They have not been teasing me," said Aunt Agatha; "they have been very good, and I have been sitting here for a long time talking to Nelly. I wanted her to tell me something about my dear child, Mary's only sister—Mrs. Percival, you know."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Askell, making a troubled pause,—"and I hope to goodness you did not tell Miss Seton anything that was unpleasant," she said sharply, turning to Nelly. "You must not mind anything she said," the foolish little woman added; "she was only a child and she did not know. You should have asked me."

"What could there be that was not pleasant?" cried Aunt Agatha. "If there is anything unpleasant that can be said about my Winnie, that is precisely what I ought to hear."

"Mamma!" cried Nelly, in what was intended to be a whisper of warning, though her anxiety made it shrill and audible. But Emma was not a woman to be kept back.

"Goodness, child, you have pulled my dress out of the gathers," she said. "Do you think *I* don't know what I am talking about? When I say unpleasant I am sure I don't mean anything serious; I mean only, you know, that——and then her husband is such a man—I am sure I don't wonder at it, for my part."

"What is it your mamma does not wonder at, Nelly?" said Aunt Agatha, who had turned white and cold, and leaned back all feeble and broken upon the old tree.

"Her husband neglected her shamefully," said Emma; "it was a great sin for her friends to let her marry him; I am sure Mrs. Ochterlony knew what a dreadful character he had. And, poor thing, when she found herself so deserted—— Askell would never let me see much of her, and I had always such wretched health; but I always stood up for Mrs. Percival. She was young, and she had nobody to stand by her ——"

"Oh mamma," cried Nelly, "don't you see what you are doing? I think she is going to faint—and it will be all our fault."

"Oh, no; I am not going to faint," said Aunt Agatha, feebly; but when she laid back her head upon Nelly's shoulder, who had come to support her, and closed her eyes, she was like death, so pale did she look and ghastly; and then Mrs. Askell in her turn took fright.

"Goodness gracious! run and get some water, Will," she cried to Wilfrid, who had rejoined them. "I am sure there was nothing in what I said to make anybody faint. She was talked about a little, that was all—there was no harm in it. We have all been talked about, sometime or other. Why, fancy what a talk there was about our Madonna, her very self."

"About my mother?" said Wilfrid, standing bolt upright between Aunt Agatha, in her half swoon, and silly little Emma, who sat, a heap of muslin and ribbons upon the grass. He had managed to hear more about Mrs. Percival than anybody knew, and was very indifferent on the subject. And he was not alarmed about Aunt Agatha; but he was jealous of his mother, and could not bear even the smallest whisper in which there was any allusion to her.

"Goodness, boy, run and get some water!" cried Mrs. Askell, jumping up from the grass in her fright. "I did not mean anything; there was nothing to be put out about—indeed there was not, Miss Seton. It was only a little silly talk; what happens to us all, you know: not half, nor quarter part so bad as—— Oh, goodness gracious, Nelly, don't make those ridiculous signs, as if it was you that was my mother, and I did not know what to say."

"Will!" said Nelly. Her voice was perfectly quiet and steady, but it made him start as he stood there jealous, and curious, and careless of everybody else. When he met her eye, he grew red and frowned, and

made a momentary stand against her; but the next moment turned resolutely and went away. If it was for water, Aunt Agatha did not need it. She came to herself without any restorative; and she kissed Nelly, who had been whispering in her ear. "Yes, my dear, I know you are right—it could have been nothing," she said faintly, with a wan sort of smile; "but I am not very strong, and the heat, you know——" And when she got up, she took the girl's arm, to steady her. Thus they went back to the house, Mrs. Askell following, holding up her hands in amazement and self-justification. "Could I tell that she was so weak?" Emma said to herself. "Goodness gracious, how could anybody say it was my fault?" As for Nelly, she said nothing; but supported her trembling companion, and held the soft old hand firm on her arm. And when they approached the house Nelly, carried away by her feelings, did, what in full possession of herself she never would have done. She bent down to Aunt Agatha's ear—for though she was not tall, she was a little taller at that moment than the poor old lady who was bowed down with weakness and the blow she had just received. "Mamma says things without meaning them," said Nelly, with an undutiful frankness, which it is to be hoped was forgiven her. "She does not mean any harm, and sometimes she says whatever comes into her head."

"Yes, my dear, your mamma is a very silly little woman," said Aunt Agatha, with a little of her old spirit; and she gave Nelly, who was naturally much startled by this unexpected vivacity, a kiss as she reached the door of her room and left her. The door closed and the girl had no pretext nor right to follow. She turned away feeling as if she had received a sudden prick which stimulated all the blood in her veins, but yet yearning in her good little heart over Aunt Agatha who was alone. Miss Seton's room, to which she had retired, was on the ground floor as were all the sitting-rooms in the house, and Nelly as she turned away, suddenly met Wilfrid and came to a stand-still before him looking him severely in the face.

"I say, Nelly!" said Will.

"And I say, Will!" said Nelly. "I will never like you nor care for you any more. You are a shocking, selfish, disagreeable prig. To stand there and never mind when poor Aunt Agatha was fainting—all for the sake of a piece of gossip. I don't want ever to speak to you again."

"It was not a piece of gossip,—it was something about my mother," said Will in self-defence.

"And what if it were fifty things about your mother?" cried Nelly,—"what right had you to stand and listen when there was something to do? Oh, I am so ashamed! and after talking to you so much and thinking you were not so bad——"

"Nelly," said Wilfrid, "when there is anything said about my mother, I have always a right to listen what it is——"

"Well, then, go and listen," said Nelly with indignation, "at the keyhole if you like; but don't come afterwards and talk to me. There, good-bye, I am going to the children. Mamma is in the drawing-room, and if you like to go there I dare say you will hear a great many things; I don't care for gossip myself, so I may as well bid you good-bye."

And she went out by the open door with fine youthful majesty, leaving poor Will in a very doubtful state of mind behind her. He knew that in this particular Nelly did not understand him, and perhaps was not capable of sympathising in the jealous watch he kept over his mother. But still Nelly was pleasant to look at and pleasant to talk to, and he did not want to be cast off by her. He stood and hesitated for a moment—but he could see the sun shining at the open door, and hear the river, and the birds, and the sound of Nelly's step—and the end was that he went after her, there being nothing in the present crisis, as far as he could see, to justify a stern adoption of duty rather than pleasure; and there was nobody in the world but Nelly, as he had often explained to himself, by whom, when he talked, he stood the least chance of being understood.

This was how the new generation settled the matter. As for Aunt Agatha, she cried over it in the solitude of her chamber, but by-and-by recovered too, thinking that after all it was only that silly woman. And she wrote an anxious note to Mrs. Percival, begging her now she was in England to come and see them at the Cottage. "I am getting old, my dear love, and I may not be long for this world, and you must let me see you before I die," Aunt Agatha said. She thought she felt weaker than usual after her agitation, and regarded this sentence, which was in a high degree effective and sensational, with some pride. She felt sure that such a thought would go to her Winnie's heart.

And so the Cottage lapsed once more into tranquillity, and into that sense that everything *must* go well which comes natural to the mind after a long interval of peace.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I LIKE all your people, mamma," said Hugh, "and I like little Nelly best of all. She is a little jewel, and as fresh as a little rose."

"And such a thing might happen as that she might make you a nice little wife one of these days," said Aunt Agatha, who was always a match-maker in her heart.

Upon which Hugh nodded and laughed and grew slightly red as became his years. "I had always the greatest confidence in your good sense, my dear aunt," he said in his laughing way; and never so much as thought of Wilfrid in the big Indian chair, who had been Nelly's constant companion for at least one long year.

"I should like to know what business he has with Nelly," said Will between his teeth. "A great hulking fellow, old enough to be her father."

"She would never have *you*, Will," said Hugh laughing; "girls always despise a fellow of their

own age. So you need not look sulky, old boy. For that matter I doubt very much if she'd have me."

"You are presumptuous boys," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "to think she would have either of you. She has too much to do at home, and too many things to think of. *I* should like to have her all to myself," said Mary with a sigh. She sighed, but she smiled; for though her boys could not be with her as Nelly might have been, still all was well with them, and the heart of their mother was content.

"My uncle wants you all to come over to Earlston," said Hugh. "I think the poor old boy is beginning to give in. He looks very shaky in the morning when he comes downstairs. I'd like to know what you think of him, mamma; I don't think his wanting to see you all is a good sign. He's awfully good when you come to know him," said Hugh, clearing his throat.

"Do you mean that Francis Ochterlony is ill?" said Aunt Agatha, with sudden interest. "Your mother must go and see him, but you must not ask me; I am an old woman, and I have old-fashioned notions, you know—but a married lady can go anywhere. Besides he would not care for seeing me," Aunt Agatha added with a slightly-wistful look, "it is so very—very many years since we used to——"

"I know he wants to see you," said Hugh, who could not help laughing a little; "and with so many people in the house I think you might risk it, Aunt Agatha. He stands awfully in awe of you, I can tell you. And there are to be a lot of people. It's a kind of coming of age affair," said Hugh. "I am to be set up on Psyche's pedestal, and everybody is to look at me and sing out, 'Behold the heir!' That's the sort of thing it's to be. You can bring anybody you like, you two ladies, little Nelly Askell, and all that sort of thing," he added with a conscious laugh; and grew red again, not at thought of Nelly Askell, but with the thrill which "all that sort of thing" naturally brought into the young man's veins.

The face of Wilfrid grew darker and darker as he sat and listened. It was not a precocious passion for Nelly Askell that moved him. If Nelly had been his sister, his heart might still have swelled with a very similar sentiment. "He'll have *her* too," was what the boy said to himself. There was no sort of justice or distribution in it; Hugh was the lucky fellow who had everything, while no personal appropriation whatever was to be permitted to Wilfrid. He could not engross his mother as he would have liked to do, for she loved Hugh and Islay just as well as she loved himself, and had friends and acquaintances, and people who came and talked, and occupied her time, and even one who was supposed to have the audacity to admire her. And there was no one else to supply the imperious necessity which existed in Will's mind, to be the chief object of somebody's thoughts. His curate had a certain awe of him, which was satisfactory enough in its way; but nobody watched and worshipped poor Will, or did anything more than love him in a reasonable unadoring way; and he had no sister whom he could make his slave, nor humble friend to whom he could be the centre of interest. Nelly's coming had been a God-send to the boy. She had found out his discontent, and taken to comforting him instinctively, and had been introduced into a world new to her by means of his fancies: and the budding woman had regarded the budding man with that curiosity, and wonder, and respect, and interest, which exist by nature between the two representatives of humanity. And now here was Hugh, who, not content with being an Oxford scholar, and the heir of Earlston, and his mother's eldest son, and Sir Edward's favourite, and the most interesting member of the family to the parish in general, was about to seize on Nelly too. Will, though he was perhaps of a jealous temper, was not mean nor envious, nor did he grudge his brother his elevation. But he thought it hard that all should go to one, and that there should be no shares: if he had had the arranging of it, it would have been otherwise arranged; Hugh should still have had Earlston, and any other advantages suited to his capacity—but as for Oxford and Nelly—— It was unfair—that was the sting; all to one, and nothing to the other. This sentiment made Wilfrid very unwilling to accompany the rest of the family to Earlston. He did not want to go and survey all the particulars of Hugh's good-fortune, and to make sure once again, as he had already so often decided, that Hugh's capacities were inferior to his luck, and that it was really of little advantage to him to be so well off. But Will's inclinations, as it happened, were not consulted on the subject; the expedition was all settled without any room being left for his protest. Aunt Agatha was to go, though she had very little desire to do so, being coy about Mr. Ochterlony's house, and even not too well pleased to think that coyness was absurd in her case, and that she was old enough to go to anybody's house, and indeed do what she pleased. And Sir Edward was going, who was older than any of them, and was still inclined to believe that Francis Ochterlony and Agatha Seton might make it up; and then, though Mrs. Askell objected greatly, and could not tell what she was to do with the children, and limited the expedition absolutely to two days, Nelly was going too. Thus Will had to give in, and withdraw his opposition. It was, as Hugh said, "a coming of age sort of affair," but it was not precisely a coming of age, for that important event had taken place sometime before, when Hugh, whose ambition was not literary, had been working like a coal-heaver to take his degree, and had managed to take it and please his uncle. But there was to be a great dinner to introduce the heir of Earlston to his country neighbours, and everything was to be conducted with as much solemnity as if it had been the heir-apparent's birthday. It was so great an occasion, that Mrs.

Ochterlony got a new dress, and Aunt Agatha brought forth from among the sprigs of lavender her silver-grey which she wore at Winnie's marriage. It was not Hugh's marriage, but it was an event almost as important: and if his own people did not try to do him credit, what was to be expected of the rest of the world?

And for Nelly Askell it was a very important crisis. She was sixteen, but up to this moment she had never had a dress "made long," and the excitement of coming to this grandeur, and of finding Hugh Ochterlony by her side, full of unspeakable politeness, was almost too much for Nelly; the latter complication was something she did not quite understand. Will, for his part, carried things with a high hand, and behaved to her as a brother behaves to the sister whom he tyrannizes over. It is true that she sometimes tyrannized over him in her turn, as has been seen, but they did not think it necessary to be civil, nor did either of them restrain their personal sentiments in case anything occurred they disapproved of. But Hugh was altogether different—Hugh was one of "the gentlemen;" he was grown up, he had been to the University, he rode, and shot, and hunted, and did everything that the gentlemen are expected to do—and he lowered his voice when he spoke to Nelly, and schemed to get near her, and took bouquets from the Cottage garden which were not intended for Mrs. Askell. Altogether, he was like the hero of a story to Nelly, and he made her feel as if she, just that very moment as it were, translated into a long dress, was a young lady in a story too. Will was her friend and companion, but this was something quite different from Will: and to be taken to see his castle, and his guardian, and his future domains, and assist at the recognition of the young prince, was but the natural continuation of the romance. Nelly's new long dresses were only muslin, but they helped out the force of the situation, and intensified that vague thrill of commencing womanhood and power undreamed of, which Hugh's presence had helped to produce. Could it be possible that she could forget the children, and her mamma's head which was always so bad, and go off for two whole days from her duty? Mrs. Askell could scarcely believe it, and Nelly felt guilty when she realised the dreadful thought, but still she wanted to go; and she had no patience with Will's objections, but treated them with summary incivility. "Why shouldn't you like to go?" said Nelly, "you would like it very much if you were your brother. And I would not be jealous like you, not for all the world;" and then Nelly added, "it is not because it is a party that I care for it, but because it is such a pleasure to dear Mrs. Ochterlony, and to—Mr. Hugh ——"

"Ah, yes; I knew you would go over to Hugh's side," said Will: "I said so the very day he came here."

"Why should I go over to his side?" cried Nelly, indignantly; "but I am pleased to see people happy; and I am Mr. Hugh's friend, just as I am your friend," added the little woman, with dignity; "it is all for dear Mrs. Ochterlony's sake."

Thus it was that the new generation stepped in and took up all the foreground of the stage, just as Winnie and her love affairs had done, who was of the intermediate generation—thrusting the people whose play was played out, and their personal story over, into the background. Mary, perhaps, had not seen how natural it was, when her sister was the heroine; but when she began to suspect that the everlasting romance might, perhaps, begin again under her very eyes, with her children for the actors, it gave her a sweet shock of surprise and amusement. She had been in the shade for a long time, and yet she had still been the central figure, and had everything in her hands. What if, now, perhaps, Aunt Agatha's prophecy should come true, and Hugh, whose future was now secure, should find the little wife all ready for him at the very outset of his career? Such a possibility gave his mother, who had not yet arrived at the age which can consent to be passive and superannuated, a curious thrill—but still it might be a desirable event. When Mary saw her son hanging over the fair young creature whom she had coveted to be her daughter, a true perception of what her own future must be came over her. The boys *must* go away, and would probably marry and set up households, and the mother who had given up the best part of her life to them *must* remain alone. She was glad, and yet it went with a curious penetrating pang to her heart. Some women might have been jealous of the girl who had first revealed this possibility to them; but Mary, for her part, knew better, and saw that it was Nature and not Nelly that was to blame; and she was not a woman to go in the face of Nature. "Hugh will marry early," she said to Aunt Agatha, with a smile; but her heart gave a little flutter in her breast as she said it, and saw how natural it was. Islay was gone already, and very soon Will would have to go; and there would be no more for their mother to do but to live on, with her occupation over, and her personal history at an end. The best thing to do was to make up her mind to it. There was a little moisture in her eyes as she smiled upon Nelly the night before they set out for Earlston. The girl had to spend the previous night at the Cottage, to be ready for their early start next day; and Mrs. Ochterlony smiled upon and kissed her, with a mingled yearning and revulsion. Ah, if she had but been her own—that woman-child! and yet it required a little effort to accept her for her own, at the cost, as it were, of her boy—for women are inconsistent, especially when they are women who have children. But one thing, at least, Mary was sure about, and that was, that her own share of the world would henceforward be very slight. Nothing would ever happen to her individually. Perhaps she regretted the agitations and commotions of life, and felt as if she would prefer still to endure them,

and feel herself something in the world—but that was all over; Will *must* go. Islay was gone. Hugh would marry; and Mary's remaining years would flow on by necessity like the Kirtell, until some day they would come to a noiseless end. She said to herself that she ought to accept, and make up her mind to it; that boys must go out into the world, and quit the parent nest; and that she ought to be very thankful for the calm and secure provision which had been made for the rest of her life.

And next morning they started for Earlston, on the whole a very cheerful party. Nelly was so happy, that it did every one's heart good to see her; and she had given Will what she called "such a talking to," that he was as good as gold, and made no unpleasant remarks. And Sir Edward was very suave and benign, though full of recollections which confused and embarrassed Aunt Agatha. "I remember travelling along this same road when we still thought it could be all arranged," he said; "and thinking what a long way it would be to have to go to Earlston to see you; but there was no railroad then, and everything is very much changed."

"Yes, everything," said Aunt Agatha; and then she talked about the weather in a tremulous way. Sir Edward would not have spoken as he did, if he had not thought that even yet the two old lovers might make it up—which naturally made it very confusing for Aunt Agatha to be the one to go to Earlston, and make, as it were, the first advances. She felt just the same heart thumping a little against her breast, and her white hair and soft faded cheek could not be supposed to be so constantly visible to her as they were to everybody else—and if Francis Ochterlony were to take it into his head to imagine—— For Miss Seton, though nothing would have induced her to marry at her age, was not so certainly secure as her niece was that nothing now would ever happen in her individual life.

Nothing did happen, however, when they arrived at Earlston, where the master of the house received them, not with open arms, which was not his nature, but with all the enthusiasm he was capable of. He took them to see all his collections, everything he had that was most costly and rare. To go back to the house in this way, and see the scene of her former tortures—tortures which looked so light to look back upon, and were so amusing to think of, but which had been all but unbearable at the time, was strange to Mary. She told the story of her miseries, and they all laughed; but Mr. Ochterlony was still seen to change colour, when she pointed out the Etruscan vase which Hugh had taken into his hand, and the rococo chair which Islay had mounted. "This is the chair," the master of Earlston said; and he did not laugh so frankly as the rest, but turned aside to show Miss Seton his Henri II. porcelain. "It was nothing to laugh at at the time," he said, confidentially, in a voice which sank into Aunt Agatha's heart; and, to restore her composure, she paid great attention to the Henri Deux ware. She said she remembered longing very much to have a set like that when she was a girl. "I never knew you were fond of china," said Mr. Ochterlony. "Oh, yes," Aunt Agatha replied; but she did not explain that the china she had longed for was a toy service for her doll's and little companion's tea. Mr. Ochterlony put the costly cups away into a little cabinet, and locked it, after this; and he offered Aunt Agatha his arm, to lead her to the library, to see his collection there. She took it, but she trembled a little, the tender-hearted old woman. They looked such an old couple as they walked out of the room together—and yet there was something virginal and poetic about them, which they owed to their lonely lives. It was as if the roses that Hugh had just gathered for Nelly had been put away for half a century, and brought out again all dried and faded, but still roses, and with a lingering pensive perfume. And Sir Edward sat and smiled in a corner, and whispered to Mary to leave them to themselves a little—such things had been as that they might make it up.

There was a great dinner in the evening, at which Hugh's health was drunk, and everybody hoped to see him for many a happy year at Earlston, yet prayed that it might be many a year before he had to take any other place than the one he now occupied at his uncle's side. There were some county ladies present, who were very gracious to Mary, and anxious to know all about her boys, and whether she, too, was coming to Earlston; but who were disposed to snub Nelly, who was not Mrs. Ochterlony's daughter, nor "any relation," and who was clearly an interloper on such an occasion. Nelly did not care much for being snubbed; but she was very glad to seize the moment to propitiate Wilfrid, who had come into the room looking in what Nelly called "one of his states of mind;" for it must not be forgotten that she was a soldier's daughter, and had been brought up exclusively in the regiment, and used many very colloquial forms of speech. She managed to glide to the other end of the room when Wilfrid was scowling over a collection of cameos without being noticed. To tell the truth, Nelly was easier in her mind when she was at a little distance from the Psyche and the Venus. She had never had any training in art, and she would have preferred to throw a cloak or, at the least, a lace shawl, or something, over those marble beauties. But she was, at least, wise enough to keep her sentiments to herself.

"Why have you come up so early, Will?" she said.

"What need I stay for, I wonder?" said Will; "I don't care for their stupid county talk. It is just as bad as parish talk, and not a bit more rational. I suppose my uncle must have known better one time or other, or he could not have collected all these things here."

"Do you think they are very pretty?" said Nelly, looking back from a safe distance, and thinking that however pretty they might be, they were not very suitable for a drawing-room, where people in general were in the habit of putting on more decorous garments; by which it will be perceived that she was a very ignorant little girl and knew nothing about it, and had no natural feeling for art.

"Pretty!" said Will, "you have only to look and see what they are—or to hear their names would be enough. And to think of all those asses downstairs turned in among them, that probably would like a few stupid busts much better,—whereas there are plenty of other people that would give their ears——"

"Oh, Will!" cried Nelly, "you are always harping on the old string!"

"I am not harping on any string," said Will. "All I want is that people should stick to what they understand. Hugh might know how much money it was all worth, but I don't know what else he could know about it. If my uncle was in his senses and left things in shares as they do in France and everywhere where they have any understanding——"

"And then what would become of the house and the family?" cried Nelly,—"if you had six sons and Hugh had six sons—and then your other brother. They would all come down to have cottages and be a poor sort of clan—instead of going and making a fortune like a man, and leaving Earlston to be the head—" Probably Nelly had somewhere heard the argument which she stated in this bewildering way, or picked it out of a novel, which was the only kind of literature she knew much about—for it would be vain to assert that the principle of primogeniture had ever been profoundly considered in her own thoughts—"and if you were the eldest," she added, forsaking her argumentation, "I don't think you would care so much for everybody going shares."

"If I were the eldest it would be quite different," said Will. And then he devoted himself to the cameos, and would enter into no further explanation. Nelly sat down beside him in a resigned way, and looked at the cameos too, without feeling very much interest in them, and wondered what the children were doing, and whether mamma's head was bad; and her own astonishing selfishness in leaving mamma's headache and the children to take care of themselves, struck her vividly as she sat there in the twilight and saw the Psyche and Venus whom she did not approve of, gleaming white in the gray gloaming, and heard the low voices of the ladies at the other end of the room. Then it began to come into her head how vain pleasures are, and how to do one's duty is all one ought to care for in the world. Mrs. Ochterlony was at the other end of the drawing-room, talking to the other ladies, and "Mr. Hugh" was downstairs with a quantity of stupid men, and Will was in one of his "states of mind." And the chances were that something had gone wrong at home; that Charley had fallen downstairs, or baby's bath been too hot for her, or something—a judgment upon Nelly for going away. At one moment she got so anxious thinking of it all, that she felt disposed to get up and run home all the way, to make sure that nothing had happened. Only that just then Aunt Agatha came to join them in looking over the cameos, and began to tell Nelly, as she often did, little stories about Mrs. Percival, and to call her "my dear love," and to tell her her dress looked very nice, and that nothing was so pretty as a sweet natural rose in a girl's hair. "I don't care for artificial flowers at your age, my dear," Aunt Agatha was saying, when the gentlemen came in and Hugh made his appearance; and gradually the children's possible mischances and her mamma's headache faded out of Nelly's thoughts.

It was the pleasantest two days that had been spent at Earlston in the memory of man. Mrs. Ochterlony went over all the house with very different feelings from those she had felt when she was an inmate of the place, and smiled at her own troubles and found her misery very comical; and little Nelly, who never in all her life before had known what it was to have two days to herself, was so happy that she was perfectly wretched about it when she went to bed. For it had never yet occurred to Nelly, as it does to so many young ladies, that she had a right to everything that was delightful and pleasant, and that the people who kept her out of her rights were ogres and tyrants. She was frightened and rather ashamed of herself for being so happy; and then she made it up by resolving to be doubly good and make twice as much a slave of herself as ever as soon as she got home. This curious and unusual development of feeling probably arose from the fact that Nelly had never been brought up at all, so to speak, but had simply grown; and had too much to do to have any time for thinking of herself—which is the best of all possible bringings up for some natures. As for Aunt Agatha she went and came about this house, which could never be otherwise than interesting to her, with a wistful look and a flickering unsteady colour that would not have shamed even Nelly's sixteen-year-old cheek. Miss Seton saw ghosts of what might have been in every corner; she saw the unborn faces shine beside the never-lighted fire. She saw herself as she might have been, rising up to receive her guests, sitting at the head of the long, full, cheerful table. It was a curious sensation, and made her stop to think now and then which was the reality and which the shadow; and yet there could be no doubt that there was in it a certain charm.

And there could be no doubt, either, that a certain sadness fell upon Mr. Ochterlony when they were all gone. He had a fire lighted in his study that night, though it was warm, "to make it look a little more cheerful," he said; and made Hugh sit with him long after the usual time. He sat buried in his great chair, with his thin, long limbs

looking longer and thinner than ever, and his head a little sunk upon his breast. And then he began to moralize and give his nephew good advice.

"I hope you'll marry, Hugh," he said. "I don't think it's good to shut one's self out from the society of women; they're very unscientific, but still—— And it makes a great difference in a house. When I was a young fellow like you—— But, indeed, it is not necessary to go back so far. A man has it in his power to amuse himself for a long time, but it doesn't last for ever—— And there are always things that might have been better otherwise——" Here Mr. Ochterlony made a long pause and stared into the fire, and after a while resumed without any preface: "When I'm gone, Hugh, you'll pack up all that Henri Deux ware and send it over to——to your Aunt Agatha. I never thought she cared for china. John will pack it for you—he is a very careful fellow for that sort of thing. I put it all into the Louis Quinze cabinet; now mind you don't forget."

"Time enough for that, sir," said Hugh, cheerfully, and not without a suppressed laugh; for the loves of Aunt Agatha and Francis Ochterlony were slightly comical to Hugh.

"That is all you know about it," said his uncle. "But I shall expect you altogether to be of more use in the world than I have been, Hugh—and you'll have more to do. Your father, you know, married when he was a boy, and went out of my reach; but you'll have all your people to look after—— Don't play the generous prince and spoil the boys—mind you don't take any stupid notions into your head of being a sort of Providence for them. It's a great deal better for them to make their own way; —but you'll be always here, and you'll lend a helping hand. Stand by them—that's the great thing; and as for your mother, I needn't recommend her to your kindest care. She has done a great deal for you."

"Uncle, I wish you would not talk like this," said Hugh: "there's nothing the matter with you. What's the good of making a fellow uneasy and sending him uncomfortable to bed? Leave those sort of things till you're old and ill, and then I'll attend to what you say."

Mr. Ochterlony softly shook his head. "You won't forget about the Henri Deux," he said; and then he paused again and laughed as it were under his breath, with a kind of laugh that was pathetic and full of quaint tenderness. "If it had ever come to that, I don't think you would have been any the worse," he added; "we were not the sort of people to have heirs," and the laugh faded into a lingering, wistful smile, half sad, half amused, with which on his face, he sat for a long time and gazed into the fading fire. It was, perhaps, simply that the presence of such visitors had stirred up the old recollections in his heart—perhaps that it felt strange to him to look back on his own past life in the light thrown upon it by the presence of his heir, and to feel that it was ending, while yet, in one sense, it had never begun. As for Hugh, to tell the truth, he was chiefly amused by his uncle's reflective mood. He thought, which no doubt was to some extent true, that the old man was thinking of an old story which had come to nothing, and of which old Aunt Agatha was the heroine. There was something touching in it he could not but allow, but still he gave a laugh within himself at the superannuated romance. And all that immediately came of it, was the injunction not to forget about the Henri Deux.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

This was all that came immediately of the visit to Earlston; but yet, if anybody had been there with clear-sighted eyes, there might have been other results perceptible and other symptoms of a great change at hand. Such little shadows of an event impending might have been traced from day to day if that once possible lady of the house, whose ghost Aunt Agatha had met with in all the rooms, had been there to watch over its master. There being nobody but Hugh, everything was supposed to go on in its usual way. Hugh had come to be fond of his uncle, and to look up to him in many ways; but he was young, and nothing had ever occurred to him to put insight into his eyes. He thought Mr. Ochterlony was just as usual—and so he was; and yet there were some things that were not as usual, and which might have aroused an experienced observer. And in the meantime something happened at the Cottage, where things did not happen often, which absorbed everybody's thoughts for the moment, and threw Earlston and Mr. Ochterlony entirely into the shade.

It happened on the very evening after their return home. Aunt Agatha had been troubled with a headache on the previous night—she said, from the fatigue of the journey, though possibly the emotions excited at Earlston had something to do with it—and had been keeping very quiet all day; Nelly Askell had gone home, eager to get back to her little flock, and to her mother, who was the greatest baby of all; Mary had gone out upon some village business; and Aunt Agatha sat alone, slightly drowsy and gently thoughtful, in the summer afternoon. She was thinking, with a soft sigh, that perhaps everything was for the best. There are a great many cases in which it is very difficult to say so—especially when it seems the mistake or blindness of man, instead of the direct act of God, that has brought the result about. Miss Seton had a meek and quiet spirit; and yet it seemed strange to her to make out how it could be for the best that her own life and her old lover's should thus end, as it were, unfulfilled, and all through his foolishness. Looking at it in an abstract point of view, she almost felt as if she could have told him of it, had he been near enough to hear. Such a different life it might have been to both: and now the moment for doing anything had long past, and the two barren existences were alike coming to an end. This was what Miss Seton could not help thinking;

and feeling as she did that it was from beginning to end a kind of flying in the face of Providence, it was difficult to see how it could be for the best. If it had been her own fault, no doubt she would have felt as Mr. Ochterlony did, a kind of tender and not unpleasant remorse; but one is naturally less tolerant and more impatient when one feels that it is not one's own, but another's, fault. The subject so occupied her mind, and her activity was so lulled to rest by the soft fatigue and languor consequent upon the ending of the excitement, that she did not take particular notice how the afternoon glided away. Mary was out, and Will was out, and no visitor came to disturb the calm. Miss Seton had cares of more immediate force even at that moment—anxieties and apprehensions about Winnie, which had brought of late many a sickening thrill to her heart; but these had all died away for the time before the force of recollections and the interest of her own personal story thus revived without any will of her own: and the soft afternoon atmosphere, and the murmuring of the bees, and the roses at the open windows, and Kirtell flowing audible but unseen, lulled Aunt Agatha, and made her forget the passage of time. Then all at once she roused herself with a start. Perhaps—though she did not like to entertain such an idea—she had been asleep, and heard it in a dream; or perhaps it was Mary, whose voice had a family resemblance. Miss Seton sat upright in her chair after that first start and listened very intently, and said to herself that of course it must be Mary. It was she who was a fantastical old woman to think she heard voices which in the course of nature could not be within hearing. Then she observed how late it was, and that the sunshine slanted in at the west window and lay along the lawn outside almost in a level line. Mary was late, later than usual; and Aunt Agatha blushed to confess, even to herself, that she must have, as she expressed it, "just closed her eyes," and had a little dream in her solitude. She got up now briskly to throw this drowsiness off, and went out to look if Mary was coming, or Will in sight, and to tell Peggy about the tea—for nothing so much revives one as a cup of tea when one is drowsy in the afternoon. Miss Seton went across the little lawn, and the sun shone so strongly in her eyes as she reached the gate that she had to put up her hand to shade them, and for the moment could see nothing. Was that Mary so near the gate? The figure was dark against the sunshine, which shone right into Aunt Agatha's eyes, and made everything black between her and the light. It came drifting as it were between her and the sun, like the phantom ship in the mariner's vision. She gazed and did not see, and felt as if a kind of insanity was taking possession of her. "It is Mary, isn't it?"—she said in a trembling voice, and at the same moment *felt* by something in the air that it was not Mary. And then Aunt Agatha gave such a cry as brought Peggy, and indeed all the household, in alarm to the door.

It was a woman who looked as old as Mary, and did not seem ever to have been half so fair. She had a shawl drawn tightly round her shoulders, as if she were cold, and a veil over her face. She was of a very thin meagre form, with a kind of forlorn grace about her, as if she might have been splendid under better conditions. Her eyes were hollow and large, her cheek-bones prominent, her face worn out of all freshness, and possessing only what looked like a scornful recollection of beauty. The noble form had missed its development, the fine capabilities had been checked or turned in a false direction. When Aunt Agatha uttered that great cry which brought Peggy from the utmost depths of the house, the new comer showed no corresponding emotion. She said, "No; it is I," with a kind of bitter rather than affectionate meaning, and stood stock-still before the gate, and did not even make a movement to lift her veil. Miss Seton made a tremulous rush forward to her, but she did not advance to meet it; and when Aunt Agatha faltered and was likely to fall, it was not the stranger's arm that interposed to save her. She stood still, neither advancing nor going back. She read the shock, the painful recognition, the reluctant certainty in Miss Seton's eye. She was like the returning prodigal so far, but she was not content with his position. It was no happiness to her to go home, and yet it ought to have been; and she could not forgive her aunt for feeling the shock of the recognition. When she roused herself, after a moment, it was not because she was pleased to come home, but because it occurred to her that it was absurd to stand still and be stared at, and make a scene.

And when Peggy caught her mistress in her arms, to keep her from falling, the stranger made a step forward and gave her a hurried kiss, and said, "It is I, Aunt Agatha. I thought you would have known me better. I will follow you directly;" and then turned to take out her purse and give a shilling to the porter, who had carried her bag from the station—which was a proceeding which they all watched in consternation, as if it had been something remarkable. Winnie was still Winnie, though it was difficult to realise that Mrs. Percival was she. She was coming back wounded, resentful, remorseful to her old home; and she did not mean to give in, nor show the feelings of a prodigal, nor gush forth into affectionateness. To see her give the man the shilling, brought Aunt Agatha to herself. She raised her head from Peggy's shoulder, and stood upright, trembling, but self-restrained. "I am a silly old woman to be so surprised," she said; "but you did not write to say what day we were to expect you, my dear love."

"I did not write anything about it," said Winnie: "for I did not know. But let me go in, please; don't let us stay here."

"Come in, my darling," said Aunt Agatha. "Oh, how glad, how thankful, how happy I am, Winnie, my dear love, to see you again!"

"I think you are more shocked than glad," said Winnie; and that was all she said, until they had entered the room where Miss Seton had just left her maiden dreams. Then the wanderer, instead of throwing herself into Aunt Agatha's kind longing arms, looked all round her with a strange passionate mournfulness and spitefulness. "I don't wonder you were shocked," she said, going up to the glass, and looking at herself in it. "You, all just the same as ever, and such a change in me!"

"Oh, Winnie, my darling!" cried Aunt Agatha, throwing herself upon her child with a yearning which was no longer to be restrained; "do you think there can ever be any change in you to me? Oh, Winnie, my dear love! come and let me look at you: let me feel I have you in my arms at last, and that you have really come home."

"Yes, I have come home," said Winnie, suffering herself to be kissed. "I am sure I am very glad that you are pleased. Of course Mary is still here, and her children? Is she going to marry again? Are her boys as tiresome as ever? Yes, thank you, I will take my things off—and I should like something to eat. But you must not make too much of me, Aunt Agatha, for I have not come only for a day."

"Winnie, dear, don't you know if it was for your good I would like to have you for ever?" cried poor Aunt Agatha, trembling, so that she could scarcely form the words.

And then for a moment the strange woman, who was Winnie, looked as if she too was moved. Something like a tear came into the corner of her eye. Her breast heaved with one profound unnatural convulsive swell. "Ah, you don't know me now," she said, with a certain sharpness of anguish and rage in her voice. Aunt Agatha did not understand it, and trembled all the more; but her good genius led her, instead of asking questions as she was burning to do, to take off Winnie's bonnet and her shawl, moving softly about her with her soft old hands, which shook yet did their office. Aunt Agatha did not understand it, but yet it was not so very difficult to understand. Winnie was abashed and dismayed to find herself there among all the innocent recollections of her youth—and she was full of rage and misery at the remembrance of all her injuries, and to think of the explanation which she would have to give. She was even angry with Aunt Agatha because she did not know what manner of woman her Winnie had grown—but beneath all this impatience and irritation was such a gulf of wretchedness and wrong that even the unreasonableness took a kind of miserable reason. She did well to be angry with herself, and all the world. Her friends ought to understand the difference, and see what a changed creature she was, without exacting the humiliation of an explanation; and yet at the same time the poor soul in her misery was angry to perceive that Aunt Agatha did see a difference. She suffered her bonnet and shawl to be taken off, but started when she felt Miss Seton's soft caressing hand upon her hair. She started partly because it was a caress she was unused to, and partly that her hair had grown thin and even had some grey threads in it, and she did not like *that* change to be observed; for she had been proud of her pretty hair, and taken pleasure in it as so many women do. She rose up as she felt that touch, and took the shawl which had been laid upon a chair.

"I suppose I can have my old room," she said. "Never mind coming with me as if I was a visitor. I should like to go up-stairs, and I ought to know the way, and be at home here."

"It is not for that, my darling," said Aunt Agatha with hesitation; "but you must have the best room, Winnie. Not that I mean to make a stranger of you. But the truth is one of the boys ——and then it is too small for what you ought to have now."

"One of the boys—which of the boys?" said Winnie. "I thought you would have kept my old room—I did not think you would have let your house be overrun with boys. I don't mind where it is, but let me go and put my things somewhere and make myself respectable. Is it Hugh that has my room?"

"No,—Will," said Aunt Agatha, faltering; "I could change him, if you like, but the best room is far the best. My dear love, it is just as it was when you went away. Will! Here is Will. This is the little one that was the baby—I don't think that you can say he is not changed."

"Not so much as I am," said Mrs. Percival under her breath, as turning round she saw the long-limbed, curious boy, with his pale face and inquiring eyes, standing in the open window. Will was not excited, but he was curious; and as he looked at the stranger, though he had never seen her before, his quick mind set to work on the subject, and he put two and two together and divined who it was. He was not like her in external appearance—at least he had never been a handsome boy, and Winnie had still her remains of wasted beauty—but yet perhaps they were like each other in a more subtle, invisible way. Winnie looked at him, and she gave her shoulders a shrug and turned impatiently away. "It must be a dreadful nuisance to be interrupted like that, whatever you may be talking about," she said. "It does not matter what room I am to have, but I suppose I may go up-stairs?"

"My dear love, I am waiting for you," said poor Aunt Agatha, anxiously. "Run, Will, and tell your mother that my dear Winnie has come home. Run as fast as ever you can and tell her to make haste. Winnie, my darling, let me carry your shawl. You will feel more like yourself when you have had a good rest; and Mary will be back directly, and I know how glad she will be."

"Will she?" said Winnie; and she looked at the boy and heard him receive his instructions, and felt his quick eyes go through and through her. "He

will go and tell his mother the wreck I am," she said to herself with bitterness; and felt as if she hated Wilfrid. She had no children to defend and surround her, or even to take messages. No one could say, referring to her, "Go and tell your mother." It was Mary that was well off, always the fortunate one, and for the moment poor Winnie felt as if she hated the keen-eyed boy.

Will, for his part, went off to seek his mother, leaving Aunt Agatha to conduct her dear and welcome, but embarrassing and difficult, guest up-stairs. He did not run nor show any symptoms of unnecessary haste, but went along in a very steady, leisurely way. He was so far like Winnie that he did not see any occasion for disturbing himself much on account of other people. He went to seek Mrs. Ochterlony with his hands in his pockets and his mind working steadily at the new position of affairs. Why this new-comer should have arrived so unexpectedly? why Aunt Agatha should look so anxious, and helpless, and confused, as if, notwithstanding her love, she did not know what to do with her visitor? were questions which exercised all Will's faculties. He walked up to his mother, who was coming quietly along the road from the village, and joined her without disturbing himself. "Aunt Agatha sent me to look for you," he said, and turned with her towards the Cottage in the calmest way.

"I am afraid she thought I was late," said Mary.

"It was not that," said Will. "Mrs. Percival had just come, so far as I could understand, and she sent me to tell you."

"Mrs. Percival?" cried Mary, stopping short. "Whom do you mean? Not Winnie? Not my sister? You must have made some mistake."

"I think it was. It looked like her," said Will, in his calm way.

Mary stood still, and her breath seemed to fail her for the moment; she had what the French call a *serrement du cœur*. It felt as if some invisible hand had seized upon her heart and compressed it tightly; and her breathing failed, and a chill went through her veins. The next moment her face flushed with shame and self-reproach. Could she be thinking of herself and any possible consequences, and grudging her sister the only natural refuge which remained to her? She was incapable for the moment of asking any further questions, but went on with a sudden hasty impulse, feeling her head swim, and her whole intelligence confused. It seemed to Mary, for the moment, though she could not have told how, as if there was an end of her peaceful life, of her comfort, and all the good things that remained to her; a chill presentiment, confounding and inexplicable, went to her heart; and at the same time she felt utterly ashamed and horrified to be thinking of herself at all and not of poor Winnie, the returned wanderer. Her thoughts were so busy and full of occupation that she had gone a long way before it occurred to her to say anything to her boy.

"You say it looked like her, Will," she began at last, taking up the conversation where she had left off; "tell me, what did she look like?"

"She looked just like other women," said Will; "I didn't remark any difference. As tall as you, and a sort of a long nose. Why I thought it looked like her, was because Aunt Agatha was in an awful way."

"What sort of a way?" cried Mary.

"Oh, well, I don't know. Like a hen, or something—walking round her, and looking at her, and cluck-clucking; and yet all the same as if she'd like to cry."

"And Winnie," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "how did she look?—that is what I want most to know."

"Awfully bored," said Will. He was so sometimes himself, when Aunt Agatha paid any special attentions to him, and he said it with feeling. This was almost all the conversation that passed between them as Mrs. Ochterlony hurried home. Poor Winnie! Mary knew better than Miss Seton did what a dimness had fallen upon her sister's bright prospects—how the lustre of her innocent name had been tarnished, and all the freshness and beauty gone out of her life; and Mrs. Ochterlony's heart smote her for the momentary reference to herself, which she had made without meaning it, when she heard of Winnie's return. Poor Winnie! if the home of her youth was not open to her, where could she find refuge? if her aunt and her sister did not stand by her, who would? and yet—— The sensation was altogether involuntary, and Mary resisted it with all her might; but she could not help a sort of instinctive sense that her peace was over, and that the storms and darkness of life were about to begin again.

When she went in hurriedly to the drawing-room, not expecting to see anybody, she found, to her surprise, that Winnie was there, reclining in an easy chair, with Aunt Agatha in wistful and anxious attendance on her. The poor old lady was hovering about her guest, full of wonder, and pain, and anxious curiosity. Winnie as yet had given no explanation of her sudden appearance. She had given no satisfaction to her perplexed and fond companion. When she found that Aunt Agatha did not leave her, she had come down-stairs again, and dropped listlessly into the easy chair. She wanted to have been left alone for a little, to have realised all that had befallen her, and to feel that she was not dreaming, but was actually in her old home. But Miss Seton would have thought it the greatest unkindness, the most signal want of love and sympathy and all that a wounded heart required, to leave Winnie alone. And she was glad when Mary came to help her to rejoice over, and overwhelm with kindness, her child who had been lost and was found.

"It is your dear sister, thank God!" she cried, with tears. "Oh, Mary! to think we should have her again, to think she should be here after so many changes. And our own Winnie through it all.

She did not write to tell us, for she did not quite know the day——"

"I did not know things would go further than I could bear," said Winnie, hurriedly. "Now Mary is here, I know you must have some explanation. I have not come to see you; I have come to escape and hide myself. Now, if you have any kindness, you won't ask me any more just now. I came off last night because he went too far. There! that is why I did not write. I thought you would take me in, whatever my circumstances might be."

"Oh, Winnie, my darling; then you have not been happy!" said Aunt Agatha, tearfully clasping Winnie's hands in her own and gazing wistfully into her face.

"Happy!" she said, with something like a laugh, and then drew her hand away. "Please let us have tea or something, and don't question me any more."

It was then only that Mary interposed. Her love for her sister was not the absorbing love of Aunt Agatha; but it was a wiser affection. And she managed to draw the old lady away, and leave the new-comer to herself for the moment. "I must not leave Winnie," Aunt Agatha said; "I cannot go away from my poor child: don't you see how unhappy and suffering she is? You can see after everything yourself, Mary, there is nothing to do; and tell Peggy——"

"But I have something to say to you," said Mary, drawing her reluctant companion away, to Aunt Agatha's great impatience and distress. As for Winnie, she was grateful for the moment's quiet, and yet she was not grateful to her sister. She wanted to be alone and undisturbed, and yet she rather wanted Aunt Agatha's suffering looks and tearful eyes to be in the same room with her. She wanted to resume the sovereignty, and to be queen and potentate the moment after her return; and it did not please her to see another authority, which prevailed over the fascination of her presence. But yet she was glad to be alone. When they left her, she lay back in her chair, in a settled calm of passion which was at once twenty times more calm than their peacefulness, and twenty times more passionate than their excitement. She knew whence she came and why she came, which they did not. She knew the last step which had been too far, and was still tingling with the sense of outrage. She had in her mind the very different scene she had left, and which stood out in flaming outlines against the dim background of this place, which seemed to have stopped still just when she left it, and in all these years to have grown no older; and her head began to steady a little out of the whirl. If he ventured to seek her here she would turn to bay and defy him. She was too much absorbed by active enmity, and rage, and indignation, to be moved by the recollections of her youth, the romance that had been enacted within these walls. On the contrary, the last exasperation which had filled her cup to overflowing was so much more real than anything that followed, that Aunt Agatha was but a pale ghost to Winnie, flitting dimly across the fiery surface of her own thoughts; and this calm scene in which she found herself almost without knowing how, felt somehow like a pasteboard cottage in a theatre suddenly let down upon her for the moment. She had come to escape and hide herself, she said, and that was in reality what she intended to do; but at the same time the thought of living there, and making the change real, had never occurred to her. It was a sudden expedient adopted in the heat of battle; it was not a flight for her life.

"She has come back to take refuge with us, the poor darling," said Aunt Agatha. "Oh, Mary, my dear love, don't let us be hard upon her! She has not been happy, you heard her say so, and she has come home; let me go back to Winnie, my dear. She will think we are not glad to see her, that we don't sympathize— And oh, Mary, her poor dear wounded heart! when she looks upon all the things that surrounded her, when she was so happy!——"

And Mary could not succeed in keeping the tender old lady away, nor in stilling the thousand questions that bubbled from her kind lips. All she could do was to provide for Winnie's comfort, and in her own person to leave her undisturbed. And the night fell over a strangely disquieted household. Aunt Agatha could not tell whether to cry for joy or for distress, whether to be most glad that Winnie had come home, or most concerned and anxious how to account for her sudden arrival, and keep up appearances, and prevent the parish from thinking that anything unpleasant had happened. In Winnie's room there was such a silent tumult of fury, and injury, and active conflict, as had never existed before near Kirtell side. Winnie was not thinking, nor caring where she was; she was going over the last battle from which she had fled, and anticipating the next, and instead of making herself wretched by the contrast of her former happiness, felt herself only, as it were, in a painted retirement, no more real than a dream. What was real was her own feelings, and nothing else on earth. As for Mary, she too was strangely, and she thought ridiculously affected by her sister's return. She tried to explain to herself that except for her natural sympathy for Winnie, it affected her in no other way, and was indignant with herself for dwelling upon a possible derangement of domestic peace, as if that could not be guarded against, or even endured if it came about. But nature was too strong for her. It was not any fear for the domestic peace that moved her; it was an indescribable conviction that this unlooked-for return was the onslaught signal for a something lying in wait—that it was the touch of revolution, the opening of the floodgates—and that henceforward her life of tranquil confidence was over, and that some mysterious trouble which she could not at present identify, had been let loose upon her, let it come sooner or later, from that day.

THE MILL IN THE VALLEY.

THE MILL IN THE VALLEY.

By MRS. JOHN KNOX.

The wheel went round,
And the corn was ground,
And the seasons came and went;
The wheel went round,
And the corn was ground,
And the miller was well content.

Sunshine and shade
For ever play'd
In the valley about the mill;
Like the changes wrought
By the changing thought
Of the heart that is never still.

From the heart of the hills
The water trills,
And leaps down the rocky stairs—
The same—yet never
The same—for ever
Its stream to the sea it bears.

Each stone left bare
To the dewy air
Is cover'd with velvet moss;
Flowers every chink,
To the water's brink,
Where the branches reach across.

Over the plank,
From bank to bank,
Would the miller's children trip,
To the hillside fields,
Where the brown goat yields
Her milk, and the white kids skip.

And the miller's son
Would take his gun,
And out on the mountains tarry;
The miller's daughter
Stray by the water,
And love her love and marry.

Thus the wheel went round,
And the corn was ground,
And the seasons came and went;
The wheel went round,
And the corn was ground,
And the miller was well content.

Yet into the light,
And into the night,
Uplifted and ever nigh,
The mountains stand,
Upon either hand,
With their awful heads on high:
With their unseen tracts,
And their cataracts
Unheard in the lower zones;
And the jewels that burn
On their crowns, and turn,
When reach'd, to cold grey stones:

Their shadows vast,
On the valleys cast,
And the thunders pealing thence;
And the shapes they take,
And the dreams they wake,
And their silences intense.

The shadows crept,
Then the shadows slept
On the valley one eventide;
In the house of the mill,
While the wheel stood still,
The grey-hair'd miller died.

The wheel goes round,
And the corn is ground,
And the seasons come and go,—
Winter and summer,
And each new comer
Content that it should be so.

For the next who came
The mill to claim,
Away in his youth had roved;
But never more
Would he wander o'er
The mountains from those he loved.

For he brought his wife,
And the baby life
She held on her pure young breast;
Not half so divine
The holiest shrine,
He held, had he truth confest.

Over vale and hill,
To the little mill
He guided her, strong and wary;
As St. Joseph might,
In the days of flight,
Have guided The Son and Mary.

He was bringing there
A saint. In prayer
To the hills she raised her eyes,
And their shadows fell
As into a well
Where the star of evening lies.

And the wheel went round,
And the corn was ground,
And the seasons came and went;
The wheel went round,
And the corn was ground,
And the miller was well content.

At the glad sunrise,
The holy eyes
Of that mother young and saintly
Were upward cast,
And her gaze fell last
On the mountains burning faintly.

And their ways she trod,
Going up to God
With all the love he had given.
"Whenever I tread
On the hills," she said,
"I seem to be nearing Heaven."

Of the wild fir-wood
She made a rood,
And taking her little son,
Set it in sight,
On the highest height
She could reach e'er day was done.

And she took him there
For their evening prayer,
And the shadows fell around;
And the miller would come,
And bring them home,
As treading on holy ground.

But her cheek grew pale,
And her feet would fail,
As the summer waned and went;
Her eyes went still
To the cross on the hill,
But alas! her strength was spent.

The shadows crept,
And the shadows slept,
At the close of the autumn day,
On the house at the mill,
Where all was still,
But the water on its way.

From her lips, just press'd
To all love's best,
Faded the smile of love.
There was still a light
On the highest height,
And a light her brow above.

Her eyes she turn'd
Where the glory burn'd,
Higher and higher yet!
Then a shadow fell
On her brow as well,
And they knew the sun had set.

And the mill goes round,
And the corn is ground,
And the miller is well content;
He is not the same
As he who came
When the grey-hair'd miller went.

CURIOSITIES OF PLANT LIFE.

THE productions of new forms or varieties of fruits and flowers by cultivation or hybridization is being carried on at the present time with much earnestness, as is proved by the novelties constantly to be seen at our flower-shows. It has been truly said that nature has distributed her gifts with a bounteous equality, and in no branch of natural history is it more apparent than in the vegetable kingdom. Many of the denizens of our fields and hedges, which we constantly overlook, would no doubt be highly prized by us, were it not for the very fact of their being indigenous. There is, for instance, the poppy—one of the commonest of our wild flowers—which to the grief of the husbandman adorns our corn-fields with a gorgeous blaze of scarlet. This plant, notwithstanding its ill-repute with one class, would, we have often thought, be coveted if it had only recently been introduced from some distant clime, and had the additional charm of ever so slight a fragrance. And here is an instance of that peculiar compensating principle seen in the distribution of nature's gifts, where a flower of the simplest form and wholly devoid of fragrance is made attractive by its brilliant colour alone. Another instance is to be found in the pretty little *Stellaria media*, or common chickweed. The arrangement of the petals of the plant in the form of a star (from which arrangement its generic name is derived), added to the purity of its white, make it ever attractive to a lover of nature's handiworks, although it is so very abundant on roadsides and waste places.

But our business at present is not with those simple forms of vegetation which come under our notice almost daily, nor is it with those forms of flowers which in their natural or normal condition have a resemblance, in point of structure or position of their parts, to the simple flowers already mentioned, and which have, so to speak, put on other clothing, or been changed into a different character by the art and the aid of man. It is not now our business to tell how the choicest damask rose derived its support and nourishment from the stock of the common briar by artificial budding, or how the finest of our dessert apples sprang from the common crab, or how from the sloe came the best

varieties of plums. It is sufficient for us to say that man can bring about such great changes by careful cultivation—producing double flowers and similar "beautiful monstrosities," as a recent writer on this subject not inaptly termed them.

Numerous examples of peculiar and striking transformations of the vegetable kingdom are to be met with, which are not to be attributed to man's agency, but have the charm of being perfectly natural. Many persons have, no doubt, been struck with wonder on first beholding the singular pitcher plants in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, but has it ever occurred to any one of them to ask what those graceful appendages really are? Some may have thought them leaves, others, perhaps, deemed them flowers. The first supposition came nearest the truth, for the pitchers we usually see in cultivation in our hothouses are, though not true leaves, yet an irregular form of petiole or leaf-stalk. It must be stated, however, that there are many forms of pitchers to be found in very different families. Those belonging to the natural order *Nepenthaceæ* are the most generally cultivated in this country. The order has but one genus, namely, *Nepenthes*, to which is appended about twenty species. They are natives of South-Eastern Asia, and are chiefly found in Borneo and Sumatra. One species only, the *Nepenthes distillatoria*, is found in Ceylon; another on the Khasian mountains, and two in Madagascar. They are half shrubby plants, and grow in swampy grounds. None of them have any known properties, and they are valued alone for their very singular appearance. Those who are not quite familiar with their forms will see from the woodcut that the pitchers are

Nepenthes distillatoria.

supported by a stalk, which to appearance springs from the apex of the leaves. Botanists themselves have, however, differed as to what this pitcher-like formation is—whether a prolongation of the midrib of the leaf or the true lamina or blade. An opinion at one time prevailed that the basal or leaflike portion was the true stalk become leafy, and that the lid of the pitcher was the true lamina. Dr. Hooker, who has paid some attention to this subject, has come to the conclusion that the portion which has so much the appearance of an ordinary leaf, and to which the pitcher is appended, is, in fact, the leaf, and that the pitcher is a prolonged modification of the midrib. We know that in plants these transformations of parts frequently take place, and that the very flowers themselves are composed of the simplest organs, the petals, stamens, pistils, &c., being only altered forms of leaves. In the pitchers we have one of the most distinct metamorphoses known.

The presence of water in the pitchers in their young state is a notable fact, considering the closeness with which the lid fits. As the plant grows older, however, the lid opens and never closes again On account of their shape these natural vases have been very aptly called pitchers, but they might as well be termed "traps," flies and other insects being constantly caught and drowned in them. The power of secreting water is effected by small glands at the base of the cavity, and it has even been thought that it is a provision of nature for supplying animal manure to nourish the plants. Very beautiful objects are these plants when growing, in their bright green colour, and with their light and airy appendages, are always objects of interest. The pitchers can always be well preserved if carefully stuffed with cotton wool and then gradually dried. The species mostly in cultivation in our hot-houses are *Nepenthes distillatoria*, *Nepenthes Rafflesiana*, and *N. ampullacea*. The pitchers of these several species vary much in size and shape, some being six or eight inches long, and beautifully marked with rich brown spots. But the prince of pitchers is one of comparatively recent discovery, from Borneo. It has been named *Nepenthes Rajah*, by Dr. Hooker, after Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak. It is fully twelve inches long by six broad. The blade of the leaf is eighteen inches long by eight broad, and the midrib is nearly or quite as thick as the middle finger. This fine plant would certainly be a great acquisition were some traveller to succeed in bringing it home in a living state. A somewhat imperfect leaf and pitcher, dried, are in the Kew Museum. The young seedling plants of *Nepenthes*, with their perfect pitchers, are as pretty little objects as can be conceived. Where the ground is covered with them, as in their native country, the sight is described as being particularly beautiful. Mr. Low, who has travelled in Borneo, and done much to introduce these peculiar plants into this country, says, "Apparently the first attempts to form the leaf in the young plants are futile. The extended fibres become only pitchers, which, as the petioles are closely imbricated, form a dense mass, and frequently cover the ground as with a carpet of these curious formations."

These, then, are what are known as the true Pitcher plants; but others occur in families having no botanical affinities whatever. Thus, in the *Sarraceniaceæ*, or side-saddle flower order, we have the

genera *Sarracenia*, *Darlingtonia*, and *Heliamphora*, all forming perfect but variously shaped pitchers, with this difference, however, that in these genera the pitchers are not appendages at the apex of the leaves, but are broad petioles, or leaf-stalks, united at the edges. The lamina or blade is small, and is seated at the mouth of the pitchers. This

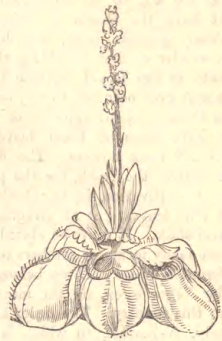
Sarracenia purpurea.

order, like the *Nepenthaceæ*, has no known properties or economic value, though the entire plant of *Sarracenia purpurea* was brought into this country from North America some short time ago as a reputed remedy for small-pox. The whole interest of the *Sarracenias* lies in their structural peculiarities.

The popular name of side-saddle has been derived from the peculiar shaped disk into which the style is expanded, and which bears five very small stigmas. The pitchers are usually nearly full of water, which is probably secreted by the plants. They are, perhaps, better insect traps than the *Nepenthes*, for round the mouth of the pitcher is a sticky or saccharine exudation, and that portion immediately below is perfectly smooth. Nearer the bottom, however, there is a series of sharp reflexed hairs. The flies being attracted by the sugar, slip down the smooth surface into the water, the hairs preventing their return.

The pitcher of the genus *Darlingtonia* is, perhaps, more peculiar in its formation than either of those we have yet spoken of. Near the orifice it curves over, forming a perfect hood, and it is from the inner edge of this hood, on the under side, that the true leaf springs. This leaf is very deeply divided, or two-lobed, the lobes spreading out and hanging downwards. The entrance to the pitcher is under the curved hood. This in some measure protects the orifice, and though, just inside, there are short, sharp hairs around the circumference, insects have frequently been found dead at the bottom of the pitcher. From the position of the vaulted hood over the mouth of the pitcher completely shutting out rains or other atmospheric moisture, it would seem to be conclusive that what moisture is found must be, as in the case of the *Sarracenia*, secreted by the plant. The only species known is *Darlingtonia Californica*, a perennial herb, growing in marshy places in California.

Another very pretty little plant is the *Cephalotus follicularis*, with its clusters of pitchers, the bottoms of which apparently rest on the ground and surround the leaves and flower spikes, which start



Cephalotus follicularis.

upwards from the centre of this peculiar little cluster. The leaves themselves are somewhat spoon-shaped, and bright green in colour, like the pitchers, which are, however, marked with small brown or purple spots. The mouth is very similar to that of the pitchers of *Nepenthes*, having a thickened rim, and notched in a very regular manner. This peculiar little plant is a native of Australia, being found in swampy places in King George's Sound. It was introduced into this country so far back as 1823, and flowered for the first time at Kew in 1827.

Having noticed the most singular of leaf developments or appendages, let us now say a few words upon a remarkable example of an apparently undeveloped leaf. The numerous forms of leaves are all known to botanists by their technical names, which define their shapes, &c., and whether simple or compound, aquatic or land plants, their composition is the same. We know that leaves are made up of a green fleshy substance, covered on the upper and under sides with a thin epidermis or cuticle, the middle layer being composed of two tissues, called the vascular and cellular tissues. The vascular forms the veins and ribs of the leaf, while the cellular fills up the interstices with cells or fleshy matter. This, then, is the form of leaf we are mostly accustomed to look upon, but there is one peculiar plant, a native of Madagascar, whose leaves when growing have every appearance of having been skeletonised, perforated between each rib or vein, and this also is its truly normal condition. The plant to which we refer is a water plant, and is called the lace or lattice leaf plant. For its introduction into this country, or we should

rather say their introduction, as there are two species known, we are indebted to the Rev. W. Ellis, a Madagascar missionary of some note, who brought the plant home in 1855. It is certainly one of the most interesting and beautiful of aquatic

Lattice Leaf—Ouvirandra fenestralis.

plants. The leaves, though apparently skeletonised, are of a green colour, and are attached to the rhizome or root—from which they radiate—by long stalks, presenting a flat surface uppermost, so as to be perfectly exposed to the eye. They grow to about a foot in length and two or three inches broad. At first sight one is apt to think that these peculiar leaves are abnormal and entirely devoid of cellular tissue, but upon closer examination this tissue is easily seen to surround the veins or ribs, though never entirely filling up the leaf; indeed the older and larger the leaves grow the wider and more open the interstices become. The plant bears its flowers on spikes which shoot up from the centre bases of the leaf stalks, and become branched into a double spike at the top. It grows in shallow water, or on the submerged banks of streams, and being only a short distance below the surface, is always visible. When placed in a white glazed earthenware pan, as we frequently see it in our hot-houses in this country, it is a very beautiful object, as the dark green of the leaf shows better against a light-coloured background.

As we have said, there are two or three species known: *Ouvirandra fenestralis*, however, is mostly in cultivation. The plant has an economic value in Madagascar, the roots being collected by the natives for food on account of the farina which they contain.

The generic name is derived from the native name ouvirandrano, meaning water yam, in allusion to the edible roots. This plant is not a solitary example of the natural perforation of leaves, though it is the most conspicuous one. In that magnificent water lily, the *Victoria regia*, similar perforations, to a slight extent, occur. These are caused at first by depressions upon the upper and under surfaces of the leaves at corresponding points, and are in their youngest stages closed by a thin membrane which afterwards disappears. Whether these perforations are a provision of nature to assist in carrying on the functions of the plant is a reasoning to which many are inclined. The strong thick ribs on the under side of the leaf, dividing it as they do into a thick framework, naturally confines the air between these divisions, and it has been supposed that it is for the purpose of allowing the air to escape that those holes are provided, otherwise that portion of the leaf between the ribs would not touch the water.

We have now pointed out some of the principal and most peculiar metamorphoses or changes leaves undergo, and will now note some of the more singular forms of flowers, and more especially fruits which recommend themselves to our notice chiefly for their similarity to other objects, and not for any abnormal formation. When we hear such names as the "Hand Plant," the "Telegraph Plant," or the yet more peculiar name of "Dancing Girls," given to a member of the vegetable world, we are sure there must be something either in its formation or movement to warrant such appellations. A name more appropriate could not have been given to the "hand plant," especially when the scientific and vulgar names agree in their literal meaning, as in this case, the generic name being *Cheirostemon*, from *cheir*, the hand, and *stemon*, a stamen, in allusion to the stamens being arranged in the form of a hand. The specific name *platanoides* indicates its habit to be similar to a plane tree; thus literally translated it would be the Plane-like Hand-tree. The *Cheirostemon platanoides* is a native of Mexico, where it grows in forests to a height of thirty or forty feet. This plant was discovered near the town of Toluco, where a solitary tree alone grew. It was greatly venerated by the natives on account of the singular formation of the flowers, as well as owing to the belief that it was the only tree of the kind in existence. It is more than probable, however, that the tree in question was taken from the forests near Guatemala and planted in the position where it was found. The singular flowers from which the plant derives its name are from two inches to two and a half inches long, and about the same width. They have no corolla, but when the flower is fully opened the calyx expands, forming a five-lobed deeply-notched cup, from the centre of which the column of stamens springs, dividing at about an inch and a half from the base into five parts or separate stamens, representing the five fingers of the human hand. This simile is the more perfect from the fact that at the

Flower of Hand Plant—Cheirostemon platanoides.

point of dividing from the column the stamens are recurved, thus exposing what represents the palm of the hand uppermost; and being bent inwards again at the tips, the whole, when inverted, does not require a great stretch of the imagination to discover points of likeness to the claw of a bird. These stamens are of a bright-red colour, which lend to the flower, besides its peculiarity, an attractive appearance. In the fruit there is nothing remarkable; it is simply five-valved, opening spontaneously to allow the escape of its seeds.

Flower of Mantisia saltatoria.

The flowers of *Mantisia saltatoria*, a plant belonging to the *Zingiberaceæ* or Ginger order, are peculiar in form, and have, as they grow, a light, buoyant appearance, hence their popular name of "Dancing Girls." The word Mantisia has been derived from a resemblance which the flowers also have to the insect Mantis; the specific name *saltatoria* referring to a dancer. The supposed head and neck of the lady is formed by the long filament of the stamen, and the anther with its membranous wing; the corolla has long lateral inner segments which represent the arms, the dress being formed by the labellum or lower curved petal. The plant is a native of the East Indies, and is frequently cultivated in hot-houses in this country for the sake of its singular flowers.

The irregular forms of the flowers of the Orchidaceæ are now so well known since these plants have become fashionable, that even the Butterfly orchid is no longer such a great rarity as it was some few years since. It is a native of Trinidad and Venezuela, and is known to botanists as *Oncidium papilio*. The flowers, which somewhat resemble a beautifully marked butterfly, are borne singly at the ends of long slender stalks, so long indeed as to make the flower appear at a distance rather suspended in the air than attached to the plant.

There are several species of *Oncidium* having peculiarities of more or less interest, but the same may be said of the Orchidaceæ in general, as well as of many other plants; and we will proceed in our next paper to consider many singular forms of fruits.

JOHN R. JACKSON.

UNDERSTANDEST THOU WHAT THOU READEST?

No picture is more familiar to us than that of the Ethiopian nobleman returning from his worship at Jerusalem, and reading aloud, on his chariot, the book of the prophet Isaiah. It is a history full of instruction. It speaks of an earnestness in seeking God—a diligence in the use of light given—an exertion and self-devotion in acting upon the knowledge of duty—which is an example for all time. And it speaks too of the reward of these things: how the eye of God marks such diligence and such exertion; how He takes care that, to him that hath, more shall be given; how He sends instruction to the teachable, guidance to the seeker, light to the watcher, and enables him who but now was puzzling hopelessly over the dark sayings of a Prophet, to lay hold of a directing clue and a guiding light, by which he may reach the Saviour Himself, and go on his way rejoicing.

The Evangelist Philip, guided by the express mission of the Holy Spirit, approaches the chariot of the Ethiopian stranger, hears him reading aloud, as he journeys, the volume of inspired Prophecy, and addresses him in words as grave as they are significant, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

Let the same question now sound in our hearts—in reference to that completed Book, of which Philip and the Ethiopian possessed but one half, and that the more elementary and the less Evangelical half—and let it say to each one of us, not for an answer aloud, but for an answer to conscience and to the heart-searching God, When thou openest (as all Christians open) the Book of Holy Scripture, to find therein a lamp to thy feet and a light to thy path, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

I fear there must be, for some of us—what was needless for the devout Ethiopian—an earlier and more elementary question still, "Readest thou?" In how many a nominally Christian home is the Bible unread from Sunday to Sunday! left unopened, unregarded, on the shelf or the table! eyed (so to say) askance, as an enemy and an intruder, nor come to benefit or to comfort, come rather to torment us before the time! Some who pray read not: how many, alas! neither pray nor read. Consciences are sensitive upon this subject. You might bring in vain many tentative charges against a congregation or against its members: you might draw your bow at a venture, trying one by one the arrows of remonstrance and conviction upon a sick man, dying and unawakened before you, and none should pierce and none should hit: but this, I think, might almost be depended upon, to hit at least if it pierced not, Was the Book of God your study and your meditation? Did you daily read, daily mark it? Was it your companion by choice, was it even your monitor by duty? Too often day dawned and night darkened upon you—you rose and you rested—you had time for work,

time for food, time for exercise, time for society—but no time for the Bible; no time to give to the study of that record of Revelation which yet you professed to receive as your rule, to trust as your guide, to look to as your hope. Who would not have been ashamed to be seen or to be heard, like this Ethiopian, reading his Bible as he took his journey? And is that shame itself a good sign—a sign of a depth of reverence which cannot bear to be intruded upon, of a sincerity which dreads to be overrated? Or is it not rather a confession of neglect and ungodliness, bashful about religion in public just because it does despite to God in secret? The question, "Readest thou?" must go before the question, "Understandest thou?"

But indeed the two questions are not wholly separate and disconnected. Many read not because they understand not. They have tried many times to become interested in the Bible, and failure has made them close it. And certainly many understand not because they read not. They give themselves no chance of understanding—they do not even read.

What is it then to "understand" the Scriptures? We may distinguish two things in it. There is an understanding of the mind, and there is also an understanding of the heart.

Some parts of the Bible are difficult of explanation. There are passages in the Prophets—passages also in the Epistles—which even learned men cannot agree upon, which the uneducated cannot even guess at. Allusions to obscure events in history, to manners and customs long obsolete, to natural features now lost, or geographical arrangements now obliterated: and, on the other hand, unusual expressions or abstruse arguments such as only scholars can investigate, theologians discuss, or logicians unravel: these things, and others like them, make the understanding of a considerable part of Holy Scripture as difficult to the mind, as its deepest meaning must ever be inaccessible to the natural heart of man. In these respects, it may almost be said of a large portion of the Bible, as the prophet Isaiah says of the vision of God when it came of old to His people, "It is become as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I cannot; for it is sealed: and the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I am not learned."

But even where the interpretation is certain, even where the sense is plain, still it cannot be understood—nothing can be understood—without study. It is here that men deceive themselves. They fancy that the Bible is the one book in the world which needs no labour. Most painful is it, most affronting, to Christian people, to hear men of the world fling abroad hasty, superficial, summary judgments upon revelation and doctrine, without so much as the pretence of having studied or reflected or pondered. "Every one knows that"—"every one can judge of that"—is the language, scarcely veiled, upon God's truth and God's inspiration, on the lips of men who would think it monstrous for common sense, apart from long labour, thus to pronounce upon an art, a history, or a science. If any one is to be able to answer "Yes" to the question, "Understandest thou what thou readest" in the Bible? he must at least have diligently read and earnestly studied, in all its parts, the things written therein.

And let me say—lest anything before spoken as to the difficulties of the Bible should be made into a discouragement or a stumbling-block to any—that even a poor person, even an ignorant person, even a young child, will find page after page of God's Holy Word clear and explain itself before him as he dwells upon it in patient earnest study. I speak now even of the understanding of it by the mind. Just as the wisest of men can know nothing of the Bible without study, so the humblest of men can know much, can know most, of the Bible—even as a matter of understanding—by study. "Thou hast hid these things," even intellectually, "from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." How often, how often, do we find that true!

And how much more often, when we come to the second part of understanding—which is that of the heart! We can all see that what the Bible speaks to in us, is not the mind, only or chiefly, but the heart. A person might have read all of it many times over—might have read it in the Greek, and read it in the Hebrew—might have read it with all the notes of all the commentators, and with the added help of all the travels and all the histories which could throw light upon its allusions and upon its references—and yet know nothing of it for his soul's health. The supposition is indeed unnatural: for who would care thus to know the Bible, if he cared not for a thing yet beyond—for the knowledge of it as opening to him the way of salvation? But the two kinds of knowledge are distinct, and must be spoken of in their distinctness.

What then is it to understand with the heart?

This Ethiopian did not yet understand the Scriptures, because he had not yet found in them Jesus. He was still asking, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this"—this about the sheep led to the slaughter, and the lamb dumb before his shearer—a humiliation which deprived of justice, and a life taken by violence from the earth—"of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?" And it was when "Philip opened his mouth, and, beginning at the same Scripture, preached unto him Jesus," that he first "understood," in the true sense, the thing that he read.

Even so was it with the disciples after the resurrection, when One greater than an Evangelist at last "opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures." It was by making them see in the law of Moses, and in the

Prophets, and in the Psalms, the things concerning Himself.

Thus then no man really understands the Bible until he finds Christ in it. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." It is not only in one chapter of the prophet Isaiah, it is all through the Old Testament Scriptures, that God is testifying of His Son. The Law testified of Him. The moral law, by revealing to man his sinfulness, and making him cry out for forgiveness to One who is all-holy. The ceremonial law, as the Epistle to the Hebrews teaches us, by prefiguring an open way into the Divine presence, through the atoning and sanctifying blood of Jesus. How much more as the revealing light cleared and brightened, till it became in the prophetical Scriptures almost a Gospel—disclosing more and more of the work and of the glory of Him that should come—of man's utter need, and of God's boundless mercy—that so there might be no lack of signs by which men (when He came) might recognise their Saviour, and no dimness or dullness of hope for those who must go to their graves before His appearing.

And perhaps we think that there can be no doubt, in Gospel times, as to our thus understanding the Scriptures. We know that they are full of Christ. The very first use made of them for us in childhood was to teach us out of them the advent and the ministry, the life and the death, of Jesus. And the chief object of our ever opening the Bible for ourselves has been this—that in some cloudy and dark day, of anxiety or of bereavement, we might find something about Him to calm our fears, and to say to the tempest of our souls, "Peace, be still!" And yet there is no doubt that the understanding of Scripture with the heart is even more rare (if it be possible) than the understanding of it with the mind. We see Christ, it may be, in the Scriptures: but do we go on to seek Him, by their help, as the light of life, and the anchor of the soul, and the propitiation for personal sin, and the source and inspirer of an individual holiness? "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life—and they are they which testify of me—and yet ye will not come to me that ye might have life." Ah! it is here that we come short. We see that Christ is in the Bible: but we do not go to Him, we do not call Him in, we do not for ourselves seek nor search nor see Him there! And this last is the understanding of the heart. This last is the thing which enables a man to give an affirmative answer, when the question is put to him, apart by himself, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

It remains then to ask, Why not? and to ask also, How? The two questions may be combined in one brief and closing enquiry. For, if we become conscious of the reason why we understand not, we shall also be instructed at the same time how we may understand.

And here, first of all, I need not fear to say positively that, in this as in every instance, we have not because we ask not. If, not as a form, but with deep, earnest truth, we always prayed our Church's Collect before we read the Bible—asking God to give us grace so to read as that we might embrace and hold fast Christ—that would be a safe and a sure step towards the "understanding" spoken of. How much more if we made it a matter of daily prayer that God would be pleased to open our understandings and prepare our hearts to receive Christ into them as our one Divine rest and peace and joy! But, as it is, we read the Bible, when we do read it, as if it could of itself do for us the thing which we want: as if the printed page could enter the soul, and work there by matter what is from first to last a work of spirit; as if the mere passing of the eye over the lifeless book could do by magic that office of enlightenment and salvation which the Holy Spirit of God deputes to nothing and to no one. If we would understand what we read, we must read in God's presence what God has revealed: an earnest and solemn act of self-presentation to Him for instruction must precede every reading—and the thought, "I am here before God as His child and His disciple," must go along with the reading—and the prayer for the implanting of what has been taught, and for its carrying out with us into life, must close the reading—or we shall have been guilty (little as we may suspect it) of forgetting God in His gifts, of dispensing with His inward teaching even while seeking and occupied in the outward.

Next to this, and scarcely second even to this, in importance, I would place the consideration, that no one can love and no one can profit by the Bible, unless he is sincerely desirous to live the life which God approves. It is one practical proof—worth many laborious arguments—of the Inspiration of Holy Scripture, that sinners feel towards it just as they feel towards God. When Adam had sinned, he straightway hid himself (it is written) from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden. And so, if a man is cherishing any known sin, you will always find him hiding himself from his Bible. Not only because the Bible is a religious book. He will take up a Christian biography—he will take up the narrative of a Christian's deathbed—he will take up a volume of sermons, and read without repugnance that which yet reproves and condemns him: he will not take up his Bible. He can more easily pray than do that. The one may be the cry of a miserable divided heart in the ear of a distant God: the other is like God coming to him, and speaking aloud in his ear the words of confutation and judgment. The man who is not sincerely desiring to make his heart clean and his life pure, will never understand—if he can help it, he will never read—his Bible. See then, on the other hand, one of the ways towards that understanding. "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded." So shall you approach that book which has so much of God, so much of Christ, in it, not with dislike or repug-

nance, but with an earnest desire that ye may profit and that ye may grow thereby.

A third chief hindrance to understanding the Scriptures is the infrequency, the intermittence, of their study. We shall never understand, so long as we grudge and stint the use of them. A common average Christian thinks it his duty to read a Psalm or to read a chapter daily. That is his maximum. Often it is cut short—often it is forgotten—often it is jostled out of his day by some call of business or pleasure, some accident of late rising or of evening drowsiness. But the rule is this. It is done, when done, as a duty—as something for the omission of which he will be punished—by doing which he will have given satisfaction to conscience and to his God. Alas! so long as this is our spirit, we may do the duty, but we shall never "understand" the Bible. The man who is to do this—the man who is to find Christ, to know God, by his Bible—must begin by determining to have it for his friend. "O how I love Thy word! It is my meditation all the day." "His delight is in the law of the Lord: and in His law doth he meditate day and night." You may say, that is an advanced stage of the study. It is so. But it has its beginning too. Much depends—I had almost said, everything depends—upon the way in which you view your Bible. Regard it as a dull book, and it will be so. Regard it as a book fit only for sickness and sorrow, and you will soon make it so. It will retire before you, sad (as it were) and reproachful, yet obedient too, into those dark and dismal chambers to which you bid it to confine itself. And then, when you would seek it there, perchance you will not find it. When you open it, it will not speak: when you call upon it, it will not answer. This is the punishment of those who in days of health have counted God's Word their enemy. But the converse is true also. Determine, God helping you, that you will love your Bible: read it, read it again—read whole books of it at one sitting, and when next you sit down with it, read them again: if anything at first puzzles you, study it, pray over it, then lay it aside, and soon study it again: that which was dark before will oftentimes be light now: what you know not now, you shall know hereafter: have the book itself always about, keep it very near you, on your desk and on your pillow: I had almost said, confine yourself to it till you can love it—and you will love it: it will begin to talk to you, it will begin to answer you, it will begin to resolve your doubts, and to stimulate your curiosity: it will accommodate itself to your mood: it will be grave when you are grave, and it will smile when you smile: till at last you shall say with the Psalmist, "I am as glad of Thy word as one that findeth great spoils—How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth! The law of Thy mouth is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver!"

Then at last, when the question is put to you, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" you shall be able to answer, with a joyful heart and a good conscience, "Thou, Lord, hast given me understanding—Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant—I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord!"

C. J. VAUGHAN.

SUMMER DAYS AT CHALCEDON.

By Mrs. WALKER, Authoress of "Through Macedonia."

Yorghi, our Greek servant, calls this place "Halkithôn;" the Turks have named it "Cadikeuy," or the village of the Cadi; and I know it as the best and most enjoyable of all the pleasant villages that fringe the sparkling shores of the Bosphorus.

During the absence of my husband in England, I am spending a brief summer holiday here, with some kind friends whom I shall call Aunt Sally and Uncle Ben, after a Greek mode of endearing expression, and not on account of any relationship between us, or of the slightest tendency to be venerable about the hospitable master and mistress of the house.

It is a bright, pleasant, cheery time; there is everything that heart can wish for, both in and around this pretty home; I mean a reasonable heart, not one that finds its sole happiness in three toilettes a day with several hours of lounging on the quay at Buyukdereh or Therapia, or of sitting in ball costume to watch the arrivals by the steamer, after the fashion of the Prince's Islands: our pleasures are of a different kind, such as belong to the true happy life of the country: exquisite scenery, pic-nics, riding, sketching, boating, bathing, for the day; with music, bagatelle, and, occasionally, charades to enliven our evenings.

The house stands in a corner of the vineyard, which formerly covered the whole of the little promontory called Moda Bournou: it was celebrated for its fine "Tchaoush" grapes, and until within a few years was innocent of modern brick and mortar, but the tide of public favour has begun to set this way, and houses are rapidly springing up in all directions; you might imagine it for an instant a suburb of a small provincial town in France were it not for a large green tent in the adjoining field which quickly undeceives you. This is inhabited by a family of Montenegrins; they sleep in their tent, but pass the greater part of the day under a spreading tree in front of the house; the kitchen range is set up amongst the roots of a

neighbouring mastic. The owner of the tent, who struts about gorgeous in gold braided jackets, and a belt full of ornamented weapons, and who commands his servant with the air of an emperor, is called, by the neighbours, Prince of Montenegro, as he lays claim to be connected by marriage with the ruler of his small country; nevertheless, the Princess, his wife . . . . . takes in washing at so many piastres the dozen, and she certainly acquits herself (to our satisfaction) quite as if she had been accustomed to it all her life. This green tent under the trees with its half-wild occupants recalls the eastern element to the picture.

Uncle Ben's home, which is built nearly on the verge of the cliff, is a charming dwelling, such as London auctioneers would describe as "a desirable villa residence." On the ground floor, a cool marble hall leads you through a rustic porch, heavy with clematis and passion-flower, into a bright garden all sparkling with sunshine and gay blossoms. Of

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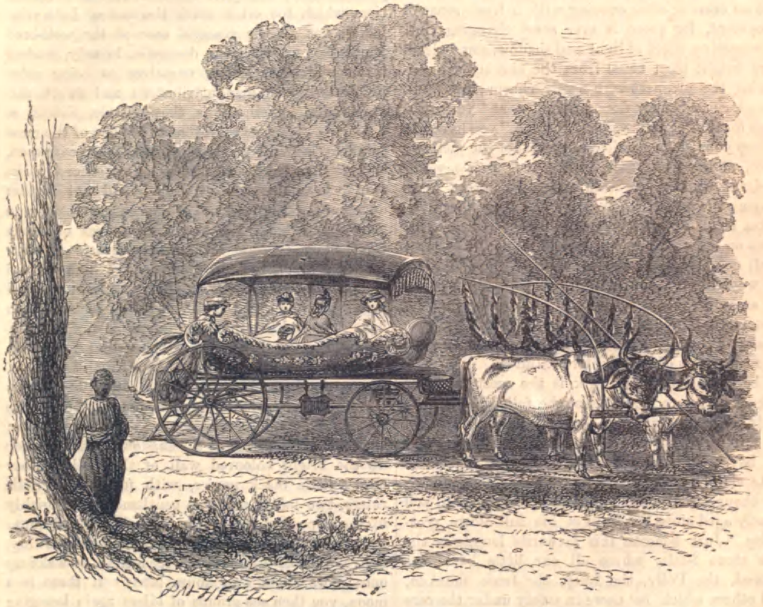
this part of the small domain I must say, as the greatest praise, that it is simply a garden—not a park, or pleasure-grounds, or parterres, or anything too grand or too extensive for the care of the two gentlemen who, aided by a Croat, make its cultivation the healthy employment of their spare moments—a garden with just the slightest dash of the cottage about it to give it a thoroughly comfortable look—a garden where the arbours are made to drink tea in, and the flowers are made to be plucked (discreetly), where, through the waving masses of the rose-covered trellised walk, you may observe healthy green peas and robust cabbages not ashamed to be seen in their proper place—a garden where geraniums have not yet all become pelargoniums, and where the delicate old-fashioned scarlet fuchsia dares still to show itself beside its washed-out sickly-looking modern sister; a border of homely, fragrant lavender blossoms modestly in one corner, and some sweet-briar bushes, delicate and scarce, are tended with peculiar care. Mixed with all these friends of childhood are others which speak of a foreign clime; long pendent leaves of the sugar cane are waving near the orange and lemon-trees whose bright golden fruit sets off the rich tints of a wild pomegranate—the castor-oil plant spreads abroad its large finely cut leaves—the snowy cotton is bursting from the pod, and the heavy yellow ears of the Indian wheat gleam here and there beyond the clustering tchaoush vines and the waving feathery mimosa-trees. There is a slight paling behind a row of raspberry bushes which marks the limit of Uncle Ben's territory; beyond it, and scarcely divided to the eye, the vineyard, the avenues of

trees, the azure sea, and the distant shadowy mountains—but of this tempting landscape a better view will be obtained from the terrace.

On the upper storey of the house, crossing three drawing-rooms shaded by cool Venetian blinds, through which you perceive the waving branches of the lime-trees and catch a dreamy vision of Stamboul in the distance, glowing through a mist of violet and gold, you reach this terrace, without which no house in the East is complete; so from the third room we step on to one which has been lately trellised over for the support of various delicate climbing plants, but these we do not even see—it is the view beyond which at once arrests our eye.

To the left hand, on the summit of the cliff overhanging the little bay, the large building of the French College is a most picturesque object in the foreground of the picture. Its rich warm colouring, of a pinkish-gold tint, stands out in exquisite relief



A Turkish Araba.—Page 462.

against the green foliage, and the dark purple masses of Kaisch Dagh behind. The cliff falls abruptly down from the college to the bay, which is bounded on one side by a wooded headland, a favourite promenade of the place, skirted by the vineyard on one side, and fringed on the other by fine terebinth and mastic-trees, with an occasional olive for variety. From the foot of Kaisch Dagh, on the opposite shore of the bay, the land dotted with villas and tchifliks, and rich in clumps of trees, green shady lanes and pleasant fields runs out into the blue Marmora, until it narrows to a point marked by a magnificent clump of plane-trees; but there, as if unwilling yet to leave the clear mirror which is reflecting all its beauties, it shoots out again in a long tongue of land, covered with stately cypresses. A white old-fashioned lighthouse stands on the extreme point, and harmonises well with the surrounding scenery.*

Beyond this again, we see the Prince's Islands, Prinkipo, with its mass of terraced dwellings, and the old monastery crowning the crest of the hill; Khalki, more quiet, but with many habitations, dotting its surface, and another fine old monastery on the summit; Proté, remarkable for the rich red tone of its earthy cliffs; then the small islet of Platé, now the property of the Viceroy of Egypt; and last, but not least in beauty, a barren rock, rising abruptly from the sea, solitary, peaked, jagged, displaying all those changing tints of tender

* This promontory is called by the Greeks Fanaraki, by the Turks Fanar Bagtché—the Garden of the Lighthouse: the ancient name of it was Heréion.

grey, with trembling shades of rose or gold, which are the especial beauty of barren rocks in the clear atmosphere of southern climes. Behind this beautiful cluster of islands, the snowy peaks of the Olympus of Bithynia rise above the noble range of mountains, which carry the eye far into the Sea of Marmora; then on the distant horizon you distinguish the faint outline of Cysicus, and, even in a certain state of the atmosphere, the rocky peaks of the Island of Marmora itself.

Such are the natural beauties which one may gaze on evening after evening with a fresh sense of enjoyment, for there is ever some changing tint, some passing effect of light and shadow, some gleam more bright than usual from the sinking sun, endowing the prospect with a new charm; but if all this glorious beauty does not suffice, and your soul longs for the "giddy walks of fashion," you have but to drop your glance to the foreground of the picture; there, at our very feet, is the long rustic walk, bordered by the terebinth and mastic trees, overhanging the water, where the *élite* among the Kadikiotes stroll up and down to display their dresses, or sit on low stools to sip the coffee supplied from a small coffee-shop at the entrance of the walk: by the way, the cafedjie has *lately attempted* to polish up and enliven the interior of his wooden hut by papering it all round with immense placards of the *Weekly Dispatch*, announcing in startling English type the arrest of the murderer Müller.

The entrance to the walk is the most favoured spot of all; here Riza Pasha, the fallen Minister of Abdul Medjid, may often be seen sitting on one of the square stools, enjoying the refreshing breezes of the bay, while he smokes his narghilé. He comes quite simply now, with perhaps a single attendant, for, though still wealthy, he is a broken man, and greatly aged since the days of his full-blown prosperity. Just beneath this favourite lounge is the new stone Scala, where all our little boats are moored, the Polly, the Lucy, the Janie, the Ada, and others which lie there in safety under the care of the cafedjie. Here, as the glowing ardour of the day begins to abate, the energetic British members of the little colony gradually collect and man the tiny embarkations, when rowing matches come off, under the wondering eyes of the listless Levantines, to whom unnecessary exertion is a subject of intense astonishment.

On the walk above, the *crême de la crême* of the native society of the place saunter along, the ladies with an elegant *nonchalance*, trailing their starched and beflowered petticoats along the dusty way with a scrooping noise, which sets one's teeth on edge, while the young masculine element breaks out occasionally into absurdities under the leadership of a wealthy scapegrace, but known here by the name of the "monkey;" the crowning folly of this young Kadikiote the other evening, was an attempt at guiding two donkeys, tandem fashion, and which of the three cut the most absurd figure it was difficult to determine. Some other well-known inhabitants of the place, rarely to be seen on the public walk, are, in contrast, a charming example of a perfectly distinguished Levantine family—the young son, just springing into manhood, sensible, courteous, and perfectly gentlemanly, is our especial favourite; and when Mme. L—— and her sweet, fair daughter Marie called upon us the other day, we all agreed that two more graceful and lovely women could not be found in any country. The mother, still in the prime of life, devoted to her young family, and quite superior to the exaggerations which too often mark the tone of Levantine ladies, has all the graceful ease of the well-bred Frenchwoman, with the domestic, homely, modest tastes which we flatter ourselves as being more particularly our own attributes; and sweet, fair Marie . . . . well, she is, they tell me, *fiancée*, so I will not say more than that she is one of the most loveable, ladylike young creatures I have ever seen, and for their sake, and that of a few other families whom I admire and esteem, I will not further develop my impressions of Levantine society in general; but leaving the promenaders of Moda Bournou to criticise each other's dresses to their hearts' content, look upwards to the high ground behind the French College. There all is bustle and activity in and about the short row of houses which have clustered together for the benefit of fresh air, sea-bathing, and quiet (?). There is a German Hotel, and a French Hotel, both full of visitors, who group themselves about the doors as the shades of evening begin to fall, and the sound of their voices reaches us at intervals across the grassy slope. There, also, as surely as the shadows begin to creep up the bright coloured wall of the College, four merry little black ponies, with four merry little riders, two ladies and two gentlemen, trot briskly up the slope, and stop at the door of the third house in the row. Then dinner-bells ring, and the bustling, active, outdoor life subsides for a time, to wake up once more about two hours later. If there is a moon, you then see groups of idlers again lounging backwards and forwards; the windows of all the houses are open, and in defiance of the heat, the sound of polkas, lancers, and other inviting music, shows that some are more actively amusing themselves within. We ourselves are probably engaged about that time in a merry contest at bagatelle, in which the crinolines challenge the neckties, and the crinolines, yes—I must say it—the crinolines almost always win. But this is the end of our day. I think the employment of the earlier hours, happy as we ourselves feel them to be, deserves a few words of remembrance, although there is little excitement, and still less of adventure in our daily life.

The bell clangs loudly at half-past six in the morning, and, after breakfast, Uncle Ben and T. T., who forms part of the family, start for a twenty minutes' walk to the steamer which is to carry them to their occupations on the European shore, for we are in Asia. Before leaving, however, the

gentlemen, who are devoted to their garden, have found time to visit their pet plants: T. T. (not Tiny Tim, but Trusty Thomas) has seen that his seedling geraniums and oranges and lemons are thriving, and Uncle Ben reports that the heavy wealth of the Banksia roses has broken the light trellis-work of the garden walk. Then the gentlemen depart. Aunt Sally watches them from the door, till at the turn of the lane Uncle Ben waves his white umbrella in sign of farewell, after which, the masculine element being thus happily disposed of till evening (for I am quite of Miss Muloch's opinion that no household can go on comfortably from which the gentlemen are not absent for six hours of the day), we begin that cheerful mixture of practical and intellectual pursuits which keep every family healthy and alive. One day, perhaps, there is some fruit to be picked for preserving, for a man has come round with a bargain in red currants (a rarity here), and the opportunity must not be lost; so, as the servants are all busy, we tuck up our sleeves, put on bibs, and set to work in a pleasant morning room, with folding doors, wide open upon the arbour of passion flowers and clematis, with the bright garden beyond, all sparkling and joyous in the sunshine.

This over, we adjourn to a pretty room up-stairs, where, generally, some family dressmaking is going on; for dressmakers are amongst the social trials of feminine life in Turkey, so we consult the "Modes Illustrées," or the "Journal de Demoiselles," and we flatter ourselves that the result obtained would not at all disgrace us in the fastidious capitals of the West. White Jackets are the rage just now, the sultry heat of the dog-days here making thicker stuffs unbearable, and we cut and fit and braid and trim, according to pattern or our own taste, as it may happen to suit.

We are a very happy little party of four ladies in this morning room: in fact, we are so well satisfied with each other's society, that I am afraid we do not stand very high in the estimation of the rest of the colony for preferring our rational occupation to the prevailing habit of strolling listlessly into each other's houses, to tell Mrs. M. or N. "that those Miss X Y.'s have actually got new dresses *again*, though to be sure they are only imitation, and very flimsy; they won't wash, for certain, but how their father affords so much finery is more than one *can* imagine;" or to state an opinion of "that idle Greek maid Calliope, who, instead of sweeping her rooms, has taken her parasol and gone for a stroll down Moda! in the very heat of the day too!" or to wonder at "Madame V.'s dirty little servant-of-all-work, Thespinoula, who objects to go to the neighbouring 'bakal's' for a supply of candles, because she is a 'demoiselle,' and it is not fitting that an unprotected maiden should go to a public shop." I may observe that in general Thespinoula flaps about the house in slippers without heels and stockingless feet; she wears her uncombed hair hanging in a tail down her back, from under a dirty rag which once was white muslin, while her garments display an absence of superfluity at times almost distressing; yet on fête days she expands like a gaily decked umbrella, and her head is adorned with one of the prettiest of coiffures, the light handkerchief with its border of biblibi, forming a coronal of bright coloured silk flowers.

These Greek servants are an independent race, quick witted in general, and capable of becoming good domestics, but they have their peculiarities. I knew one honest man a few years ago, whose sayings deserve remembrance. "Oh, Nicodemus, what have you done?" exclaimed my friend, Madame F——, in dismay; "you have broken my vase, my beautiful vase; it is ruined, I can never replace it."

"Madame," replied Nicodemus, calmly, "do not distress yourself, the harm is not so great, for I have only broken one half of it, the other half is all right."

Mr. F—— directed that the remainder of a bottle of rare wine should be put aside, and was astonished to see a full bottle appear at table the next day. "I did as you wished, sir," observed Nicodemus. "There was some other wine in that bottle already, but that does not signify, as I took care to pour the good wine quite on the top."

Madame F—— went to the Islands, and directed Nicodemus to pack her glass pots of preserves with straw; it was done, but on arrival the straw was discovered to be *within* the glass covers!

But I have wandered from Aunt Sally's morning room, with its green Venetian blinds and its peeps of sea and mountain, garden and vineyard. Dear Aunt Sally is sitting by her work-table braiding a jacket; she delights in procuring as much enjoyment as possible; she is constantly planning the most delightful schemes for possible and impossible excursions—a pic-nic to Kaisch Dagh, for which we must have horses, three or four days of tent life in the beautiful forest of Alem Dagh, which I have never seen; a row across the bay this evening to take our tea on the cypress-covered promontory of Fanaraki; and, lastly, a little cruise in a small private steamer round the gulf of Nicomedia. We shall take Joseph the Armenian footman, who like most of his countrymen, can turn his hand to anything, and is an excellent cook. We can buy our provisions in the little villages; it is a charming idea, and even if not realised, very pleasant indeed to think about.

Madge, who has exquisite taste, and the most dexterous and nimble fingers, is illuminating a splendid photographic album, which she highly values as the gift of a lady friend, of whom I am intensely jealous. Madge has been waking sweet strains of Mendelssohn and Schubert from the fine piano in the large saloon, but she has left it for her drawing table, as Fanny, the third lady of our quartette, is going to read to us, whilst I shall continue the group of Turkish women which I am painting for M. de P——. Fanny, (sometimes

laughingly called Fireworks, from a muslin jacket with peculiarly fizzy trimmings) is perfectly amiable and obliging; she greatly increases our enjoyment, and helps on our light labours by her readiness at all times to read aloud anything we may wish, for an unlimited length of time—a rare merit.

Thus our mornings glide away. About noon we drive; then, if the day be very warm, we retire to take the siesta in our rooms, from which we are aroused by the afternoon coffee; after this it is time to dress again, for at five o'clock a firm, decided, possessive knock, such as free-born Britons alone can perpetrate, resounds through the house, announcing the return of the gentlemen. When there is moonlight, and the plans are for a boating excursion later in the evening, the substantial meat tea is spread in the arbour under the flowering limes at the end of the garden; the table is decorated with flowers, and there is besides a beautiful convolvulus winding its delicate tendrils round the pole which rises in the centre. The air is scented with sweetbriar, Scio jasmine, orange-blossom, and all the various perfumes of the daintily kept parterres, and just beyond the paling a scarlet pomegranate in full bloom touches the whole scene with brightness. From his place at the foot of the rustic table, T. T. can have the satisfaction of seeing by a side glance that the precious seedlings have not suffered during the heat of the day, and Uncle Ben, while sipping his tea, can overlook the operations of the Croat employed to water the garden.

Sometimes our repast is made at Fanaraki, at that favourite spot, from whence we obtain such an exquisite view of Stamboul—the long point of land covered with those wonderful old cypresses, where formerly stood a summer palace of the Greek Emperors, built by Justinian on the site of the Temple of Juno, two churches, baths, and other public buildings; and where now in the midst of the grove of gnarled and weird-looking trees, some small vestiges of the former occupation may still be traced in a ruined bath and some crumbling remains of ancient brickwork. Further along the eastern shore are considerable ruins of masonry, with fragments of marble columns; and slabs and several cisterns in the broadest part of the promontory mark, doubtless, the site of the gardens of the old palace.

The cypresses of Fanaraki are the most gaunt and strange-looking specimens of the kind that I have ever seen. They must be of great age, as almost every tree has another tree of a different kind—terebinth, wild pear, or fig—growing from the very centre of its branches, and these again show signs of long duration.

Uncle Ben and T. T., on the occasion of our visits to Fanaraki, usually row us over early in the boat, and while the cloth is being laid under that beautiful spreading tree, which overhangs the Sea of Marmora, Madge and myself sketch vigorously. On our return late in the evening, the gentlemen profit by the bright moonlight in order to extend our row along the bay. Madge steers, and carefully avoiding a small sunken rock, which is apt to be obtrusive, we may perhaps glide along as far as the English cemetery, northwards, or in the opposite direction towards that curious pile of granite blocks, heaped in ancient times on the small rock beyond the extreme points of Fanaraki, supposed to have formerly supported a beacon, and called by some the rock of Juno.

I am sitting in the vineyard, under a stately stone pine, with Lu-Lu, my little Macedonian dog, at my feet. The scene is a curious mixture of nature and civilisation, in which nature has the decided advantage. In front, as I raise my eyes, I see the scattered dwellings, the "desirable villa residences," of the European colony of Moda Bournou; from one or two of these the strains of the educational piano, in various stages of progress, come floating over the tops of the vines, and I catch, now a few bars from Gounod's "Faust," now some painfully uneven scales; a feeble voice is asking anxiously "What are the wild waves saying?" a distant water-wheel is emitting agonising groans, and a man is crying tomatas in the lane beyond. Near the German Hotel, two full-blown crinolines, profiting by the delicious coolness of this breezy summer morning, are swaying along, elaborately decked out for a visit to Mrs. C., who gave us a charming quadrille party a few evenings ago; and I can faintly make out, through a half-open window, a young lady trying on a new *corsage à la Mousquetaire*, after a pattern extracted from the last "Modes Illustrées."

The great trunk of the stone pine, which hides from me the last of the houses, forms a rustic framework between this picture of miniature town life and another as dissimilar as can well be imagined; close by, on the other side of the rough bark, a field of Indian corn with its beautiful feathery blossom, and long pendent leaves, rustles gently in the wind, which murmurs through the branches of the pine and breathes softly on the green tops of the fruit trees, making nature's own sweet melodies full of the soothing harmony that lulls the soul to peace. The ground slopes downwards, and I catch glimpses of blue water through the trees; on the opposite shore, fields and hedge-rows, country-houses, and farms, with here and there a dark cypress for relief, the swelling slopes of Kaisch Dagh for a background; further to the right, more waving trees with one glorious opening, filled by the deep-blue waters of the Gulf of Nicomedia, with its wall of solemn mountains; and still again beyond, a visionary outline of the snow-capped summit of the Bithynian Olympus.

I turn to the left. Here the vineyard has been sadly neglected: the proprietor, seized with a mania for building, has allowed the precious stems which yielded the delicious tchaoush grape to remain for the most part uncared for; they are stunted and barren, but the rich earth is not to be cheated of its

ornaments, and the field is bright with lilac mosses and the wild hollyhock, mingled with tall grasses in full bloom. A Croat is watching his flock of silky-haired goats — white, and brown, and mouse-coloured, and golden-hued—which browse round about, finding rare feeding on the green shoots of the neglected vines. Beyond the vineyard the deep azure of the sea of Marmora is dotted with snowy sails, and the view ends in a purple hazy vision of Stamboul, the Seraglio Point, and the terraced heights of Galata and Pera.

There is a beautiful grassy seat at the end of the principal walk, overhanging the water; we sometimes go there of an evening, to watch the sun sink behind the domes and minarets of the darkening city, throwing long rays of golden glory across the ripples, to paint with ruby and amber light the sides of Prinkipo, and Khalki, and Antigone, and bathe in rose-colour the richly-toned earth of Proté, the nearest of the group of the Prince's Islands; the small islet of Platé, and, last of all, the now barren but beautiful rock of Oxeïa, complete the picture, standing out in delicate relief against the shadowy range of the noble mountains of Nicomedia.

A vineyard in Turkey does not mean simply a tract of land devoted to the cultivation of the vine; it is a pleasure-ground where the vine certainly holds the principal place, but which is a garden and orchard at the same time, full of every kind of fruit tree and flowering shrub. Some of the vineyards overhanging the Bosphorus are celebrated for their beautiful roses, and for the admirable style of their adornment with kiosks and fountains, shrubberies; and winding paths kept with perfect order. This point of Moda Bournou, known as Tubini's Vineyard, has very small pretensions to landscape gardening; but it has one remarkable feature of its own: the whole of this little promontory, as well as a considerable inland tract of land, was evidently, in some bygone age, the site of an ancient cemetery; the whole of the earth is mixed with, indeed almost composed of, broken bits of funereal amphoræ: you have but to stoop in our garden or in the vineyard to pick up more fragments of such pottery than you can carry. They are mostly of a coarse quality, although we frequently find remnants of the smaller black or coloured and highly-glazed vases which the ancients placed inside the large funereal urns. It is in the highest point of the vineyard that the most delicate earthenware is discovered, and this we imagine to have been the place of interment of the aristocratic portion of the former inhabitants. One part gives one the impression of having been formerly an avenue of tombs.

Strolling along this particular path after breakfast this morning to examine some masses of old stone and brickwork, which still exist in two or three places, we found the broken parts of two funereal lamps, and some pieces of finely-painted vases, which, for colouring and delicacy of design, remind one of the precious relics of Etruscan skill; everywhere lie strewn about large pieces of the coarse square bricks which covered some of the graves, many of them slightly painted.

While we were groping at the foot of a fig-tree, the Croat guardian of the vineyard came near to inspect our proceedings, imagining, no doubt, that we were interested in the tomatas, whose bright scarlet balls were peeping out all around from under their green leaves; but I quickly explained that our object was "stones," very, very old, quite of the old time. He seemed much struck with the novelty of the idea; he settled his fez, and said, "Mash-allah! Yes, I understand. If you want that kind of thing, you must look in the part where the new garden has been lately dug." So I made him take us to the place, which proved to be a piece of ground close to the house, and which we had already examined. "When we were digging this up we found a great many large pieces," said the man. "Well, what did you do with them?" "Oh! they were all broken up and strewed over the land; you see the little bits all about."

I am not sufficiently learned in such matters as to pretend to fix any date to these remains. I can only remark that they resemble precisely, in form and texture, those which I brought away from the site of Ancient Pella, in Macedonia, and that Madge, my dear friend and great ally in these groping expeditions, declares them to be exactly similar to those which are quite commonly found in the Troad. She condescends to be interested in the lamps and coloured bits picked up this morning, although she has been rendered fastidious by a familiar acquaintance with the plains of Troy, where, by the exertions of that learned and zealous antiquarian, Mr. Frank Calvert, the opening of tumuli and the discovery of rare vases was almost an everyday occurrence, so that she is disposed to speak of my bits of Chalcedon pottery as beneath her notice; yet, in spite of the superior claims of the Trojan fields, I am convinced that any one having the means of excavating largely about here, would certainly find "something to his advantage."

On the opposite side of the bay, under a group of magnificent plane-trees, is a holy spring, called by the Greeks "St. John's Well." The well itself has now no remarkable feature about it, except that they have lately spoilt it by erecting above a trumpery whitewashed chapel; but a little higher up, on the border of the road, is a large mass of ancient brick and stone work, which has fallen down. An old tree of great size, growing from out the ruins, shows that it has lain there for a considerable period. A little further on, along the winding shady lane, which is the high road to Bagdad, you come upon the remains of what some people call an amphitheatre; some, an ancient cistern. Such remains are scattered all over the country. Often in our long rides about Constantinople we have come upon the traces of Grecian art in the wildest and most sequestered nooks. For miles and

miles along those swelling uplands no trace of present human care can be seen. Scarce a tree throws its shade over those wild and barren slopes, which now blush with the soft pink of the flowering cistus, now glow with the rich tints of broom, heath, and lavender. The sweet fragrance of the wild thyme rises with each touch of our horses' feet; and, mingling with the hum of the summer insect, the tinkle of some distant goat's bell, alone reminds us that we are not utterly solitary in this grand and beautiful desolation. But formerly the scene must have been widely different. All over the face of the country, in the wildest and most unfrequented spots, you meet with ancient fountains, and with the broken water pipes, forming part of that gigantic system of irrigation by means of which this now barren wilderness, bloomed like a garden in the days of its ancient splendour. Stately trees doubtless at that time clothed the beautiful hills around the capital of the East, and the rich earth yielded something more valuable to the inhabitants than the wild flowers which alone spring up there now.

The great care bestowed by the Byzantines on the proper supply of water is shown in the immense cisterns still existing (though mostly dry) in Stamboul, the numerous wells, and, finally, the extensive network of water pipes which meets the eye at every step. These pipes are so beautifully made and fitted one into the other that I doubt whether, even our own dear Fatherland in the nineteenth century, proud as we may be of its skilful handiworks, could produce anything superior in quality and finish. But, again, I have wandered far from the cemetery of old Chalcedon, and I must return, merely pausing, in justice to the present Sultan, to remark that, since the accession of Abdul Aziz to the throne, there is a very marked improvement in the state of the country in the immediate neighbourhood of the city. The change is very gratifying, indicating as it does more peaceful and industrious tendencies in the present government of the country.

While the great Christian Emperor was earnestly labouring at the improvement and adornment of his new capital, he did not neglect the important city on the Asiatic shore of the narrow strait. He erected amongst other similar works the beautiful Church of St. Euphemia, on the summit of a gentle though lofty ascent, a quarter of a mile from the Thracian Bosphorus.

After the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, before the victorious arms of Mahomed II., many of the Christian edifices on both sides of the Bosphorus were destroyed, and the materials employed in the decoration of the mosques and palaces of the Moslem sultans. Thus the beautiful church of St. Euphemia, which seems to have stood in a suburb of Chalcedon, was demolished, and its stately columns and marbles now serve to adorn the noble mosque of the Sultan Soliman. The site of St. Euphemia may be ascertained by the remains of the fountain still called the Holy Well of St. Euphemia. I imagine this to be the same which I see mentioned as called in the days of pagan Chalcedon the fountain of Hermagoras.

Beyond and above this site, spreads out the beautiful plain which was often covered with the camp of Turkish invaders, and it was here that the last struggle took place between Constantine and Lycinius, which ended in the latter's banishment to Thessalonica: it is now called the plain of Hydar Pasha.

It was near this spot also that Amurath IV., charmed with the exceeding beauty of the situation, built himself a palace, enriched with all the luxury and splendour of Persian taste. This palace was thrown down in 1794, and the marbles which composed it were taken partly to the gardens of the Sultans in Stamboul, and partly served for the construction of the vast barracks which were erected on the site. These barracks were burnt at the time of the revolt of the Janissaries against the good Sultan Selim III. in 1807. After the destruction of that formidable body in 1826, Mahmoud II. caused the barracks to be rebuilt. This building was well known during the Crimean War as the Scutari Hospital, a name which awakens a painful echo in many an English home; for, of the gallant sufferers who were landed at the Harem Skélé, and conveyed within the walls of the enormous structure, many, alas! by far the greater number, in spite of tender nursing and devoted care, passed through the lofty gateway but once again, to sleep their long sleep in the beautiful cemetery which overhangs the cliff, in sight of the distant minarets and shadowy domes of the capital of the Moslem world.

To spend a quiet day under the spreading oaks of Merdivenkeuy, a village three or four miles from this, was a project of long standing. We accomplished it yesterday. Aunt Sally, a model housewife, who is great in the commissariat department on these occasions, had caused sundry preparations to be made in the way of chicken pie, rhubarb tart, roast veal, &c., &c.; the china and glass had been packed, neither the salt nor the tea-pot forgotten, and everything was in readiness in good time for the arrival of the equipage. For greater convenience, and a little also for the sake of the *couleur locale*, an araba had been ordered—not a painted pumpkin, or an ornamented pill-box, such as are commonly used, the proper name of which is "talika," but the real, genuine article, a bullock cart. These conveyances are mostly preferred for country parties, where the roads are too rough for the power of horses, or the frail timbers of the talika. They deck and ornament them very gaily. The body of our araba was much enlivened by paint and gilding, the wheels and the poles to sustain the awning being bright blue and red, and the awning itself of a rich carmine-coloured woollen stuff, of native manufacture, with a handsome gold fringe drooping in front. Our two white

oxen also were magnificent, with their large frontlets covered with bits of looking-glass inserted amidst a thick embroidery of beads and spangles, the whole trimmed round with tufts of scarlet wool. Fixed to the yoke in front, and curving gracefully backwards, two long red poles supported strings of scarlet tassels, which dangled and swung with every movement; there is, I suppose, some use for this ornament, but I could discover none, except that of looking exceedingly picturesque and peculiar. You get into the machine by a moveable wooden ladder of six steps, and as they are not furnished with seats, the natives place mattresses at the bottom of the araba and crouch upon them; but to be thoroughly comfortable in this pliant attitude, you must have Eastern suppleness of joint, and neither crinoline nor any other of the impediments of our present dress. In our case, cushions were charitably arranged for us instead, and we were soon comfortably *en route*, four ladies and a little child within the vehicle, and the two Armenian servants perched somewhere about the entrance. Mr. E——, a young English clergyman, accompanied us on horseback. Two serious, respectable-looking Turks guided our little team; one directing their heads by admonitory pulls of their long horns, the other stimulating their solemn progress by suggestive pokes from a goad he carried.

The araba having no springs, we were of course considerably shaken over the rough stones of the village; but we soon turned aside on to a somewhat smoother road, leaving the main street of the village near the point where stands a rather remarkable object—the blackening rafters of a half-built wooden dwelling. This unfinished house, which holds a commanding situation, is very large, and after a stately plan; it was commenced many years ago by a wealthy Armenian banker, Mugarditch Djezairli, by many called the King of Armenia. My Cadikeuy friends can well remember the old man, thin, shrivelled, sallow, and bent, they say, more with sorrow than age, for his almost boundless wealth had been as a millstone about his neck. Like many of his money-loving people, he had lent largely to a powerful Minister of a former reign; and, as is usual in such cases, was unable to recover his money, which brought him to the verge of ruin; he waited and pleaded for many years in vain, until, worn out by delay, he applied to the public arm of the law. To the honour of the Government, although the Minister was still in the enjoyment of almost unlimited influence, the judgment was on the point of turning against him and in favour of the plaintiff, when the Armenian suddenly died. They said his coffee disagreed with him. He passed away, leaving no heirs; and the money? "*kim belir?*" A little English girl whom he had adopted, and who should have been his heiress, returned without fortune to her former home; but the ill-gotten treasure worked probably the fall of the powerful and guilty debtor: it was his last act of cruelty and oppression, for he shortly after fell into disgrace, and is never likely to resume his exalted position.

Another house which we passed, soon after turning the corner of the large meadow, which lately served as the English cricketing ground, attracted our notice, and elicited another tale of local manners and customs. By the way, this ground had been kindly lent by the Sultan, before his accession, for the use of our cricket club; it is now a part of the property which he has handed over to his nephew, Murad Effendi. But for the house, which is a bright, handsome, well-ordered residence, surrounded with gardens and greenhouses, fountains and orangeries, and adorned within, they say, with paintings of some value brought from Italy,—here flourishes a certain Don Andrea, now a high dignitary of the Latin Church of Cadikeuy, a wealthy and important personage. About four years ago, the substantial prelate was known as Andrea Calimaki, a modest Greek tutor in the village; and on the site of the trim modern mansion stood a pretty little rose-coloured cottage in the midst of a rambling neglected vineyard; it belonged to a Turkish family, too poor to cultivate their land properly, so they offered it for sale, and Calimaki, who had put by some small savings, purchased the property for a trifle. There was a condition attached to the sale—the Turks who had held this land from father to son for many generations, had a family tradition that an immense treasure in jewels and money had been in ancient times buried away somewhere about the property, at a great depth; they did not perhaps put implicit faith in their tradition, at any rate they were too poor and too inert to undertake the necessary researches, so they sold their property with the understanding that if the purchaser found anything of value within it, the amount should be equally divided between them.

Andrea took possession of his modest cottage, and nothing particular transpired, until it was remarked by the original proprietors that the cottage was expanding into a mansion, that the tangled vineyard was blossoming into pleasure gardens, and that the humble tutor had evidently become a wealthy man. They claimed their half of the recovered treasure, to which rumour ascribed a fabulous amount; but the voice of the earthen pipkin is small when raised against the golden vase. Don Andrea turned a deaf ear for a time, until the matter was referred to Rome, whither he was suddenly summoned. On his return every one seemed satisfied, and Don Andrea is now a cheery, hearty old gentleman, enjoying his rare good fortune in peace.

After passing the whole length of what we still call the cricket field, although no matches take place there now, our araba brought us out upon the plain at the foot of Kaish Dagh, which rose majestically in front with its beautiful outline and heather-tinted sides. To the left of the road a deep ravine marked the course of an insignificant streamlet, beyond which the land was rich with melon-fields and maize, both in blossom, the bright yellow flowers of the melon

forming a beautiful contrast to the graceful feathery violet bloom, which drooped from the tall stalks of the Indian wheat. Beyond the melon-beds, the threshing-floors were in full activity, the oxen literally, as in Scripture phrase, "treading out the corn," one man urging them with the goad, while another sat on the threshing-board to increase its weight.

Our adventures in the short transit to Merdivenkeuy were of the mildest description, being merely now and then a violent plunge of one wheel into a mud-hole, eliciting a quickly stifled wail from the little boy, and four screams and an immediate proposal to alight and walk on our part; but the old Turk, who seemed to understand perfectly what he was about, would raise his finger with a warning "Soos" (silence), so we contented ourselves with clinging to the hoops of the awning, or preparing to fall as soft as possible into each other's laps.

Before reaching the village we passed a ricketty-looking wooden bridge, which had been thrown over the crumbling remains of one which must formerly have had some pretensions; the broken arch is of heavy masonry, and near it are the traces of ancient brickwork. A magnificent plane-tree overshadows the bridge.

The spot at which our araba halted, at the entrance to the little hamlet, is charming. At first we could have almost imagined it a somewhat neglected village-green in England; spreading oaks of unusual size and beauty, intermingled here and there with elm and plane trees, surrounded a grassy glade, dotted over with snowy geese and an occasional cow or donkey; the barn of the tchiflik, or farm, looked homely enough, rising among the smaller trees of the village; but a second glance showed us that we were in a land, many of whose customs have scarcely varied from the old Biblical times, for the groups of women at the further end of the green sat with veiled faces, and all over the gentle slope of the hills the toiling oxen of the threshing-floors, and the primitive method of sifting the wheat, looked as if winnowing machines and all the endless string of model farming improvements existed not. Steam-ploughs have come into Turkey; they are at work on a large estate in the Gulf of Nicomedia, but I am thankful to say I have not seen them.

While the servants were laying the cloth for our early dinner on the grass at the foot of a stately oak, we strolled about to look at the groups of Turkish women who were also crouched on carpets round their mid-day meal. The summer life of Turkish women is very much of a pic-nic existence; they frequently pack up their carpets, their cushions, and their children, and are conveyed to some green shade, or near some sparkling fountain, where they make themselves perfectly at home for the day; if a baby is of the party they commence their temporary installation by knotting a shawl at the four corners, and swinging it between two trees, and the little hammock bed is, in two minutes, just the same as it would be at home, where large rings are fixed into the woodwork of the rooms for this purpose.

There were some pretty girls among the groups of women, sitting on the green at Merdivenkeuy; two especially, in crimson satin férédjies, attracted our notice. They had lowered their yashmaks for convenience of eating, and we could see their small delicate features, and calculate the amount of paint which was in favour with each one. A striking-looking Abyssinian slave, with an apology for a yashmak floating over her head and shoulders, warmed up the dinner over a little fire of dry sticks. Another party of four ladies, more rigid in their ideas of propriety, got into their carriage whenever they wished for a quiet smoke and a perfectly uncovered face. They strolled near us while we were at dinner, and seemed greatly to admire our "spread," but they were perfectly ladylike and unobtrusive. Not so an ancient dame in tatters of a Greek cut and fashion; she hobbled towards us as soon as we were seated, with her knitting in one hand and a long wand in the other, and squatting down at the foot of a neighbouring tree, fell hard to work knitting, staring at us unremittingly all the while; she was only interrupted by occasional onslaughts on the wild dogs, who, judging apparently that she had intentions of poaching on their rights to the remnants of the feast, were disposed to treat her as an open enemy; she beat them off, however, and immediately subsided on to her heels, knitting and staring as before. As soon as we had finished, the old hag suggested that it would be well that she also should dine: her wish was gratified, and she seemed content for a while, but never left her station of observation, losing no opportunity, as we passed near her, to insinuate that money would be acceptable, with many complimentary phrases, of which, through my ignorance, the charm was lost to me.

The parties of Turkish women whom we had found on the ground on our arrival, left early, and drove off to end the day at Tanaraki, where there is a fashionable native promenade on Fridays, but later in the afternoon two more talikas came up and deposited their freights, consisting of three very young women and a minute baby. They were accompanied by two men dressed as sub-officers, which is so unusual a proceeding and one so contrary to Mussulman ideas of propriety, that at first I rather avoided approaching them; but as they were perfectly quiet and well-behaved, I concluded that they were persons of an inferior rank, who are not perhaps so scrupulous about appearances as their betters. The baby was a curiosity; about a foot long, swathed and wrapped in a small shawl, with its tiny feet and hands projecting, it looked like a good-sized chrysalis, as one of the young soldiers danced and caressed the little bundle. He appeared very proud of it, and brought it to Aunt Sally to be admired. The mother, we found, was the youngest looking of the group, a pretty little

GROUP OF TURKISH WOMEN.

pale thing, about fourteen years old. We left her nursing the little one as we passed further on, and turning back soon after, saw her cherry-coloured satin férédjie flying gaily in the wind on the crest of the hill, while she was being whirled round with one of her companions on the threshing-board.

Having made a little sketch of our araba with the chief arabajie, who was much pleased with the performance, we departed very reluctantly from the shady glade of Merdivenkeuy, and climbing again into our springless conveyance, progressed only too quickly homewards, for every moment deepened the long shadows on the breezy common which led us towards Cadikeuy. Stamboul, in the soft distance, was putting on its opal-tinted veil, while in the clear evening sky above us, one feathery cloud, touched here and there with gold, had taken the form of an angel with outspread wings, holding towards the distant city a shadowy crown or garland, seeming an emblem of rest and peace.

An emblem of rest and peace? Alas! since those few words were written, the very darkness of the grave has shrouded that doomed city. The fearful sickness, the cholera, brought in the first instance by the scared Egyptians flying in wild terror from the scourge at Alexandria, has fallen on Constantinople with a violence which the devoted and most praiseworthy efforts of the Government have scarcely tended to allay. To arrest altogether the spread of the epidemic by quarantine regulations, I believe to be impossible. The awe-stricken people fled in blind confusion, some to die by hundreds on the crowded boats which carried their reeking freight towards distant coasts, where already the strange mysterious malady, spreading with giant strides, grimly awaited the few survivors; others, to strew the high roads into the interior with the corpses of the hapless creatures, who sank, and died where they fell, happy if some scanty tree or barren rock shielded their last agonies from the piercing rays of the sickening sun.

Now, as I write, the fatal visitation has been mercifully permitted to diminish its ravages; how many have been swept away by it, in Stamboul especially, will never be ascertained, as the official returns are supposed to represent not one-third of the real number of deaths. It is known that in one day, of which the published number was little over three hundred, seven hundred victims to cholera were carried for interment through the Adrianople Gate, one only of the numerous gates which lead from the city to the neighbouring cemetery; on another day, sixty Imaums were borne to their last resting-place by the same road, and during the worst period of the sickness, 2,000 a-day is supposed to be within the number of deaths in Stamboul and the villages of the Bosphorus; but the darkest secrets of this sad time of terror will never be revealed on earth. Numbers, they say, found a hasty, even a living grave, in the silent waters of the Sea of Marmora, thrown over on the first sign of illness from fishing-boats, and from the great bazaar caïques which ply between St. Stefano and Constantinople. I was told by an inhabitant of the former place that of one boat-load of twenty-seven persons which left there, six or seven only reached the landing-place; and allowing largely for the exaggerations of fear, I must believe from what I know of the degree of abject terror which had seized the native population, and their general carelessness of human life, that there was some truth in these fearful reports.

Our village of Cadikeuy, which escaped the former visitation of cholera, has been heavily afflicted; twenty a-day being carried off from the small population during the worst period. Sometimes in the night-time unwonted footsteps and the hushed voices of men, passed our house in the direction of the landing-place; we did not ask each other why the stillness of the dark hours was thus broken, but we knew afterwards that the sick and the dead were being carried to the boats which conveyed, the former to the hospital, the latter, we knew not whither. But this was not until some weeks after the outbreak of the cholera; it declared itself at first in the Arsenal, and spread rapidly to the surrounding localities of Haskeuy and Kassim Pasha, where it carried off great numbers of the low Jewish population. This was expected, not only from their poor living and dirty habits, but from the bad drainage of those places; the wretched Jews further invited disease by eating the unwholesome vegetables which had been thrown away into the Golden Horn by order of the authorities.

The English, many of whom live at Haskeuy, employed in the Arsenal workshops, alone remained stoutly at their posts when all the native workmen had fled in terror: at first they suffered slightly, but when the Government thought it necessary to relieve the overcrowded cemetery of Stamboul by bringing the bodies for interment to the Ocmeidan, on the hill above the village, landing them at Haskeuy, where they were obliged often to leave the blackening corpses exposed on the scala till the toiling carts could return to fetch them away to their uncoffined graves—then the English sickened and died: some, too many I fear, paid in that awful moment the penalty of intemperance; but some were good and gentle women who had remained in the infected neighbourhood rather than increase the panic by their flight. A friend of ours, the Rev. Mr. K——, whose self-devotion to these afflicted people has been admirable throughout this season of bitter trial, told me that one excellent woman, the wife of a principal engineer, said to him: "My husband wishes me to leave Haskeuy, and I should like to go; but I think it would discourage the people, so I prefer to remain here." She remained; the next day she sickened, and on the following afternoon it was Mr. K——'s sad duty to read the burial service over her in the English cemetery at Ferikeuy.

Another death touched me very much. A bright young girl, whom I knew, had married a thriving engineer of this same village; the husband took the cholera and died; the young wife, who had lately become a mother, was unable at first to realise her sudden loss; then, as consciousness returned, she was seized with milk fever, and was laid beside her husband a few days later, leaving her two little orphans to the care of the pitying neighbours, whose kindness to each other, their charity, their self-devotedness, have been, I am told, beyond all praise.

But severe as the visitation has been at Haskeuy, Scutari, Cadikeuy, Yeni-Keuy, and Therapia, it is at Stamboul that the cholera has raged with the greatest violence. The Turks, in common with all Eastern nations, being accustomed chiefly to a vegetable diet and to a great abundance of fruit during the hot season, must have suffered from the sudden deprivation of this kind of food; and the complete change—many of the poorer classes having at the same time a difficulty in procuring better nourishment—may account for their greater aptitude to take the malady. The Government has done its utmost to meet the difficulty, and has lately purchased great numbers of oxen and sheep in order to reduce the price of meat to its proper level. This is a wise measure, and one for which all must be grateful: but the diet of a people cannot be safely changed in a day.

The unhappy Turks, in the height of the calamity, caused processions of Imaums to traverse the streets of the city and of the suburbs at night barefoot, crying to the Almighty to have pity on the plague-stricken people; they even prayed some Christian communities to join them in these litanies. I do not know whether the request was complied with. I cannot think with those who ridicule this movement, and ask what has become of the stoicism of Mussulman "Khismet." *I* sympathise rather with the gentleman who raised his hat as the procession passed, and was pleased to see the satisfaction which this slight mark of good feeling appeared to afford them: Christian and Moslem, the children of one Heavenly Father, suffering under one common calamity, should we not alike and together "cry unto the Lord in our trouble"?

The solemn and awe-stricken demeanour of the Turks has formed a most striking contrast to the disgraceful conduct of many of the lower orders of the rayah population during this painful period; they seemed to wish to brave the danger from which they could not fly by drowning their fears in "raki;" and the quiet hours of the night often ring with the unholy echo of their drunken brawls. Many Greeks took refuge on the neighbouring tongue of land of Fanaraki, where they raised rude tents and lived for a time under the shelter of the cypress grove. The wood of the cypress is supposed to possess disinfectant qualities, and fires of it have been lighted constantly in many parts.

Our happy summer days are clouded with tears. Our little household, thank God for it, has passed unharmed through this fearful time of sickness; and this safety I attribute greatly, under Providence, to the healthy, cheerful, rational tone of Uncle Ben's home. While the public offices were closed, the Exchange shut up, and the deserted streets of Galata testified to the extent of the panic, our English gentlemen have continued to go bravely to their daily avocations in spite of the harrowing sights and tales of woe which met them there: they did not speak of them on their return, but we surmised much of the truth; and without giving way to overpowering fear, we have never for one moment altogether forgotten the solemn dispensation which overshadows us. Our kind friends are ever ready, with the tenderest care, to avert the first symptoms of illness; and at the same time our course of employments has been unchanged. But if we have been permitted to pass through the danger thus unscathed in body, our hearts have been wrung by a deep, and to one of us an almost overwhelming, grief: a beloved sister, a cherished friend, one of God's ministering angels upon earth, has been taken to her rest, a victim to the dread malady: she fell asleep in hope and peace; but who can fill the vacant place her loss has occasioned in many sorrowing hearts? And—Oh! Caterina, my gentle little Greek maid, who gave me such willing, loving service—I have stood by her dying bed and felt with bitter sorrow that nothing could save the hapless young creature, who was the wife of our faithful servant, and who, until the fatal touch of cholera, had been in perfect health and joyous preparation for the near approaching birth of their first infant.

The cloud that has fallen over us, the sadness of all around, has dimmed the brightness of the glorious landscape; our pleasant plans and projects have faded away: and yet—perhaps—one day we may begin to speak of them again. Yesterday they said that the snow-white gulls have returned; they were seen in myriads, circling in their flight back to the shores of the Bosphorus, and people now remember that during the late sickness all birds had been unaccountably absent; that the storks took flight a month before their usual time, as if the mysterious taint in the atmosphere, unfelt by man's coarser senses, were perceptible to the delicate instincts of animal life: but the snowy birds have come once more, and the soft summer of the late season may yet bring to those who are mercifully spared many a bright and happy day in sunny Chalcedon.

THE FIRST DOWNWARD STEP.

A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.

By A CITY MAN.

When visiting the prison of Newgate, perhaps nothing more forcibly strikes one than the apparent respectability of a large number of the prisoners awaiting their trial for acts of robbery, without personal violence, or fraud; such, for example, as clerks in merchants' or tradesmen's offices, shopmen, and their subordinates. Some of them have an open, candid look, and a frankness of speech particularly calculated to inspire confidence. Not only are the majority well-dressed; but there is actually an absence of all dishonest expression in the countenances of the greater number. I do not mean to say that, as a rule, they seem indifferent to their position. Many, indeed, show considerable anxiety as to the verdicts which will be pronounced on the charges brought against them. But their regret seems to be more for the folly that has brought them into their present condition, than for the sin they have committed. It frequently happens that a goodly number have been in respectable positions in life, and have received a good, and even religious education.

I am, however, far from saying that as a general rule, this respectability of appearance characterises in a like degree the prisoners awaiting their trial on charges of dishonesty in other parts of the country. I speak solely of London, where breaches of trust, committed to a greater or less extent by persons of presumed respectability, form a considerable portion of the cases tried at each session.

It would be a curious subject for inquiry, how far this honest expression of countenance in those awaiting trial, is real or assumed. Strange as it may appear, I am convinced that it is real; more especially in those cases where the prisoners have been committed for their first offence, and where their lives previous to the present charges being brought against them, have been unexceptionable. I am aware it will be argued, that a really honest man would never be guilty of theft or embezzlement under any circumstances, and that an opinion to the contrary must arise from some sort of morbid sympathy with crime, which, if generally entertained, would have most demoralising effects. To this I answer, that the class of persons I allude to, in nine cases out of ten, never had the slightest wish or intention to act dishonestly, when they took their first downward step. They commenced by some simple, trifling irregularity, quieting their consciences at first by some specious sophistry. When affairs became more complicated, and they began to fear detection, they told a lie to shield themselves from exposure. They generally succeeded in making things smooth again for a time, and gathered boldness from their former risk. Afterwards, acts of positive dishonesty were committed; but always with the vain hope that they would be able to repay the money before the fraud was detected. So they went on until the whole affair blew up, and then the wretched lad or man, who, when he started in life, would have considered it an unpardonable insult for any one to have doubted in the slightest degree his integrity, finds himself in the degraded position of a convicted thief. And many arrive at this condition, without even being clearly aware, at what point in their career their first downward step was taken.

One beneficial effect expected from the punishment of offenders is, that by their degradation they will serve as a warning to others, to avoid similar acts of dishonesty. But this idea is far from being a correct one. A young man who may have taken his first downward step, by slightly tampering with property confided to his charge, and which he intends faithfully to restore, receives no lesson from the fact, that another clerk or shopman has just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for some gross fraud. He has no intention of being dishonest, has never dreamt of committing such a disgraceful crime, and yet it is more than probable that in the case of the condemned criminal the first step was similar to that he has just taken. This first step to degradation made, the second will in a short time follow; then a third and fourth in quicker succession: until he finds himself unable to stop, and his downward course is arrested at last by the detective officer, or a magistrate's warrant.

I did not arrive at this conclusion as to the momentous importance of the first downward step in the career of a young man, without having gone pretty deeply into the subject. I not only, by personal exertion, collected a number of cases in proof, but I was greatly aided in the task by the kind offices of the chaplain of one of our great metropolitan prisons, whose views corresponded with my own. He collected for me many authentic cases of prisoners who had been under his care, whose first fault had been a comparatively slight irregularity, without their having any ulterior dishonest intentions. As it would far exceed the space allotted to me were I to quote all the examples I could wish, I must content myself with placing before the reader three or four, merely to illustrate my meaning, only promising that I have taken them almost at hazard from more than a score of instances which I have noted down.

The first I shall mention is the case of A. B., whose father was a highly respectable man, and held a subordinate office under Government. When he died he left a widow and two children totally unprovided for. The elder (A. B.) was about fifteen years of age, the younger being a little girl of three.

A charitable gentleman obtained for the widow a situation as housekeeper for a suite of offices, with a salary of 25*l.* a year, without board, but with permission that the two children might reside with her. Of course, having three persons to maintain out of so small a sum, the poor woman was often in great straits. The boy, who had received from his father a respectable mercantile education, determined to relieve his mother (of whom he was very fond) from the burden of his board, and, if possible, to afford her some assistance as well. For this purpose he obtained from an acquaintance a daily inspection of the advertisements in the *Times* newspaper, and he anxiously searched in its columns in the hope of meeting with something that would be open to him. Day after day he made application, but never having been in a situation, and having, of course, no reference as to character, it was some weeks before he could find any one to employ him.

At last, and almost by chance, he entered a linen-draper's shop, and asked if they required an assistant. The proprietor, who was in the shop at the time, being struck by the boy's open and candid appearance, and his apparent anxiety to do something, asked him a few questions, and was so pleased with his answers that he told him to call again in three or four days. The boy did as he was desired; and in the meantime the draper made some inquiries respecting his family, the answers to which were quite satisfactory. When the lad called on him, as had been appointed, he was informed that if he chose to accept a situation, partly as errand boy and partly as shop assistant, he might come on duty immediately at a salary of 7*s.* a-week, with his dinner and supper in the house. The poor boy was overjoyed at the intelligence, and thankfully accepted the offer. His conduct in his situation was irreproachable; he was industrious, civil, and obedient, and showed great capacity for business. His master was so well pleased with him that at the end of the first year he raised his salary to 10*s.* a-week, and employed him principally in the shop. He remained in the same situation for some years longer, and was at last promoted to assist in keeping the books, and thus he soon added to his acquaintance with the drapery business a good knowledge of accounts. At twenty years of age he left this situation for another at 1*l.* a-week, in a large drapery establishment. He parted from his late master on perfectly good terms. They had a great respect for each other, and A. B. would gladly have remained with him; but, as he was accustomed to give a considerable portion of his salary to his mother, the offer of a rise to 1*l.* a-week was too great a temptation to be withstood.

He succeeded so well in his new situation, and became so good an accountant, that at twenty-five years of age his salary amounted to 100*l.* a-year, though without board and lodging. Up to that time, a steadier young man had never entered a house of business. Not only did dishonesty seem to be unknown to him, but anything in the shape of irregularities in his duties as well. About this time he unfortunately became acquainted with some young men who had far larger incomes than he had, and he acquired that taste for ostentation which leads so many of our young men—of naturally honest intentions—into difficulties. By endeavouring to vie with those richer than himself, he insensibly got into debt. His liabilities were, however, but trifling, and he paid them off on the receipt of his next quarter's salary. But once out of debt, his late difficulties, instead of acting as a warning to him, seemed to have quite a contrary effect. He indulged in gaiety to a greater extent than before. When his next quarter's salary became due, he found his liabilities heavier than they had been the previous quarter. The amount he received, however, was still sufficient to pay them, and leave him a balance besides.

It should here be mentioned that as his love of gaiety increased, his love for his mother and sister diminished; and although his income was now ten times what it had been when he first accepted a situation, he had long ceased to make her any allowance, lavishing all his earnings on himself. His extravagance seemed to increase rather than diminish with his difficulties. At last, one day one of the parties to whom he owed the money, thinking to force it from him, called at the house of business to insist on its being paid. Dreading that his employers should become aware that he was in such difficulties, he assured his creditors that he had that day left his purse behind him, but that he would call next morning with the money and pay them the amount due without fail. He did so; but in what manner did he obtain it? He took—and this was his first act of dishonesty—as much money from the loose change he had under his control as would, with the money he had of his own, make up the amount, intending to replace what he had taken on receipt of his quarter's salary, which would be due in a few days. This slight defalcation was not noticed by the principals, for when his salary was paid he replaced the trifle he had taken, and at the same time he paid off a considerable portion of his debts, retaining sufficient only for his bare existence till the next quarter day. He now resolved that he would drop all the expensive habits he had so foolishly acquired. But he reckoned without his host. The creditors who had managed to obtain the money due to them, by annoying A. B. at the house of business, gave the hint to another creditor, who adopted the same means to recover his debt. The wretched man was now puzzled to know in what manner he could relieve himself. There was but one way open to him, and that was again to abstract some of the money under his control. This he did with great repugnance, not knowing this time how he should be able to replace it. The debt was paid off, but an amount of anxiety of a most terrible description

began to weigh upon his mind. He had to give an account of the money under his charge every Saturday, and how to supply the deficiency in this instance he did not know. At last he determined upon a step, frequently taken by young men in his unfortunate position: he applied to a tradesman who owed some money to the firm for the amount due, and this was immediately paid. Of this he made no entry in his books, but replaced the money he had abstracted, keeping in his possession the surplus, which he resolved he would not touch.

A circumstance now occurred which very nearly brought the whole affair to light. The tradesman who had paid the debt, on meeting one of the principals of the firm, complimented him upon having such an intelligent young man in their employment. After the conversation, it struck the partner as being singular that his customer should so speak of A. B., for he was not aware that there was any acquaintance between them, and he questioned A. B. on the subject. Schiller somewhere says, "The devil is not so wicked as to let a young servant perish for want of a lie," and he immediately placed one at the service of A. B., who informed his employer that he had known the tradesman for some time, and had met him on more than one occasion. Nothing more was then said on the subject, and A. B. congratulated himself on the escape he had had.

I have now described in what manner A. B.'s first step was taken. After that his descent was rapid enough. He found himself descending, and without the power to arrest his progress. He became reckless as to the future: but still the rags of his honesty clung about him. The amounts he abstracted were of the most trifling description, even while he had large sums under his charge. At last he found himself embarrassed to such an extent, that the whole affair seemed likely to be found out. The suspicion of his employers also began to be aroused against him, and singularly enough, this was owing to the partner having discovered that the statement he had originally made about his acquaintance with the tradesman who had paid the money, was untrue. A. B., now finding himself upon the verge of ruin, determined, if possible, to be relieved from his embarrassments; and for this purpose he resolved to commit a forgery. He found he was a defaulter to the firm to the amount of 22*l*. He calculated exactly what would be the cost of his passage to America, together with a moderate outfit, and he found that he would require 39*l*. altogether. He drew a cheque for this amount, and forged the signature of the firm; resolving, at the same time, that he would repay the money from his first earnings in America.

But he was detected before he had the opportunity of leaving England. He was arrested, and after a short examination at the Mansion House, was fully committed for trial. His employers would willingly have taken no part in the matter, on account of his previous good conduct; but he was prosecuted by the Bankers' Society. He was found guilty, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

The next case I shall mention is instructive as showing how fatal may be the ultimate effects of the first downward step, in a man of a naturally honest disposition.

C. D.,—now a prisoner undergoing a sentence of nine months' imprisonment in one of our metropolitan jails for embezzlement—is the son of a dock-labourer. His father appears to have been a low, sottish, brutal fellow, and had not taken the slightest care of his son, or made any attempt to bring him up in a proper or respectable manner. He could not himself either read or write, and finding that he was able to obtain the necessaries of life, as well as considerable quantities of drink, without such acquirements, he appears to have assumed that his son might be able to follow in his footsteps without any education. When quite a child C. D.'s father forced him to gain his own living by selling lucifer matches in the streets, which mode of life the boy continued till he was about ten years old, when a respectable tradesman (a bookseller and stationer), whom he had addressed in the streets, noticing the lad's honest and intelligent look, put some questions to him respecting his family connexions. Finding that the boy—though little better in appearance than a London Arab—had some elements of good about him, he told him that if he wished to become respectable he might call upon him the next morning, and he would see what he could do for him. The boy was delighted at the offer, and the next day called at the address which had been given him. The worthy tradesman, on questioning the lad as to what education he had received, found he did not even know his letters, and was very ignorant on religious matters. He had never heard either of a Saviour, or of the Bible, and had never, to his remembrance, entered a church. The tradesman, shocked at the utter neglect which the poor boy had received from his father, asked him if he would like occasionally to do odd jobs for him; determining at the same time, that if he found the lad trustworthy, he would do more for him afterwards. The boy willingly accepted the offer, and for more than a month he called each day, and was employed in cleaning boots and shoes, and other work of the same description, being narrowly watched the while by persons in the house. As the boy seemed willing to work, and betrayed no symptoms of dishonesty (for which he had several opportunities, had he been so inclined), Mr. X—— determined to take him into his house as an errand boy, and to superintend his education to some extent. He entered on his new duties, and performed them in such a manner as to give his master great satisfaction. Mr. X——, true to his determination, now sent him to an evening school; and the lad being naturally very intelligent, made considerable progress. Before six months had elapsed, he could both read and write freely.

Unlike most boys of his age and restless habits, C. D. had a great love for study, and the improvement he made in his education during the time he was with Mr. X—— was perfectly wonderful, and even surpassed his master's expectations. He spent the greater part of his small salary in endeavouring to improve himself; and by degrees acquired a very beautiful style of handwriting, as well as a very respectable knowledge of arithmetic. He also spent six months' wages in learning book-keeping, in which he became quite a proficient. When about seventeen years of age, he changed his situation in consequence of the death of his master, and was engaged as shopman in a large respectable retail business in the same line, at a salary of 50*l.* a-year. He was soon much respected by his employers, who placed great confidence in him, and at last promoted him to keeping the day-book. C. D. now finding himself rapidly rising in society, began to pay more attention to his dress; and being a smart and good-looking fellow, he soon made many acquaintances amongst those of his own class. Unfortunately his friends were not all equally honest and respectable with himself. Some of them—as is too much the practice in the present day—had taken a great fancy to betting on horse-races; and C. D. one evening was drawn on to make what was for him a bet of some magnitude. Fortune was adverse to him; and he found he was one sovereign short of the amount of the bet. His salary was however, due the next week, and he could take the money from that belonging to his employers, which was in his hands. To do him justice he felt considerable repugnance to this, and he resolved (as is usual in such cases) never to do so again. He took the money and paid the bet, resolving to replace the amount he had taken, as soon as he received his salary, and so the thing passed off without detection.

It would be useless to trace the young man's downward career further. His first culpable irregularity drew on others still more blameable, till at last they culminated in acts of direct dishonesty. When he found he was unable to restore the money of which he had robbed his employer, his anxiety became so terrible that he took to drinking for relief. By something like instinct, he became aware that his employer suspected him, although not a word had been said on the subject. Again and again did he try to hit on some means of extricating himself; but all in vain. At length, one morning, when he was almost driven to despair, he noticed his employer leave the house with a peculiarly sad expression of countenance. Something seemed to whisper to him that his career of dishonesty was about to close. He felt assured that his employer was on the point of taking steps against him; and that his only means of escape was to leave the house and conceal himself. But he had not the courage to make the attempt, but waited in a state of intense terror, for his employer's return. He was then told to go to his dinner, but to return as quickly as possible. He now left the house, and had a fair opportunity of making his escape, if he had wished it: but terrified as he was, a peculiar attraction, which he could not withstand, seemed to draw him back to the house. When he returned, his employer told him some one wished to speak to him in the counting-house. C. D. found there a respectable looking man, who told him that he was a detective; and began to ask him questions, as to the manner in which he had lately employed his time. On finding that his defalcations were on the point of being discovered, he acknowledged, without hesitation, that he had been guilty of applying to his own use sums of money belonging to his employer, and earnestly begged to be forgiven. Pardon, however, was refused him. He was taken before the magistrate, and afterwards committed to the Central Criminal Court, where—as it was his first offence, and his previous character was proved to have been unexceptionable,—he was only sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. Here again was a proof, that the sentiment of integrity was never totally extinguished within the wretched youth, even while he was perpetrating his crimes. During the whole time he had had considerable sums of money belonging to his employer in his possession, yet the total amount of his peculations was only 9*l.*

The next case offers, perhaps, a yet more perfect instance than either of the former, of a culpable irregularity leading, in the end, to direct and positive acts of dishonesty. E. F., now only nineteen years of age, is the son of poor, but highly-respectable parents, who appear to have taken great care of his moral and religious education. He was at first intended as an operative engineer, and was for some months employed in the service of a first-rate firm, but the work being hard, and his constitution delicate, he was obliged to leave it, and seek for some other occupation. With some difficulty, he obtained a situation in a draper's establishment, where he continued for more than a year. After two or three changes he obtained an excellent situation in London, with a salary of 60*l.* a year; more than double the amount he had hitherto received in any situation he had been in. He had to find his own lodgings and breakfast out of the money; but his other meals he took in the house of business. He behaved well in his new place, and being very assiduous and attentive, he contrived to gain the full confidence of his employers. A short time after his engagement, he was taken from the shop and employed at the books, as he was an excellent accountant, and wrote a beautiful hand. It might have been expected, that with an income sufficient to maintain him in comfort, there could be little chance of his incurring debts; but such was far from being the case. While his income was small, he contrived to live within it, by a little management; but with an increase of salary, luxury and dissipation, and the wish to vie with others richer than himself, led him into extravagance. In his case (as in many others),

the casino, the public house, and betting on horse-races, brought him into debt; and how to relieve himself was a very difficult problem. No idea of dishonesty having yet entered his mind, he merely attempted to put off the evil day as long as possible; and for some time he was partially successful. At length, being pressed by the person to whom he had lost money by betting, who threatened that if he did not pay the amount due, application would be made for it to his employer, he took some of his employer's goods. He still wished to avoid the appearance of any direct act of dishonesty. He entered the goods against himself in the books, and then sold them for half their value, in order to raise the necessary amount to relieve himself of his gambling debt. In this transaction, E. F. had not the most remote idea of ultimately defrauding his employers; but had resolved to pay for the goods he had taken out of his next salary. This he did faithfully, leaving barely sufficient to maintain himself till his next money was due. In this, however, he had calculated erroneously.

He had omitted one of his debts, and the party to whom it was owing now pressed him for payment. He again took some goods from his employer, entering them, as before, in the books to his own account. These he sold considerably under their value, and with the amount paid off the debt. Again his salary became due, and again he paid for the goods he had booked; but the amount was so heavy, that the surplus was totally insufficient to meet his expenditure till his next salary should be paid. In order to retrieve himself he again commenced betting, and of course lost. His first downward step had already been taken, another had followed it; and he now began to contemplate committing acts of dishonesty, which a few months before he would have shuddered even to think of. He took goods from his employer without entering them into the books, and sold them for considerably less than their value. During the whole time he was committing these depredations, his mind was in a state of the most intense anxiety. From his pallid and haggard look, suspicion was excited on the part of his employers, though hitherto they had not had the most remote idea of any breach of integrity on his part. At last he was thrown on a bed of sickness, and during his absence from the house, his books were examined, and he was found to be a defaulter to the amount of 50*l*. Nothing was said to him on the subject till he had quite recovered; and then he was arrested. He anxiously pleaded for pardon, which was refused by his employers, on the ground that it would form a bad precedent in an establishment like theirs, where so many young men were employed. He was shortly afterwards tried at the Central Criminal Court, and found guilty. He was strongly recommended to mercy, by his employers, who spoke of his previous behaviour in terms of high commendation, and in consequence he received a mitigated sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment, with hard labour

Difficult, indeed, will it be for him to re-establish himself when he leaves the prison; and it will take years of labour (even if he succeeds) to again occupy the position he was in before he took his first downward step.

Although we have many other cases before us, proving how much the first downward step is to be dreaded, we submit that the three we have given are sufficient to prove our proposition. In most instances it appears impossible to detect the exact line of demarcation which separates the wilful irregularity from an act of positive dishonesty,—with such subtlety do they ofttimes run into each other. All the cases we have collected show that at the commencement the prisoners did not intend to wrong those who had placed confidence in them; and even after their first downward step had been taken, many of them would have revolted at the idea of committing an act of dishonesty; and yet all generally end in being thieves or forgers. It is singular to remark how seldom genuine poverty seems to have urged them to the crime they had committed. In almost every case it has been a love of luxury and dissipation, or the equally dangerous wish to imitate the bearing and style of life of those richer than themselves. A singular fatality also seems to attend them in this respect, that the money they become dishonestly possessed of appears to be utterly unproductive to them. They can neither purchase with it genuine amusement nor comfort; nor, if they attempt to trade with it, do their speculations ever succeed. When, after detection, the prisoner attempts to render an account to himself of the expenditure of the money, he finds it an impossible task, so swiftly has it passed through his hands. It is gone; and that is all he knows about it. Its possession and disappearance closely resemble those stories we read of in German legends, of people receiving from the devil a lump of gold over night, which they generally found turned into a log of wood or a few dried leaves by the next morning. Nor is this the case with petty defaulters alone, such as we have named. It was exactly the same with Redpath, Sir John Dean Paul, Roupell, Pullinger, and others. Pullinger especially is said to have been incapable of accounting to himself for the loss of more than two-thirds of the 400,000*l*. of which he had fraudulently taken possession.

With these great criminals, the first downward step seems to have been taken, in common with others, without any intention of ultimately committing a directly dishonest action. In all cases the money first appropriated was invariably restored. Step by step they went down, each succeeding step being swifter and deeper than the former, until they found it impossible to return. Some of the futile attempts made by them to calm their consciences after they had commenced their dishonest actions are exceedingly curious, as showing the miserable sophistry the devil will use in order to deaden men to the enormity of the

iniquity they are committing. In more than one instance we find, among petty defaulters, a fancied act of oppression or meanness on the part of their employer, used as an excuse for reimbursing themselves from his money. Let it be particularly understood, however, that this is invariably after the first downward step has been taken. Redpath attempted to atone for his sin by liberal acts of charity, and Sir John Dean Paul by strict religious observances. Neither of these criminals was hypocritical in his endeavours, and it served for the moment as a sort of opiate to the mind. If it did not succeed in shutting out from him the danger he was in, it at all events afforded a moment's relief from mental torture. How great that torture frequently is, may be judged by the behaviour of those great criminals when their acts of dishonesty were detected. Here the public seem to be labouring under a most erroneous impression. The indifference shown by these men in the dock is generally attributed to their being hardened in iniquity, and that by their stolid demeanour they are defying the aversion which is shown by those who behold them. This, however, is far from being the case. The punishment they are about to endure, and which perchance formerly they dreaded more than death itself, is now a haven of peace in comparison to the mental torture they lately endured. A few moments' reflection will tend to show how acute and oppressive their misery must have been. Many curious cases might be brought forward in proof of this, which, unfortunately, want of space prohibits our entering upon. One, however, must suffice—that of the notorious John Sadleir.

Could a full and accurate description of the career of this unhappy man be obtained, it might form one of the most instructive lessons, proving, as it would, the inability of a man to stop himself when once the first downward step had been taken. No man could have entered life with more honourable intentions, or with brighter prospects, than John Sadleir; and perhaps no one of our numerous criminals could be named whose fall was greater. His first downward step (as clearly as we have been able to ascertain) was, in common with the others we have quoted, solely a gross irregularity without any intention of direct dishonesty. After he found himself once entangled in the meshes of his crimes, no man could have struggled more energetically to relieve himself from their thraldom, and to return to an honourable position in society than he did, yet without the slightest success.

Sadleir was the son of a highly respectable solicitor in Ireland, and was himself a member of the legal profession. When a young man he was studious and indefatigable in his profession, and much respected by all. As he was naturally ambitious, he determined to enter on the career of politics, and accordingly took up the Catholic cause. By dint of immense exertion and great intelligence he at length became the leader of the Catholic party in Ireland, and was returned as a member of Parliament. He generally led the Irish party in the House, and perhaps could have commanded more votes than any other member of the legislature. So great, at one time, was his influence in the House, that it was said he could influence as many as forty votes. It is only natural to suppose, that with such power, his friendship and aid were earnestly sought for by the ministers of the day. He also entered largely into business speculations, with many of which he succeeded in a perfectly surprising manner. He was appointed chairman of the London and County Bank, the London Chatham and Dover Railway, and many other important public companies. Both in government offices and mercantile enterprises, his power of obtaining appointments was very great, and yet, to do him justice, he always appears to have exercised his patronage with great judgment and discretion. It is said that, among other valuable appointments, no fewer than four colonial judgeships were obtained through his influence. While to all appearance he was one of the most successful men of the day, being a Lord of the Treasury, and a frequent guest at the Palace, he was yet as common a forger as any at the time undergoing penal servitude.

Sadleir's first downward step appears to have been taken without the slightest particle of absolutely dishonest intention.

He had to pay some heavy calls on his shares in a gold mine, and found that he was at the time unable to meet the demand. He had in his possession some money belonging to a client who was then abroad, and this he made use of for the purpose of paying the calls, reckoning it certain that he would be able to replace it before the owner arrived in England. The gentleman, however, came sooner than was expected, and Sadleir, greatly surprised at his appearance, told him that he had not yet received the money, but that he should be certain to have it within two days. Of course no objection was made by his client, and on the day named, Sadleir, who had contrived to obtain the money, paid over the full amount.

The first step had now been taken, and immunity from detection having given him courage, Sadleir more than once made use of money belonging to his different clients, to assist him in his mercantile speculations—all of which moneys he for some time faithfully returned. At last, he became so much involved, that, in order to escape bankruptcy, he committed a forgery. The bill was, however, taken up by him before it arrived at maturity. He now commenced a regular system of forging; but the first forged bills to the amount of 10,000*l.* he regularly took up. Desperate, indeed, were the efforts he made to retrieve himself; but without effect. He purchased largely under the Encumbered Estates Act, being fully persuaded that the increased value of property would shortly enable him to escape from his difficulties. He was right in his calculations; but the rise was not so rapid as he had anticipated; and he entered largely into other speculations, all

of which failed, leaving him at last almost hopelessly involved. Still he struggled on to retrieve himself—if possible. Singularly enough, the circumstance which caused him to destroy himself, is not believed to have been one in which he had committed any dishonesty.

A highly respectable solicitor, who was himself engaged in London, received one night, from a correspondent in Dublin, a telegraphic despatch, which merely said, "All wrong about ——'s mortgage; I will write by post." Sadleir, who saw the despatch, immediately conceived that it alluded to one of his forgeries, and that he was on the point of being discovered. Without saying a word, he went home, and on his road, purchased a quantity of essential oil of almonds: and the same night committed suicide. How great must have been the mental torture this wretched man had endured for some time previous to his committing this rash act, may be judged from the fact that a *post-mortem* examination showed that the coats of his stomach were impregnated with opium; and it was afterwards discovered that, from the constant use of the drug, the quantity he was obliged to take in order to procure a few hours' sleep, was enough to have killed an ordinary person. For some time before his decease, he seemed hardly capable of fixing his mind for five minutes together upon one continuous subject—his eye was incessantly turning, with a haggard expression, and he was totally unconscious of the matter under discussion. An absurd story is extant, that Sadleir, after all, escaped: the inquest being held upon the body of some other man. This, however, could not have been the case. The writer of this article saw him in conversation with Mr. Wakley, the Coroner (to whom he was well known), in the hall of the Reform Club, the evening before he committed suicide, and that gentleman immediately recognised the dead body when he saw it, without the slightest hesitation or indecision.

We would now submit to the reader whether the different instances we have quoted are not enough to prove that the first downward step is hardly sufficiently reprobated by moralists. To those who have no positive intentions to commit a dishonest act, the chain gang and the hulks have no terrors, and therefore can hardly teach a lesson. The great point to be held in dread is the first culpable irregularity, which, among criminals who have hitherto occupied a respectable position in society, is invariably the first downward step to an abyss, from which it is difficult, indeed, to return.

A PLEA FOR MUSIC IN COMMON LIFE.

In England in the sixteenth century, music was regarded as an essential part of a polite education. Thus in an imaginary conversation we find the following recorded:—

"Supper being ended, and Musicke Books (according to the custome) being brought to the table, the mistresse of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I pretended unfainedly that I could not, every one began to wonder! Yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up, so that upon shame of mine ignorance I goe now to seeke out mine old friend Master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholler."—*From Thomas Morley's "Playne and Easy Introduction to Practicall Musick."* 1597.

But this pleasing little picture of social life, we imagine, represents what was then passing not in the cottage of the peasant, nor even in the farmsteading, but rather in the manse and the mansion. At the same time we must not forget how common were the art and practice of psalm-singing during Reformation times, when, as we are told, it was nothing unusual to hear 6000 persons at St. Paul's Cross all singing psalms. Neither was Scotland behind in this respect; for Calderwood informs us that, on the return of a banished minister (Rev. Mr. Durie) to Edinburgh in 1582, he was met at Leith pier by several hundred persons, who increasing to some two thousand as they went on, marched up the High Street of Edinburgh, singing the 124th Psalm:

"Now Israel may say,
And that truly,"

"in such a pleasant tune in four parts known to most part of the people, that coming up the street all bareheaded till they entered in the kirk, with such a great sound and majestie, that it moved both themselves and all the huge multitude of the beholders, looking out at the shots and over-stairs, with admiration and astonishment." It is also an undoubted historical fact that, for several centuries, and even down to so recent a time as the year 1750, song schools existed in the chief towns of Scotland, where music, both vocal and instrumental, formed as regular a part of education to the sons of county gentry and town's burgesses, as the classics. By-and-by, however the public taste changed, and these institutions declined and vanished; and doubtless the musical degeneracy of Scotland is closely connected with this fact. By long disuse the musical faculty was believed to be lost, though not so much in England as in Scotland, on account of her Church possessing a more musical service. But up to within forty years ago the state of matters amongst us gave good grounds for the accusation often made by foreigners, that the British people were, as regards the art of music, uncultivated barbarians. A very select circle of well-meaning persons, who got more credit for their feelings than

their judgment, patronised the few concerts then given, and a still more limited class of enthusiasts cultivated the art. To the million, however, music was a *terra incognita;* and it hardly seems to have entered into men's dreams that any moral or emotional power resided in this agent. A very great change has taken place, in this respect, of late years. It may, indeed, be doubted if any feature of our recent general progress will bear comparison with the advance made in musical proclivities, if not in musical culture.

Many, no doubt, still rest satisfied with a merely passive enjoyment of music; but with a goodly few it is much more than an ear-luxury, as they are at least able to recognise beauty of musical form, and some higher aspects and relations of the art, and the pleasure of hearing good music is by so much the more enhanced. And thus an art which appeals very powerfully to the best part of our being, is gradually becoming, as we hope, a "heritage to all." To prove that recreation is much more in demand than mental culture by those who toil, we have only to contrast the slight progress made by Mechanics' Institutes, their lectures, classes, and libraries, with the numbers of popular music-halls and concert-rooms that are being opened throughout the kingdom, till now there is scarcely a town of any consideration that has not a place of this kind. The number of musical entertainments is prodigious, and continually increasing, and thousands of persons—artistes, as they claim to be called—of exceedingly varied talents and degrees of culture, minister to the amusement of crowds, almost every night, during at least six months of the year. The business of catering for this taste is being rapidly reduced to something like scientific principles, and is generally found—such is the appetite of the public—to repay the enterprise expended on it. Never was the public ear so much cultivated; and the great soother, music, is now unquestionably the chief of our in-door public relaxations. The influence of this elevating and growing taste is powerful and salutary. The young are largely prevented from contracting low and gross habits, the depressing influence of toil is counteracted, the brow of care is smoothed, and men go home from these entertainments pleased and healthily excited, and scarce any the poorer. This tells not only on domestic happiness, but also largely on police statistics. On the whole, the general improvement which is taking place in the condition of the masses must be traced much more to this and like causes than to any repressive measures of legislation or police.

The increasing taste for high-class music must receive emphatic praise. Whilst a cultivated amateurship in hearing and enjoying music has been largely spreading, amateur execution has also, if with slower steps, been moving on. The magnificent vocal music of Handel, especially, has been studied, practised, and performed, to an extent almost impossible to be represented in words or figures. And though the sensations are not the same in kind, yet if appraised in different scales, the execution of music imparts greater pleasure than the hearing of it.* And, besides, the executants are not merely enjoying a luxury themselves, but ministering a luxury to others—so that music, like mercy, is, in this sense, twice blessed. The humanising influence of this art, therefore, interests and delights two classes—those who minister and those who are ministered unto.

Accordingly, while fully recognising this great movement, and desiring only to reform and purify, we yet think that musical culture may be extended in a direction, which may vastly increase its influence through society and its power for good. We hold that music may have a yet more congenial sphere, be cultivated with greater advantage, and impart more pleasure, by its receiving a cordial welcome and a home in the dwellings of the people, instead of being met only in the glare and crush of public life. Public feasting soon palls upon the taste, but the plain domestic meal is enjoyed through the even tenor of a lifetime. And as with feasting, so with music. Let public and domestic music go together: meanwhile we are concerned to make a plea for home music.

We greatly doubt, to begin with, whether the rage for favourite soloists be an unmixed musical good. The popular ear hankers after the silvery tones of a Patti, a Reeves, or a Santley—though *ceteris paribus* an Italian name is always of advantage—and the popular purse opens willingly and largely for the luxury. The admiration lavished on some *artistes* is simply a blind following of fashion, and is too often bestowed on skilful execution merely, or on trickery, if it only give out startling effects. But what of the modest though often good results of a disinterested culture? Let the experience of our musical societies be left to answer this question. We are not insensible to the educational influences which an eminent artist exercises upon those of his hearers whose ears and whose minds are intent upon self-improvement. But with all the rage for seeing, hearing, and talking about individual singers, the art is really little cultivated compared to what we would wish to see it—a conclusive proof that hearing pet performers does not sufficiently create the desire, or is not an efficient means of cultivation, either or both.

The expense to the pocket,—the price of admission, of dress, and of conveyances,—and the injury to the health, by overcrowding, exposure to cold and draughts, along with the violence often done to domestic duties—these and such-like are heavy drawbacks on public performances, which besides beget a want of composure and sobriety of spirit, greatly adverse to true enjoyment of the art. There are, moreover, various influences at work,—the

* As Marx well expresses it:—"That which I hear enters into my existence from without, awakens and enriches my mind; but that which I sing is the effluence of my own life, the exertion of my own power to refresh and elevate myself as well as others."

system of puffing, and otherwise imposing upon the credulous public, by a class of traders whose first and great question is, What will pay? through which the interests of real art suffer, and its true province, that of raising and refining humanity, is perverted to the function of meeting, and pandering to, the weak and wayward fancies of the crowd, who hiss to-morrow what they applaud to-day, and do both without rightly knowing why. The agents, music-sellers, and caterers generally know well how to take advantage of what we have called the rage for soloists, and the practice of giving the latter a pecuniary inducement ("royalty") to sing particular pieces—in order that, like the knife-grinder's razors, they may "sell"—tends to corrupt art and delude the public. If you could imagine a whole concert made up of modern ballads, such as sentimental young ladies would admire, it would contain nothing but what a clever mimic or improvisatore might throw off, on the least cue being given to him, at a sitting—so little of character or stamina marks this class of compositions. Take a connected work of human interest, fitted to teach and elevate the people, and forsooth, it is not "popular"; and so it comes about that many composers care for nothing but momentary success.

Around the social hearth, on the other hand, music in its various forms may, so to speak, become a cheap and most enjoyable home-made article, with perfect freedom to choose your own materials. All, old and young, may easily engage in it, in a great measure free from the drawbacks we have enumerated as belonging to music in the crowd. Have you ever spent a musical evening with a family or circle of skilful and devoted amateurs? We assume you have been able to take some part, and we cannot doubt as to your reply, that the sum-total of profit and enjoyment was vastly greater than at the ordinary run of concerts. Now we put in a plea for the extension of this kind of domestic concerts. But in urging this plea for music in the home, we think it of primary importance at once to point out our idea of the function of music—that music as usually understood is one thing, and the purposes to which it is applied another, and this latter too often ignored. Milton has said:—

"Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense."

We cannot accept this as wholly correct. It does charm the sense, and it is probable, as a thoughtful writer observes, that fine musical harmonies have a sanative influence over our bodily organisation. In certain morbid conditions of mind and body, music, we know, is a valuable remedial agent. Montesquieu says, "music is the only one of all the arts that does not corrupt the mind," and certainly we know of no better antidote to depressing or cankering influences, incident to continual toil and the cares of life. The natural desire for pleasurable excitement after toil can be gratified by no other means at once so easily and so cheaply attained, so harmless, so soothing, and so elevating. Music stands alone in this, that, whereas most other pleasures leave a residuum of regret, have a shadow more or less dark, it leaves, if rightly employed, a clearer intellectual vision, and more cheerful spirits. There can be no doubt that music has a great influence in imparting those delicious sensations which tend to sweeten and prolong life. But the heavenly origin of music, and its early use among men, alike prove that it was employed for the highest purposes, as the only adequate expression of angelic joy, and of human feeling and worship. Among the Greeks, we know, the term music meant not only the art of sound, but every other liberal (Muse-born) art. Surely with our present light, we may well refuse to confine the function of music, as some would, to mere "playing with sounds": for the music we advocate is not a series of sweet sounds merely, but an agent to interpret, intensify, colour, and impress the lessons and the beauties of poetry. Let the creative invention of man give it the forms which charm the sense; but the word and the spirit belong to man alone; and let it be wedded to the language of man, and let the soul and spirit of man thus find vent and expression. The living voice of man alone can be the organ and interpreter of his living spirit. If, as has been truly said, it requires the voice of man to intone the song of universal brotherhood, much more is it required to intone that of the praise of God, or even to prove a solace and relaxation worthy of a rational being. Well has our greatest living orator, Mr. Gladstone, observed:—"They who think music ranks among the trifles of existence are in gross error: because, from the beginning of the world down to the present time, it has been one of the most forcible instruments both for training, for arousing, and for governing the mind and the spirit of man. There was a time when letters and civilisation had but begun to dawn upon the world. In that day music was not unknown. On the contrary, it was so far from being a mere servant and handmaid of common and light amusement, that the great and noble art of poetry was essentially wedded to that of music, so that there was no poet who was not a musician; there was no verse spoken in the early ages of the world but that music was adapted as its vehicle, showing thereby the universal consciousness, that in that way the straightest and most effectual road would be found to the heart and affections of man." And it is more than 2000 years since Plato wrote: "To look upon music as a mere amusement cannot be justified. Music which has no other aim can neither be considered of value, nor viewed with reverence." Music at first was simply the interpreter of poetry, and a drapery to it; and though, no doubt, the science of sound has been greatly elaborated since then, the result has too much tended to divorce the two, and thus man has put asunder what God made to be joined together. Whatever may be said of music as a system of sounds, yet even as appealing to the emotions, music must deal with ideas of which the mind can

take cognisance. To these it gives fervour, and thus acts upon the emotions. We would not, however, utilise music too much, for there may be "songs without words," that partly suggest and partly express feelings too subtle for words; but in the general case, what an accession of vividness and power comes in with the word! Music is like molten gold, not to be poured out in a continuous stream, but, so to speak, into the moulds of ideas. We make this point prominent because, in general, it is very greatly lost sight of.

The universal devotion of women to one particular instrument, suggests the question how far, in treating of music, this particular taste deserves our approbation. The pianoforte is a noble instrument under the hand of a master, and of late years especially, some half-a-dozen players have, by a careful study of works of genius, made its performances splendid and intellectual. But these players move by themselves in an orbit to which they have risen by incredible labour, superadded to most uncommon fitness, and a rare enthusiasm. All ordinary efforts, however, must in proportion come short of this standard; nor in the general case can even a tithe of those immense efforts be possible, and even if they were possible, they could not, in the absence of a special genius, be equally successful. Hence, though money is expended by thousands of pounds to buy instruments and music, and to fee teachers, and time, more precious than money, spent beyond all human calculation in learning and practice, nothing is gained in ninty-nine cases in the hundred beyond a dead level of routine, artificial exercise to the eye and the fingers, with a series of sounds often barely tolerable. For who that has heard the playing of Thalberg, Arabella Goddard, Halle, or one or two others of like ability, though less known, will hear ordinary drawing-room performances with more pleasure than contempt? Is it, we ask, an adequate return for this incalculable outlay of time and means, that one's performances simply please, or perhaps only seem to please, a circle of too-partial friends? Or, if the enjoyment of practice, such as it is, be added to the credit side of the account, what if, after all, the thing music be unknown and unfelt, the power to move or to be moved by it a blank, and even the art of sight-singing, possessed by thousands of school-children, unattained? Yet we confidently appeal to the observant and candid reader, if such be not a fair summation of the results of pianoforte cultivation generally speaking. But we go a step farther, and it is rather a long one: we declare our belief that excessive, or even average, devotion to this instrument, has a tendency to mislead and blunt the ear to the perception of true intonation—that, in short, fidelity to the piano will prove falsity to song. This last point is of too technical a character to be entered upon in detail here. But a jury, or individual, who will calmly try the experiment of applying the recognised mathematical scale by ear to the piano, through the various major and minor keys, or compare the instrument in this respect with the more perfect violin, or the still more perfect human voice, will return a verdict finding this charge proven. A serious charge no doubt, but it is further established by a practical test—that no devoted pianist was ever yet a true and feeling singer. No, it is time the truth were fully told—would it were acted on! —that piano-playing is a merely conventional accomplishment. Formerly the lute, virginal or spinet, harpsichord, etc., were fashionable instruments; and we do not see why ladies should not extend the range of their instrumental playing, and not be so uniformly alike in this as in so many other matters, —dress, talk, gait, and so forth.

But for our own part, we care not to confess that we hold all instrumental music as fit only to rank many degrees below the cultivated human voice, that is, when the voice is applied to high musical purposes, animated by intelligence, and moved by feeling. And where is anything known to us to compare with the voice of woman, when it is the organ of womanly emotion? Hence the undoubted claim which the voice has to priority of cultivation: hence the enjoyment, which, culture assumed, it gives, as not an interpreter merely, but part of your being, so superior in this respect to a mere dead piece of brass or wood, catgut or wire. The excessive and increasing prevalence of the costly and resultless form of musical cultivation we have alluded to, has induced us to brave the ordeal of truth-telling in regard to it. But we do so to show a more excellent way. We claim that the voice—the first and best of all organs of music—be first cultivated; and this leads us to an important part of our subject: the influence of woman in song. In other days, the "Gentlemen's Catch Clubs" and similar societies were composed exclusively of men, who resorted to them not alone for the sake of the music, or, if so, their enthusiasm must have been something wonderful, considering the materials on which they wrought. They met invariably in taverns, and, stimulated by good fellowship and joviality, the members were fully as much devoted to Bacchus as to Terpsichore. Part-music, for recreative purposes, in which the female voice had a place, was at a time very recent almost unknown. The ample recognition, however, of this potent and charming element by composers, and its accession to vocal music, is beyond all comparison the most salient and important fact in recent musical history. The gain has been every way unspeakable. In song, woman's emotions and woman's voice find a high and congenial exercise. Very sweet songs, as sweet as any in the Bible, are those of Hannah and of Mary; and women appear to have had an important place assigned them in the musical service of the Temple, and in that of the early Christian assemblies. With regard to vocal excellence, one has only to hear a male chorus, and then a mixed one (both good), to realise what an accession of warmth, sweetness, splendour, and pathos, the female voice brings to the "concord of sweet

sounds." To find the cause of this, we must add to beauty of voice, a deeper and even more potent element, intensity of feeling—for both qualities are required for true musical effect, and in both, woman excels man.

Now, it is one of the great advantages of the home cultivation of music, that this primary musical element would be made fully available as it can be by no sort of public organisation. In fact, in the domestic circle, woman's share in music would—female modesty intact—predominate; and this, within certain limits, is a guarantee for musical excellence. That this would also afford the best security for anything like general musical cultivation, must be too obvious to need to be stated; for to what influence can we compare that of the mothers of the present and of the next generation?

We need scarcely mention the great advantage of the daily use of music in family worship. How pleasing the picture the great Scottish poet has drawn of domestic psalmody in the "Cottar's Saturday Night":—

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise."

And the daily use of psalms and hymns in the home, is the best security against a meagre and degenerate church song, which all denominations of Christians have still more or less to deplore. How sublime and soul stirring, on the contrary, in the rare instances where it is heard in anything like perfection, is the voice of the great congregation! Gather, then, the children, the infants even, around your knee. Watch how soon a child will sing a hymn or song—before he takes it in intellectually—and can we doubt (to borrow a happy simile of Hood's) how salutary these "impressions before letters" may after a time become? Do not too early confuse and vex them with intellectual disquisitions about notes, but simply let them lisp their childlike hymns musically. This we know was pleasing to Him who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me," when the children joined in the Hosanna to His praise. Although, as we have said, anything like formal instruction to children should at first be rather avoided, yet the language of music, when a proper key is applied to it, is not so intricate as is generally supposed. Without associating irksome exercises with what should be pleasant recreation, yet after a time, even children may gradually be trained without difficulty, "to sing from the notes." This must be effected, as everybody acquainted with the principles of music knows, by means of key relationship presented in its simplest forms. This is done by Mr. Curwen's Tonic Sol-fa Notation, which we recommend as at least an admirable introduction, and as being easily applied to the established notation. We should also recommend Colville and Bentley's letter-note method, which by engrafting the initial letters of the sol-fa syllables on the common notes virtually combines both notations. As a practical suggestion we think it of first importance to caution, that anything like forcing the voice in childhood and youth should be carefully avoided. Two causes, both of them common, contribute to this—high pitches and shouting. The result is also doubly injurious—a harshness and want of suavity in the singing, and injury, if not destruction, to the opening vocal powers. Though we have used the phrase "home-made music," there can be no doubt that some measure of teaching, and good teaching, should be secured (say by two or more families joining together) to guide the songs even of children, as much, however, to correct excesses like the above, as to prelect or lay down the law.

It may be held, however, as a settled point, that practice by ear merely will lead to no thoroughly satisfactory or lasting results. You must first of all learn the alphabet, learn to spell (so to speak), and learn to read notes, as you do letters, else you no more understand music than you do literature—apart from the consciousness of a vague sensual pleasure. You must learn to know good music; and more important still, to wed it to poetry. These acquirements are valuable—for in some considerable measure as you know, will you love and enjoy, music. But such qualifications imply teaching and training; and this work is in the true sense strictly educational, and should be attended to during the proper educating season—youth. And be it remarked, that it is nearly, if not quite as important, that people should be taught what will harmlessly and improvingly fill up their leisure time, as what will fit them for a business or trade. Thus art becomes a part, and a very important part, of the education of the people. The influence of mothers must be aided by the technical knowledge of the schoolmaster. In order, therefore, that music may become a true and lasting joy in the homes of the people, it must be taught in our schools. But how few care to secure this qualification in a schoolmaster. Yet to this cause, in a large measure, are we to trace the musical superiority of Germany to Great Britain. Conservatories for rearing professors, a musical training for schoolmasters in Normal schools, the employment of schoolmasters in the musical service of the church and in the day-school—these are the means by which the musical genius of the Teutonic race is developed. Britain, musically speaking, is in a great degree waste-land, but it is not sterile; it only wants cultivation; and judging from instances, by no means rare, the vocal resources of our people are vast, and only need to be drawn out. One of Pickford's carters found sitting on his cart in a meal hour copying music; a ploughman on the heights of Banffshire, "soughing" his exercise as he makes his furrow, and referring to his book at the turning; a party of rural folks in an

Aberdeenshire highland parish giving a performance from Handel—solos, choruses, with instrumental accompaniment by the minister and his family: these things, if reported from the Continent, would be held in this country as incidents of signal musical interest and promise. They are entitled to be so regarded, as actual facts in unlikely places in this our own island; and as allied to domestic cultivation among the common people, may be cited here both in the way of encouragement and augury.*

To return. We add a hint or two on points away from the technicalities of the music-master. Some systematic plan of study and practice, carried out with earnest purpose, is of vital importance. A higher object must be aimed at than mere desultory pleasure-giving, otherwise your domestic music will prove only a sort of elegant dissipation. Each should aim at possessing the spirit of art—at being an artist, according to his means and opportunities, however humble. Rest content, in general, with simple music; for the artistic handling of what appears exceedingly simple, will bring out meanings and excite feelings, which surface work can never evoke. Do not lean on instruments for support. Self-reliance is important here, and the voice alone will produce wondrous effects, the use of simple music being assumed. While simple music, however, may most appropriately form the staple of your home exercises, yet it will have a bracing effect, and increase the scope and pleasure of your study, to choose occasionally such pieces as offer the excitement of difficulty. But strive to put into the song a meaning higher than is to be found in the mere notes; for every piece of music, as has been well observed, is a poem either in blank verse or in rhyme, and careful study and insight will bring out beauties which will ever remain hidden to the thoughtless and superficial. Use music for purposes higher than itself—to vivify and adorn pure and noble thoughts, to arouse the mind, to quicken healthy emotions, and to elevate the soul. "Beauty in all its highest forms," it has been well said, "is calculated to impress on human beings the belief in a perfection greater than this world contains"—a sentiment pre-eminently true of music, not only as giving wings to the soul's highest aspirations, but also as affording an employment in which man may anticipate the employments and rehearse the praises of eternity! Welcome then, this beneficent and ennobling influence at the family hearth and the family altar, and more and more identify music with the Voices, the Hearts, and the Homes of the People! Then may we hope to see it employed to sweeten and elevate the mass of society, to awaken songs of love and joy, and also that nobler song whose utterance by the collective voice is the grandest, not only of musical but of human manifestations, when the great congregation with one heart and one voice sound the high praises of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

JAMES VALENTINE.

* A dozen years ago, the artisan and the peasant of Great Britain were believed to be, as regards the qualities required in rifle-shooting and in marching, incapables and louts; yet have not drill and practice made thousands of them good soldiers and admirable marksmen, competing with those of any other country? A national musical movement, carried on with equal system and equal enthusiasm, would issue in like results.

CHRISTIANS WITHOUT A LIVING CHRIST, THE MOST MISERABLE OF MEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."—1 Cor. xv. 19.

In perusing the chapter from which these words are quoted, one impression, at least, is made by it upon our minds, and that is, of the intense, soul-possessing conviction of the writer that Jesus was alive; that "God had raised Him from the dead and given Him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God."

This fact was everything to St. Paul. He perils his character, peace, joy, and hope of immortality, yea, his very soul, upon it. All was over with himself, with the Church, and with every human being, if this was a fiction and not a fact.

Notice only the consequences which he admits must follow the supposition that Jesus Christ was not a revived and therefore a living Redeemer. One was, that he and all the apostles who had testified as to their having seen Him, spoken with Him, ate with Him, were "false witnesses." He does not attempt to evade this conclusion, however dreadful. He takes his stand as a man of truth on one or other of these alternatives—Jesus Christ is risen, and is now alive; or we are deceivers and impostors. Again, if He is not risen from the dead, it must follow that the faith of all Christians was vain—for, on that supposition, they believed a falsehood, and were trusting to a person who had no existence. Accordingly they were yet in their sins, as much as if the Lord had never died for them; and all who had fallen asleep pillowing their weary hearts in peace on Jesus, and looking to Him for pardon and redemption, had perished! They died trusting in a delusion, believing in a dream, hoping in a shadow. And if so, no wonder the apostle should burst forth with the wailing cry of misery, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable!"

Such were Paul's convictions regarding the resurrection of the Lord. These may have little weight with some people, and be looked upon merely as opinions held by an individual man eighteen centuries ago. But all reverent and earnest men, even though they may not as yet have believed in Christ, ought to be powerfully influenced by the conviction that such a man as the Apostle Paul thus certainly felt and certainly believed, and that the living Church of Christ throughout the world and in every age has so felt and so believed with him. Let even the inspiration of the apostle be questioned, and his authority as a teacher be forgotten, yet if we only remember what a man he was, in sobriety of feeling, in strength of intellect, in range of experience, above all, in holiness of life, with all the actual consequences which have come to humanity from what he was, and from what he taught,—we cannot but be impressed with this solemn declaration of his, that unless Christ be risen, Christians are deceived, and Christianity is false.

Let us fix our attention, then, on one point, and that is, what Jesus Christ the living Saviour was to St. Paul.

The apostle entertained a certain hope of something yet unseen, and this hope was bound up with his faith in a living Christ. The hope unquestionably was of immortality, and of immortality in a specific state, not as mere existence; for our life might be one of misery in the future, as he assumes it would have been in the present had not Christ risen from the dead. His hope was of existence with Christ, realising, as the very end of his being, perfect conformity to Christ in everything. He did not and could not separate this hope from the person of Jesus Christ. It was as if he had said, "Unless He is risen, and has entered into His rest, and begun an endless life above, I have no hope of entering into rest. If He is not glorified, I have no hope of glory. If God has left Him here below, and that Holy One has seen corruption, and if *His* hopes have not been fulfilled, mine are vain. If *His* prayers have not been answered, and if that light be extinguished or that life be ended in the tomb, I have no hope of life or light ever surviving in me or in any man. Our hopes of the future have perished with Christ, and, if so, then whatever hope in Christ we may possess in this life, we are yet miserable, yea, of all men the most miserable." So assuredly felt the Apostle Paul; and I ask, had he not good reason for so feeling? Was he not justified in having come to this conclusion, and no other?

Let us consider this:—In so far as this world was concerned, St. Paul had sacrificed all that life that could be ministered to by the things of time and sense, in order that he might possess, and help others to possess, a higher and truer life. For what was his life in this world? Was there ever witnessed such an utter renunciation of all that men call life? Read his autobiography. We have it not in detail, but in outlines, as it were, of long chapters and of volumes, which, were they written out with the minuteness of our records of remarkable lives, would make a history of toil, stirring adventure, sufferings, hardships, and escapes, such as this world's teeming literature could not compete with;—perils of robbers, perils from his own countrymen, perils in the wilderness and in the city, shipwrecks, scourgings, stonings nigh unto death, famine, nakedness, the want of all things, without a home, without rest, without even the necessaries of life, cast down, crushed, until he became a very spectacle to men and angels, a worthless castaway! Thus had it fared with him for thirty years, and thus, so far as he could see, would it fare with him to the end. "The time of my departure is at hand," is his sad though peaceful anticipation; and that departure would, in all probability, be through a painful martyrdom.

Where is the man of flesh and blood, not to speak of one who with tender affection clings to others and intensely values human sympathy, who does not recognise this kind of life as one of unprecedented labour, of almost superhuman self-sacrifice? How can we think of it with unconcerned hearts? How can we enjoy the blessings of Christian civilisation, and stand with indifference on the graves of the noble army of martyrs by whom it has been achieved? How can we contrast with it our ease and self-indulgence, and not thank God that the world has contained such a man as Paul? And why did Paul thus live? Why did he fill up his few years by such sufferings? Would he not have been happy *as a man* had he lived in quiet, enjoying all the sweet comforts of domestic life, pursuing the even tenor of his way as a lawyer at Jerusalem, or as a prosperous Roman citizen at Tarsus, the consistent friend of the ecclesiastical authorities, and the man of influence in his city—reading, reflecting, arguing, speculating, taking possibly pleasant journeys, enjoying the sight of objects of art at Athens, studying politics at Rome, or wandering amid the gorgeous scenery of his own land, and be known at Tarsus as the able Paul, the learned Paul, or even the much-respected or beloved Paul! Why was all this *kind* of life given up, and another, very painful to flesh and blood, accepted, not only without a murmur, but with joy? Surely the Apostle had no love for mere sacrifice as sacrifice, or he would indeed have been "beside himself." But there never lived a man of more sound judgment, or one with less of the folly of ungenial fanaticism or of weak enthusiasm. No man goes to a hospital for the sake of pain, but for the sake of health; nor to battle for the sake of wounds, but for victory; nor risks his money for the sake of risk, but for the gain. And what was the health, the victory, the gain which the Apostle sought? It was to make all men partakers with himself of a life which consisted not in the abundance of earthly things, but in a life "hid with Christ in God"—a life derived from Christ, maintained by Christ, and which in the end was to be perfected with Christ:—this was his hope.

Verily, if there was no Christ, and no such life in Him—if this hope was vain, and to end with death, he would have been of all men most miserable! His labour would have been in vain, his sacrifice in vain; all the seed he had cast into the ground would have been without a crop; his suffering, without health; his battle, without victory. Well might he exclaim, "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." It was as if he had said:—Let us give up our hope, and fall back on a mere earthly life. It is poor, but it is nevertheless something; while the life we now live in the flesh is death, for 'I die daily.' And thus we see that, on the supposition of life in Christ now and hereafter being a delusion—and it was a delusion if Christ had not risen—the Apostle acknowledged that he would be more miserable than other men, for he sacrificed what they enjoyed, suffered what they escaped, and all for nothing but a mere fancy—a theological opinion—the dream of a fanatical or frenzied brain.

But, it may be asked, was not Paul's spiritual life of such a nature as must of itself have insured him more happiness than any man could have possessed whose life was only in things seen and temporal? And it may be alleged with some reason, that religion is itself delightful; that there is a pleasure and joy in being just and loving, and in doing good; that if there was no hereafter, it would nevertheless be wise in a man to live well here; that his nature is so constituted that it cannot work smoothly except when guided by principle; and that virtue is its own reward, securing to its possessor a peace which necessarily excludes misery.

Well, let it be assumed, for the sake of argument, that men may, to a large extent, obey the dictates of conscience and the instincts of their moral nature, and that in doing so they reap a corresponding reward. But would this reward be such as would preserve a man like St. Paul from being utterly miserable unless he had faith in a living Redeemer? Would a life of even perfect morality, were that possible, represent in *kind* the character and hopes of the Apostle? He was moral, and a great deal more; but that *great deal more* involved such a sum of experiences, of hopes and of joys, all bound up in a living Christ, that to suppose them blasted by the destruction of his faith in Christ, so that he would have nothing to fall back upon but a life prompted by his moral constitution, and rewarded by the personal and relative results of right living, would be to leave him indeed most miserable. No possible life which he could have possessed without faith in Christ—no results which he could have realised, apart from the ultimate one of perfection with Christ, could have saved him from a beggar's misery in the midst of any amount of mere moral splendour and riches! If we could conceive him ceasing to be Paul the believer and becoming Paul the moralist, more spiritual than Plato, more pure than Seneca, more speculative than Cicero, we could not imagine him otherwise than as enduring a misery which they never experienced, through having lost a hope which they never possessed.

Let us try to see in this light, the past, present, and future, as St. Paul saw them; and thus realise the feeling with which he said, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

(1.) First of all, his whole *past* life was seen in the light of Christ. What was his own estimate of that life, before he knew his Lord? It might have been called by others a sincere, moral, truthful, earnest, and honest life, though bigoted, narrow, or ignorantly zealous; but to himself it was stamped with one mark of condemnation,—it was "*without Christ.*" To him it was not life but death. He calls it by no fine names; outwardly it was a religious life, the Sanhedrim being the standard of religion, but he himself acknowledges that it was the life of a persecutor, of an injurious man, of a blasphemer. He was therefore ashamed of it, he loathed and condemned it.

How, then, could he anticipate without fear and trembling such a life as that being revealed before the judgment seat of God? How could he meet with a calm countenance the accusing spirits of the past? How was it that he was not scared in his day and night dreams by the cries of those whom he had persecuted and tortured? How was it that remembering all the horrors of that life, he could say, "Nevertheless I am not ashamed":—How? Because he knew Whom he had trusted, and was persuaded that He would keep that which he had committed to Him until that day:—How? Because, being justified by faith he had peace with God through Jesus Christ by whom he had received the atonement:—How? Because it was a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom he was chief; and because he had obtained mercy, that in him Jesus Christ might show forth all longsuffering for a pattern to those who should hereafter believe in Him to life everlasting. Just imagine in what position would Paul have been, had his trust in Christ turned out to be a delusion by his discovering that there was no living Christ in whom to trust? He had found peace in believing; but could that peace remain while believing no more? and could he fall back into the indifference possessed by an ignorant unbeliever? Would it have been possible for him again to become what he was before he had ever heard of Christ? His conscience had been quickened by the knowledge of Christ: his heart had been gained by the love of Christ; he saw no mere spectres, but real sins haunting the past, all of which Christ had banished. But let Christ himself disappear—let it be proven to St. Paul that he had believed a lie, that his life hitherto in Christ had been a fantasy of joy, a delirium of comfort, an objectless hope, a fruitless labour, a walking, speaking, and singing

in his sleep—could he henceforth ever occupy in peace the place of other men who had never known his life in Christ? Could he awake from his slumber on the downy bed of a refined philosophy, and, with a smile, say, "It was all a dream, but I can yet turn on my other side and rest in my worldly comforts and in my righteous character, and find a true life in my morality"? Impossible! Without Christ, "he would have been of all men most miserable;" the very past would have crushed him.

(2.) Again:—the whole of Paul's *present*, as well as his past condition, his motives, the light in which he beheld all things, his estimate of human life, the relationship in which he recognised all men as standing to him, and he to them,—all this, and more than we can enumerate, were determined by his knowledge of Christ and his faith in Him. All things had become different to him in their nature and meaning, since he had looked at them in the light of that new life which he had received from Jesus Christ. Christ was through all and in all, penetrating all persons and things as light does the atmosphere. The very world of *nature* was not as it used to be to Paul. He saw in it Christ's handiwork, Christ's instrumentality for effecting His glorious purpose; for he saw "all things created by Him and for Him." The whole kingdom of *Providence* was no longer a confusion, or the result of mere human agency; but it was a part of Christ's kingdom, under His government, moulded by His wise and righteous power, so that in the end His kingdom should appear as a majestic temple rising out of ruins. The whole *unseen world* of principalities and powers he saw as under subjection to Jesus Christ, restrained and overruled by the mighty arm of the same King seated upon His throne, high and lifted up. All *mankind*, moreover, were seen by him in a new relationship. Every human being was considered, valued, borne with,—in one word, loved,—as being related to the *Man* Christ Jesus. He saw men no longer as mere individual, solitary units; but as persons with whom Christ had to do, in whom He had an interest, and whom He had come to seek and to save; while the living Church of Christ, made up of those who like himself recognised the claims of the Lord, and shared his spirit,—were all seen by him as members of that spiritual body of which Christ was the living Head; and were accordingly clasped to his heart with a love and fervour which no mere relationship of country or of blood could produce. To him, all outward distinctions were absorbed in this one thought, "that there was neither Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ was all and in all." Within the circle of things present, were also his *trials and sorrows, labours and joys*, but all these were seen in the same light. His trials were endured in Christ, his duties performed in Christ, his joys possessed in Christ. His whole life existed in Christ. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;" "I am crucified with Christ;" "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me;" "To me to live is Christ." If we therefore look around on the world within and without, and upon human life, with the eyes of St. Paul, we shall perceive how Christ penetrates all, illuminates all, regulates all, determines all. But if so, what would it have been to St. Paul had there been no Christ? What if he discovered that He had never risen nor obtained dominion, and that the universe existed without Him? Do you think that he could have resigned all those things which had become new, and have fallen back upon what he once was and had once believed, and seen all things in the old light, or as other men saw them?—or could he have seen all this glory that filled the heavens and the earth depart, and then have walked in the darkness of other men, without thereby experiencing utter misery from contrasting it with what he had once beheld, but could behold no more—what he had once enjoyed, but could enjoy no more?—for Christ was dead and gone! He would have been of all men most miserable!

(3.) There is another aspect of Paul's spiritual life in Christ, which could not have been destroyed or disturbed without producing deepest misery—and that was his glorious prospects of *the future*. Assuredly he had a future which, however ideal it may appear to many, was to him so real, that it was ever present to him. To him the light of heaven and earth mingled; the future streamed into the present, and the present passed into the future. It might be said of his vision of that future, that whether he was in the body or out of the body, he could not tell, so very living was it, yet so unlike to all earthly things. How can we attempt to fill up Paul's vision—to describe it as he saw it—to map out even a few of its glories? It is to us, who are so unbelieving, and who occupy so low a range of thought, as the third heavens were to himself, in which we hear things that we cannot utter. In the bright vista of the future he beheld this earth under law to Christ, and His name glorious from sea to sea. He beheld Him coming in power and glory, the dead in Christ rising, this corruptible putting on incorruption, this vile body changed into His own glorious body, the sons of God manifested in all their glory, in a day towards which the whole creation had been groaning as for the birth of the world's regeneration. He realised a time when his knowledge should be no longer mingled with ignorance—when he should no longer see through a glass darkly, but know even as he was known—when his warmest affections should have full play in loving and in being beloved with the whole family of God,—when Jesus should be glorified *in* all His saints. He anticipated the "end," when Jesus should deliver up the kingdom to the Father, and God be all in all. But the whole grandeur and blessedness of that future were concentrated in one bright and glorious reality, Christ himself—and in being perfect like Christ—glorified together with Christ. This was the heaven that was ever before him. All this bright hope

for himself, for the Church and for the world, was bound up with his faith in Christ. "Because He lives we shall live also;" "Our life is hid with Christ in God; when Christ who is our life shall appear, we shall also appear with Him in glory;" "Christ in us the hope of glory;" "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;" "All things are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Once more;—conceive what it would have been to St. Paul, to be persuaded by any process that there was no Christ—that Christ was not in him—that He was not his hope, and that he should never see Him appear—that He had not risen as the first-fruits of them that sleep! Would it have been possible for him to have given up all this bright future which faith in Christ alone had created; and have caused all those streams of life and hope which ever welled out of his heart, to return to his heart again to be frozen up by unbelief; and could he have rejoiced in this winter illuminated only by the cold shining icicles of mere morality? Could St. Paul have realised all this vision of the future and its glorious harmony with his whole being; and have seen a light never seen before until he beheld Christ, and that light so suited to his inner eye; have heard a music never heard before until he heard the voice of Christ, and that music so suited to his spiritual ear; and have partaken of that living bread and drunk of that living water, and found them so suited to his spiritual appetites, so satisfying and refreshing; and having given them all up, could he then, without that light, without that music, and without that meat and drink, and having nothing more than mere moral rectitude to satisfy him, could he have been otherwise than most miserable? Only fancy some Stoic telling him at such a crisis of his being, that though all he had hitherto believed through Jesus Christ was a delusion, a fanaticism, a fancy, yet that he need not be miserable, since he could still be a thoroughly moral man—speak the truth, and be honest, benevolent, helpful to his neighbours, useful as a citizen, and advance science, education, and art in Tarsus, would such a life have satisfied him and saved him from wretchedness? Would it have been possible for him to have occupied the same ground as he had done before the Son of God was revealed to him, and in him, without his being one of the most miserable of men?

There are changes in life which so revolutionise us, that we can never be as we once were. The existence of some other person in the world may, indeed, for a long period of our life be a fact to us unknown, or, if known, of no importance to our happiness. What to us are the joys or sorrows, the character or tastes, the sickness or the health, even the life or death, of this unknown one? But let this person become at last known to us—become the object of our affections—our own,—united to us for life in the closest bonds, and then never more can they be to us, or we to them, as we were before. Their life, their happiness, all they suffer or enjoy, becomes a part of ourselves. To lose them is to lose our earthly life, and never more can this mighty world of persons and of things be to us as it once was. Yet even in regard to an earthly affection our great poet has truly said—

> "better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

But can this be said of our love to Christ? The loss of Christian friends in this world is but a temporary one. We often speak of it as being their gain, and look forward to an eternal union with them hereafter. But to lose Christ!—to discover that we have believed in vain—that we have loved, not a real person, but a creature of our own imagination,—a being who no more lives nor loves, who no more knows us, than a dead mummy or a dead stone—O, better, better a thousand times, never to have loved at all, than endure such a loss as this! It would be irreparable. It would be the loss of all truth, hope, and love;—the loss of faith in all men, even in God himself. It would be the loss of faith in the moral order of the universe; the exchange of light for darkness, of life for death, of truth for a lie. And he who suffered such loss would verily be of all men most miserable!

St. Paul, indeed, never imagined that such a loss was possible. While he makes the supposition, it was to him what we call a demonstration that ends in proving an absurdity, and therefore cannot be true. He never for one moment imagined it to be a possible thing that Christ was not alive. He spoke of the consequences which should follow on this supposition, only to prove how false the supposition was. It *could* not be, as sure as there was a God and truth in the universe, that the Apostles were false witnesses; it could not be that the faith and life derived from Christ's life, death, and resurrection were false; it could not be that they were deceived who had fallen asleep in Jesus; it could not be that Christians were yet in their sins; it could not be that the Apostle, and all who, like him, loved the Lord, could be left in misery. These things *could* not be; they would be monstrous suppositions in God's universe, immoral miracles, and therefore were moral impossibilities.

But if this was impossible, then it was true that Christ was risen; and if so, faith in Christ was not in vain, and preaching was not in vain, nor were the Apostles false men, nor had those who were fallen asleep in Christ perished. Believers therefore never could be of all men most miserable, but were of all men most blessed; and, strong in faith, they were to "be steadfast, unmovable, abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as they knew that their labour was not in vain in the Lord!"

And now let us ask:—what difference would it

make to us, individually, if the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus were unreal? Alas! may it not be said of some, that if they could believe that Christ had risen from the dead and was alive, they would, while leading the life they do, be of all men most miserable? For they are without Christ. He is not in all their thoughts; He is not in *their* present, past, or future. Their past is not reconciled to their memory and conscience through faith in Jesus Christ, who forgiveth all our iniquities; their present is not affected by the thought of Christ *for* them, or Christ *in* them; nor their future by the hope of being with Christ and sharing His glory for ever. To them therefore the blotting out of Christ's name from the universe would be the mere blotting out of a doctrine or opinion—not the extinguishing of their Light and Life. Is theirs, then, the Christianity which St. Paul believed and possessed? No! It is not St. Paul's Christianity; therefore it is not Christianity at all.

We can answer for the living Church of Christ, that they sympathise with their whole hearts with the Apostle. Were it possible for them to conceive a universe without Christ, that universe would be to them outer darkness and eternal death. Such unbelief, to any man who has ever truly known the living Christ, is a moral impossibility: he would not believe an angel from heaven if he told him that "He was not alive." The faith of the true Christian is grounded, not merely on what the Apostles have testified, though he believes their testimony as having been eye-witnesses of His Majesty, but he has also the Day-star in his own heart;—he has in himself evidences of a Risen Saviour. Through faith in that Christ, true life has been quickened in his own soul;—he has been enabled to crucify the old man with his affections and lusts, to bury him in the grave with Christ, to rise with Christ to newness of life, and consciously to partake of that life in God with all its blessedness. He lives, and he knows it is because Christ lives for him and in him, and that his is an eternal life—eternal as the Father who is its object, the Son who is its medium, and the Spirit who is its source. When, with Christ, he can say, "Our Father in Heaven," he knows that this is itself a pledge that in heaven, as on earth, he shall ever find and enjoy his Father. If he had hope in Christ in this life only, he would be most miserable. But Christ in him now is inseparable from the hope of glory with Him hereafter; and such a hope "maketh not ashamed." "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." With joy and thanksgiving therefore he can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him till that day." "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

RUTH THORNBURY; OR, THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, Author of "De Profundis," &c.

CHAPTER III.—THE THORNBURY FAMILY.

It is only natural that my readers should wish to know something of the family of our heroine, and I will devote a few pages to gratify this desire.

Mr. Edgar Thornbury, her father, came into possession of the Red House property, as well as a moderate sum of money in the Funds, by the death of his father, in the year 1819. The estate consisted of three copyhold farms, held under the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral (each containing about two hundred acres of land), together with the twenty acres of meadow and park land attached to the mansion, which was freehold, and entailed on the next male heir. The ready money did not exceed four thousand pounds, but Mr. Thornbury was an only child, and the whole property he inherited was unencumbered by family settlements of any description. The estate, though of no very great value, had been held for some centuries by the family. It was this circumstance principally which induced Mr. Thornbury to reside upon it, although he was naturally of a cheerful disposition, with which the sombre aspect of the house and its surroundings did not very well accord. At the time he came into his fortune, he was a fine, good-looking, healthy young fellow, about twenty-four years of age, a bold rider, and passionately fond of field sports.

Mr. Thornbury's father, after the death of his wife, which took place about ten years prior to his own decease, had led a very secluded life. He associated with none of the gentry in the neighbourhood, and saw but little of his own tenants beyond receiving them at his house on rent-day, and making occasional calls for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were farming properly the land they held. It may, therefore, be easily imagined that his son, who resided constantly with him, had but little acquaintance with the world when he came into his inheritance.

There was only one foible in which he was likely to indulge to any great extent, and that was horse-

racing. He had never, of course, entertained the idea of running racers of his own, but he had a natural love for every sport connected with horses. Accordingly, he attended all the races in his own county, and betted moderately, but with considerable success. His skill and good fortune having given him courage, he resolved to extend his operations, and he no longer contented himself with isolated bets, but commenced to keep a regular book. Success still attended him, and he hazarded larger sums. He was guided to a considerable extent in his betting by a person of showy exterior and plausible manners, whose acquaintance he had made on a race-course. This gentleman, at last, obtained such an ascendency over Mr. Thornbury, that he scarcely ever made a bet without consulting him on the subject, and his prognostication was generally followed by such good fortune as to increase still more the favourable impression he had made on Mr. Thornbury, who soon began not only to look upon him as a racing oracle, but conceived a warm friendship for him. He invited him to the Red House, and treated him as a favoured guest, showing him every attention in his power. In return, the new-made friend invited him to spend a fortnight in a neat little box he had near Doncaster. They could then attend the approaching races, and be very snug and comfortable together. The idea fell in admirably with Mr. Thornbury's views, as he had long desired to visit Doncaster, and the invitation was accepted.

The time arrived for their departure, and they travelled together to Doncaster. Mr. Thornbury was somewhat disappointed at the appearance of his friend's house, which was only a very humble cottage near the race-course. But as he was informed by his friend that it was merely rented in order that he might have a place near the course, when he wished to attend the different races there, the excuse was accepted. The morning after their arrival, Mr. Thornbury's friend introduced him to several sporting gentlemen, all of whom he assured him were as safe as the bank. With these gentlemen Mr. Thornbury made several heavy bets, not only on the races which were to come off next day, but on the days following as well. In fact, he contrived to make an excellent book, one which did his knowledge of the doctrine of probabilities great credit.

The next day's races came off, and Mr. Thornbury, on making up his book in the evening, found he was a winner to a very considerable amount—on paper. He, of course, paid what losses he had made, and received the amounts owing to him, the principal part, however, in I O U's, the proportion in ready money being very small indeed.

He had betted very heavily on the second day's races, and began to feel rather uneasy as to the result. Nor was this wholly without reason, for on making up his book in the evening, he found that he had that day lost between seven and eight hundred pounds. His companion attempted to cheer him with some common-places about the impossibility of being always a winner, and reminded him of the excellent book he had made on the third day's races. Although the loss somewhat annoyed Mr. Thornbury, he had sufficient philosophy to perceive that it would be quite useless to grieve over it, and he proceeded tranquilly to make some alterations in his dress, as he and his friend were to dine with a gentleman, an acquaintance of the latter, and pass a pleasant evening together.

They met, and formed a very happy little party. The only other guest, besides Mr. Thornbury and his friend, was a gentlemen also connected with the turf. He was, moreover, an excellent companion, well acquainted with all the sporting celebrities, and possessed a vast fund of anecdote and humour. The dinner was cooked in first-rate style, and the wines were excellent; indeed, to say truth, Mr. Thornbury indulged to a greater extent than was prudent, yet without being really intoxicated. Nor was he quite so much to blame in this, as he would have been in the present day. In those days the absurd custom prevailed of gentlemen challenging each other to take wine, and on this occasion it was much indulged in by Mr. Thornbury's companions, who seemed capable of consuming any quantity without danger of inebriety.

Dinner over, they sat for some time at dessert, and, conversation beginning to flag, one of the party proposed a rubber of whist to pass away the time. Mr. Thornbury made no objection, in fact his brain was already somewhat confused, but the two others said they did not feel inclined to play just then. They were tired, they said, and the events of the day were so fresh before them, that they should not be able to think of the game if they took a hand. As, however, the proposer was their host, if he really wished it they would offer no further objection. So the game was begun. In the first rubber, Mr. Thornbury and his friend were partners. They played for guinea points, as well as betted heavily on the rub. Mr. Thornbury and his partner were winners, and they netted a considerable sum—a result which put their opponents somewhat out of humour. At the second rubber, the tide of fortune turned, Thornbury and his friend being losers. They changed partners, and fortune again favoured Mr. Thornbury, so that before supper was announced he had won more than one hundred pounds.

After supper a steaming bowl of punch was placed upon the table, and the friends indulged in it pretty freely. In fact when Mr. Thornbury rose to take his seat again at the card-table he was nearly intoxicated. The idea flashed across his disturbed brain that, as he was evidently in luck that night, he might be able to *recoupe* himself for his day's losses, and he proposed an increase of the stakes. No objection being made by the others, they again commenced playing. Mr. Thornbury lost the first rubber as well as a heavy bet he had made upon it, but he endeavoured to recover this by a still heavier bet on the next game. He played on for some time, gene-

rally losing, and consoling himself the while with repeated glasses of punch. In this way he continued to play, his mind becoming gradually more and more obscured, till at last he lost all consciousness and sank under the table utterly insensible.

When he awoke next morning he found himself in bed in the house of his host of the previous evening. He felt feverish and thirsty. His tongue was dry as a potsherd, and he suffered from a violent throbbing headache. A servant knocked at the door of his room with a message from the master of the house informing him that if he (Mr. Thornbury) intended to go on the race-course that day, he had better rise immediately, else he would be too late. Mr. Thornbury told the man to thank his master for the information, and to say that he would be ready in half-an-hour at latest. Even then, however, he could hardly summon sufficient courage to rise from his bed, and when he did so, he felt so dizzy that he nearly fell senseless on the floor. By dint of bathing his head for some time in cold water he managed in some measure to arrange his ideas. When dressed, he descended to the breakfast-room, where he found his host, to whom he apologized for his behaviour on the previous night.

"Don't think anything more about it, my good fellow," was the reply. "It was an accident, which I dare say has befallen every one of us at one time or other. But now, if you intend going with us to-day, you had better get your breakfast as soon as you can."

Mr. Thornbury took the hint, and seated himself at the table. He had no appetite, however; his headache returned, and he laboured under a most distressing nausea. He tried to conceal his feelings, and rose from the table saying that he was now quite ready. But he had no sooner uttered the words than a sensation came over him of so oppressive a character, that he was obliged to seat himself in an easy-chair that he might not fall on the floor.

"Thornbury," said his host, "you are not in marching order to-day; you had better stop at home. A couple of hours' nap on the sofa will do you a deal of good. Remain then quietly here; we shall be home to dinner by seven o'clock. We can then arrange our little accounts of yesterday evening, and you can afterwards have your revenge, if you wish it."

Thornbury followed his friend's advice, and, throwing himself on a sofa, slept for several hours. When he awoke he felt considerably refreshed, and began to think over the events of the preceding evening. The remark which his host had made on leaving the room about arranging their accounts of the evening before, and giving him his revenge if he wished it, caused him some uneasiness. Of all that had taken place before supper he had a tolerably clear idea, but the remainder of the night's transactions were to him only a mass of tangled confusion, which it was impossible for him to unravel. His losses on the race-course the day before also caused him annoyance, but that, after a little reflection, lessened considerably. He felt he had lost his money fairly, and he had no just cause for discontent; besides, it was very probable that he might be more fortunate that day, as he had some heavy and well-calculated bets on the event.

By dinner-time he had fully recovered himself. He heard, with great equanimity, the somewhat unsatisfactory intelligence, that on that day's transactions he had lost about two hundred pounds. During the meal the conversation ran principally on races which were yet to come off, those who had won that day, what horses were in favour, and other matters connected with the turf. When dinner was over and the dessert placed upon the table, one of the party said, "Now, Thornbury, we may as well arrange about yesterday evening. Here are your I O U's for your losses to me, and you would oblige me by giving me a cheque for the money, as I can assure you I have had some heavy pulls upon me to-day."

So saying he produced several pieces of paper bearing Thornbury's signature for different sums. Their host also, and the other gentlemen, did the same, placing their different memoranda before him, the whole demands upon him amounting to little less than 1,000*l.*

Mr. Thornbury was for some moments utterly aghast at their behaviour, but, soon recovering himself, he took up the different papers from the table and quietly and carefully examined each, without passing any remark upon them. The person who had first addressed him on the subject of his debts took umbrage at this behaviour.

"Do you imagine, sir," he said, "that the papers I have given you are forgeries, that you scrutinise them so carefully?"

Mr. Thornbury continued his examination for a moment longer, and then coolly replied,

"The signatures are evidently mine. I consider, however, that I was perfectly justified in examining them so closely, as I have no recollection whatever of the transactions to which they refer."

"Transactions to which they refer!" said the other indignantly. "Why, you gave them for the money you lost yesterday evening."

"My dear Thornbury," said the host, "it is all fair and straightforward, I assure you; and, more than that, as soon as you have settled these claims you can, if you please, have your revenge this evening."

"Thank you," said Thornbury, coolly, and still keeping his temper, "but I must decline playing again with those who do not consider it beneath them to obtain documents of such a description from an intoxicated man."

Each person present took this insult as personally applied to himself, and each stepped forward to resent it.

"Stop, gentlemen," said the host, in a tone of authority; "as the transactions to which Mr. Thornbury alludes took place under my roof, I must have precedence in the matter. To consider

it possible, sir," he continued, addressing Mr. Thornbury, "that I would allow a guest of mine while in a state of intoxication to sign an I O U is simply to offer me a gross and gratuitous insult; and I must request you either to retract your expression or make me an apology."

"Let us clearly understand each other, gentlemen," said Mr. Thornbury. "How you came by my signature for such heavy sums I know not; suffice it to say that I acknowledge them without hesitation to be mine, and I intend paying the money, so no more need be said about the matter unless you desire it. But, at the same time, if any one of you is under the impression that I am a man to be bullied, he is grossly mistaken. Let us, however, do one thing at a time. I will for the moment put the question of the payment of the money aside, and if any gentleman present thinks himself affronted by my remark, I beg he will consider me immediately at his service."

"Come, come," said one, "let there be no quarrelling; we need say no more about the matter. I have no doubt Mr. Thornbury will at once give us cheques for the different amounts owing us."

"That I cannot do," said Thornbury. "I owe as much on the races as will absorb the whole of the ready money I have got at my banker's. As soon as those bets are settled I will write to my agent in London and request him to sell out of the Funds as much as will meet your claims. I intend immediately taking lodgings in the town, and I shall not leave it till I have paid you all the full amount I am indebted to you."

"But possibly," said the host, in so amicable a tone that it contrasted strangely with his late indignant manner; "but possibly the better plan will be for you to give us your promissory notes at a short date, as we may not find it convenient to remain here till your agent sends the money."

"I will do nothing of the kind. The money I owe shall be considered purely as a debt of honour, or I will dispute it altogether. That is my determination, and it is a waste of time for us to hold any further conversation on the subject. Are you willing to accept the terms I offer?"

Finding no other arrangement could be entered into with Mr. Thornbury, they at last accepted his offer, and he quitted the house with the determination to drop all acquaintance with the class of men he had just left, and never again make a bet on a horse-race—a resolution he ever afterwards rigidly adhered to.

As the town was crowded with visitors, Mr. Thornbury had some difficulty in providing himself with an apartment, but at last he succeeded. He engaged the first floor above a small but respectable linendraper's shop, kept by a widow—a Quakeress. The day after removing to it, he began to pay his different debts, which, together with the sum he had lost at the whist-table, considerably exceeded two thousand pounds. He drew cheques for the bets he had made on the races, which consumed the whole of his available balance at his banker's, and he wrote to his agents in London directing them, not only to sell out as much money from the Funds as would suffice for the balance, but to send him the address of some respectable solicitor in Doncaster, in whose hands he could place the duty of settling with his whist-table creditors. Both commissions were executed in the course of a week or ten days, the amounts were paid, and Mr. Thornbury's mind was at rest on the point. He consoled himself with the idea that, if he had paid dearly for his experience, the lesson was the less likely to be forgotten.

Although everything connected with his gambling transactions was now settled, Mr. Thornbury made no attempt to leave Doncaster. He had become much interested in the family of his landlady, and he took great pleasure in their society. His first impulse to cultivate their acquaintance arose from mere curiosity. It was the first time he had been thrown into any sort of relationship with the sect of Quakers, and it can easily be understood that their steady, sedate, amiable manners, together with their peculiar dress and quaint Bible phraseology, would please him greatly. The widow, Mrs. Watkins, was an intelligent, bustling, good-humoured, handsome old lady, very strictly attached to the tenets of her sect. Her establishment consisted of her only daughter, Charity, a very pretty young woman, and a sort of half-servant, half-shopwoman, named Deborah, also a member of the Society of Friends. Mrs. Watkins' principal duty was to attend to the business, in which she was occasionally assisted by her daughter and Deborah, the latter having especial charge of the domestic economy of the house, which in every respect was a perfect specimen of Quaker order, cleanliness, and neatness.

Mr. Thornbury had hardly been a week in the house before the ladies began to entertain great good feeling towards their lodger, whom they held to be a very well-conducted young man, and the feeling was more than reciprocated by Mr. Thornbury. He used to spend his evenings with them, and some of the happiest moments of his life were passed in the little parlour behind the shop. He at last got so interested in the widow and her daughter and their primitive ways, that one Sunday he requested they would take him with them to their meeting-house. At first, they readily assented; but, after a little reflection, the widow began to have compunctions, and would willingly for various reasons have retracted her promise could she have done so honourably. But the promise had been given and she was a woman of too much integrity to break it.

The meeting being a silent one, Thornbury had ample opportunity for reflection. It would be wrong to say that religion entered very deeply into his thoughts on the occasion. They were concentrated on Charity, and no other object. Mr. Thornbury had, in fact, fallen deeply in love with the fair Quakeress, and he resolved, if possible, to make her his wife.

The meeting over, Thornbury accompanied Mrs. Watkins and her daughter back to their house. On the road, a little circumstance occurred which for the moment somewhat startled and annoyed him. He walked by the side of Charity, and attempted to enter into conversation with her, but with scant success. True, she answered every observation he made, but very shortly, and without turning her head towards him when she spoke. This was done in so marked a manner that he began to fear he must unknowingly have offended her, and under this impression he remained the whole of the day, for he saw her no more after they had entered the house. Charity was by no means displeased with her admirer—far from it; but, as she knew that she was watched by many a pair of female eyes, she was simply endeavouring to make it appear that she was offering him no encouragement, and that his attentions were rather displeasing to her than otherwise.

Thornbury, although somewhat mortified at Charity's behaviour, was still resolved to do all he could to make her his wife, but he was much puzzled as to the way to commence operations. The rigid ideas of propriety held both by the damsel and her mother, together with their secluded habits and strong sectarian principles, put it out of the question for him to offer to treat them to any amusements. Moreover, a severe-looking female Elder (the mother of several unmarried daughters) had visited the house, and been closeted for some time with Mrs. Watkins and Charity, and he noticed that after that they showed him considerably fewer little friendly attentions than he had been used to receive at their hands, and it was evident that Charity purposely avoided meeting him; but whether that proceeded from her own sense of propriety, or her mother's injunction, did not appear.

The difficulties thus thrown in Thornbury's way stimulated him to exertion rather than otherwise. He now resolved to conquer by increasing his personal attractions. He paid much attention to his toilet, purchased some very expensive articles of jewellery, used an immense amount of perfumery, wore a coat with the waist almost up to his shoulders, and assumed something of that swaggering air and manner much affected by the "Bucks" of the period. Those attempts, however, resulted in complete failure. Charity, girl as she was, held the pomps and vanities of this wicked world in utter contempt, and her mother's dislike to them amounted to absolute abhorrence. The poor fellow even sank considerably in Deborah's good opinion. She had hitherto been his warm friend, for she had admired him greatly for his steady, quiet, and affable manners, and she had frequently spoken highly of him to Charity; but even Deborah could not defend his foppishness.

At last, finding his suit by no means forwarded by this course, he resolved to practise it no longer. He again became the quiet, unostentatious, sensible young fellow he had been before. Good effects immediately followed the change. Mrs. Watkins began to speak to him in a kindlier tone; Charity, accidentally of course, met him more frequently, and always answered the remarks he made in a friendly tone; and he again rose in Deborah's good graces. Still nothing decisive had been accomplished, and he was at a loss what fresh step to take in the matter.

At length one morning, after having been a very long time over his breakfast, eating little, but meditating a great deal to little purpose about his love affair, he took up his hat to leave the house, thinking some bright idea might perhaps strike him if he took a solitary romantic walk into the country. Having descended the stairs, he was passing through the shop, when he noticed that there was no one in it. Looking round, however, he saw Charity sitting in the little back parlour, with her face at a pane of glass which had been inserted into the partition, so that a surveillance might be kept upon customers entering. Such a beautiful picture did she make, with her neat little cap on her head, that Thornbury found it impossible to pass on without speaking to her, and he turned back and entered the little parlour. He found Charity alone, her mother, as she informed him, having gone to market; she expected her back, however, in the space of half an hour, if he wished to speak to her. Thornbury was thinking what answer to make, when, without being afterwards able to relate how it came about, he suddenly found himself seated in a chair by Charity's side, her hand in his, which she was making no attempt to withdraw. Having had the courage to effect so much, the rest was comparatively easy to him. When he had found his tongue, he expressed with great fluency the profound affection he had for her, touched modestly on his own qualifications and expatiated largely on hers, and concluded by asking her permission to pay his addresses to her. Charity replied, in a proper and becoming manner, that she was so greatly surprised at his offer that she hardly knew how to reply to it. She did not understand, she said, how it was possible for him to have conceived so much affection for her, having known her for so short a time, with many other stereotyped phrases of the same description, the whole concluding by a reference to her mother, by whose advice she would be guided in the matter, admitting (evidently to prevent his being driven to despair) that she had certainly a great esteem for him. The half hour having nearly elapsed, he requested Charity would tell her mother that he wished to speak to her on some business of great importance, and that he would call on her in the afternoon, shrewdly believing that the daughter would be sure to inform her mother of the purport of his visit, and thus relieve him from the great difficulty of opening the question.

Thornbury now left the house with the air and step of a conqueror. He relinquished his intended romantic walk into the country, and contented himself instead with strolling about the town till he

began to feel fatigued. He then entered a newsroom, and tried to occupy himself with the newspapers, but read he could not; and at last he gave up the attempt, and again strolled about the streets till it was time for him to keep his appointment with the old lady.

The meeting passed off, to a certain degree, satisfactorily enough. Mrs. Watkins frankly told him that she felt much gratified by his offer, but at the same time there were some difficulties in the way which had to be cleared up before she could possibly entertain it. She must in the first place consult with some of the Friends on the subject, especially as he was not one of her own sect.

Things, however, did not progress so favourably as might have been wished. The Elder whom Mrs. Watkins requested to enquire about Mr. Thornbury was the husband of the Quakeress who had been closeted so long with her and Charity after Thornbury's visit to the meeting-house. Unfortunately, the only person he could find who knew anything about Mr. Thornbury was a clerk in the house of the Doncaster solicitor whom Thornbury had employed to arrange his gambling debts. Of course the conclusion the Elder arrived at from his conversation with the attorney's clerk was anything but favourable to Mr. Thornbury; and he, without any reservation, communicated this to Mrs. Watkins.

Mr. Thornbury was thunderstruck when Mrs. Watkins frankly told him that she had heard, upon good authority, that he was both a gambler and a drunkard. Instead of indignantly denying the accusation, he with great good sense gave a true account of the manner in which he had been entrapped by a gang of swindlers; that he had paid the amounts he had lost; and that he had resolutely determined never to make another bet on a race, and as a gentleman and a man of honour he would keep his word. He further requested that they would make what inquiries they pleased respecting his previous life, as he was fully convinced they would not hear one word really adverse to him.

All this was said so frankly and with so much appearance of truth in his manner, that Mrs. Watkins agreed to reconsider the matter, and Thornbury passed a far more happy evening with her and her daughter than might have been expected from the commencement of their conversation. To make a long story short, Mrs. Watkins, having a relative residing about ten miles from the Red House, entrusted to him the somewhat delicate task of making the necessary inquiries respecting the previous behaviour of Mr. Thornbury. In due time she received a very satisfactory answer, and then gave her permission for the marriage. Mrs. Watkins, not wishing to reside longer in the town her daughter was on the point of leaving, resolved to sell her business, and to take up her residence with the relative to whom she had entrusted the task of making inquiries into Mr. Thornbury's character. To his house she accordingly removed with her daughter and Deborah, who were to reside with her till the wedding-day. In the meantime Mr. Thornbury returned to the Red House to make what preparations were necessary for the reception of his bride.

About two months after Mrs. Watkins had given her consent to the match, the young couple were married. All passed off in the most satisfactory manner, with the exception of some little sorrow on the part of Mrs. Watkins and Deborah at seeing Charity in a bridal costume so contrary to their ideas of becoming and modest dress. But this again was modified by a promise on Charity's part that as soon as she and her husband had arrived at the Red House she would return as far as she could to the style of dress she had hitherto been accustomed to wear. The ceremony over, the bride and bridegroom started off on their wedding tour, and at the end of the honeymoon they took up their abode at the Red House.

CHAPTER IV.—LITTLE DIFFERENCES SETTLED, AND DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.

Returned from her wedding trip, Mrs. Thornbury entered on her duties as mistress of the Red House with zeal and alacrity. Naturally quiet and amiable in her manners, she possessed at the same time a certain determination of character, and she soon brought the somewhat indifferently trained servants into a state of excellent organization. In this the methodical Quaker habits of her previous life considerably aided her. An addition was also made to the staff of servants in the person of Deborah, who entered into Mrs. Thornbury's service as a sort of upper servant or housekeeper. As to dress, Mrs. Thornbury, to please her husband and meet her own taste as well, adopted a costume partly that of the Quakers, and partly that of ladies in general. Although Mrs. Thornbury wished Deborah to follow her example, so far at least as to reduce somewhat the starched primness of her attire, it was without avail. Deborah resolved to wear the costume she had been used to, and no argument nor entreaty her mistress used could induce her to alter her determination. At last Mr. Thornbury and his wife yielded to her whim, rightly considering it impolitic to risk losing so valuable a servant by insisting on a trifle of the kind.

During the first year of Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury's married life everything passed off in a most satisfactory manner, indeed it would have been difficult to have found a happier couple. True, they had but few acquaintances and still fewer friends. The gentry in their neighbourhood were extremely aristocratical in their ideas, and strictly attached to the Established Church, and it having become known that Mrs. Thornbury was a Nonconformist, and had formerly been something very like an assistant in the shop of a small Yorkshire linendraper, a strong prejudice sprung up against her, and her society was but little sought for. This, however, gave the worthy couple no uneasiness; they had a little

world of their own, and cared nothing for the opinion of strangers.

The second year after their marriage Mrs. Thornbury gave promise of becoming a mother. If her satisfaction at the prospect was great, it was trifling compared with that felt by her husband. The idea of having an heir to his estate perfectly delighted him. In vain his wife argued that there was equal probability of the child being a girl, he had made up his mind on the subject and he felt certain he should not be disappointed. Time, however, proved him to be in error, as his wife presented him with twins, both fine, healthy girls. He soon got over his disappointment, and was as fond and proud of his two girls as if he had had a son and heir.

Preparations had now to be made for the christening, and a great difficulty arose. Mrs. Thornbury still preserved many of her Quaker prejudices, and had a great objection to her infants being baptized according to the rites of the Church of England, and in this view she was strongly supported by her mother, Mrs. Watkins, who had been residing in the house during her daughter's accouchement. Deborah also brought her influence to bear on the question. Mr. Thornbury, however, was determined to have his own way in the matter, and so firm was he in his resolution that the arguments and prayers of his wife, his mother-in-law, and Deborah were as nought in the balance. Mrs. Thornbury, as in duty bound, was the first of his opponents to give way. She remembered that her husband was as strongly attached to the tenets of the Church of England as she and her mother were to those of the Quakers, and she told him that she would waive her objection and submit like a good wife to his wishes. Mrs. Watkins was far more obdurate in the matter, but at last she succumbed to a judicious compliment paid to her by her son-in-law. When the question arose as to the names to be given to the infants, he told her that he had already come to a conclusion on the subject. One was to be baptized in the name of his wife—Charity, the other in that of Mrs. Watkins—Ruth. This little piece of flattery completely did away with the objection the old lady had to the christening, and Deborah, finding it was utterly useless for her to interfere longer, made no further remarks on the subject.

Mr. Thornbury fancied that as he had now proved he would have his own way in the matter of the christening, all would pass off smoothly. But he was terribly in error. Without consulting his wife on the subject, and with the idea of affording her a pleasing surprise as a reward for her dutiful behaviour, he had written to the proprietors of a well-known baby-linen warehouse in London to send him down a handsome *layette* for twins, such as would do honour to an occasion of the kind. In due time a very respectable middle-aged woman arrived at the Red House with a choice assortment of articles used on occasions of the kind. Mr. Thornbury with some little feeling of pride introduced this agent of the firm into the room where sat his wife, who was now sufficiently recovered to leave her bed; and he himself stood by while the wares were being displayed. To his astonishment he could not detect in the expression of his wife's countenance the slightest appearance of pleasure or satisfaction; while on the brow of Mrs. Watkins he perceived an ominous gloomy frown. The agent proceeded to unpack article after article, each to the female mind prettier than the former, but without eliciting from mother or daughter one expression of commendation. At last Mrs. Thornbury turned away her head, and the spirit then moved Mrs. Watkins to speak. She said, with marked disapprobation in her tone and manner, that her daughter at that moment was too much indisposed to be troubled with vanities of the kind, and requested that they might immediately be taken away. Mrs. Thornbury, although she said nothing, evidently concurred in her mother's remark; and the poor agent, not knowing what to do, looked up into Mr. Thornbury's face for her instructions. Annoyed at what he considered the ingratitude of his wife, he motioned to the agent to take the things away, and followed her out of the room, inwardly abusing mothers-in-law in general, and his own in particular, as he attributed solely to her influence the behaviour of his wife.

On the morrow, when Mr. Thornbury paid his wife a visit, the subject was again opened by Mrs. Watkins. She informed him that Mrs. Thornbury had commissioned her to explain to him how sorely it grieved her to object to anything he proposed, it being the bounden duty of wives to submit themselves to their husbands in all things not touching their spiritual welfare. Her daughter had always been instructed in those principles by her, and she was certain they were as dear to her as life itself. But, she went on to say, her duty to her Maker was also to be taken into consideration, and she (Mrs. Watkins) was under the firm impression that by adorning her infants in such vain dresses she was placing snares for their souls while they were yet on the very threshold of existence. In conclusion, she sincerely trusted that Mr. Thornbury would, on reflection, submit to the wishes of his wife; and that he would see that the caps and robes provided for the infants were little better than "vain trappings," and as such would not again wound his wife's feelings by offering them to her notice. Mrs. Thornbury's countenance appeared only to reflect the expression of her mother's, and, although she said nothing, her husband had no difficulty in perceiving that she had also definitively made up her mind on the subject, and had no intention of altering it. Wisely thinking it would be useless as well as derogatory for him to have a dispute with his wife, much as he objected to the course she had taken, Mr. Thornbury turned on his heel, and left the field in the possession of his opponents. He was annoyed and crestfallen; he felt he was no longer master in his own house.

With an abashed countenance he presented himself before the agent from the baby-linen warehouse, and informed her that his wife declined purchasing any of her wares. He greatly regretted the trouble he had given her, but he had no alternative in the matter. He was, however, perfectly willing not only to reimburse all her expenses, but to make her any reasonable allowance for the inconvenience she or her employers had been put to. The agent seemed hardly to understand him.

"You surely do not believe, sir, that your good lady does not wish to have the christening robes?"

"Such is the truth, however," said Mr. Thornbury, sorrowfully.

"Oh, sir, I am sure you must be mistaken."

"I most sincerely wish you could prove it to me. You would do me a singular favour, I assure you," said Mr. Thornbury, devoutly wishing to have his revenge on his mother-in-law, to whom he attributed his wife's opposition.

"I could easily do so, if you wish, sir; but you must give me full powers to act as I please. I am certain I should succeed. I know a great deal more about young mothers than you do, although, I dare say, you are wiser in most things than I am."

"You have full power to do what you please," said Mr. Thornbury, "and I wish you success, although I greatly doubt it."

"You have no occasion, sir, I assure you. If you could only get the old lady out of the way for an hour or so, to take a walk or anything else, by the time you come back you will find your good lady has quite changed her mind."

"I will get her away if it is at all possible," said Mr. Thornbury, in a very determined manner.

Mr. Thornbury, shortly after this conversation, met his mother-in-law at the lunch table. She seemed at first rather in doubt as to the reception he would give her, and she eyed him attentively for some moments. She soon perceived she had no cause for any anxiety—nothing could be more cordial than his manner to her. She was greatly pleased at the evident docility of his character, as it was another proof to her of the superiority of the female mind. During lunch, the pair conversed pleasantly on many subjects, without the slightest difference of opinion arising between them. When this meal was nearly over, Mr. Thornbury asked his mother-in-law whether she had anything particular to occupy her time that afternoon, as he would like to consult her about some alterations he intended making in the grounds; and which he wished finished soon, so as to be a surprise to his wife on her recovery.

Mrs. Watkins was pleased with her son-in-law's amiability, and said she would be delighted to go with him. Mr. Thornbury, of course, skilfully contrived so to engage the old lady as to give the agent plenty of time; and, on returning, he seated himself in the library, and waited somewhat impatiently for a report of what had taken place during his absence. At last the agent made her appearance, but as one of the female servants was near, she merely said in a low tone of voice, "It is all right, sir; the babies, as I promised you, will wear the robes at the christening."

The plan adopted by the agent was simply this: as soon as she had satisfied herself that Mrs. Watkins had left the house she took the opportunity of enlisting the monthly nurse in her service. The latter persuaded Mrs. Thornbury that as she looked somewhat fatigued she had better take a nap, and that she might not be disturbed by the infants they were removed into the next room, which had been fitted up as a temporary nursery, proposing that Deborah should remain with her mistress the while. This having been agreed to, the agent and the nurse took the opportunity to dress the two infants in the christening robes, and that being accomplished they quietly waited till Mrs. Thornbury should awake. In the course of half-an-hour Deborah, without entering the nursery, told them that her mistress was no longer asleep, and that they could bring the babies back again as soon as they pleased. In a few minutes the nurse and the agent, each armed with a baby splendidly attired, entered Mrs. Thornbury's bedroom.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the latter; "but as I intend leaving for London to-night, I thought you might like to see how the babies would have looked in their robes."

"Two more beautiful little angels I never saw in my life," put in the monthly nurse. "They really do one's heart good to look at them."

Mrs. Thornbury cast the loving glance of a proud young mother upon them, but, partially recovering herself, she attempted to turn her eyes from them dressed as they were, but it was impossible, and she submitted to the temptation. The woman and the nurse now approached her, so as to allow her to inspect the children's dresses more closely. The more narrowly Mrs. Thornbury looked at the twins the prouder she was of them. There was a strong excuse for her in thus swerving from the determination she had arrived at in the morning—the children's robes were perfect miracles of artistic needlework. Over white silk slips they wore long robes of the finest cambric, richly embroidered with lovely lace insertions. Their caps were of white embroidered silk, trimmed profusely with the richest Mechlin lace. Altogether their appearance was so overwhelmingly attractive that, had either Mrs. George Fox or Mrs. William Penn been present in the flesh, their hearts must have melted within them, and they would have freely acknowledged that the temptation was too great for any mortal mother to withstand. Even Deborah gave way, and admitted that the infants were indeed lovely.

Mrs. Thornbury now begun to examine the work in the infants' dresses mechanically, her pre-nuptial occupations having probably made her critical in productions of the kind. When she had finished her inspection she said to the agent,

"When do you propose leaving for London?"

"By the night coach, ma'am," was the reply.

"If you have no objection, I would prefer your remaining here till to-morrow."

"Certainly, ma'am, if you wish it. It will make no difference to me."

"Then pray remain," said Mrs. Thornbury.

In the evening, as Mr. Thornbury was on the point of retiring to rest, he received a message from his wife informing him that she wanted to speak to him. He immediately obeyed the summons.

"I am afraid, my dear," she said to him, "I was undutiful to you this morning; pray forgive me. I have thought better of your kindness since, and I particularly wish the children to wear the dresses you have provided for them."

Thornbury kissed his wife, and promised that it should be as she wished.

The next day was appointed for the christening, but Mrs. Thornbury had not informed her mother of the change in her determination, considering, perhaps wisely, that sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. It was only when all was in readiness for them to start for the church, that Mrs. Watkins perceived that her daughter had obeyed her husband's wishes. She cast an indignant glance, first at him and then at the children.

"What would George Fox have said!" she exclaimed.

"George Fox be hanged!" remarked Mr. Thornbury, indignantly.

Mrs. Watkins could not by her presence sanction such irreverence. She rushed hurriedly away, and shut herself into her room for the rest of the day. The christening party now started for the church, where the infants were baptized in the names of Charity and Ruth—the latter being appropriated to our heroine. The next morning Mrs. Watkins left for home, and, to the great sorrow of her daughter, still unappeased. To do Mr. Thornbury justice, he submitted to his mother-in-law's departure with far greater resignation than his wife.

Two years after the birth of the twins, Mrs. Thornbury was again confined, and this time, to the great joy of both parents, of a boy. He received the name of Edgar, after his father. They had anticipated some little difficulty on the occasion with Mrs. Watkins, fearing she would again object to the christening robe. Fortunately, however, for Mr. Thornbury and his wife, the old lady at the time was suffering from rheumatism, and she feared leaving home, so all passed off pleasantly enough at the Red House. For five years after this, Mrs. Thornbury had no further addition to her family, but in the sixth she was again expecting to be a mother. Mrs. Thornbury wrote to Mrs. Watkins, inviting her to be present at the accouchement. Beyond the invitation, the letter contained a most grateful compliment to the old lady. It stated that should her health not be sufficiently strong to allow her to leave the house, they would both feel obliged by her informing them, in case the child should be a boy, whether she would prefer his being called George Fox or William Penn, as Mr. Thornbury had decided on one or the other of these names. The old lady was so pleased at this delicate attention to her feelings, that she immediately left home, to take up her residence for a time at the Red House. Luckily, the child was a boy, and at his baptism he was registered, "George Fox Thornbury," which so delighted Mrs. Watkins that she made no objection whatever to the splendour of the dress he wore on the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury were certainly blessed in their offspring, for a finer or healthier little family it would have been difficult to find. After Mrs. Thornbury herself, whose attention to her children was unremitting, the greater portion of the credit was due to Deborah, who had relinquished her duties as housekeeper to perform those of head nurse. Deborah's affection for the children was scarcely less than Mrs. Thornbury's; in fact, had they been her own she could hardly have shown greater solicitude for them, and they in return did ample justice to her judicious nursing. As the twins grew up, a marked difference developed itself both in their personal appearance and in their characters. Both were well made and healthy, intelligent and amiable, but there all similarity stopped. Charity was exceedingly pretty, had fair complexion, bright blue eyes, and auburn hair; in fact, her countenance would have formed an admirable model for a painter who wished to combine in the expression of the same face, love, amiability of temper, and mirth. Ruth, on the contrary, was dark in complexion, had black, thoughtful eyes, and raven hair: her features were regular, but with little to attract in them. There was, however, an interesting expression in her face, which went far to compensate for her lack of beauty. Her best feature was her mouth, which, especially when she smiled, imparted to the face an expression that had something extremely engaging in it.

The expression of countenance in the two girls was a faithful index to their minds and characters. Charity was a light-hearted, sweet-tempered, laughter-loving little romp. Ruth rarely smiled, had but little pleasure in their childish games, and when she did take part in them it was easy to perceive that she did so rather to please her sister than from any satisfaction of her own. But notwithstanding the difference between them in disposition and temperament, they had a remarkable affection for each other—each, however, showing it in her peculiar way. Charity, extreme in all things, would have given all she possessed in the world to her sister, if she had thought it would have pleased her; while Ruth, scarcely less generous in the matter of giving, had much more discretion, and was, even at eight years of age, the prudential adviser of Charity. She would remonstrate with her gravely on her habitual thoughtlessness, and yet would screen and assist her when she was in any trouble occasioned by her romps. She would

arrange for her whatever little irregularities they might have occasioned in her dress, so as to hide them as much as possible from the scrutiny of Mrs. Thornbury or Deborah, both of whom retained to a great degree their original Quaker-like love of neatness. When Charity was in disgrace from any little accident, Ruth would plead her cause with great energy, and would wipe away her tears when she was subjected to any trifling punishment or scolding.

Her brother Edgar also came in for no small portion of Ruth's matronly supervision and advice. She watched over him with the greatest solicitude, keeping him as much as possible out of mischief, for which, child as he was, he showed considerable aptitude. She tried as far as she could to neutralise the baneful influence Charity, with her love of romping, was likely to exercise over him. Although there is little reason to doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury held the two girls in equal affection, and possibly would have revolted at the idea that both were not equally dear to them, there was no difficulty in perceiving that Ruth, with her gentle manners and well-regulated mind, was uppermost in her mother's thoughts, while the father made a very idol of Charity, and by his over-indulgence increased the natural buoyancy and thoughtlessness of her disposition.

As they grew older, the same characteristics were observable in the children; but all went on as happily as possible for the next five years. The same strong attachment continued to exist between the sisters. Charity's habitual carelessness did not diminish as she grew older, while Ruth became still more sedate and methodical. She was altogether a singular character. Although exceedingly undemonstrative, she was the very embodiment of latent family affection. This would occasionally develop itself without any apparent reason for its sudden outflow, whilst at other times, when it might naturally have been expected to show itself, it seemed to be almost dormant. In this respect she formed a singular contrast to Charity, whose love, always buoyant, showed itself when any especial occasion called for it; such as an act of unexpected kindness on the part of her father, or any just commendation from her mother, while Ruth would allow similar occasions to pass without much more notice than the thanks which were due. At other times, again, the marks of her love would show themselves without any particular cause being apparent to elicit them. For example, she would occasionally stand by her mother's chair, while some topic that was totally uninteresting to her was the subject of conversation, and to which she appeared to pay not the slightest attention, when suddenly, and without warning, she would throw her arms round Mrs. Thornbury's neck and kiss her affectionately. Then she would relieve herself from the embrace, and resume her original position by her mother's side, wearing on her countenance the same placid thoughtful expression which she had worn before the ebullition of affection, or possibly after a few moments she would leave the room on some errand of her own. In the evening, when the family party had assembled round the fire, Ruth would frequently seat herself on a stool by her father's side, and while he was conversing on subjects totally unconnected with her, she would take hold of his hand and retain it for a while, without uttering a word or paying the slightest attention to the topic which was occupying the others.

She was also exceedingly fond of her brother Edgar, although he was in the habit of making poor Ruth the butt of his boyish pranks and jokes. She submitted with the greatest equanimity, and possibly admired him the more for the very tricks he played upon her. The only individual to whom she was at all demonstrative, was her little brother George, now a singularly beautiful child, in feature closely resembling Charity, although in his face there was something of the mildness and intelligence of her own expression. Ruth had taken George under her especial protection, and the child in return was exceedingly fond of her. She had also constituted herself his instructress, and had taught him his letters and his childish prayers, and his efficiency in both was a source of great gratification to her.

But if any doubt could have existed in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury of the love Ruth felt for her little brother, a lamentable circumstance which took place when she was between twelve and thirteen years of age elicited it to such a degree as must have completely undeceived them. Ruth had been ailing for some days. She was suffering from prostration of strength, and loss of appetite, with occasional fits of cold shivering alternating with flushes of burning heat. She, however, complained very little, and in consequence her malady did not receive the attention it really required. Notwithstanding the state of her health, she continued her attentions and instructions to her little brother George, hearing him his lessons in the day-time, and especially attending to his prayers night and morning. The child seemed also to be rather unwell: his appetite had fallen off, and he was far paler than usual, but like Ruth, he made scarcely any complaints, and Mrs. Thornbury, whose attention had been called to him, fancied that it was only some childish indisposition which a slight dose of ordinary domestic medicine would speedily cure. One evening, after he had been prepared for bed, Ruth attended as usual to hear him say his prayers. He repeated after her those he had been accustomed to use, till he came to a verse of a hymn which he was able to recite without her aid:—

> "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
> Look upon a little child;
> Pity my simplicity,
> And teach me, Lord, to come to Thee."

There was something at the moment exceedingly beautiful in the child's appearance, as in his white bed-gown he knelt before Ruth, his glossy silken

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auburn locks, in which she took especial pride, falling on his neck from beneath his little cap, his hands pressed together, and his eyes bent reverently on the ground. Ruth thought at the time that he strongly resembled an angel. When his prayer was over, Deborah placed him in his cot. "Sit by me, Ruth," he said. She was about to obey him, but Deborah, noticing the girl's sickly look, interposed, and insisted on her leaving him and going to her bed. After some little demur, Ruth kissed him and left the room—and she never saw him afterwards.

The next morning Ruth was too unwell to rise from her bed, and a medical man was sent for. As soon as he saw her, he unhesitatingly pronounced her to be in a high fever, and that every precaution would need to be taken, or it might terminate in typhus. He also saw little George, who, although at the moment he showed no such symptoms as to excite alarm, was still far from well, and required great attention. He further advised that, if practicable, Charity and Edgar should immediately be sent away, as it was possible the malady might communicate itself to them also. This advice was immediately acted upon. Mr. Thornbury applied to one of his tenants to receive the two healthy children into his house for a few weeks. His request was immediately acceded to, and Edgar and Charity left home that night. As the doctor had feared, Ruth's malady terminated in typhus, and that in its most severe form. Delirium set in, and the disease ran its usual course. Thanks to skilful medical treatment, the excellent nursing of Mrs. Thornbury and Deborah, and a good constitution, the fever at last subsided, leaving its victim sadly enfeebled by the violence of its attack.

When Ruth had fully recovered her senses, she naturally became anxious about the health of the other members of the family, particularly of her little brother George. An evasive answer was given her, but she did not detect the ambiguity it contained. Two days afterwards, in the presence of her mother and Deborah, she again inquired after the child. Mrs. Thornbury attempted to answer her, but in vain, and, instead, she burst into a flood of tears. Deborah then took upon herself the painful task of explaining to Ruth that little George was dead. "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord," she said. "He hath in His mercy spared thee, my dear, but thy little brother is now one of His angels." Ruth received the intelligence in her usual placid, undemonstrative manner. She merely bent her head forward from her pillow as if in acquiescence to the Almighty's will; but uttered not a word. She remained perfectly still for a few moments, and then gently turned her head on the pillow as if to sleep. Her mother, surprised at her conduct, thought she could hardly have understood Deborah's meaning, and she resolved on the first favourable opportunity to tell Ruth herself of the death of her brother. After a few moments' silence, so as not to disturb Ruth if she felt an inclination to sleep, Mrs. Thornbury noticed a slight heaving of the bed-clothes which covered Ruth's shoulder, and she went softly round to the other side of the bed to ascertain the cause. To her great surprise she found that the poor girl, though perfectly silent, was weeping bitterly. Her tears flowed so rapidly that Mrs. Thornbury became greatly alarmed. The poor child's sorrow, however, though it seemed perfectly overwhelming, was displaying itself in her own peculiar way. Her grief was perfectly silent; she did not utter a sob, and, but for the slight involuntary movement of the shoulders, she might have been supposed to be in a profound sleep.

Mrs. Thornbury now used every effort in her power to console the poor girl, but with small success. True, to a certain extent, she somewhat suppressed her tears, but the effort was evidently made with the intention of pleasing her mother more than anything else. Fortunately, beyond somewhat retarding her cure, Ruth's grief did not greatly injure her bodily health, but the doctor began to entertain some fears whether it might not act prejudicially on her mind. As soon as Ruth had acquired sufficient bodily strength to be removed, he advised Mrs. Thornbury to take her to the sea-side. This was readily agreed to. Mrs. Thornbury and Ruth left home, and returned in about a month, the patient having received great benefit from the trip.

Ruth never afterwards spoke of her little brother, and the rest of the family, to humour her, abstained from mentioning him in her presence. A slight difficulty relating to the poor boy had yet to be got over, and Mrs. Thornbury was sorely puzzled how to accomplish it. Before George was buried, several locks of his hair had been cut off, and one had been given to each member of the family with the exception of Ruth, though hers had been retained for her. Mrs. Thornbury now wished her to receive it, but did not like to broach the subject. Charity, however, came to her mother's assistance in this matter. She enveloped the lock of hair in a sheet of notepaper, on which she wrote, "A lock of poor George's hair," and she then placed it in a drawer in Ruth's room. Shortly afterwards, Charity asked her sister for something she knew was in the drawer, and Ruth left the room in which they were sitting to find it. Charity went again to the drawer in Ruth's bedroom. The lock of hair had been taken by Ruth, but she spoke not one word about it, nor could any one discover what she had done with it.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE OCEAN TO THE SEA.

Some of the readers of Good Words may possibly be interested by a simple sketch of a journey through the South of France, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. True it is that most of the country is so well known to British tourists, that it will seem to some a sort of impertinence to talk about it, especially when the writer has nothing new to say. And this would be the case, were he about to fill his pages with descriptions of Pau, or Bagnères, or the Cirque de Gavarni, or many other places which swarm with tourists.

But a journey from the ocean to the sea takes the traveller through many places which tourists, for various reasons, avoid, or hurry past in the railway: and besides, the readers of Good Words are not all tourists; most of them will never see the Pyrenees or the Mediterranean; they will stay at home, and do the work which lies nearest them; and they may be glad to hear of new lands, new plants and insects, new people, and their looks and ways, even though a certain percentage of their countrymen know all about the matter already.

So I shall sketch, as simply as I can, the country between the ocean and the sea. Of the religion and politics of the folk who dwell therein, I shall say nothing. It would be an ungenerous requital for the courtesy and kindness which they show to an Englishman, simply because he is an Englishman, pharisaically to speak evil of them here at home; to assume the character of a critic, after having been treated, not as a customer, but as a guest; or to discover points of difference with those, whose chief anxiety was to discover points of agreement. No, pleasant, courteous, honest, and I doubt not virtuous folk, this writer will say nothing of you, but the Good Words which befit this magazine.

The point from which to start, in order best to appreciate the change from ocean to sea, is perhaps Biarritz. The point at which to stop is Cette. And the change is important. Between the two points, races are changed, climates are changed, scenery is changed, the very plants under your feet are changed, from a Western to an Eastern type. You pass from the wild Atlantic into the heart of the Roman Empire—all the influences which formed the discoverers of the New World, to those which formed the civilisers of the Old. Gascony, not only in its scenery, but in its very legends, reminds you of Devon and Cornwall; Languedoc of Greece and Palestine.

In the sea, as was to be expected, the change is even more complete. From Biarritz to Cette, you pass from poor Edward Forbes's Atlantic to his Mediterranean centre of creation. In plain English and fact, whether you agree with his theory or not, you pass from the region of respectable whales, herrings, and salmon, to that of tunnies, sciœnas, dorados, and all the gorgons, hydras, and chimæras dire, which are said to grace the fish-markets of Barcelona or Marseilles.

But to this assertion, as to most concerning nature, there are exceptions. Mediterranean fishes slip out of the Straits of Gibraltar, and up the coast of Portugal, and, once in the Bay of Biscay, find the feeding good and the wind against them, and stay there.

So it befalls, that at worthy M. Gardére's hotel at Biarritz (he has seen service in England, and knows our English ways), you may have at dinner, day after day, salmon, louvine, shad, sardine, dorado, tunny. The first is unknown to the Mediterranean; for Fluellen mistook when he said that there were salmons in Macedon, as well as Monmouth; the louvine is none other than the nasty bass, or seaperch of the Atlantic; the shad (extinct in these islands, save in the Severn) is a gigantic herring which comes up rivers to spawn; a fish common (with slight differences) to both sides of the North Atlantic; while the sardine, the dorado, and the tunny (whether he be the true tunny or the Alalonga), are Mediterranean fish.

The whale fishery of these shores is long extinct. The Biscayan whale was supposed to be extinct likewise. But like the ibex, and some other animals which man has ceased to hunt, because he fancies that he has killed them all, they seem indeed to reappear. For in 1854 one was washed ashore near St. Jean de Luz, at news whereof Eschricht, the great Danish naturalist, travelled night and day from Copenhagen, and secured the skeleton of the new-old monster.

But during the latter part of the middle ages, and on—if I recollect aright—into the seventeenth century, Bayonne, Biarritz, Guettary, and St. Jean de Luz, sent forth their hardy whale fishers, who slew all the whales of the Biscayan seas, and then crossed the Atlantic, to attack those of the frozen North.

British and American enterprise drove them from the West coast of the Atlantic; and now their descendants are content to stay at home, and take the sardine-shoals, and send them in to Bayonne on their daughters' heads.

Pretty enough it was, at least in outward seeming, to meet a party of those fisher-girls, bare-legged, high-kilted, lithe as deer, trotting, at a long loping pace, up the high road toward Bayonne, each with her basket on her head, as she laughed and sang, and tossed her black hair, and flashed her brown eyes, full of life and the enjoyment of life. Pretty enough. And yet who will blame the rail, which now sends her quickly into Bayonne—or even her fish without her; and relieves the fair young maiden from being degraded into a beast of burden?

Handsome folk are these brown Basques. A mysterious folk, who dwell alone, and are not counted among the nations; speaking an unique language, and keeping up unique customs, for which the curious must consult M. Michel's interesting book. There may be a cross of English blood

among them, too, about Biarritz and Bayonne; English features there are, plainly to be seen. And whether or not one accepts the story of the country, that Anglets, near by, is an old English colony, left by our Black Prince, it is certain that Bayonne Cathedral was built in part by English architects, and carries the royal arms of England; and every school history will tell us how this corner of France was long in our hands; and was indeed English long before it was properly French. Moorish blood there may be, too, here and there, left behind by those who built the little "atalaya" or fire-beacon, over the old harbour, to correspond, by its smoke column, with a long line of similar beacons down the Spanish coast. The Basques resemble in look the Southern Welsh—quick-eyed, neat in feature, neat in dress, often, both men and women, beautiful. The men wear a flat Scotch cap of some bright colour, and call it "berretta." The women tie a gaudy handkerchief round their heads, and compel one corner to stand forward from behind the ear in a triangle, in proportion to the size and stiffness whereof the lady seems to think herself well dressed. But the pretty Basque handkerchief will soon give place to the Parisian bonnet. For every cove among the rocks is now filled with smart bathing-houses, from which, in summer, the gay folk of Paris issue in "costume de bain," to float about all day on calabashes—having literally no room for the soles of their feet on land. Then are opened casinos, theatre, shops, which lie closed all the winter. Then do the Basque house-owners flee into the moors, and camp out (it is said) on the hills all night, letting their rooms for ten francs a-night as mere bed-chambers—for all eating and living is performed in public. Then is the Villa Eugénie gay with an Imperial Court; and the dove-coloured oxen, with brown holland pinafores over their backs, who dawdle in pairs up and down the long street with their light carts, give place to wondrous equipages from the Bois de Boulogne.

Not then, for the wise man, is Biarritz a place to see and to love: but in the winter, when a little knot of quiet pleasant English hold the place against all comers, and wander, undisturbed by fashion, about the quaint little rocks and caves and natural bridges—and watch tumbling into the sea, before the Biscayan surges, the trim walks, and summer-houses, which were erected by the municipality the year before, in honour of the Empress and her suite. Yearly they tumble in, and yearly are renewed, as the soft greensand strata are graven away, and what must have been once a long promontory, becomes a group of fantastic pierced rocks, exactly like those which are immortalised upon the willow-pattern plates.

Owing to this rapid destruction, the rocks of Biarritz are very barren in sea-beasts and sea-weeds. But there is one remarkable exception, where the pools worn in a hard limestone are filled with what seem at first sight beds of china-asters, of all loveliest colours—primrose, sea-green, dove, purple, crimson, pink, ash-grey. They are all prickly sea-eggs (presumably the *Echinus lividus*, which is found in similar places in the west of Ireland), each buried for life in a cup-shaped hole which he has excavated in the rock, and shut in by an overhanging lip of living lime—seemingly a Nullipore coralline. What they do there, what they think of, or what food is brought into their curious grinding-mills by the Atlantic surges which thunder over them twice a-day, who can tell? But they form, without doubt, the most beautiful object which this writer has ever seen, in pool or cove.

But the glory of Biarritz, after all, is the moors above, and the view to be seen therefrom. Under blazing blue skies, tempered by soft dappled cloud, for ever sliding from the Atlantic and the Asturias mountains, and in a climate soft as milk, and exhilarating withal as wine, one sees far and wide a panorama which, from its variety as well as its beauty, can never weary.

To the north, the long sand-line of the Biscayan shore — the bar of the Adour marked by a cloud of grey spray. Then the dark pine-flats of the Landes, and the towers of Bayonne rising through rich woods. To the eastward lies a high country, furred with woods, broken with glens; a country exactly like Devon, through the heart of which, hidden in such a gorge as that of Dart or Taw, runs the swift stream of the Nive, draining the western Pyrenees. And beyond, to the south-east, in early spring, the Pyrenean snows gleam bright, white clouds above the clouds. As one turns southward, the mountains break down into brown heather-hills, like Scottish grouse moors. The two nearest, and seemingly highest, are the famous Rhune and Bayonette, where lie, to this day, amid the heath and crags, hundreds of unburied bones. For those great hills, skilfully fortified by Soult before the passage of the Bidassoa, were stormed, yard by yard, by Wellington's army in October, 1813. That mighty deed must be read in the pages of one who saw it with his own eyes, and fought there with his own noble body, and even nobler spirit. It is not for me to tell of victories, of which Sir William Napier has already told.

Towards that hill, and the Nivelle at its foot, the land slopes down, still wooded and broken, bounded by a long sweep of clayey crumbling cliff. The eye catches the fort of Secoa, at the mouth of the Nivelle—once Wellington's sea-base for his great French campaign. Then Fontarabia, at the Bidassoa mouth; and far off, the cove within which lies the fatal citadel of St. Sebastian, all backed up by the fantastic mountains of Spain; the four-horned "Quatre Couronnes," the pyramidal Jaysquivel, and beyond them again, sloping headlong into the sea, peak after peak, each one more blue and tender than the one before, leading the eye on and on for seemingly countless leagues, till they die away into the ocean horizon and the boundless west. Not a sail, often for days together,

passes between those mountains and the shore on which we stand, to break the solitude, and peace, and vast expanse; and one lingers, looking and looking at one knows not what, and finds repose in gazing purposeless into the utter void.

Very unlike France are these Basque uplands; very like the seaward parts of Devon and Cornwall. Large oak-copses and boggy meadows fill the glens; while above, the small fields, with their five-barred gates (relics of the English occupation) and high furze and heath-grown banks, make you fancy yourself for a moment in England. And the illusion is strengthened, as you see that the heath of the banks is the Goonhilly heath of the Lizard Point, and that of the bogs the orange-belled *Erica ciliaris*, which lingers (though rare) both in Cornwall and in the south of Ireland. But another glance undeceives you. The wild flowers are new, saving those cosmopolitan seeds (like nettles and poppies) which the Romans have carried all over Europe, and the British are now carrying over the world. Every sandy bank near the sea is covered with the creeping stems of a huge reed, which grows in summer tall enough to make not only high fences, but fishing-rods. Poverty (though there is none of what we call poverty in Britain) fills the little walled court before its cottage with bay trees and its standard figs; while wealth (though there is nothing here of what we call wealth in Britain) asserts itself uniformly by great standard magnolias, and rich trailing roses, in full bloom here in April instead of—as with us—in July. Both on bank and in bog grow Scorzoneras (dandelions with sword-shaped leaves) of which there are none in these isles; and every common is ablaze with strange and lovely flowers. Each dry spot is brilliant with the azure flowers of a prostrate Lithospermum, so exquisite a plant, that it is a marvel why we do not see it, as "spring bedding," in every British garden. The heath is almost hidden, in places, by the large white flowers and trailing stems of the sage-leaved Cistus. Delicate purple Ixias, and yet more delicate Hoop-petticoat Narcissus, spring from the turf. And here and there among furze and heath, crop out great pink bunches of the *Daphne Cneorum* of our gardens, perfuming all the air. Yes, we are indeed in foreign parts, in the very home of that Atlantic flora, of which only a few species have reached the south-west of these isles; and on the limit of another flora also—of that of Italy and Greece. For as we descended into the glen, every lane-bank and low tree is entwined, not with ivy, but with a still more beautiful evergreen, the Smilax of South-Eastern Europe, with its zigzag stems, and curving heart-shaped leaves, and hooked thorns; the very oak-scrub is of species unknown to Britain. And what are these tall lilies, which fill every glade breast-high with their sword-like leaves, and spires of white flowers, lilac-pencilled? They are the classic flower, the Asphodel of Greece and Grecian song; the Asphodel through which the ghosts of Homer's heroes strode: as heroes' ghosts might stride even here.

For here we are on sacred ground. The vegetation is rank with the blood of gallant invaders, and of no less gallant patriots. In the words of Campbell's "Hohenlinden"—

> "Every turf beneath our feet
> May be a hero's sepulchre."

That little tarn below has "bubbled with crimson foam" when the kings of Europe arose to bring home the Bourbons, as did the Lake Regillus of old, in the day when "the Thirty Cities swore to bring the Tarquins home."

Turn to the left, above the tarn, and into the great Spanish road from Bayonne to the frontier at what was lately "La Negresse," but is now a gay railway station, sacred to the Empress and to fashion. Where that station is, was another tarn, now drained. The road ran between the two. And that narrow space of two hundred yards, on which we stand, was for three fearful days the gate of France.

For on the 10th of December, 1813, Soult, driven into Bayonne by Wellington's advance, rushed out again in the early morn, and poured a torrent of living men down this road, and upwards again toward the British army which crested that long ridge in front.

The ridge slopes rapidly away at the back, toward the lowlands of the Bidassoa; and once thrust from it, the English army would have been cut in two—one half driven back upon their sea-base at St. Jean de Luz: the other half left on the further side of the Adour.

And this was the gate, which had to be defended during a three days' battle. That long copse which overhangs the road is the famous wood, which was taken and retaken many times. Yon house above it, embowered in trees, is the "Mayor's house," in which Sir John Hope was so nearly captured by the French. Somewhere behind the lane where we came down was the battery which blasted off our troops as they ran up from the lowlands behind, to support their fellows.

Of the details of the fight you must read in Napier's "Peninsular War," and in Mr. Gleig's "Subaltern." They are not to be described by one who never saw a battle, great or small.

And now, if you choose to start upon your journey from the ocean to the sea, you will take the railroad here, and run five miles through the battle-fields into Bayonne, the quaint old fortress city, girdled with a labyrinth of walls, and turf dykes, and outside them meadows as rich, and trees as stately, as if war had never swept across the land. You may stop, if you will, to look at the tall Spanish houses, with their piazzas and jalousies, and the motley populace, French, Basques, Spaniards, Jews; and, most worth seeing of all, the lovely ladies of Bayonne, who swarm out when the sun goes down, for air and military music. You may try to find (in

which you will probably fail) the arms of England in the roof of the ugly old cathedral; you may wander over the bridges which join the three quarters of the city (for the Adour and the Nive meet within the walls), and probably lose your way—a slight matter among folk who, if you will but take off your hat, call them Monsieur, apologise for the trouble you are giving, begin the laugh at your own stupidity, and compliment them on their city and their fair ladies, will be delighted to walk a mile out of their own way to show you yours. You will gaze up at the rock-rooted citadel from whence, in the small hours of April 14, 1813, after peace was agreed on, but unhappily not declared (for Napier has fully exculpated the French Generals), three thousand of Thouvenot's men burst forth against Sir John Hope's unsuspecting besiegers, with a furious valour which cost the English more than 800 men.

There, in the pine woods on the opposite side, is the Boucault, where our besieging army lay. Across the reach below stretched Sir John Hope's famous bridge; and as you leave Bayonne by rail, you run beneath the English cemetery, where lie the soldiers (officers of the Coldstream Guards among them) who fell in the Frenchman's last struggle to defend his native land.

But enough of this. I should not have recalled to mind one of these battles, had they not, one and all, been as glorious for the French and their great captain—wearied with long marches, disheartened by the apathy of their own countrymen, and, as they went on, overpowered by mere numbers—as they were for our veterans, and Wellington himself.

And now, once through Bayonne, we are in the Pignadas and the Landes.

To form a conception of these famous Landes, it is only necessary to run down by the South-Western Railway, through the moors of Woking or Ascot; spread them out flat, and multiply them to seeming infinity. The same sea of brown heather, broken only by the same dark pignadas, or fir plantations, extends for nigh a hundred miles; and when the traveller northward has lost sight, first of the Spanish mountains, and then of the Pyrenean snows, he seems to be rushing along a brown ocean, without wave or shore. Only, instead of the three heaths of Surrey and Hants (the same species as those of Scotland), larger and richer southern heaths cover the grey sands; and notably, the delicate upright spires of the bruyère, or *Erica scoparia*, which grows full six feet high, and furnishes from its roots, those "bruyère" pipes, which British shopkeepers have rechristened "briar-roots." Instead, again, of the Scotch firs of Ascot, the pines are all pinasters (miscalled *P. Maritima*). Each has the same bent stem, carrying at top, long, ragged, scanty, leaf-tufts, instead of the straight stem and dense short foliage of the sturdier Scotchman; and down each stem runs a long fresh, scar, and at the bottom (in spring at least), hangs a lip of tin, and a neat earthen pipkin, into which distils turpentine as clear as glass. The trees have mostly been planted within the last fifty years, to keep the drifting sands from being blown away. As timber they are about as valuable as those Jersey cow-cabbage stalks, of which the curious will at times make walking-sticks: but as producers of turpentine they have their use, and give employment to the sad, stunted, ill-fed folk, unhealthy for want of water, and barbarous from utter loneliness, whose only employment, in old times, was the keeping ragged flocks about the moors. Few and far between the natives may be seen from the railway, seemingly hung high in air, till on nearer approach you find them to be stalking along on stilts, or standing knitting on the same, a sheepskin over their shoulders, an umbrella strapped to their side, and, stuck into the small of the back, a long crutch, which serves, when resting, as a third wooden leg.

So run on the Landes, mile after mile, station after station, varied only by an occasional stunted cork tree, or a starved field of barley or maize. But the railroad is bringing to them, as elsewhere, labour, civilisation, agricultural improvement. Pretty villages, orchards, gardens, are springing up round the lonely "gares." The Emperor is helping forward, it is said, new pine plantations, and sundry schemes for reclaiming the waste. Arcachon, on a pine-fringed lagoon of the Atlantic, has great artificial ponds for oyster breeding, and is rising into a gay watering-place, with a distinguished scientific society. Nay, more: it is to see, this year, an international exposition of fish, and fish-culture, and fishing-tackle, and all things connected with the fisheries, not only of Europe, but of America likewise. Heaven speed the plan; and restore thereby oysters to our shores, and shad and salmon to the rivers both of Western Europe and Eastern North America.

As for the cause of the Landes, it may be easily divined, by the help of a map and of common sense.

The Gironde and the Adour carry to the sea the drainage of nearly a third of France, including almost all the rain which falls on the north side of the Pyrenees. What has become of all the sand and mud which has been swept in the course of ages, down their channels? What has become—a very small part, be it recollected, of the whole amount—of all the rock which has been removed by rain and thunder, frost and snow, in the process of scooping out the deep valleys of the Pyrenees. Out of that one crack, which men call the Val d'Ossan, stone has been swept enough to form a considerable island. Where is it all? In these Landes. Carried down year by year to the Atlantic, it has been driven back again year by year, by the fierce gales of the Bay of Biscay, and rolled up into banks and dunes of loose sand, till it has filled up what was once a broad estuary, 140 miles across and perhaps 70 miles in depth. Upheaved it may have been also, slowly, from the sea, for recent sea-shells are found as far inland as Dax; and thus the whole

upper end of the Bay of Biscay has transformed itself during the lapse of, it may be, countless ages, into a desolate wilderness.

It is at Dax that we leave the main line, and instead of running north for Bourdeaux and the land of clarets, turn south-east to Orthez and Pau, and the Gaves, and the Pyrenees.

And now we turn south-east, through ragged uplands, woody and moorish with the long yellow maize-stalks of last years' crop rotting in the swampy glens. For the "petite culture," whatever be its advantages, gives no capital or power of combined action for draining wet lands; and the glens of Gascony and Bearn in the south, as well as great sheets of the Pas de Calais in the north, are in a waterlogged state, equally shocking to the eye of a British farmer, and injurious to the health as to the crops of the peasants.

Soon we strike the Adour, here of the shape and size of a second-class Scotch salmon-stream, with swirling brown pools beneath grey crags, which make one long to try in them the virtues of "Jock Scott," "the Butcher" or the "Dusty Miller." And perhaps not without effect; for salmon are there still; and will be more and more as French "pisciculture" develops itself under imperial supervision.

And here we touch again the line of that masterly retreat of Soult's before the superior forces of Wellington, to which Napier has done such ample and deserved justice.

There is Bereuz, where the Sixth and Light divisions crossed the Gave, and clambered into the high road up steep ravines; and there is Orthez itself, with the beautiful old Gothic bridge which the French could not blow up, as they did every other bridge on their retreat; and the ruins of that robber den to which Gaston Phœbus, Count of Foix (of whom you may read in Froissart), used to drag his victims; and there overhead, upon the left of the rail and road, is the old Roman camp, and the hill of Orthez, and St. Boes, and the High Church of Baights, the scene of the terrible battle of Orthez.

The Roman camp, then "open and grassy, with a few trees," says Napier, is now covered with vineyards. Everywhere the fatal slopes are rich with cultivation, plenty, and peace. God grant they may remain so for ever.

And so, along the Gave de Pau, we run on to Pau, the ancient capital of Bearn; the birthplace of Henri Quatre, and of Bernadotte, King of Sweden; where, in the charming old château, restored by Louis Philippe, those who list may see the tortoise which served as the great Henry's cradle; and believe, if they list also, the tale that that is the real shell.

For in 1793, when the knights of the "bonnet rouge" and "carmagnole complete" burst into the castle, to destroy every memorial of hated royalty, the shell among the rest, there chanced—miraculous coincidence—to be in Pau, in the collection of a naturalist, another shell, of the same shape and size. Swiftly and deftly pious hands substituted it for the real relic, leaving it to be battered in pieces and trampled in the mud, while the royal cradle lay perdu for years in the roof of a house, to reappear duly at the Restoration of the Bourbons.

Of Pau I shall say nothing. It would be real impertinence in one who only spent three days in it, to describe a city which is known to all Europe; which is a permanent English colony, and boasts of one, and sometimes two, packs of English foxhounds. But this I may be allowed to say. That of all delectable spots I have yet seen, Pau is the most delectable. Of all the landscapes which I have beheld, that from the Place Royale is, for variety, richness, and grandeur, the most glorious; at least as I saw it for the first time.

Beneath the wall of the high terrace are rich meadows, vocal with frogs rejoicing in the rain, and expressing their joy, not in the sober monotone of our English frogs, but, each according to his kind. One bellowing, the next barking, the next cawing, and the next (probably the little green Hylas, who has come down out of the trees to breed) quacking in treble like a tiny drake. The bark (I suspect) is that of the gorgeous edible frog; and so suspect the young recruits who lounge upon the wall, and look down wistfully, longing, I presume, to eat him. And quite right they are, for he (at least his thighs) is exceeding good to eat, tenderer and sweeter than any spring chicken.

Beyond the meadow, among the poplars, the broad Gave murmurs on over shingly shallows, between aspen-fringed islets, grey with the melting snows; and beyond her again rise broken wooded hills, dotted with handsome houses; and beyond them a veil of mist and rain.

And on a sudden that veil lifts; and five-and-twenty miles away, beneath the black edge of the cloud, against the clear blue sky, stands out the whole snow-range of the Pyrenees; and in the midst, exactly opposite, filling up a vast gap which is the Val d'Ossau, the huge cone, still snowy white, of the Pic du Midi.

He who is conversant with theatres, will be unable to overlook the seeming art—and even artifice—of such an effect. The clouds lift like a drop-scene; the mountains are utterly unlike any natural object in the north, that for the moment one fancies them painted, and not real; the Pic du Midi stands so exactly where it ought, and is yet so fantastic and unexpected in its shape, that an artist seems to have put it there.

But he who knows nothing, and cares less, about theatres and their sham glories, and sees for the first time in his life the eternal snows of which he has read since childhood, draws his breath deeply, and stands astounded, whispering to himself that God is great.

One hint more, ere we pass on from Pau. Here, at least in spring time, of all places in Europe, may a man feed his ears with song of birds. The copses by the Gave, the public walks and woods (wherein English prejudices have happily protected

what is elsewhere shot down as game, even to the poor little cock-robins whose corpses lie by dozens in too many French markets), are filled with all our English birds of passage, finding their way northwards from Morocco and Algiers; and with our English nightingales, black caps, willow-wrens, and whitethroats, are other songsters which never find their way to these isles, and for which you must consult the pages of Mr. Gould or Mr. Bree—and chief among them, the dark Orpheus, and the yellow Hippolais, surpassing the blackcap, and almost equalling the nightingale, for richness and variety of song—the polyglot warbler which penetrates, in summer, as far north as the shores of the British Channel, and there stops short, scared by the twenty miles of sea, after a land journey—and by night, too, as all the warblers journey—from Africa.

At Pau, the railroad ends for the present; and they who would go eastward, must take carriage, and go by the excellent road (all public roads in the south of France are excellent, and equal to our best English roads) over the high Landes to Tarbes; and on again over fresh Landes to Montrejean; and thence by railway to Toulouse.

They are very dreary, these high flat uplands, from which innumerable streams pour down to swell the Adour and the Garonne; and as one rolls along, listening to the eternal tinkle of the horse-bells, only two roadside objects are particularly worthy of notice. First, the cultivation, spreading rapidly since the Revolution, over what was open moor; and next the great natural parks which one traverses here and there; the remnants of those forests which were once sacred to the seigneurs and their field sports. The seigneurs are gone now, and the game with them; and the forests are almost gone—so ruinate, indeed, by the peasantry, that the government (I believe) has interfered to stop a destruction of timber, which involves the destruction both of fire-wood and of the annual fall of rain. But the trees which remain, whether in forest or in homestead, are sadly mangled. The winters are sharp in these high uplands, and firing scarce; and the country method of obtaining it is to send a woman up a tree, where she hacks off, with feeble arms and feeble tools, boughs half-way out from the stem, disfiguring, and in time destroying by letting the wet enter, splendid southern oaks, chestnuts, and walnuts. Painful and hideous, to an eye accustomed to British parks, are the forms of these once noble trees.

Suddenly we descend a brow into the Vale of Tarbes: a good land and large, a labyrinth of clear streams, water-meadows, cherry-orchards, and crops of every kind, and in the midst the pleasant old city, with its once famous university of Tarbes, you may read in the pages of Froissart—or, if you prefer a later authority, in those of Dumas "Trois Mousquetaires," for this is the native land of the immortal Ulysses of Gascony, the Chevalier d'Artagnan.

There you may see, to your surprise, not only gentlemen, but ladies, taking their pleasure on horseback after the English fashion; for there is close by a great "haras," or government establishment for horse-breeding. You may watch the quaint dresses in the market-place; you may rest, as Froissart rested of old, in a right pleasant inn; you may eat of the delicious cookery which is to be found, even in remote towns, throughout the south of France, and even—if you dare—of "Coquilles aux Champignons." You may sit out after dinner in that delicious climate, listening to the rush of the clear Adour through streets, and yards, and culverts; for the city, like Romsey or Salisbury, is built over many streams. You may watch the Pyrenees changing from white to rose, from rose to lead colour, and then dying away into the night—for twilight there is little or none, here in the far south.

> "The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
> At one stride comes the dark."

And soon, from street to street you hear the "clarion" of the garrison, that singularly wild and sweet trumpet-call which sends French soldiers to their beds. And at that the whole populace swarms out, rich and poor, and listens entranced beneath the trees in the Place Maubourguet, as if they had never heard it before; with an order and a sobriety, and a good humour, and a bowing to each other, and asking and giving of cigar-lights between men of every class—and a little quiet modest love-making on the outskirts of the crowd, which is very pleasant to behold. And when the music is silent, and the people go off suddenly, silently, and soberly withal (for there are no drunkards in these parts), to their early beds, you stand and look up into the "purple night," as Homer calls it—that southern sky, intensely dark, and yet transparent withal, through which you seem to look beyond the stars into the infinite itself, and recollect that beyond all that, and through all that likewise, there is an infinite good God who cares for all these simple kindly folk; and that by Him all their hearts are as well-known, and all their infirmities as mercifully weighed, as are (you trust) your own.

And so you go to rest, content to say, with the wise American, "It takes all sorts to make a world."

And the next morn you rise, to roll on over yet more weary uplands to Montrejean, over long miles of sandy heath, a magnified Aldershott, which during certain summer months is gay, here and there, like Aldershott, with the tents of an army at play. But in spring the desolation is utter, and the loneliest grouse-moor, and the boggiest burn, are more cheerful and varied than the Landes of Lannemezan, and the foul streamlets which have sawn gorges through the sandy waste.

But all the while, on your right hand, league after league, ever fading into blue sky behind you,

and growing afresh out of blue sky in front, hangs high in air the white saw of the Pyrenees. High, I say, in air, for the land slopes, or seems to slope, down from you to the mountain range, and all their roots are lost in a dim sea of purple haze. But shut out the snow line above, and you will find that the seeming haze is none, but really a clear and richly varied distance of hills, and woods, and towns, which have become invisible from the contrast of their greens, and greys, and purples, with the glare and dazzle of the spotless snows of spring.

There they stand, one straight continuous jagged wall, of which no one point seems higher than another. From the Pic d'Ossan, by the Mont Perdu and the Maladetta to the Pic de Lart, are peaks past counting—hard clear white against the hard clear blue, and blazing with keen light beneath the high southern sun. Each peak carries its little pet cushioned cloud, hanging motionless a few hundred yards above in the blue sky, a row of them as far as eye can see. But, ever and anon, as afternoon draws on, one of those little clouds, seeming tired of waiting at its post ever since sunrise, loses its temper, boils, swells, settles down on its own private peak, and explodes in a fierce thunderstorm down its own private valley, without discomposing in the least its neighbour cloud-cushions right and left. Faintly the roll of the thunder reaches the ear. Across some great blackness of cloud and cliff, a tiny spark darts down. A long wisp of cloud sweeps rapidly toward you across the lowlands, and a momentary brush of cold rain lays the dust. And then the pageant is played out, and the disturbed peak is left clear again in the blue sky for the rest of the day, to gather another cloud-cushion when to-morrow's sun shall rise.

To him who looks, day after day, on this astonishing natural wall, stretching, without visible gap, for nearly three hundred miles, it is easy to see why France not only is, but must be, a different world from Spain. Even human thought cannot, to any useful extent, fly over that great wall of homeless rock and snow. On the other side there must needs be another folk, with another tongue, other manners, other politics, and if not another creed, yet surely with other, and utterly different, conceptions of the universe, and of man's business therein. Railroads may do somewhat. But what of one railroad; or even of two, one on the ocean, one on the sea, two hundred and seventy miles apart? Before French civilisation can inform and elevate the Spanish people, you must "plane down the Pyrenees."

At Montrejean, a pretty town upon a hill which overhangs the Garonne, you find, again, verdure and a railroad; and, turning your back upon the Pyrenees, run down the rich ugly vale of the Garonne, through crops of exceeding richness—wheat, which is reaped in July, to be followed by buckwheat reaped in October; then by green crops to be cut in May, and that again by maize, to be pulled in October, and followed by wheat and the same rotation.

And thus you reach Toulouse, a noble city, of which it ill befits a passer through, to speak. Volumes have been written on its antiquities, and volumes on its history; and all of either that the readers of this magazine need know, they will find in Murray's handbook.

At Toulouse—or rather on leaving it to go eastward—you become aware that you have passed into a fresh region. The change has been, of course, gradual: but it has been concealed from you by passing over the chilly dreary uplands of Lannemezan. Now you find yourself at once in Languedoc. You have passed from the Atlantic region into the Mediterraneau; from the old highlands of the wild Vascones, into those lowlands of Gallia Narbonensis, reaching from the headwaters of the Garonne to the mouths of the Rhone, which were said to be more Italian than Italy itself.

The peculiarity of the district is its gorgeous colouring. Everywhere, over rich green plains, you look away to low craggy banks of limestone, the grey whereof contrasts strongly with the green of the lowland, and with the even richer green of the mulberry orchards; and beyond them again, southward to the now distant snows of the Pyrenees, and northward to the orange downs and purple glens of the Cevennes, all blazing in the blazing sun. Green, grey, orange, purple, and, in the farthest distance, blue as of the heaven itself, make the land one vast rainbow, and fit dwelling-place for its sunny folk, still happy and industrious—once the most cultivated and luxurious peoples in Europe.

As for their industry, it is hereditary. These lands were, it may be, as richly and carefully tilled in the days of Augustus Cæsar as they are now; or rather, as they were at the end of the eighteenth century. For, since then, the delver and sower—for centuries the slave of the Roman, and, for centuries after, the slave of Teutonic or Saracenic conquerors—has become his own master, and his own landlord; and an impulse has been given to industry, which is shown by trim cottages, gay gardens, and fresh olive orchards, pushed up into glens which in a state of nature would starve a goat.

The special culture of the country—more and more special as we run eastward—is that of the mulberry, the almond, and the olive. Along every hill-side, down every glen, lie orchard-rows of the precious pollards. The mulberries are of richest dark velvet green; the almonds, one glory of rose-colour in early spring, are now of a paler and colder green; the olives (as all the world knows) of a dusty grey, which looks all the more desolate in the pruning time of early spring, when half the boughs of the evergreen are cut out, leaving the trees stripped as by a tempest, and are carried home for fire-wood in the quaint little carts, with their solid creaking wheels, drawn by dove-coloured kine. Very

ancient are some of these olives, or rather, olive-groups. For when the tree grows old, it splits, and falls asunder, as do often our pollard willows; the bark heals over on the inside of each fragment, and what was one tree becomes many, springing from a single root, and bearing such signs of exceeding age that one can well believe the country tale, how, in the olive grounds around Nismes are still fruiting, olives which have furnished oil for the fair Roman dames who cooled themselves in the sacred fountain of Nemausa, in the days of the twelve Cæsars.

Between the pollard rows are everywhere the rows of vines, or of what will be vines when summer comes, but are now black knobbed and gnarled clubs, without a sign of life save here and there one fat green shoot of leaf and tendril bursting forth from the seemingly dead stick.

And one who sees that sight may find a new meaning and beauty in the mystic words, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." It is not merely the connection between branch and stem, common to all trees; not merely the exhilarating, and seemingly inspiring properties of the grape, which made the very heathens look upon it as the sacred and miraculous fruit, the special gift of God; not merely the pruning out of the unfruitful branches, to be burned as fire-wood, or (after the old Roman fashion, which I believe endures still in these parts) buried as manure at the foot of the parent stem; not merely these, but the seeming death of the vine, shorn of all its beauty, its fruitfulness, of every branch and twig which it had borne the year before, and left, unsightly and seemingly ruined, to its winter's sleep; and then bursting forth again, by an irresistible inward life, into fresh branches spreading and trailing far and wide, and tossing their golden tendrils to the sun.

This thought, surely—the emblem of the living Church springing from the corpse of the dead Christ, who yet should rise and be alive for evermore—enters into, it may be forms an integral part of, the meaning of, that prophecy of all prophecies.

One ought to look, with something of filial reverence, on the agriculture of the district into which we are penetrating; for it is the parent of our own. From hence, or strictly speaking from the Mediterranean shore beyond us, spread northward and westward through France, Belgium, and Britain, all the tillage which we knew—at least till a hundred years ago—beyond the primæval plan of clearing, or surface-burning, the forests, growing miserable white crops as long as they would yield, and then letting the land relapse, for twenty years, into miserable pasture. This process (which lingered thirty years ago in remote parts of Devon), and nothing better, seems to have been that change of cultivated lands which Tacitus ascribes to the ancient Germans. Rotation of crops, in any true sense, came to us from Provence and Languedoc; and with it, subsoiling; irrigation; all our artificial grasses, with lucerne at the head of the list; our peas and beans; some of our most important roots; almost all our garden flowers, vegetables, fruits, the fig, the mulberry, the vine—(the olive and the maize came with them from the East, but dared go no further north) —and I know not what more; till we may say, that (saving subsoil-draining, which their climate does not need) the ancestors of these good folks were better farmers fifteen hundred years ago, than too many of our countrymen are at this day.

So they toil, and thrive, and bless God, under the glorious sun; and as for rain—they have not had rain for these two months—(I speak of April, 1864) —and, though the white limestone dust is ankle deep on every road, say that they want none for two months more, thanks, it is to be presumed, to their deep tillage, which puts the plant roots out of the reach of drought. In spring they feed their silk-worms, and wind their silk. In summer they reap their crops, and hang the maize-heads from their rafters for their own winter food, while they sell the wheat to the poor creatures, objects of their pity, who live in towns, and are forced to eat white bread. From spring to autumn they have fruit, and to spare, for themselves and for their customers; and with the autumn comes the vintage, and all its classic revelries. A happy folk—under a happy clime: which yet has its drawbacks, like all climes on earth. Terrible thunder-storms sweep over it, hail-laden, killing, battering, drowning, destroying in an hour the labours of the year; and there are ugly mistral winds likewise, of which it may be fairly said, that he who can face an eight days' mistral, without finding his life a burden, must be either a very valiant man, or have neither liver nor mucous membrane.

For on a sudden, after still and burning weather, the thermometer suddenly falls from thirty to forty degrees; and out of the north-west rushes a chilly hurricane, blowing fiercer and fiercer each day toward nightfall, and lulling in the small hours, only to burst forth again at sunrise. Parched are all lips and eyes; for the air is full of dust, yea, even of gravel which cuts like hail. Aching are all right-sides; for the sudden chill brings on all manner of liver complaints and indigestions. All who can afford it, draw tight the jalousies, and sulk in darkness; the leaves are parched, as by an Atlantic gale; the air is filled with lurid haze, as here in a north-east wind; and no man can breathe freely, or eat his bread with joy, until the plague is past.

What is the cause of these mistrals; why all the cold air of Central France should be suddenly seized with madness, and rush into the sea between the Alps and the Pyrenees; whether the great heat of the sun, acting on the Mediterranean basin, raises up thence—as from the gulf of Mexico—columns of warm light air, whose place has to be supplied by colder and heavier air from inland; whether the north-west mistral is, or is not, a

diverted north-easter; an arctic current which, in its right road toward the tropics across the centre of France, has been called to the eastward of the Pyrenees, (instead of, as usual, to the westward,) by the sudden demand for cold air,—all this let men of science decide; and having discovered what causes the mistral, discover also what will prevent it. That would be indeed a triumph of science, and a boon to tortured humanity.

But after all, man is a worse enemy to man than any of the brute forces of nature: and a more terrible scourge than mistral or tempest swept over this land six hundred years ago, when it was, perhaps, the happiest and the most civilised portion of Europe. This was the scene of the Albigense Crusade; a tragedy of which the true history will never, perhaps, be written. It was not merely a persecution of real or supposed heretics; it was a national war, embittered by the ancient jealousies of race, between the Frank aristocracy of the north and the Gothic aristocracy of the south, who had perhaps acquired, with their half-Roman, half-Saracen civilisation, mixtures both of Roman and of Saracen blood. As "Aquitanians," "Provençaux,"—Roman Provincials, as they proudly called themselves, speaking the Langue d'Oc, and looking down on the northerners who spoke the Langue d'Oil as barbarians, they were in those days guilty of the capital crime of being foreigners; and as foreigners they were exterminated. What their religious tenets were, we shall never know. With the Vaudois, Waldenses, "poor men of Lyons," they must not be for a moment confounded. Their creed remains to us only in the calumnies of their enemies. The confessions in the archives of the Tolosan Inquisition, as elicited either under torture or fear of torture, deserve no confidence whatsoever. And as for the licentiousness of their poetry,—which has been alleged as proof of their profligacy, even by Sir James Stephen—I can only say, that it is no more licentious than the fabliaux of their French conquerors, while it is far more delicate and refined. Humanity, at least, has done justice to the Troubadours of the south; and confessed, even in the middle age, that to them the races of the north owed grace of expression, delicacy of sentiment, and that respect for women which soon was named chivalry; which looks on woman, not with suspicion and contempt, but with trust and adoration; and is not ashamed to obey her as "mistress," instead of treating her as a slave.

But these Albigenses must have had something in their hearts for which it was worth while to die. At Avignonet, that little grey town on the crag above the railway, they burst into the place, maddened by the cruelties of the Inquisitor (an archdeacon, if I recollect rightly, from Toulouse), and slew him then and there. They were shut up in the town, and withstood heroically a long and miserable siege. At last they were starved out. The conquerors offered them their lives—so say the French stories—if they would recant. But they would not. They were thrust together into one of those stone-walled enclosures below the town, heaped over with vine-twigs and maize-stalks, and burned alive; among them a young lady of the highest rank, who had passed through all the horrors of the siege, and was offered life, wealth, and honour, if she would turn.

Surely profligate infidels do not so die; and these poor souls, whatever were their sins or their confusions, must be numbered among the heroes of the human race.

But the world has mended since then, and so has the French character. Even before the Revolution of 1793, it was softening fast. The massacres of 1562 were not as horrible as those of the Albigense Crusade, though committed—which the former were not—under severe provocation. The massacres of 1793—in spite of all that has been said—were far less horrible than those of 1562, though they were the outpouring of centuries of pardonable fury and indignation. The crimes of the Terrem Blanche, at the Restoration—though ugly things were done in the south, especially in Nismes—were far less horrible again; though they were, for the most part, acts of direct personal retaliation on the republicans of 1793. And since then the French heart has softened fast. The irritating sense of hereditary wrong has passed away. The Frenchman conceives that justice is done to him, according to his own notions thereof. He has his share of the soil, without which no Celtic populace will ever be content. He has fair play in the battle of life, and a "Carriére ouverte aux talens." He has equal law and justice between man and man. And he is content; and under the sunshine of contentment and self-respect, his native good-nature expands; and he shows himself what he is, not merely a valiant and capable, but an honest, kindly, charitable man.

Yes. France has grown better, and has been growing better, I believe, for centuries past. And the difference between the France of the middle age and the France of the present day, is fitly typified by the difference between the new Carcassone below and the old Carcassone above, where every traveller, even if he be no antiquarian, should stop and gaze about awhile.

The contrast is complete; and one for which a man, who loves his fellow-men, should surely return devout thanks to Almighty God. Below, on the west bank of the river, is the new town, spreading and growing, unwalled—for its fortifications are now replaced by boulevards and avenues; full of handsome houses; squares where, beneath the plane-tree shade, marble fountains pour out perpetual health and coolness; manufactories of gay woollens; healthy, cheerful, market folk; comfortable burghers; industry and peace. We pass outside to the great basin of the Canal de Languedoc, and get more avenues of stately trees, and among them the red marble statue of Riquet, whose genius planned and carried out the mighty canal, which joins the ocean to the sea; the wonder of its day, which

proved the French to be, at least in the eighteenth century, the master-engineers of the world; the only people who still inherited the mechanical skill and daring of their Roman civilizers. Riquet bore the labour of that canal—and the calumny and obstructiveness, too, which tried to prevent its formation; France bore the expense; Louis Quatorze, of course, the glory; and no one, it is to be feared, the profit: for the navigation of the Garonne at the one extremity, and of the Mediterranean shallows at the other, were left unimproved till of late years, and the canal has become practically useful only just in time to be superseded by the railroads.

Now cross the Aude. Look down upon the willow and aspen copses, where, over the heads of busy washerwomen, the nightingale and the hippolais, crowded together away from the dusty plains and downs, shake the copses with their song; and then toil upward to the grey fortress tower on the grey limestone knoll; and pass, out of nature and her pure sunshine, into the black shadow of the unnatural middle age; into the region of dirt and darkness, cruelty and fear; grim fortresses, crowded houses, narrow streets, and pestilence. Pass through the outer circle of walls, of the latter part of the thirteenth century, to examine—for their architecture is a whole history engraved in stones—the ancient walls of the inner enceinte; massive Roman below, patched with striped Visigothic work, with mean and hasty Moorish, with graceful, though heavy, Romanesque of the times of the Troubadours; a whole museum of ancient fortifications, which is now being restored, stone by stone, through the learning of M. Viollet le Duc and the public spirit of the Emperor. Pass in under the gateway, and give yourself up to legends. There grins down on you the broad image of the mythic Dame Carcas, who defended the town single-handed against Charlemagne, till this tower fell down by miracle, and let in the Christian host. But do not believe that she gave to the place its name of Carcassone; for the first syllable of the word is hint enough that it was, long ere her days, a Celtic caer, or hill-fortress. Pause at the inner gate; you need not exactly believe that when the English Crusader, Simon de Montfort, burst it open, and behold, the town within was empty and desolate, he cried: "Did I not tell you that these heretics were devils; and behold, being devils, they have vanished into air." You must believe, I fear, that of the great multitude who had been crowded, starving and fever-stricken within, he found four hundred poor wretches who had lingered behind, and burnt them all alive. You need not believe that that is the mouth of the underground passage which runs all the way from the distant hills, through which the Vicomte de Beziers, after telling Simon de Montfort and the Abbot of Citeaux that he would sooner be flayed alive than betray the poor folk who had taken refuge with him, got them all safe away, men, women, and children. You need not believe that that great vaulted chamber was the "Chamber of the Inquisition." But you must believe that those two ugly rings let into the roof were put there for the torture of the cord; and that many a naked wretch has dangled from them ere now, confessing anything and everything that he—or alas! she—was bidden. But these and their like are the usual furniture of every mediæval court of justice; and torture was not altogether abolished in France till the latter part of the eighteenth century. You need not believe, again, that that circular tower on the opposite side of the town was really the "Tower of the Inquisition;" for many a feudal lord, besides the inquisitors, had their dens of cruelty in those old times. You need not even believe—though it is too likely to be true—that that great fireplace in the little first-floor room served for the torture of the scarpines. But you must believe that in that little round den beneath it, only appproached by a trap in the floor, two skeletons were found fastened by those chains to that central pillar, having died and rotted forgotten in that horrid oubliette—how many centuries ago?

"Plusieurs ont gemis là bas," said M. Le Duc's foreman of the works, as he led us out of that evil hole, to look, with eyes and hearts refreshed by the change, at a curious Visigothic tower, in which the good bishop Sidonius Apollinaris may have told of the last eruption of his Auvergne Volcanoes, to the good king Theodoric of the West Goths.

If any one wishes to learn what the Middle Ages were like, let him go to Carcassone and see.

And now onward to Narbonne—or rather, to what was once Narbonne; one of the earliest colonies ever founded by the Romans; then the capital of a Visigothic kingdom; then of an Arab kingdom: now a dull fortified town—of a filth unspeakable, and not to be forgotten or forgiven. Stay not therein an hour, lest you take fever, or worse: but come out of the gate over the drawbridge, and stroll down the canal. Look back a moment, though, across the ditch. The whole face of the wall is a museum of Roman gods, tombs, inscriptions, basreliefs: the wreck of Martial's "Pulcherrima Narbo," the old Roman city, which was demolished by Louis XIII., to build the ugly fortifications of the then new fashion, now antiquated and useless. Take one glance, and walk on, to look at live Nature—far more interesting than dead art.

Everything fattens in the close damp air of the canal. The great flat, with its heavy crops, puts you in mind of the richest English lowland—save for the total want of old meadows. The weeds on the bank are English in type, only larger and richer—as becomes the climate. But as you look among them, you see forms utterly new and strange, whose kinship you cannot fancy, but which remind you that you are nearing Italy, and Greece, and Africa. And in the hedges are great bay-trees; and inside them, orchards of standard fig and white mulberry, with its long yearling shoots of glorious green—soon to be stripped bare for the silk-worms; and here and there long lines of cypresses, black against the

bright green plain and bright blue sky. No; you are not in Britain. Certainly not; for there is a drake (not a duck) quacking with feeble treble in that cypress, six feet over your head; and in Britain drakes do not live in trees. You look for the climbing palmipede, and see nothing: nor will you see; for the quacker is a tiny green tree-frog, who holds on by the suckers at the ends of his toes (with which he can climb a pane of glass, like a fly), and has learnt the squirrel's art of going invisible, without "the receipt of fern-seed," by simply keeping always on the further side of the branch.

But come back; for the air, even here, is suggestive of cholera and fever. The uncleanliness of these Narbonnois is shameless and shocking; and "immondices" of every kind lie festering in the rainless heat. The sickened botanist retreats, and buys a bottle of Eau Bully—alias aromatic vinegar.

There, crowding yon hill, with handsome houses, and churches, is Beziers—the blood-stained city. Beneath the pavement of that church, it is said, lie heaped together the remains of thousands of men, women, and children, slaughtered around their own altars, on that fatal day, when the Legate Amalric, asked by the knights how they should tell Catholics from heretics, cried, "Kill them all—the Lord will know his own."

We will pass on. We have had enough of horrors. And, beside, we are longing to hurry onward; for we are nearing the Mediterranean now. There are small skiffs lying under the dark tower of Agde, another place of blood, fitly built of black lava-blocks, the offspring of the nether pit. The railway cuts through rolling banks of dark lava; and now, ahead of us, is the conical lava-hill of Cette, and the mouth of the Canal du Midi.

There it is, at last. The long line of heavenly blue; and over it, far away, the white-peaked, lateen sails, which we have seen in pictures since our childhood; and there, close to the rail, beyond the sand-hills, delicate wavelets are breaking for ever on a yellow beach, each in exactly the same place as the one which fell before. One glance shows us children of the Atlantic, that we are on a tideless sea.

There it is,—the sacred sea. The sea of all civilisation, and almost all history, girdled by the fairest countries of the world; set there that human beings from all its shores might mingle with each other, and become humane,—the sea of Egypt, of Palestine, of Greece, of Italy, of Byzant, of Marseilles, and this Narbonnaise, "more Roman than Rome herself," to which we owe the greater part of our own progress; the sea, too, of Algeria and Carthage, and Cyrene, and fair lands now desolate, surely not to be desolate for ever;—the sea of civilisation. Not only to the Christian, nor to the classic scholar, but to every man to whom the progress of his race from barbarism toward humanity is dear, should the Mediterranean Sea be one of the most august and precious objects on this globe; and the first sight of it should inspire reverence and delight, as of coming home—home to a rich inheritance in which he has long believed by hearsay, but which he sees at last with his own mortal corporal eyes.

Exceedingly beautiful is that first view of the sea from Cette, though altogether different in character from the views of the Mediterranean which are common in every gallery of pictures. There is nothing to remind one of Claude, or Vernet, or Stanfield. No mountain-ranges far aloft, no cliffs toppling into the water, with convents and bastides perched on their crags; and seaports, with their land-locked harbours, and quaint lighthouses, nestling on the brink. That scenery begins on the other side of the Rhone mouth, and continues, I believe, almost without interruption, to the shores of Southern Palestine, one girdle of perpetual beauty.

But here, the rail runs along a narrow strip of sand, covered with straggling vines, and tall white iris, between the sea and the great Etang de Thau, a long narrow salt-lake, beyond which the wide lowlands of the Herault slide gently down. There is not a mountain, hardly a hill, visible for miles: but all around is the great sheet of blue glassy water: while the air is as glassy clear as the water, and through it, at seemingly immense distances, the land shows purple and orange, blue and grey, till the landscape is one great rainbow. White ships slide to and from far-off towns; fishermen lounge on the marshes, drying long lines of net. Everywhere is vastness, freedom, repose, gentle and yet not melancholy; because with all, under the burning blue, there is that fresh wholesome heat, which in itself is life, and youth, and joy.

Beyond, nearer the mouths of the Rhone, there are, so men say, desolate marshes, tenanted by herds of half-wild horses; foul mud-banks, haunted by the pelican and the flamingo, and waders from the African shore; a region half land, half water, where dwell savage folk, decimated by fever and ague. But short of those Bouches du Rhone, the railway turns to the north, toward Montpellier and

"Arli, dove il Rhadano stagna."

And at Cette ends this little tour from Ocean to Sea, with the wish, that he who next travels that way, may have as glorious weather, and as agreeable a companion, as the writer of these lines had in 1864.

C. KINGSLEY.

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

When the morning came, after that first bewildered night, the recollection that Winnie was in the house had a curious effect upon the thoughts of the entire household. Even Aunt Agatha's uneasy joy was mingled with many feelings that were not joyful. She had never had anything to do before with wives who "were not happy." Any such cases which might have come to her knowledge among her acquaintance she had been in the way of avoiding and tacitly condemning. "A man may be bad," she had been in the habit of saying, "but still if his wife had right feelings"—and she was in the way of thinking that it was to a woman's credit to endure all things, and to make no sign. Such had been the pride and the principles of Aunt Agatha's generation. But now, as in so many cases, principle and theory came right in the face of fact, and gave way. Winnie must be right at whatever cost. Poor Winnie! to think what she had been, to remember her as she left Kirtell splendid in her bridal beauty, and to look at her now! Such arguments made an end of all Aunt Agatha's old maiden sentiments about a wife's duty: but nevertheless her heart still ached. She knew how she would herself have looked upon a runaway wife, and she could not endure to think that other people would so look upon Winnie; and she dried an indignant tear, and made a vow to herself to carry matters with a high hand, and to maintain her child's discretion, and wisdom, and perfect propriety of action, in the face of all comers. "My dear child has come to pay me a visit, the very first chance she has had," she said to herself, rehearsing her part; "I have been begging and begging her to come, and at last she has found an opportunity. And to give me a delightful surprise, she never named the day. It was so like Winnie." This was what, omitting all notice of the feelings which made the surprise far from delightful, Aunt Agatha made up her mind to say.

As for Winnie, when she woke up in the sunshine and stillness, and heard nothing but the birds singing, and Kirtell in the distance murmuring below her window, her heart stood still for a moment and wondered; and then a few hot salt tears came scalding to her eyes; and then she began over again in her own mind the recapitulation of her wrongs. She thought very little indeed of Aunt Agatha, or of her present surroundings. What she thought of was the late scenes of exciting strife she had gone through, and future scenes which might still be before her, and what he would say to her, and what she would say to him; for matters had gone so far between them that the constantly progressing duel was as absorbing as the first dream of love, and swallowed up every thought. It cost her an effort to be patient with all the morning greetings, with Aunt Agatha's anxious talk at the breakfast-table, and discussion of the old neighbours, whom, doubtless, Winnie, she thought, would like to hear of. Winnie did not care a great deal for the old neighbours, nor did she take much interest in hearing of the boys. Indeed, she did not know the boys. They had been but babies when she went away, and she had no acquaintance with the new creatures who bore their names. It gave her a little pang when she looked at Mary and saw the results of peace and tranquillity in her face, which seemed to have grown little older—but that was almost the sole thing that drew Winnie from her own thoughts. There was a subtle sort of connection between it and the wrongs which were rankling at her heart.

"There used to be twelve years between us," she said abruptly. "I was eighteen when Mary was thirty. I think anybody that saw us would ask which was the eldest now."

"My darling, you are thin," said poor Aunt Agatha, anxiously; "but a few weeks of quiet and your native air will soon round out your dear cheeks——"

"Well," said Winnie, paying no attention, "I suppose it's because I have been living all the time, and Mary hasn't. It is I that have the wrinkles—but then I have not been like the Sleeping Beauty. I have been working hard at life all this time."

"Yes," said Mary, with a smile, "it makes a difference:—and of the two I think I would rather live. It is harder work, but there is more satisfaction in it."

"Satisfaction!" Winnie said, bitterly. There had been no satisfaction in it to her, and she felt fierce and angry at the word—and then her eye fell upon Will, who had been listening as usual. "I wonder you keep that great boy there," she said; "why isn't he doing something? You ought to send him to the army, or put him to go through some examinations. What does he want at his mother's lap? You should mind you don't spoil them, Mary. Home is the ruin of boys. I have always heard so wherever I have been."

"My dear love," cried Aunt Agatha, fearful that Mary might be moved to reply. "It is very interesting to hear you, but I want you to tell me a little about yourself. Tell me about yourself, my darling—if you are fixed *there* now, you know; and all where you have been."

"Before that boy?" said Winnie, with a kind of smile, looking Wilfrid in the face with her great sunken eyes.

"Now, Will, be quiet, and don't say anything impertinent," cried Aunt Agatha. "Oh, my darling,

never mind him. He is strange, but he is a good boy at the bottom. I should like to hear about all my dearest child has been doing. Letters never tell all. Oh, Winnie, what a pleasure it is, my love, to see your dear face again."

"I am glad you think so, aunt—nobody else does, that I know of; and you are likely to have enough of it," said Winnie, with a certain look of defiance at her sister and her sister's son.

"Thank you, my dear love," said Aunt Agatha, trembling; for the maid was in the room, and Miss Seton's heart quailed with fear lest the sharp eyes of such a domestic critic should be opened to something strange in the conversation. "I am so glad to hear you are going to pay me a long visit; I did not like to ask you just the first morning, and I was dreadfully frightened you might soon be going again; you owe me something, Winnie, for staying away all these long years."

Aunt Agatha in her fright and agitation continued this speech until she had talked the maid safely out of the room, and then, being excited, she fell without knowing it, into tears.

Winnie leaned back in her chair and folded a light shawl she wore, round her, and looked at Miss Seton. In her heart she was wondering what Aunt Agatha could possibly have to cry about; what could ever happen to *her*, that made it worth her while to cry? But she did not put this sentiment into words.

"You will be tired of me before I go," she said, and that was all; not a word, as Aunt Agatha afterwards explained to Mary, about her husband, or about how she had been living, or anything about herself. And to take her by the throat as it were, and demand that she should account for herself, was not to be thought of. The end was that they all dispersed to their various occupations, and that the day went on almost as if Winnie was not there. But yet the fact that Winnie was there tinged everyone's thoughts, and made a difference in every corner of the house. They had all their occupations to betake themselves to, but she had nothing to do, and unconsciously every individual in the place took to observing the new-comer with that curious kind of feminine observation which goes so little way, and yet goes so far. She had brought only a portmanteau with her, a gentleman's box, into a lady's, and yet she made no move towards unpacking, but let her things remain in it notwithstanding that the wardrobe was empty and open, and her dresses, if she had brought any, must have been crushed up like rags in that tight enclosure. And she sat in the drawing-room with the open windows, through which everyone in the house now and then got a glimpse of her, doing nothing, not even reading; she had her thin shawl round her shoulders though it was so warm, and she sat there with nothing to occupy her, like a figure carved out of stone. Such an attitude, in a woman's eyes, is the embodiment of everything that is saddest, and most listless, and forlorn. Doing nothing, not trying to take an interest in anything, careless about the books, indifferent to the garden, with no curiosity about anybody or anything. The sight of her listless figure filled Aunt Agatha with despair.

And then, to make things worse, Sir Edward made his appearance the very next day to inquire into it all. It was hard to make out how he knew, but he did know, and no doubt all the parish knew, and were aware that there was something strange about it. Sir Edward was an old man, about eighty now, feeble but irreproachable, with lean limbs that now and then were slightly unsteady, but a toilette which was always everything it ought to be. He came in, cool and fresh in his summer morning dress, but his brow was puckered with anxiety, and there was about him that indescribable air of coming to see about it, which has so painful an effect in general upon the nerves of the persons whose affairs are to be put under investigation. When Sir Edward made his appearance at the open window, Aunt Agatha instinctively rose up and put herself before Winnie, who, however, did not show any signs of disturbance in her own person, but only wound herself up more closely in her shawl.

"So Winnie has come to see us at last," said Sir Edward, and he came up to her and took both her hands, and kissed her forehead in a fatherly way. He did so almost without looking at her, and then he gave an unaffected start; but he had too much delicacy to utter the words that came to his lips. He did not say how much changed she was, but he gave Aunt Agatha a pitiful look of dismay and astonishment as he sat down, and this Winnie did not fail to see.

"Yes, at last," cried Aunt Agatha, eagerly. "I have begged and begged of her to come, and was wondering just what answer I should get when she was all the while planning me such a delightful surprise; but how did you know?"

"News travels fast," said Sir Edward, and then he turned to the stranger. "You will find us much changed, Winnie. We are getting old people now, and the boys whom you left babies—you must see a great deal of difference."

"Not so much difference," said Winnie, "as you see in me."

"It was to be expected there should be a difference," said Sir Edward. "You were but a girl when you went away. I hope you are going to make a good long stay. You will find us just as quiet as ever, and as humdrum, but very delighted to see you."

To this Winnie made no reply. She neither answered his question nor gave any response to his expression of kindness, and the old man sat and looked at her with a deeper wrinkle than ever across his brow.

"She *must* pay me a long visit," said poor Aunt Agatha, "since she has been so long of coming. Now that I have her, she shall not go away."

"And Percival?" said Sir Edward. He had cast about in his own mind for the best means of approaching this difficult subject, but had ended by feeling there was nothing for it but plain speaking. And then, though there were reports that they did not "get on," still there was nothing as yet to justify suspicions of a final rupture. "I hope you left him quite well; I hope we are to see him, too."

"He was very well when I left him, thank you," said Winnie, with steady formality; and then the conversation once more came to a dead stop.

Sir Edward was disconcerted. He had come to examine, to reprove, and to exhort, but he was not prepared to be met with this steady front of unconsciousness. He thought the wanderer had most likely come home full of complaints and outcries, and that it might be in his power to set her right. He hemmed and cleared his throat a little, and cast about what he should say, but he had no better inspiration than to turn to Aunt Agatha and disturb her gentle mind with another topic, and for this moment let the original subject rest.

"Ah—have you heard lately from Earlston?" he said, turning to Miss Seton. "I have just been hearing a report about Francis Ochterlony. I hope it is not true."

"What kind of report?" said Aunt Agatha breathlessly. A few minutes before she could not have believed that any consideration whatever would have disturbed her from the one subject which was for the moment dearest to her heart—but Sir Edward with his usual felicity had found out another chord which vibrated almost as painfully. Her old delusion recurred to Aunt Agatha with the swiftness of lightning. He might be going to marry, and divert the inheritance from Hugh, and she did her best to persuade her lips to a kind of smile.

"They say he is ill," said Sir Edward; "but of course if *you* have not heard—I thought he did not look like himself when we were there. Very poorly I heard—not anything violent you know, but a sort of breaking up. Perhaps it is not true."

Aunt Agatha's heart had been getting hard usage for some time back. It had jumped to her mouth, and sank into depths as deep as heart can sink to, time after time in these eventful days. Now she only felt it contract as it were, as if somebody had seized it violently, and she gave a little cry, for it hurt her.

"Oh, Sir Edward, it cannot be true," she said. "We had a letter from Hugh on Monday, and he does not say a word. It cannot be true."

"Hugh is very young," said Sir Edward, who did not like to be supposed wrong in a point of fact. "A boy with no experience might see a man all but dying, and as long as he did not complain would never know."

"But he looked very well when we were there," said Aunt Agatha, faltering. If she had been alone she would have shed silent tears, and her thoughts would have been both sad and bitter; but this was not a moment to think of her own feelings—nor above all to cry.

Sir Edward shook his head. "I always mistrust those sort of looks for my part," he said. "A big man has always an appearance of strength and that carries it off."

"Is it Mr. Ochterlony?" said Winnie, interposing for the first time. "What luck Mary has and her boys! And so Hugh will come into the property without any waiting. It may be very sad of course, Aunt Agatha, but it is great luck for him at his age."

"Oh, Winnie, my dear love!" cried Aunt Agatha, feebly. It was a speech that went to her heart, but she was dumb between the two people who did not care for Francis Ochterlony, and could find nothing to say.

"I hope that is not the way in which any of us look at it," said Sir Edward with gentle severity; and then he added, "I always thought if you had been left a little more to yourself when we were at Earlston that still you might have made it up."

"Oh no, no!" said Aunt Agatha, "now that we are both old people—and he was always far too sensible. But it was not for anything of that sort. Francis Ochterlony and I were—were always dear friends."

"Well, you must let me know next time when Hugh writes," said Sir Edward, "and I hope we shall have better news." When he said this he turned again quite abruptly to Winnie, who had dropped once more into her own thoughts, and expected no new assault.

"Percival is coming to fetch you, I suppose?" he said. "I think I can offer him some good shooting in a month or two. This may overcloud us all a little if—if anything should happen to Francis Ochterlony. But after what your Aunt Agatha says, I feel disposed to hope the best."

"Yes, I hope so," said Winnie; which was a very unsatisfactory reply.

"Of course you are citizens of the world, and we are very quiet people," said Sir Edward. "I suppose promotion comes slow in these times of peace. I should have thought he was entitled to another step by this time; but we civilians know so little about military affairs."

"I thought everybody knew that steps were bought," said Winnie; and once more the conversation broke off dead.

It was a relief to them all when Mary came into the room, and had to be told about Mr. Ochterlony's supposed illness, and to take a reasonable place between Aunt Agatha's panic-stricken assurance that it was not true, and Sir Edward's calmly indifferent belief that it was. Mary for the first time suggested that a man might be ill and yet not at the point of death, which was a conclusion to which the others had leapt. And then they all made a little effort at ordinary talk.

"You will have everybody coming to call," said

Sir Edward, "now that Winnie is known to have come home; and I daresay Percival will find Mary's military friends a great resource when he comes. Lovemaking being over, he will want some substitute——"

"Who are Mary's military friends?" said Winnie suddenly breaking in.

"Only some people in our old regiment," said Mary. "It is stationed at Carlisle, strangely enough. You know the Askells, I think, and——"

"The Askells!" said Winnie, and her face grew dark. "Are they here, all that wretched set of people?—Mary's friends. — Ah, I might have known——"

"My dear love, she is a very silly little woman; but Nelly is delightful, and he is very nice, poor man," cried Aunt Agatha, eager to interfere.

"Yes, poor man, he is very nice," said Winnie, with contempt; "his wife is an idiot, and he doesn't beat her; I am sure I should, if I were he. Who's Nelly? and that horrid Methodist of a woman, and the old maid that reads novels? Why didn't you tell me of them? If I had known, I should never have come here."

"Oh, Winnie, my darling!" cried Aunt Agatha; "but I did mention them; and so did Mary, I feel sure."

"They are Mary's friends," said Winnie, with bitterness, and then she stopped herself abruptly. The others were like an army of observation round a beleaguered city, which was not guided by the most perfect wisdom, but lost its temper now and then, and made injudicious sallies. Now Winnie shut up her gates, and drew in her garrison once more; and her companions looked at each other doubtfully, seeing a world of sore and wounded feeling, distrust, and resistance, and mystery to which they had no clue. She had gone away a girl, full of youthful bravado, and fearing nothing. She had come back a stranger, with a long history unknown to them, and with no inclination to make it clear. Her aunt and her sister were anxious and uneasy, and did not venture on direct assault; but Sir Edward, who was a man of resolution, sat down before the fortress, and was determined to fight it out.

"You should have sent us word you were coming," he said; "and your husband should have been with you, Winnie. It was he who took you away, and he ought to have come back to give an account of his stewardship. I shall tell him so when he comes."

Again Winnie made no answer; her face contracted slightly; but soon settled back again into its blank look of self-concentration, and no response came.

"He has no appointment, I suppose; no adjutantship, or anything to keep him from getting away?"

"No," said Winnie.

"Perhaps he has gone to see his mother?" said Sir Edward, brightening up. "She is getting quite an old woman, and longs to see him; and you, my pretty Winnie, too. I suppose you will pay her your long deferred visit, now you have returned to this country? Is Percival there?"

"No—I think not," said Winnie, winding herself up in her shawl, as she had done before.

"Then you have left him at ——, where he is stationed now?" said Sir Edward, becoming more and more point-blank in his attack.

"Look here, Sir Edward," said Winnie; "we are citizens of the world, as you say, and we have not lived such a tranquil life as you have. I did not come here to give an account of my husband; he can take care of himself. I came to have a little quiet and rest, and not to be asked questions. If one could be let alone anywhere, it surely should be in one's own home."

"No, indeed," said Sir Edward, who was embarrassed, and yet more arbitrary than ever; "for in your own home people have a right to know all about you. Though I am not exactly a relative, I have known you all your life; I may say I brought you up, like a child of my own; and to see you come home like this, all alone, without baggage or attendant, as if you had dropped from the skies, and nobody knowing where you come from, or anything about it,—I think, Winnie, my dear, when you consider of it, you will see it is precisely your own friends who ought to know."

Then Aunt Agatha rushed into the *mêlée*, feeling in her own person a little irritated by her old friend's lecture and inquisition.

"Sir Edward is making a mistake, my dear love," she said; "he does not know. Dear Winnie has been telling me everything. It is so nice to know all about her. Those little details that can never go into letters; and when—when Major Percival comes——"

"It is very good of you, Aunt Agatha," said Winnie, with a certain quiet disdain; "but I did not mean to deceive anybody—Major Percival is not coming, that I know of. I am old enough to manage for myself: Mary came home from India when she was not quite my age."

"Oh, my dear love, poor Mary was a widow," cried Aunt Agatha; "you must not speak of that."

"Yes, I know Mary has always had the best of it," said Winnie, under her breath; "you never made a set against her as you do against me. If there is an inquisition at Kirtell, I will go somewhere else. I came to have a little quiet; that is all I want in this world."

It was well for Winnie that she turned away abruptly at that moment, and did not see Sir Edward's look, which he turned first upon Mary and then on Aunt Agatha. She did not see it, and it was well for her. When he went away soon after, Miss Seton went out into the garden with him, in obedience to his signals, and then he unburdened his mind.

"It seems to me that she must have run away

from him," said Sir Edward. "It is very well she has come here; but still it is unpleasant, to make the best of it. I am sure he has behaved very badly; but I must say I am a little disappointed in Winnie. I was, as you may remember, at the very first when she made up her mind so soon."

"There is no reason for thinking she has run away," said Aunt Agatha. "Why should she have run away? I hope a lady may come to her aunt and her sister without compromising herself in any way."

Sir Edward shook his head. "A married woman's place is with her husband," he said, sententiously. He was old, and he was more moral, and perhaps less sentimental in his remarks than formerly. "And how she is changed! there must have been a great deal of excitement and late hours, and bills and all that sort of thing, before she came to look like that."

"You are very hard upon my poor Winnie," said Aunt Agatha, with a long restrained sob.

"I am not hard upon her. On the contrary, I would save her if I could," said Sir Edward, solemnly. "My dear Agatha, I am very, very sorry for you. What with poor Francis Ochterlony's illness, and this heavy burden——"

Miss Seton was seized with one of those passions of impatience and indignation to which a man's heavy way of blundering over sore subjects sometimes moves a woman. "It was all Francis Ochterlony's fault," she said, lifting her little tremulous white hands. "It was his fault, and not mine. He might have had some one that could have taken care of him all these years, and he chose his marble images instead—and I will not take the blame; it was no fault of mine. And then my poor darling child——"

But here Miss Seton's strength, being the strength of excitement solely, gave way, and her voice broke, and she had to take both her hands to dry the fast-coming tears.

"Well, well, well!" said Sir Edward. "Dear me, I never meant to excite you so. What I was saying was with the kindest intention. Let us hope Ochterlony is better, and that all will turn out pleasantly for Winnie. If you find yourself unequal to the emergency, you know—and want a man's assistance——"

"Thank you," said Aunt Agatha, with dignity; "but I do not think so much of a man's assistance as I used to do. Mary is so very sensible, and if one does the very best one can——"

"Oh, of course I am not a person to interfere," said Sir Edward; and he walked away with an air still more dignified than that which Aunt Agatha had put on, but very shaky, poor old gentleman, about his knees, which slightly diminished the effect. As for Aunt Agatha, she turned her back upon him steadily, and walked back to the cottage with all the stateliness of a woman aggrieved. But nevertheless the pins and needles were in her heart, and her mind was full of anxiety and distress. She had felt very strongly the great mistake made by Francis Ochterlony, and how he had spoiled both their lives—but that was not to say that she could hear of his illness with philosophy. And then Winnie, who was not ill, but whose reputation and position might be in deadly danger for anything Miss Seton knew. Aunt Agatha knew nothing better to do than to call Mary privately out of the room and pour forth her troubles. It did no good, but it relieved her mind. Why was Sir Edward so suspicious and disagreeable—why had he ceased "to understand people;"—and why was Hugh so young and inexperienced and incapable of judging whether his uncle was or was not seriously ill;—and why did not "they" write? Aunt Agatha did not know whom she meant by "they," nor why she blamed poor Hugh. But it relieved her mind. And when she had pushed her burden off on to Mary's shoulders, the weight was naturally much lightened on her own.

CHAPTER XXX.

It is quite true, however, that Hugh was very inexperienced. He did not even notice that his uncle was ill. He sat with him at dinner and saw that he did not eat anything, and yet never saw it; and he went with him sometimes when he tottered about the garden in the morning, and never found out that he tottered; and sat with him at night, and was very kind and attentive, and very fond of his uncle, and never remarked anything the matter with his breathing. He was very young and he knew no better, and it never seemed to him that short-breathing and unequal steps and a small appetite was anything remarkable at Mr. Ochterlony's age. If there had been a lady in the house it might have made a wonderful difference; but to be sure it was Francis Ochterlony's own doing that there was not a lady in the house. And he was not himself so shortsighted as Hugh. His own growing weakness was something of which he was perfectly well aware, and he knew, too, how his breath caught of nights, and looking forward into the future saw the shadow drawing nearer his door and was not afraid of it. Probably the first thought went chill to his heart, the thought that he was mortal like other people, and might have to die. But his life had been such a life as to make him very composed about it, and not disinclined to think that a change might be for the better. He was not very clear about the unseen world—for one thing he had nobody there in particular belonging to him personally, except the father and mother who were gone ages ago; and it did not seem very important to himself personally whether he was going to a long sleep, or going to another probation, or into pure blessedness, which of all the three was, possibly, the hypothesis which he understood least. Perhaps, on the whole, if he had been to come to an end altogether he would not have much minded; but his state of feeling was, that God certainly knew all about it, and that He would arrange it all right. It was a kind of pagan state of mind; and yet there

was in it something of that faith of the little child which was once set up as the highest model of faith by the highest authority. No doubt Mr. Ochterlony had a great many thoughts on the subject, as he sat buried in the deep chair in his study, and gazed into the little red spark of fire which was lighted for him all that summer through, though the weather was so genial. His were not bright thoughts, but very calm ones; and perhaps his perfect composure about it all was one reason why Hugh took it as a matter of course, and went on quite cheerily and lightly, and never found out there was anything the matter with him until the very last.

It was one morning when Mr. Ochterlony had been later than usual of coming downstairs. When he did make his appearance it was nearly noon, and he was in his dressing-gown, which was an unheard-of thing for him. Instead of going out to the garden, he called Hugh, and asked him to give him his arm while he made a little *tour* of the house. They went from the library to the dining-room, and then upstairs to the great drawing-room where the Venus and the Psyche were. When they had got that length Mr. Ochterlony dropped into a chair, and gasped for breath, and looked round upon his treasures. And then Hugh, who was looking on, began to feel very uneasy and anxious for the first time.

"One can't take them with one," said Mr. Ochterlony, with a sigh and a smile; "and you will not care for them much, Hugh. I don't mean to put any burden upon you; they are worth a good deal of money; but I'd rather you did not sell them, if you could make up your mind to the sacrifice."

"If they were mine I certainly should not sell them," said Hugh; "but as they are yours, uncle, I don't see that it matters what I would do."

Mr. Ochterlony smiled, and looked kindly at him, but he did not give him any direct answer. "If they were yours," he said—"suppose the case—then what would you do with them?"

"I would collect them in a museum somewhere and call them by your name," said Hugh, on the spur of the moment. "You almost ought to do that yourself, uncle, there are so few people to see them here."

Mr. Ochterlony's languid eyes brightened a little. "They are worth a good deal of money," he said.

"If they were worth a mint of money, I don't see what that matters," said Hugh, with youthful extravagance.

His uncle looked at him again, and once more the languid eye lighted up and a tinge of colour came to the grey cheek.

"I think you mean it, Hugh," he said, "and it is pleasant to think you do mean it now, even if —— I have been an economical man in every way but this, and I think you would not miss it. But I won't put any bondage upon you. By the way, they would belong to the personalty. Perhaps there's a will wanted for that. It was stupid of me not to think of it before. I ought to see about it this very day."

"Uncle," said Hugh, who had been sitting on the arm of a chair looking at him, and seeing, as by a sudden revelation all the gradual changes which he had not noticed when they began: the shortened breath, the emaciated form, and the deep large circle round the eyes,—"Uncle, will you tell me seriously what you mean when you speak to me like this?"

"On second thoughts, it will be best to do it at once," said Mr. Ochterlony. "Hugh, ring the bell —— What do I speak like this for, my boy? For a very plain reason; because my course is going to end, and yours is only going to begin."

"But, uncle!" cried Hugh.

"Hush—the one ought to be a kind of continuation of the other," said Mr. Ochterlony, "since you will take up where I leave off; but I hope you will do better than that. If you should feel yourself justified in thinking of the museum afterwards —— But I would not like to leave any burden upon you. John, let some one ride into Dalken directly, and ask Mr. Preston, the attorney, to come to me—or his son will do. I should like to see him to-day —— and stop," said Mr. Ochterlony reluctantly, "he may fetch the doctor, too."

"Uncle, do you feel ill?" said Hugh. He had come up to his uncle's side, and he had taken fright, and was looking at him wistfully as a woman might have done—for his very inexperience which had prevented him from observing, gave him a tender anguish now, and filled him full of awe and compunction, and made him in his wistfulness almost like a woman.

"No," said Mr. Ochterlony, holding out his hand. "Not ill, my boy, only dying—that's all. Nothing to make a fuss about—but sit down and compose yourself, for I have a good deal to say."

"Do you mean it, uncle?" asked Hugh, searching into the gray countenance before him with his suddenly awakened eyes.

Mr. Ochterlony gave a warm grasp to the young hand which held his closely yet trembling. "Sit down," he said. "I'm glad you are sorry. A few years ago there would have been nobody to mind—except the servants, perhaps. I never took the steps I might have done, you know," he added, with a certain sadness, and yet a sense of humour which was curious to see, "to have an heir of my own—— and speaking of that, you will be sure to remember what I said to you about the Henri Deux. I put it away in the cabinet yonder, the very last day they were here."

Then Mr. Ochterlony talked a great deal, and about many things. About there being no particular occasion for making a will—since Earlston was settled by his father's will upon his own heirs male, or those of his brother—how he had bethought himself all at once, though he did not know exactly how the law stood, that there was some difference between real and personal property, and how, on the whole, perhaps, it was better to send for Preston.

"As for the doctor, I daren't take it upon me to die without him, I suppose," Mr. Ochterlony said. He had never been so playful before, as long as Hugh had known him. He had been reserved—a little shy even with his nephew. Now his own sense of failure seemed to have disappeared. He was going to make a change, to get rid of all his old disabilities and incumbrances and antecedents, and no doubt it would be a change for the better. That was about the substance of Mr. Ochterlony's thoughts.

"But one can't take Psyche, you know," he said. "One must go alone to look into the face of the Immortals. And I don't think your mother, perhaps, would care to have her here—so if you should feel yourself justified in thinking of the Museum—But you will have a great deal to do. In the first place, your mother.—I doubt if she'll be so happy at the Cottage, now Mrs. Percival has come back. I think you ought to ask her to come here. And I shouldn't wonder if Will gave you some trouble. He's an odd boy. I would not say he had not a sense of honour, but——. And he has a jealous dissatisfied temper. As for Islay, he's all safe, I suppose. Always be kind to them, Hugh, and give Will his education. I think he has abilities; but don't be too liberal. Don't take them upon your shoulders. You have your own life to think of first of all."

All this Mr. Ochterlony uttered, with many little breaks and pauses, but with very little aid from his companion, who was too much moved to do more than listen. He was not suffering in any acute way, and yet, somehow, the sense of his approaching end seemed to have loosened his tongue, which had been to some extent bound all his life.

"For you must marry, you know," he said. "I consider *that* a bargain between us. Don't trust to your younger brother as I did—not but what it was the best thing for you. Some little bright thing like that—that was with your mother. You may laugh, but I can remember when Agatha Seton was as pretty a creature——"

"I think she is pretty now," said Hugh, half because he did think so, and half because he was anxious to find something he could say.

Then Mr. Ochterlony brightened up in the strongest pathetic way, laughing a little, with a kind of tender consciousness that he was laughing at himself. He was so nearly separated from himself now, that he was tender as if it was the weakness of a dear old familiar friend at which he was laughing. "She *is* very pretty," he said. "I am glad you have the sense to see it,—and good; and she'll go now, and make a slave of herself to that girl. I suppose that is my fault, too. But be sure you don't forget about the Henri Deux."

And then all of a sudden, while his nephew was sitting watching him, Mr. Ochterlony fell asleep. When he was sleeping he looked so gray and worn and emaciated, that Hugh's heart smote him. He could not explain to himself why it was that he had never noticed it before; and he was very doubtful and uncertain what he ought to do. If he sent for his mother, which seemed the most natural idea, Mr. Ochterlony might not like it, and he had himself already sent for the doctor. Hugh had the good sense finally to conclude upon doing the one thing that was most difficult—to do nothing. But it was not an enlivening occupation. He went off and got some wraps and cushions, and propped his uncle up in the deep chair he was reclining in, and then he sat down and watched him, feeling a thrill run through him every time there was a little drag in the breathing or change in his patient's face. He might die like that, with the Psyche and the Venus gleaming whitely over him, and nobody by who understood what to do. It was the most serious moment that had ever occurred in Hugh's life; and it seemed to him that days, and not minutes, were passing. When the doctor arrived, it was a very great relief. And then Mr. Ochterlony was taken to bed and made comfortable, as they said; and a consciousness crept through the house, no one could tell how, that the old life and the old times were coming to a conclusion—that sad change and revolution hung over the house, and that Earlston would soon be no more as it had been.

On the second day Hugh wrote to his mother, but that letter had not been received at the time of Sir Edward's visit. And he made a very faithful devoted nurse, and tended his uncle like a son. Mr. Ochterlony did not die all at once, as probably he had himself expected and intended—he had his spell of illness to go through like other people, and he bore it very cheerfully, as he was not suffering much. He was indeed a great deal more playful and at his ease than either the doctor or the attorney, or Mrs. Gill, the housekeeper, thought quite right.

The lawyer did not come until the following day; and then it was young Mr. Preston who came, his father being occupied, and Mr. Ochterlony had a distaste somehow to young Mr. Preston. He was weak, too, and not able to go into details. All that he would say was, that Islay and Wilfred were to have the same younger brother's portion as their father had, and that everything else was to go to Hugh. He would not suffer himself to be tempted to say anything about the Museum, though the suggestion had gone to his heart—and to make a will with so little in it struck the lawyer almost as an injury to himself.

"No legacies?" he said—"excuse me, Mr. Ochterlony—nothing about your beautiful collection? There ought to be some stipulations about that."

"My nephew knows all my wishes," Mr. Ochterlony said, briefly, "and I have no time now for details. Is it ready to be signed? Everything else of which I die possessed to my brother, Hugh Ochterlony's eldest son. That is what I want. The property is his already, by his grandfather's will. Everything of which I die possessed, to dispose of according as his discretion and circumstances may permit."

"But there are other friends—and servants," pleaded Mr. Preston; "and then your wonderful collection——"

"My nephew knows all my wishes," said Mr. Ochterlony; and his weakness was so great that he sank back on his pillows. He took his own way in this, while poor Hugh hung about the room wistfully looking on. It was to Hugh's great advantage, but he was not thinking of that. He was asking himself *could* he have done anything to stop the malady if he had noticed it in time. And he was thinking how to arrange the Ochterlony Museum. If it could only have been done in his lifetime, so that its founder could see. When the doctor and the attorney were both gone, Hugh sat down by his uncle's bedside, and, half afraid whether he was doing right, began to talk of it. He was too young and too honest to pretend to disbelieve what Mr. Ochterlony himself and the doctor had assured him of. The room was dimly lighted, the lamp put away on a table in a corner, with a shade over it, and the sick room "made comfortable," and everything arranged for the night. And then the two had an hour of very affectionate, confidential, almost tender talk. Mr. Ochterlony was almost excited about the Museum. It was not to be bestowed on his college, as Hugh at first thought, but to be established at Dalken, the pretty town of which everybody in the Fells was proud. And then the conversation glided off to more familiar subjects, and the old man who was dying gave a great deal of very sound advice to the young man who was about to begin to live.

"Islay will be all right," said Mr. Ochterlony; "he will have what your father had, and you will always make him at home in Earlston. It is Will I am thinking about. I am not fond of Will. Don't be too generous to him, or he will think it is his right. I know no harm of the boy, but I would not put all my affairs into his hands as I put them into yours."

"It will not be my fault if I don't justify your confidence, uncle," said Hugh, with something swelling in his throat.

"If I had not known that, I would not have trusted you, Hugh," said Mr. Ochterlony. "Take your mother's advice—always be sure to take your mother's advice. There are some of us that never understand women; but after all it stands to reason that the one-half of mankind should not separate itself from the other. We think we are the wisest; but I am not so sure——"

Mr. Ochterlony stopped short and turned his eyes, which were rather languid, to the distant lamp, the one centre of light in the room. He looked at it for a long time in a dreamy way. "I might have had a woman taking care of me like the rest," he said. "I might have had the feeling that there was somebody in the house; but you see I did not give my mind to it, Hugh. Your father left a widow, and that's natural—I am leaving only a collection. But it's better for you, my boy. If you should ever speak to Agatha Seton about it, you can tell her *that*——"

Then there was a pause, which poor young Hugh, nervous and excited and inexperienced, did not know how to break, and Mr. Ochterlony continued to look at the lamp. It was very dim and shaded, but still a pale ray shone sideways between the curtains upon the old man who lay a-dying, and cast an enlarged shadow of Hugh's head upon the wall. When Mr. Ochterlony turned round a little, his eye caught that, and a tender smile came over his face.

"It looks like your father," he said to Hugh, who was startled and did not know what he meant. "It is more like him than you are. He was a good fellow at the bottom—fidgety, but a very good fellow—as your mother will tell you. I am glad it is you who are the eldest, and not one of the others. They are fine boys, but I am glad it is you——"

"Oh, uncle," said Hugh, with tears in his eyes, "you are awfully good to me. I don't deserve it. Islay is a far better fellow than I am. If you would but get well again, and never mind who was the eldest——"

Mr. Ochterlony smiled and shook his head. "I have lived my day," he said, "and now it is your turn; and I hope you'll make Earlston better than ever it was. Now go to bed, my boy; we've talked long enough. I think if I were quiet I could sleep."

"And you'll call me, uncle, if you want me? I shall be in the dressing-room," said Hugh, whose heart was very full.

"There is no need," said Mr. Ochterlony, smiling again. "But I suppose it pleases you. You'll sleep as sound as a top wherever you are—that's the privilege of your age; but John will be somewhere about, and nothing is going to happen before morning. Good night."

But he called Hugh back before he had reached the door. "You'll be sure to remember about the Henri Deux?" he said, softly. That was all. And the young man went to the dressing-room, and John, who had just stolen in, lay down on a sofa in the shadow, and sleep and quiet took possession of the room. If Mr. Ochterlony slept, or if he still lay looking at the lamp, seeing his life flit past him like a shadow, giving a sigh to what might have been, and thinking with perhaps a little awakening thrill of expectation of what was so soon to be, nobody could tell. He was as silent as if he slept—almost as silent as if he had been dead.

But Aunt Agatha was not asleep. She was in her room all alone, praying for him, stopping by times to think how different it might have been. She might have been with him then, taking care of him, instead of being so far away; and when she thought of that the tears stood in her eyes. But it was not her fault. She had nothing to upbraid herself with. She was well aware whose doing it was—poor man, and it was he who was the sufferer

now; but she said her prayers for him all the same.

When a few days had passed, the event occurred of which there had never been any doubt. Francis Ochterlony died very peaceably and quietly, leaving not only all of which he died possessed, but his blessing and thanks to the boy who had stood in the place of a son to him. He took no unnecessary time about his dying, and yet he did not do anything hastily to shock people. It was known he was ill, and everybody had the satisfaction of sending to inquire for him, and testifying their respect before he died. Such a thing was indeed seen on one day as seven servants, all men on horseback, sent with messages of inquiry, which was a great gratification to Mrs. Gill, the housekeeper, and the rest of the servants. "He went off like a lamb at the last," they all said; and though he was not much like a lamb, there might have been employed a less appropriate image. He made a little sketch with his own hands as to how the museum was to be arranged, and told Hugh what provision to make for the old servants; and gave him a great many advices, such as he never had taken himself; and was so pleasant and cheery about it, that they scarcely knew the moment when the soft twilight sank into absolute night. He died an old man, full of many an unexpressed philosophy, and yet, somehow, with the sentiment of a young one: like a tree ripe and full of fruit, yet with blossoms still lingering on the topmost branches, as you see on orange-trees—sage and experienced, and yet with something of the virginal and primal state. Perhaps it was not a light price to give for this crowning touch of delicacy and purity—the happiness (so to speak) of his own life and of Aunt Agatha's. And yet the link between the old lovers, thus fancifully revived, was very sweet and real. And they had not been at all unhappy apart, on the whole, either of them. And it is something to preserve this quintessence of maidenhood and primal freshness to the end of a long life, and leave the visionary perfume of it among a community much given to marrying and giving in marriage. It was thus that Francis Ochterlony died.

Earlston, of course, was all shut up immediately, blinds drawn and shutters closed, and, what was more unusual, true tears shed, and a true weight, so long as it lasted, upon the hearts of all the people about. The servants, perhaps, were not quite uninfluenced by the thought that all their legacies, &c., were left in the hands of the new master, who was little more than a boy. And the Cottage, too, was closed, and the inmates went about in a shadowed atmosphere, and were very sorry, and thought a little of Mr. Ochterlony—not all as Aunt Agatha did, who kept her room, and shed many tears; but still he was thought of in the house. It is true that Mary could not help remembering that now her Hugh was no longer a boy, dependent upon anybody's pleasure, but the master of the house of his fathers—the house his own father was born in; and an important personage. She could not help thinking of this, nor, in spite of herself, feeling her heart swell, and asking herself if it was indeed her Hugh who had come to this promotion. And yet she was very sorry for Mr. Ochterlony's death. He had been good to her children, always courteous and deferential to herself; and she was sorry for him as a woman is sorry for a man *who has nobody belonging to him*—sorrier far, in most cases, than the man is for himself. He was dead in his loneliness, and the thought of it brought a quiet moisture to Mary's eyes; but Hugh was living, and it was he who was the master of all; and it was not in human nature that his mother's grief should be bitter or profound.

"Hugh is a lucky boy," said Mrs. Percival; "I think you are all lucky, Mary, you and your children. To come into Earlston with so little waiting, and have everything left in his own hands."

"I don't think he will be thinking of that," said Mary. "He was fond of his uncle; I am sure he will feel his loss."

"Oh yes, no doubt; I ought not to have said anything so improper," said Winnie, with that restrained smile and uncomfortable inference which comes so naturally to some people. She knew nothing and cared nothing about Francis Ochterlony; and she was impatient of what she called Aunt Agatha's nonsense; and she could not but feel it at once unreasonable and monstrous that anything but the painful state of her own affairs should occupy people in the house she was living in. Yet the fact was that this event had to a certain extent eclipsed Winnie. The anxiety with which everybody looked for a message or letter about Mr. Ochterlony's state blinded them a little to her worn looks and listless wretchedness. They did not neglect her, nor were they indifferent to her; for, indeed, it would be difficult to be indifferent to a figure which held so prominent a place in the foreground of everything; but still when they were in such a state of suspense about what was happening at Earlston, no doubt Winnie's affairs were to a certain extent overlooked. It is natural for an old man to die; but it is not natural for a young woman—a woman in the bloom and fulness of life—one who has been, and ought still to be, a great beauty—to be driven by her wrongs out of all that makes life endurable. This was how Winnie reasoned; and she was jealous of the attention given to Mr. Ochterlony as he accomplished the natural act of dying. What was that in comparison with the terrible struggles of life?

But naturally it made a great difference when it was all over, and when Hugh, subdued and very serious, but still another man from the Hugh who the other day was but a boy, came to the Cottage "for a little change," and to give his mother all the particulars. He came all tender in his natural grief with eyes ready to glisten, and a voice that sometimes faltered; but, nevertheless, there was something about him which showed that it was he who was Mr. Ochterlony of Earlston now.

CHAPTER XXXI.

This was the kind of crisis in the family history, at which Uncle Penrose was sure to make his appearance. He was the only man among them, he sometimes said—or at least the only man who knew anything about money; and he came into the midst of the Ochterlonys in their mourning, as large and important as he had been when Winnie was married, looking as if he had never taken his left hand out of his pocket all the time. He had not been asked to the funeral, and he marked his consciousness of that fact by making his appearance in buff waistcoats and apparel which altogether displayed lightheartedness if not levity—and which was very wounding to Aunt Agatha's feelings. Time, somehow, did not seem to have touched him. If he was not so offensively and demonstratively a Man, in the sweet-scented feminine house, as he used to be, it was no reticence of his, but because the boys were men, or nearly so, and the character of the household changed. And Hugh was Mr. Ochterlony of Earlston; which, perhaps, was the fact that made the greatest difference of all.

He came the day after Hugh's return, and in the evening there had been a very affecting scene in the Cottage. In faithful discharge of his promise, Hugh had carried the Henri Deux, carefully packed, as became its value and fragile character, to Aunt Agatha; and she had received it from him with a throbbing heart and many tears. "It was almost the last thing he said to me," Hugh had said. "He put it all aside with his own hand, the day you admired it so much; and he told me over and over again, to be sure not to forget." Aunt Agatha had been sitting with her hands clasped upon the arm of his chair, and her eyes fixed upon him, not to lose a word; but when he said this, she covered her face with those soft old hands, and was silent, and did not even weep. It was the truest grief that was in her heart, and yet with that, there was an exquisite pang of delight, such as goes through and through a girl when first she perceives that she is loved, and sees her power. She was as a widow, and yet she was an innocent maiden, full of experience and inexperience, feeling the heaviness of the evening shadows, and yet still in the age of splendour in the grass and glory in the flower. The sense of that last tenderness went through her with a thrill of joy and grief beyond description. It gave him back to her for ever and ever, but not with that sober appropriation which might have seemed natural to her age. She could no more look them in the face while it was being told, than had he been a living lover and she a girl. It was a supreme conjunction and blending of the two extremes of life, a fusion of youth and of age.

"I never thought he noticed what I said," she answered at last with a soft sob—and uncovered the eyes that were full of tears, and yet dazzled as with a sudden light; and she would let no one touch the precious legacy, but unpacked it herself, shedding tears that were bitter and yet sweet, over its many wrappings. Though he was a man, and vaguely buoyed up, without knowing it, by the strange new sense of his own importance, Hugh could have found it in his heart to shed tears too, over the precious bits of porcelain, that had now acquired an interest so much more near and touching than anything connected with Henri Deux; and so could his mother. But there were two who looked on with dry eyes: the one was Winnie, who would have liked to break it all into bits, as she swept past it with her long dress, and could not put up with Aunt Agatha's nonsense; the other was Will, who watched the exhibition curiously with close observation, wondering how it was that people were such fools, and feeling the shadow of his brother weigh upon him with a crushing weight. But these two malcontents were not in sympathy with each other, and never dreamt of making common cause.

And it was when the house was in this condition, that Uncle Penrose arrived. He arrived, as usual, just in time to make a fuss necessary about a late dinner, and to put Peggy out of temper, which was a fact that soon made itself felt through the house; and he began immediately to speak to Hugh about Earlston, and about "your late uncle," without the smallest regard for Aunt Agatha's feelings. "I know there was something between him and Miss Agatha, once," he said, with a kind of smile at her, "but of course that was all over long ago." And this was said when poor Miss Seton, who felt that the bond had never before been so sweet and so close, was seated at the head of her own table, and had to bear it and make no sign.

"Probably there will be a great deal to be done on the estate," Mr. Penrose said; "these studious men always let things go to ruin out of doors; but there's a collection of curiosities or antiquities or something. If that's good it will bring in money. When a man is known such things sell."

"But it is not to be sold," said Hugh quickly. "I have settled all about that."

"Not to be sold?—nonsense!" said Mr. Penrose; "you don't mean to say you are a collector—at your age? No, no, my boy; they're no good to him where he is now; he could not take them into his vault with him. Feelings are all very well, but you can't be allowed to lose a lot of money for a prejudice. What kind of things are they—pictures and that sort? or——"

"I have made all the necessary arrangements," said Hugh with youthful dignity. "I want you to go with me to Dalken, mother, to see some rooms the mayor has offered for them—nice rooms belonging to the Town-Hall. They could have 'Ochterlony Museum' put up over the doors, and do better than a separate building, besides saving the expense."

Mr. Penrose gave a long whistle, which under any circumstances would have been very indecorous at a lady's table. "So that is how it's to be!" he

said; "but we'll talk that over first, with your permission, Mr. Ochterlony of Earlston. You are too young to know what you're doing. I suppose the ladies are at the bottom of it; they never know the value of money. And yet we know what it costs to get it when it is wanted, Miss Agatha," said the insolent man of money, who never would forget that Miss Seton herself had once been in difficulties. She looked at him with a kind of smile, as politeness ordained, but tears of pain stood in Aunt Agatha's eyes. If ever she hated anybody in her gentle life it was Mr. Penrose, and somehow he made himself hateful in her presence to everybody concerned.

"It costs more to get it than it is ever worth," said Winnie, indignant, and moved for the first time, to make a diversion, and come to Aunt Agatha's aid.

"Ah, I have no doubt you know all about it," said Mr. Penrose, turning his arms upon her. "You should have taken my advice. If you had come to Liverpool, as I wanted you, and married some steady-going fellow with plenty of money, and gone at a more reasonable pace, you would not have changed so much at your age. Look at Mary, how well-preserved she is: I don't know what you can have been doing with yourself to look so changed."

"I am sorry you think me a fright," said Winnie, with an angry sparkle in her eye.

"You are not a fright," said Uncle Penrose; "one can see that you've been a very handsome woman, but you are not what you were when I saw you last, Winnie. The fault of your family is that you are extravagant,—I am sure you did not get it from your mother's side;—extravagant of your money and your hospitality, and your looks and everything. I am sure Mary has nothing to spare, and yet I've found people living here for weeks together. *I* can't afford visitors like that—I have my family to consider, and people that have real claims upon me—— no more than I could afford to set up a museum. If I had a lot of curiosities thrown on my hands, I should make them into money. It is not everybody that can appreciate pictures, but everybody understands five per cent. And then he might have done something worth while for his brothers: not that I approve of a man impoverishing himself for the sake of his friends, but still two thousand pounds isn't much. And he might have done something for his mother, or looked after Will's education. It's family pride I suppose; but I'd rather give my mother a house of her own than set up an Ochterlony Museum. Tastes differ you know."

"His mother agrees with him entirely in everything he is doing," said Mary with natural resentment. "I wish all mothers had sons as good as mine."

"Hush," said Hugh, who was crimson with indignation and anger; "I decline to discuss these matters with Uncle Penrose. Because he is your uncle, mother, he shall inquire into the estate as much as he likes; but I am the head of the house, and I am responsible only to God and to those who are dead—and, mother, to you," said Hugh, with his eyes glistening and his face glowing.

Uncle Penrose gave another contemptuous prolonged whistle at this speech, but the others looked at the young man with admiration and love; even Winnie, whose heart could still be touched, regarded the young paladin with a kind of tender envy and admiration. She was too young to be his mother, but she did not feel herself young; and her heart yearned to have some one who would stand by her and defend her as such a youth could. A world of softer possibilities than anything she would permit herself to think of now, came into her mind as she looked at him. If she too had but been the mother of children like her sister! but it appeared that Mary was to have the best of it, always and in every way.

As for Will, he looked at the eldest son with very different feelings. Hugh was not particularly clever, and his brother had long entertained a certain contempt for him. He thought what *he* would have done had he been the head of the house. He was disposed to sneer, like Mr. Penrose, at the Ochterlony Museum. Was it not a confession of a mean mind, an acknowledgement of weakness, to consent to send away all the lovely things that made Will's vision of Earlston like a vision of heaven? If it had been Will he would not have thought of five per cent., but neither would he have thought of making a collection of them at Dalken, where the country bumpkins might come and stare. He would have kept them all to himself, and they would have made his life beautiful. And he scorned Hugh for dispossessing himself of them, and reducing the Earlston rooms into rooms of ordinary habitation. Had they but been his—had he but been the eldest, the head of the house—then the world and the family and Uncle Penrose would have seen very different things.

But yet Hugh had character enough to stand firm. He made his mother get her bonnet and go out with him after dinner, and everybody in the house looked after the two as they went away—the mother and her firstborn—he, with his young head towering above her, though Mary was tall, and she putting her arm within his so proudly—not without a tender elation in his new importance, a sense of his superior place and independent rank which was strangely sweet. Winnie looked after them, envying her sister, and yet with an envy which was not bitter; and Will stood and looked fiercely on this brother who, by no virtue of his own, had been born before him. As for Aunt Agatha, who was fond of them all, she went to her own room to heal her wounds; and Mr. Penrose, who was fond of none of them, went up to the Hall to talk things over with Sir Edward, whom he had once talked over to such purpose. And the only two who could stray down to the soft-flowing Kirtell, and listen to the melody of the woods and waters, and talk in concert of what they had wished and planned, were Mary and Hugh.

"The great thing to be settled is about Will," the head of the house was saying. "You shall see, mother, when he is in the world and knows better, all *that* will blow away. His two thousand pounds is not much, as Uncle Penrose says; but it was all my father had: and when he wants it, and when Islay wants it, there can always be something added. It is my business to see to that."

"It was all your father had," said Mary, "and all your uncle intended; and I see no reason why you should add to it, Hugh. There will be a little more when I am gone; and in the meantime, if we only knew what Will would like to do——"

"Why, they'll make him a fellow of his college," said Hugh. "He'll go in for all sorts of honours. He's awfully clever, mother; there's no fear of Will. The best thing I can see is to send him to read with somebody—somebody with no end of a reputation, that he would have a sort of an awe for—and then the University. It would be no use doing it if he was just like other people; but there's everything to be made of Will."

"I hope so," said Mary, with a little sigh. And then she added, "So I shall be left quite alone?"

"No; you are coming to Earlston with me," said Hugh; "that is quite understood. There will be a great deal to do; and I don't think things are quite comfortable at the Cottage, with Mrs. Percival here."

"Poor Winnie!" said Mrs. Ochterlony. "I don't think I ought to leave Aunt Agatha—at least, while she is so much in the dark about my sister. And then you told me you had promised to marry, Hugh?"

"Yes," said the young man; and straightway the colour came to his cheek, and dimples to the corners of his mouth; "but she is too y—— I mean, there is plenty of time to think of that."

"She is too young?" said Mary, startled. "Do I know her, I wonder? I did not imagine you had settled on the person as well as the fact. Well; and then, you know, I should have to come back again. I will come to visit you at Earlston: but I must keep my head-quarters here."

"I don't see why you should have to come back again," said Hugh, somewhat affronted. "Earlston is big enough, and you would be sure to be fond of *her*. No, I don't know that the person is settled upon. Perhaps she wouldn't have me; perhaps—— But, anyhow, you are coming to Earlston, mother dear. And, after a while, we could have some visitors perhaps—your friends: you know I am very fond of your friends, mamma."

"All my friends, Hugh?" said his mother, with a smile.

This was the kind of talk they were having while Mr. Penrose was laying the details of Hugh's extravagance before Sir Edward, and doing all he could to incite him to a solemn cross-examination of Winnie. Whether she had run away from her husband, or if not exactly that, what were the circumstances under which she had left him; and whether a reconciliation could be brought about;—all this was as interesting to Sir Edward as it was to Uncle Penrose; but what the latter gentleman was particularly anxious about was, what they had done with their money, and if the unlucky couple were very deeply in debt. "I suspect that is at the bottom of it," he said. And they were both concerned about Winnie, in their way—anxious to keep her from being talked about, and to preserve to her a place of repentance. Mrs. Percival, however, was not so simple as to subject herself to this ordeal. When Sir Edward called in an accidental way next morning, and Uncle Penrose drew a solemn chair to her side, Winnie sprang up and went away. She went off, and shut herself up in her own room, and declined to go back, or give any further account of herself. "If they want to drive me away, I will go away," she said to Aunt Agatha, who came up tremulously to her door, and begged her to go downstairs.

"My darling, they can't drive you away; you have come to see me," said Aunt Agatha. "It would be strange if any one wanted to drive you from my house."

Winnie was excited, and driven out of her usual self-restraint. Perhaps she had begun to soften a little. She gave way to momentary tears, and kissed Aunt Agatha, whose heart in a moment forsook all other pre-occupations, and returned for ever and ever to her child.

"Yes, I have come to see *you*," she cried; "and don't let them come and hunt me to death. I have done nothing to them. I have injured nobody; and I will not be put upon my trial for anybody in the wide world."

"My dear love! my poor darling child!" was all that Aunt Agatha said.

And then Winnie dried her eyes. "I may as well say it now," she said. "I will give an account of myself to nobody but you; and if *he* should come after me here——"

"Yes, Winnie darling?" said Aunt Agatha, in great suspense, as Mrs. Percival stopped to take breath.

"Nothing in the world will make me see him—nothing in the world!" cried Winnie. "It is best you should know. It is no good asking me—nothing in the world!"

"Oh, Winnie, my dear child!" cried Aunt Agatha, in anxious remonstrance, but she was not permitted to say any more. Winnie kissed her again in a peremptory way, and led her to the door, and closed it softly upon her. She had given forth her *ultimatum*, and now it was for her defender to carry on the fight.

But within a few days another crisis arose of a less manageable kind. Uncle Penrose made everybody highly uncomfortable, and left stings in each individual mind, but fortunately business called him back after two days to his natural sphere. And Sir Edward was affronted, and did not return to the charge; and Mrs. Percival, with a natural

yearning, had begun to make friends of her nephew, and draw him to her side to support her if need should be. And Mary was preparing to go with her boy after a while to Earlston; and Hugh himself found frequent business at Carlisle, and went and came continually; when it happened one day that her friends came to pay Mrs. Ochterlony a visit, to offer their condolences and congratulations upon Hugh's succession and his uncle's death.

They came into the drawing-room before any one was aware; and Winnie was there, with her shawl round her as usual. All the ladies of the Cottage were there: Aunt Agatha seated within sight of her legacy, the precious Henri Deux, which was all arranged in a tiny little cupboard, shut in with glass, which Hugh had found for her; and Mary working as usual for her boys. Winnie was the one who never had anything to do; instead of doing anything, poor soul, she wound her arms closer and closer into her shawl. It was not a common visit that was about to be paid. There was Mrs. Kirkman, and Mrs. Askell, and the doctor's sister, and the wife of a new Captain, who had come with them; and they all swept in, and kissed Mary, and took possession of the place. They kissed Mary, and shook hands with Aunt Agatha; and then Mrs. Kirkman stopped short and looked at Winnie, and made her a most stately curtsey. The others would have done the same, had their courage been as good; but both Mrs. Askell and Miss Sorbette were doubtful how Mary would take it, and compromised, and made some sign of recognition in a distant way. Then they all subsided into chairs, and did their best to talk.

"It is a coincidence that brings us all here together to-day," said Mrs. Kirkman; "I hope it is not too much for you, my dear Mary. How affecting was poor Mr. Ochterlony's death! I hope you have that evidence of his spiritual state which is the only consolation in such a case."

"He was a good man," said Mary; "very kind, and generous, and just. Hugh, who knew him best, was very fond of him——"

"Ah, fond of him! We are all fond of our friends," said Mrs. Kirkman; "but the only real comfort is to know what was their spiritual state. Do you know I am very anxious about your parish here. If you would but take up the work, it would be a great thing. And I would like to have a talk with Hugh: he is in an important position now; he may influence for good so many people. Dear Miss Seton, I am sure you will help me all you can to lead him in the right way."

"He is such a dear!" said Emma Askell. "He has been to see us four or five times: it was so good of him. *I* didn't know Mr. Ochterlony, Madonna dear; so you need not be vexed if I say right out that I am so glad. Hugh will make such a perfect Squire; and he is such a dear. Oh, Miss Seton, I know *you* will agree with me—isn't he a dear?"

"He's a very fine young fellow," said Miss Sorbette. "I remember him when he was only *that* height, so I think I may speak. It seems like yesterday when he was at that queer marriage, you know—such a funny, wistful little soul. I daresay you recollect, Mary, for it was rather hard upon you."

"We all recollect," said Mrs. Kirkman; "don't speak of it. Thank Heaven, it has done those dear children no harm."

There was something ringing in Mary's ears, but she could not say a word. Her voice seemed to die on her lips, and her heart in her breast. If her boys were to hear, and demand an explanation! Something almost as bad happened. Winnie, who was looking on, whom nobody had spoken to, now took it upon her to interpose.

"What marriage?" she said. "It must have been something of consequence, and I should like to know."

This question fluttered the visitors in the strangest way; none of them looked at Winnie, but they looked at each other, with a sudden movement of skirts and consultation of glances. Mrs. Kirkman put her bonnet-strings straight, slowly and sighed; and Miss Sorbette bent down her head with great concern, and exclaimed that she had lost the button of her glove; and Emma Askell shrank behind backs, and made a great rustling with her dress as if she could not hear. "Oh, it was nothing at all," she said; being by nature the least hard-hearted of the three. That was all the answer they gave to Winnie, who was the woman who had been talked about. And the next moment all three rushed at Mary, and spoke to her in the same breath, in their agitation; for at least they were agitated by the bold *coup* they had made. It was a stroke which Winnie felt. She turned very red and then very pale, but she did not flinch: she sat there in the foreground, close to them all, till they had said everything they had to say; and held her head high, ready to meet the eye of anybody who dared to look at her. As for the other members of the party, Mary had been driven *hors de combat*, and for the first moment was too much occupied with her own feelings to perceive the insult that had been directed at her sister; and Aunt Agatha was too much amazed to take any part. Thus they sat, the visitors in a rustle of talk and silk and agitation and uneasiness, frightened at the step they had taken, with Winnie immovable and unflinching in the midst of them, until the other ladies of the house recovered their self-possession. Then an unquestionable chill fell upon the party. When such visitors came to Kirtell on ordinary occasions, they were received with pleasant hospitality. It was not a ceremonious call, it was a frank familiar visit, prolonged for an hour or two; and though five o'clock tea had not then been invented, it was extemporized for the occasion, and fruit was gathered, and flowers, and all the pleasant country details that please visitors from a town. And when it was time to go, everybody knew how many minutes were necessary for the walk to the

station, and the Cottage people escorted their visitors, and waved their hands to them as the train started. Such had been the usual routine of a visit to Kirtell. But matters were changed now. After that uneasy rustle and flutter, a silence equally uneasy fell upon the assembly. The new Captain's wife, who had never been there before, could not make it out. Mrs. Percival sat silent, the centre of the group, and nobody addressed a word to her; and Aunt Agatha leaned back in her chair and never opened her lips; and even Mary gave the coldest, briefest answers to the talk which everybody poured upon her at once. It was all quite mysterious and unexplainable to the new Captain's wife.

"I am afraid we must not stay," Mrs. Kirkman said at last, who was the superior officer. "I hope we have not been too much for you, my dear Mary. I want so much to have a long talk with you about the parish and the work that is to be done in it. If I could only see you take it up! But I see you are not able for it now."

"I am not the clergyman," said Mary, whose temper was slightly touched. "You know that never was my *rôle*."

"Ah, my dear friend!" said Mrs. Kirkman, and she bent her head forward pathetically to Mrs. Ochterlony's, and shook it in her face, and kissed her, "if one could always feel one's self justified in leaving it in the hands of the clergyman! But you are suffering, and I will say no more to-day."

And Miss Sorbette too, made a pretence of having something very absorbing to say to Mrs. Ochterlony; and the exit of the visitors was made in a kind of scuffle very different from their dignified entrance. They had to walk back to the station in the heat of the afternoon, and to sit there in the dusty waiting-room an hour and a half waiting for the train. Seldom is justice so promptly or poetically executed. And they took to upbraiding each other, as was natural, and Emma Askell cried, and said it was not her fault. And the new Captain's wife asked audibly, if that was the Madonna Mary the gentlemen talked about, and the house that was so pleasant? Perhaps the three ladies in the Cottage did not feel much happier; Aunt Agatha rose up tremblingly when they were gone, and went to Winnie and kissed her. "Oh, what does it all mean?" Miss Seton cried. It was the first time she had seen anyone belonging to her pointed at by the finger of scorn.

"It means that Mary's friends don't approve of me," said Winnie; but her lip quivered as she spoke. She did not care! But yet she was a woman, and she did care, whatever she might say.

And then Mary, too, came and kissed her sister. "My poor Winnie!" she said, tenderly. She could not be her sister's partisan out and out, like Aunt Agatha. Her heart was sore for what she knew, and for what she did not know; but she could not forsake her own flesh and blood. The inquisition of Uncle Penrose and Sir Edward was a very small matter indeed in comparison with this woman's insult, but yet it drew Winnie imperceptibly closer to her only remaining friends.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was not likely that Will, who had speculated so much on the family history, should remain unmoved by all these changes. His intellect was very lively, and well-developed, and his conscience was to a great extent dormant. If he had been in the way of seeing, or being tempted into actual vices, no doubt the lad's education would have served him in better stead, and his moral sense would have been awakened. But he had been injured in his finer moral perceptions by a very common and very unsuspected agency. He had been in the way of hearing very small offences indeed made into sins. Aunt Agatha had been almost as hard upon him for forgetting a text as if he had told a lie—and his tutor, the curate, had treated a false quantity, or a failure of memory, as a moral offence. That was in days long past, and it was Wilfrid now who found out his curate in false quantities, and scorned him accordingly; and who had discovered that Aunt Agatha herself, if she remembered the text, knew very little more about it. This system of making sins out of trifles had passed quite harmlessly over Hugh and Islay; but Wilfrid's was the exceptional mind to which it did serious harm. And the more he discovered that the sins of his childhood were not sins, the more confused did his mind become, and the more dull his conscience, as to those sins of thought and feeling, which were the only ones at present into which he was tempted. What had anyone to do with the complexion of his thoughts? If he felt one way or another, what had anybody but himself to do with that? Other people might dissemble and take credit for the emotions approved of by public opinion, but he would be true and genuine. And accordingly he did not see why he should pretend to be pleased at Hugh's advancement. He was not pleased. He said to himself that it went against all the rules of natural justice. Hugh was no better than he; on the contrary, he was less clever, less capable of mental exertion, which, so far as Will knew, was the only standard of superiority; and yet he was Mr. Ochterlony of Earlston, with a house and estate, with affairs to manage, and tenants to influence, and the Psyche and the Venus to do what he liked with: whereas Will was nobody, and was to have two thousand pounds for all his inheritance. He had been talking, too, a great deal to Mr. Penrose, and that had not done him any good; for Uncle Penrose's view was that nothing should stand in the way of acquiring money or other wealth—nothing but the actual law. To do anything dishonest, that could be punished, was of course pure insanity—not to say crime; but to let any sort of false honour, or pride, or delicacy stand between you and the acquisition of money was almost as great insanity, according to his ideas. "Go into business and keep at it, and you may buy him up—

him and his beggarly estate"—had been Uncle Penrose's generous suggestion; and it was a good deal in Wilfrid's mind. To be sure it was quite opposed to the intellectual tendency which led him to quite a different class of pursuits. But what was chiefly before him in the meantime was Hugh, preferred to so much distinction, and honour, and glory; and yet, if the truth were known, a very stupid sort of fellow in comparison with himself—Will. And it was not only that he was Mr. Ochterlony of Earlston. He was first with everybody. Sir Edward, who took but little notice of Will, actually consulted Hugh, and he was the first to be thought of in any question that occurred in the Cottage; and, what went deepest of all, Nelly—Nelly Askell whom Will had appropriated, not as his love, for his mind had not as yet opened to that idea, but as his sympathiser-in-chief—the listener to all his complaints and speculations—his audience whom nobody had any right to take from him—Nelly had gone over to his brother's side. And the idea of going into business, even at the cost of abandoning all his favourite studies, and sticking close to it, and buying him up—him and his beggarly estate—was a good deal at this moment in Wilfrid's thoughts. Even the new-comer, Winnie, who might if she pleased have won him to herself, had preferred Hugh. So that he was alone on his side, and everybody was on his brother's—a position which often confuses right and wrong, even to minds least set upon their own will and way.

He was sauntering on Kirtell banks a few days after the visit above recorded, in an unusually uncomfortable state of mind. Mrs. Askell had felt great compunction about her share in that event, and she had sent Nelly, who was known to be a favourite at the Cottage, with a very anxious letter, assuring her dear Madonna that it was not her fault. Mary had not received the letter with much favour, but she had welcomed Nelly warmly; and Hugh had found means to occupy her attention; and Will, who saw no place for him, had wandered out, slightly sulky, to Kirtell-side. He was free to come and go as he liked. Nobody there had any particular need of him; and a solitary walk is not a particularly enlivening performance when one has left an entire household occupied and animated behind. As he wound his way down the bank he saw another passenger on the road before him, who was not of a description of man much known on Kirtell-side. It seemed to Will that he had seen this figure somewhere before. It must be one of the regiment, one of the gentlemen of whom the Cottage was a little jealous, and who were thought to seek occasions of visiting Kirtell oftener than politeness required. As Will went on, however, he saw that the stranger was somebody whom he had never seen before; and curiosity was a lively faculty in him, and readily awakened. Neither was the unknown indifferent to Will's appearance or approach; on the contrary, he turned round at the sound of the youth's step and scrutinised him closely, and lingered that he might be overtaken. He was tall, and a handsome man, still young, and with an air which only much traffic with the world confers. No man could have got that look and aspect who had lived all his life on Kirtell; and even Will, inexperienced as he was, could recognise this. It did not occur to him, quick as his intellect was at putting things together, who it was; but a little expectation awoke in his mind as he quickened his steps to overtake the stranger, who was clearly waiting to be overtaken.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as soon as Wilfrid had come up to him; "are you young Ochterlony? I mean, one of the young Ochterlonys?"

"No," said Will, "and yet yes; I am not young Ochterlony, but I am one of the young Ochterlonys, as you say."

Upon this his new companion gave a keen look at him, as if discerning some meaning under the words.

"I thought so," he said; "and I am Major Percival, whom you may have heard of. It is a queer question, but I suppose there is no doubt that my wife is up there?"

He gave a little jerk with his hand as he spoke in the direction of the Cottage. He was standing on the very same spot where he had seen Winnie coming to him the day they first pledged their troth; and though he was far from being a good man, he remembered it, having still a certain love for his wife, and the thought gave bitterness to his tone.

"Yes, she is there," said Will.

"Then I will thank you to come back with me," said Percival. "I don't want to go and send in my name, like a stranger. Take me in by the garden, where you enter by the window. I suppose nobody can have any objection to my seeing my wife: your aunt, perhaps, or your mother?"

"Perhaps *she* does not wish to see you," said Will.

The stranger laughed.

"It is a pleasant suggestion," he said; "but at least you cannot object to admit me, and let me try."

Wilfrid might have hesitated if he had been more fully contented with everybody belonging to him; but, to tell the truth, he knew no reason why Winnie's husband should not see her. He had not been sufficiently interested to wish to fathom the secret, and he had accepted, not caring much about it, Aunt Agatha's oft-repeated declaration, that their visitor had arrived so suddenly to give her "a delightful surprise." Wilfrid did not care much about the matter, and he made no inquiries into it. He turned accordingly with the new-comer, not displeased to be the first of the house to make acquaintance with him. Percival had all a man's advantage over his wife in respect to wear and tear. She had lost her youth, her freshness, and all that gave its chief charm to her beauty, but he had lost very little in outward appearance. Poor Winnie's dis-

sipations were the mildest pleasures in comparison with his, and yet he had kept even his youth, while hers was gone for ever. And he had not the air of a bad man—perhaps he was not actually a bad man. He did whatever he liked without acknowledging any particular restraint of duty, or truth, or even honour, except the limited standard of honour current among men of his class—but he had no distinct intention of being wicked; and he was, beyond dispute, a little touched by seeing, as he had just done, the scene of that meeting which had decided Winnie's fate. He went up the bank considerably softened, and disposed to be very kind. It was he who had been in the wrong in their last desperate struggle, and he found it easy to forgive himself; and Aunt Agatha's garden, and the paths, and flower-plots he remembered so well, softened him more and more. If he had gone straight in, and nothing had happened, he would have kissed his wife in the most amiable way, and forgiven her, and been in perfect amity with everybody—but this was not how it was to be.

Winnie was sitting as usual, unoccupied, indoors. As she was not doing anything her eyes were free to wander further than if they had been more particularly engaged, and at that moment, as it happened, they were turned in the direction of the window from which she had so often watched Sir Edward's light. All at once she started to her feet. It was what she had looked for from the first; what, perhaps, in the stagnation of the household quiet here she had longed for. High among the roses and waving honeysuckles she caught a momentary glimpse of a head which she could have recognised at any distance. At that sight all the excitement of the interrupted struggle rushed back into her heart. A pang of fierce joy, and hatred, and opposition moved her. There he stood who had done her so much wrong; who had trampled on all her feelings and insulted her, and yet pretended to love her, and dared to seek her. Winnie did not say anything to her companions; indeed she was too much engrossed at the moment to remember that she had any companions. She turned and fled without a word, disappearing swiftly, noiselessly, in an instant, as people have a gift of doing when much excited. She was shut up in her room, with her door locked, before any one knew she had stirred. It is true he was not likely to come up-stairs and assail her by force; but she did not think of that. She locked her door and sat down, with her heart beating, and her breath coming quick, expecting, hoping—she would herself have said fearing—an attack.

Winnie thought it was a long time before Aunt Agatha came, softly, tremulously, to her door, but in reality it was but a few minutes. He had come in, and had taken matters with a high hand, and had demanded to see his wife. "He will think it is we who are keeping you away from him. He will not believe you do not want to come," said poor Aunt Agatha, at the door.

"Nothing shall induce me to see him," said Winnie, admitting her. "I told you so: nothing in the world—not if he were to go down on his knees—not if he were——"

"My dear love, I don't think he means to go down on his knees," said Aunt Agatha, anxiously. "He does not think he is in the wrong. Oh, Winnie, my darling!—if it was only for the sake of other people—to keep them from talking, you know——"

"Aunt Agatha, you are mistaken if you think I care," said Winnie. "As for Mary's friends, they are old-fashioned idiots. They think a woman should shut herself up like an Eastern slave when her husband is not there. I have done nothing to be ashamed of. And he—Oh, if you knew how he had insulted me!—Oh, if you only knew! I tell you I will not consent to see him, for nothing in this world."

Winnie was a different woman as she spoke. She was no longer the worn and faded creature she had been. Her eyes were sparkling, her cheeks glowing. It was a clouded and worn magnificence, but still it was a return to her old splendour.

"Oh, Winnie, my dear love, you are fond of him in spite of all," said Aunt Agatha. "It will all come right, my darling, yet. You are fond of each other in spite of all."

"You don't know what you say," said Winnie, in a blaze of indignation.—"Fond of him!—if you could but know! Tell him to think of how we parted. Tell him I will never more trust myself near him again."

It was with this decision, immovable and often repeated, that Miss Seton at last returned to her undesired guest. But she sent for Mary to come and speak to her before she went into the drawing-room. Aunt Agatha was full of schemes and anxious desires. She could not make people do what was right, but if she could so plot and manage appearances as that they should seem to do what was right, surely that was better than nothing. She sent for Mrs. Ochterlony into the dining-room, and she began to take out the best silver, and arrange the green finger-glasses, to lose no time.

"What is the use of telling all the world of our domestic troubles?" said Aunt Agatha. "My dear, though Winnie will not see him, would it not be better to keep him to dinner, and show that we are friendly with him all the same? So long as he is with us, nobody is to know that Winnie keeps in her own room. After the way these people behaved to the poor dear child——"

"They were very foolish and ill-bred," said Mary, "but it was because she had herself been foolish, not because she was away from her husband; and I do not like him to be with my boys."

"But for your dear sister's sake! Oh, Mary, my love, for Winnie's sake!" said Aunt Agatha; and Mary yielded, though she saw no benefit in it. It was her part to go back into the drawing-room, and make the best of Winnie's resistance, and convey

the invitation to this unlooked-for guest, while Aunt Agatha looked after the dinner, and impressed upon Peggy that perhaps Major Percival might not be able to stay long; and was it not sad that the very day her husband came to see her, Mrs. Percival should have such a bad headache? "She is lying down, poor dear, in hopes of being able to sit up a little in the evening," said the anxious but innocent deceiver—doubly innocent since she deceived nobody, not even the housemaid, far less Peggy. As for Major Percival, he was angry and excited, as Winnie was, but not to an equal extent. He did not believe in his wife's resistance. He sat down in the familiar room, and expected every moment to see Winnie rush down in her impulsive way, and throw herself into his arms. Their struggles had not terminated in this satisfactory way of late, but still she had gone very far in leaving him, and he had gone far in condescending to come to seek her; and there seemed no reason why the monster quarrel should not end in a monster reconciliation, and all go on as before.

But it was bad policy to leave him with Mary. The old instinctive dislike that had existed between them from the first woke up again unawares. Mrs. Ochterlony could not conceal the fact that she took no pleasure in his society, and had no faith in him. She stayed in the room because she could not help it, but she did not pretend to be cordial. When he addressed himself to Will, and took the boy into his confidence, and spoke to him as to another man of the world, he could see, and was pleased to see, the contraction in Mary's forehead. In this one point she was afraid of him, or at least he thought so. Winnie stayed upstairs with the door locked, watching to see him go away; and Hugh, to whom Winnie had been perhaps more confidential than to any one else in the house, went out and in, in displeasure ill-concealed, avoiding all intercourse with the stranger. And Mary sat on thorns, bearing him unwilling company, and Nelly watched and marvelled. Poor Aunt Agatha all the time arranged her best silver, and filled the old-fashioned epergne with flowers, thinking she was doing the very best for her child, saving her reputation, and leaving the way open for a reconciliation between her and her husband, and utterly unconscious of any other harm that could befal.

When the dinner-hour arrived, however (which was five o'clock, an hour which Aunt Agatha thought a good medium between the early and the late), Major Percival's brow was very cloudy. He had waited and listened, and Winnie had not come, and now, when they sat down at table, she was still invisible. "Does not my wife mean to favour us with her company?" he asked, insolently, incredulous after all, that she could persevere so long, and expecting to hear that she was only "late as usual;" upon which Aunt Agatha looked at Mary with anxious beseeching eyes.

"My sister is not coming down to-day," said Mary, with hesitation, "at least I believe——"

"Oh, my dear love, you know it is only because she has one of her bad headaches!" Aunt Agatha added, precipitately, with tears of entreaty in her eyes.

Percival looked at them both, and he thought he understood it all. It was Mary who was abetting her sister in her rebellion, encouraging her to defy him. It was she who was resisting Miss Seton's well-meant efforts to bring them together. He saw it all as plain, or thought he saw it, as if he had heard her tactics determined upon. He had let her alone and restrained his natural impulse to injure the woman he disliked, but now she had set herself in his way, and let her look to it. This dinner, which poor Aunt Agatha had brought about against everybody's will, was as uncomfortable a meal as could be imagined. She was miserable herself, dreading every moment that he might burst out into a torrent of rage against Winnie before "the servants," or that Winnie's bell would ring violently and she would send a message—so rash and inconsiderate as she was—to know when Major Percival was going away. And nobody did anything to help her out of it. Mary sat at the foot of the table as stately as a queen, showing the guest only such attentions as were absolutely necessary. Hugh, except when he talked to Nelly, who sat beside him, was as disagreeable as a young man who particularly desires to be disagreeable and feels that his wishes have not been consulted, can be. And as for the guest himself, his countenance was black as night. It was a heavy price to pay for the gratification of saying to everybody that Winnie's husband had come to see her, and had spent the day at the Cottage. But then Aunt Agatha had not the remotest idea that beyond the annoyance of the moment it possibly could do any harm.

It was dreadful to leave him with the two boys after dinner, who probably—or at least Hugh—might not be so civil as was to be wished; but still more dreadful it was ten minutes after to hear Hugh's voice with Nelly in the garden. Why had he left his guest?

"He left me," said Hugh. "He went out under the verandah to smoke his cigar. I don't deny I was very glad to get away."

"But I am sure, Hugh, you are very fond of smoking cigars," said Aunt Agatha, in her anxiety and fright.

"Not always," Hugh answered, "nor under all circumstances." And he laughed and coloured a little, and looked at Nelly by his side, who blushed too.

"So there is nobody with him but Will!" said Aunt Agatha with dismay, as she went in to where Mary was sitting; and the news was still more painful to Mary. Will was the only member of the family who was really civil to the stranger, except Aunt Agatha, whose anxiety was plainly written in her countenance. He was sitting now under the verandah which shaded the dining-room windows, quite at the other side of the house, smoking his

cigar, and Will sat dutifully and not unwillingly by, listening to his talk. It was a new kind of talk to Will—the talk of a man *blasé*, yet incapable of existing out of the world of which he was sick—a man who did not pretend to be a good man, nor even possessed of principles. Perhaps the parish of Kirtell in general would not have thought it very edifying talk.

"It is he who has come into the property, I suppose," said Percival, pointing lazily with his cigar towards the other end of the garden, where Hugh was visible far off with Nelly. "Get on well with him, eh? I should say not, if the question was asked of me?"

"Oh yes, well enough," said Will, in momentary confusion, and with a clouding of his brows. "There is nothing wrong with *him*. It's the system of eldest sons that is wrong. I have nothing to say against Hugh."

"By Jove," said Percival, "the difficulty is to find out which is anybody's eldest son. I never find fault with systems, for my part."

"Oh, about that there can't be any doubt," said Will; "he is six years older than I am. I am only the youngest; though I don't see what it matters to a man, for my part, being born in '32 or '38."

"Sometimes it makes a deal of difference," said Percival; and then he paused: for a man, even when he is pushed on by malice and hate and all uncharitableness, may hesitate before he throws a firebrand into an innocent peaceful house. However after his pause he resumed, making a new start as it were, and doing it deliberately, "sometimes it may make a difference to a man whether he was born in '37 or '38. You were born in '38, were you? Ah! I ought to recollect."

"Why ought *you* to recollect?" asked Will, startled by the meaning in his companion's face.

"I was present at a ceremony that took place about then," said Percival; "a curious sort of story. I'll tell it you some time. How is the property left, do you know? Is it to him in particular as being the favourite, and that sort of thing?—or is it simply to the eldest son?"

"Simply to the eldest son," said Will, more and more surprised.

Percival gave such a whistle as Uncle Penrose had given when he heard of the Museum, and nodded his head repeatedly. "It would be good fun to turn the tables," he said, as if he were making a remark to himself.

"How could you turn the tables? What do you mean? What do you know about it?" cried Will, who by this time was getting excited. Hugh came within his line of vision now and then, with Nelly—always with Nelly. It was only the younger brother, the inferior member of the household, who was left with the unwelcome guest. If any one could turn the tables! And again he said, almost fiercely, "What do you mean?"

"It is very easy to tell you what I mean; and I wonder what your opinion will be of systems then," said Percival." By Jove! it's an odd position, and I don't envy you. You think you're the youngest, and you were born as you say in '38?"

"Good heavens! what has that to do with it?" cried Wilfrid. "Of course I was born in '38. Tell me what you mean."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I mean," said Percival, tossing away the end of his cigar, "and plainly, too. That fellow there, who gives himself such airs, is no more the eldest son than I am. The property belongs to *you*."

THE VOYAGE.

I.—OFF THE COAST.

I HAVE bid farewell to English ground, to English faces dear,
I lie alone with restful heart in narrow cabin here;
The splashing oars of the shore-bound boat have faintly died away,
And on the dim wide river-mouth the twilight settles grey;

Still, hush'd and still, the glassy sea!—the shore a dim grey line!
The long strange Sunday glides away—the sunset colours shine.
The strange ship-sounds grow quieter, and far up in the blue,
Above the bare black rigging, the stars are twinkling through.

The Foreland Light is gleaming red against a purple grey—
The purple haze that wraps the west where sank the dying day;
From side to side on the heaving tide the vessel dances true,
She holds her course with jubilant force along the seething blue.

The Dover cliffs are shining white against a stormy sky,
The waves are heaving green and wild, the winds are rising high;
In teeth of heavy head-winds our ship must beat her way—
Must beat and tack, and labour hard and struggle many a day.

THE VOYAGE.

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II.—THE OCEAN.

A strange new life is all around—strange voices meet mine ear;
Strange faces kindly look on me, strange sights and sounds are here.
The many-colour'd full-voiced Past seems wholly swept away—
Across the Never-more a veil is gently drawn to-day!

The sailor at the wheel I watch,—the long horizon line;
I hear the rushing of the wave, I mark the day's decline;
I seek some little streak of land however dim and far;
I try to cheat my fancy with that long low cloudy bar.

Our swiftly forward-faring prow cleaves ever through the foam,
And can we ever thus go on, and yet no nearer come—
No nearer, never nearer to the circling line around?
How strange is this enchanted life, so airy, yet so bound!

For manifold is this strange life, with antic colours gay;
And quaint it is to watch at ease the serio-comic play;
For human life has peopled thick this social solitude;
Vast loneliness is all around—the solemn heavens brood
Upon the lonely waters wide, and we alone are here,
In this vast dome the only life—no other creatures near.

We are faring on together, from the one dear island home,
All bound for the same country, yet for different objects come;
Through the same perils passing, by the same breezes fann'd,
Upheld, protected, onward borne by the same Almighty hand.

Oh, hallow thou the bond, Father! and make it not in vain
That we are thus together bound in pleasure and in pain;
And even as thou bearest us in safety through the sea,
So bear us safe through all this life where perils ever be.

Oh, blessed Sundays on the sea! how softly on the soul
Falls the sweet sound of prayer and praise, while billows round us roll!
Oh, Thou above, whose tender love still casts out every fear,
Bless Thou the voice of him who speaks, the hearts of those who hear!

And far away are those who pray, who guard us by their care,
Who brood in love as on we move—still following with prayer;
Oh, Thou who nearest them for us, hear us for them, we pray!
On all those hearts in blessing rest, so far, so far away.

III.—THE TROPICS.

Slowly, heavily, drag the days; but still when night comes down,
Beneath her softly folding wings, beneath her starry crown,
We drink the dew of sweetest Peace—our hearts obey the spell,
Our inmost beings answer her, who breathes that all is well.

We look down to the pitchy waves that smoothly glide below,
And see the sparkling shoals of stars that dart and lighten through;
Or all along our shining wake, the sheets of living light
Still flying back along our track, far out into the night;

Or look above where worlds and suns are gleaming from on high,
With spangled radiance filling all the immeasurable sky—
That sky to which a few hours since we could not lift our sight,
So full of burning blinding glare—now veil'd in sweetest night.

Or see the silvery queen of eve arise from out the sea!
The stars grow pale before her, as she moves in radiancy;
Upon the dancing sparkling waves she flings her splendour down,
Till all the sea is liquid light, from her white glory thrown.

Oh, blessed night! hope gathers strength, and fears are lull'd to rest,
And faith itself grows sweeter while I lean upon thy breast.
The soft warm breath of tropic night comes whispering to my soul,—
A note from out the music of the great harmonious Whole.

IV.—THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

Soft breathing nights, so silvery sweet, and days of tropic glare,
We have left you far behind us now, and on, still on, we fare;
And cooler, colder grow the winds, the waves roll wide and high,
As plunging through the southern seas the long rough weeks go by.

The sea-birds, following on our track, people with life the waste,
In ceaseless circles round our stern their wheeling flights are traced.
No other sight, no other sound, but wide grey sea and sky,
And rolling waves, and sighing winds—the days, the weeks go by.

And colder, colder, grow the winds, more turbulent the sea,
And high is now our weather side, and low slopes down our lee;
And strange it is at times to think that woods are waving green,
That flowers and grass, and sunshine sweet, are somewhere to be seen;
That June is glowing even now, though waste monotonous grey
Encompass us! Oh, sing my heart, the song of far away.

FAR AWAY.

Far away the flowers are growing,
And the sweet June breezes blowing,
Rich warm light on hayfields glowing,
Sleepy cattle homeward going,
By the leafy hedgerows lowing:
Lights and shadows waver o'er,
Lovingly the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

Here the winds are round us sighing,
And the desert waves replying,
And the sea-bird skimming, flying
Round our ship, her rough track plying;
Day and night still changing, dying
Round our course—for evermore
Passing from the lovely shore
Far, far away.

Far away dear hearts are sending
Thoughts of love, all space transcending;
Dear and honour'd knees are bending,
Voices sweet for us ascending,
Many a note of blessing blending—
Mighty blessings, following o'er,
Guard us to that other shore
Far, far away.

Moonlight on the waters sleeping!
Sun, in golden glory steeping!
Stars, your watch above us keeping!
Waves about us rolling, leaping!
Winds those liquid mountains heaping,
Light us, roll us, bear us o'er
To that other unknown shore
Far, far away.

Still through the surging rolling seas our forward-faring prow
Cleaves ever, and amid the grey resounding wastes we go;
Then came that well-remember'd night—that awful night came on,
When our shuddering ship was giddily toss'd at the will of the wild cyclone—

Giddily toss'd, and crash'd, and dash'd, by the madden'd and merciless sea,
A sport for the wrath of the raging storm through the long, long night were we;
Yet the sturdy strength of our batter'd ship to bear the brunt avail'd.
Honour to those who brought us through, and peace to those who fail'd!

By morning light the storm is pass'd, and safely then roll we
On the wildly-leaping billows of the exasperated sea;
The monster lash'd to fury will not soon subside to rest,
But must have many days to calm his angry heaving breast.

Day after day he gentler grows—the hours go gliding by,
And we are steering north again to meet a milder sky;
There comes a breath of softer air across the watery floor—
Are these Australian breezes? are we getting near the shore?

Now comes the time when eager eyes are peering through the night,
Landsman and sailor looking out to catch Cape Borda light.
All looking out;—at last the shout, the joyous shout and clear—
"The light, the light, Cape Borda light!"—falls sweetly on the ear.

Thankful I slept, and waking see, by early morning light,
Through narrow porthole shining, the fair and welcome sight
Of a long low range of rolling hills against the sparkling sky,
Beyond the land-blue waters that smiling round us lie.

Oh, joyous sweet! or is it but another deep-sea dream,
Like those that used to come before with tantalising gleam?
No; the hills are hills of ridgèd steeps! they will not fade away,
And we are going up the gulf—may touch the land to-day!

* * * * * *

Down goes our rattling anchor-chain, down, down, with sudden dip;
Our guns resound, the crashing sound staggers the stately ship.
Then all is still, all motionless—the long, long voyage past,
And we have reach'd our destiny—Australia gain'd at last!

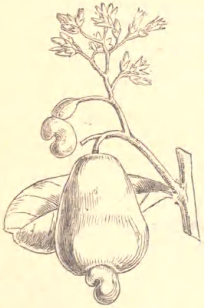
Still bend above us blessed lights whereby our course we'd steer;
Sun, moon, and star, with you for guides, the deeps we will not fear;
But cleave our way by the heavenly ray through the trackless heaving vast,
How great soe'er be trial or care, to reach the land at last!

¶ ¶.

CURIOUS FORMS OF FRUITS.

Resuming our notes upon the peculiarities of vegetation, we will proceed to introduce to our readers some singular forms of fruits. It will be as well, however, to begin by briefly describing what a fruit is, and indicating its proper functions. The word fruit has a wide meaning, and may be not incorrectly applied to all the seed-bearing parts of plants. But, in botany, the various forms of fruits, have each a distinctive term. The most simple form is the pod, or legume, of which the pea is a familiar example. It is a carpel, enclosing one or more seeds. An apple, which is also a well known form, is called a pome, because it is formed of a certain number of carpels of a horn-like substance, corresponding with those scale-like coverings of the seeds or pips which we call the core; the fleshy portion is produced by the swelling of these carpels, and their union with the calyx or outer covering of the flower, which has also become fleshy. A very different arrangement occurs in the strawberry, which though called in popular language a fruit, is literally a collection of fruits. The succulent part, which is so much esteemed, is nothing more than the peduncle, or stalk, become

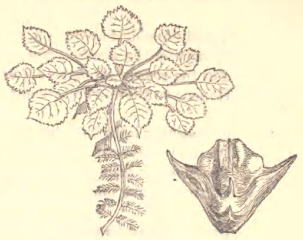
fleshy. In this state it is called a receptacle—the true fruits being the little dry one-seeded seed vessels, which most people persist in calling seeds. A similar arrangement occurs in the fig, where instead of a convex receptacle with the fruits seated outside, we have a concave receptacle and the fruits inside. No one has ever seen the flower exposed upon the fig-tree, because the figs themselves start out upon the ends of the peduncles, without showing their flowers. But the flowers are there, nevertheless, though carefully hidden from sight in the hollowness of the fig. Thus the fig is not a true or simple, but a compound fruit; a fleshy, hollow receptacle, the true fruits being those little dried, monospermic, or one-seeded vessels, which are scattered through the pulp in the inside. We shall have occasion to refer to a plant nearly allied to the fig, and having a similar arrangement when we come to speak of the motion of plants. The swelling of the peduncle or fruit stalk, as we have seen, produces both the strawberry and fig, but in some plants the result is even more striking and curious. The cashew nut (*Anacardium occidentale*), is one of the best examples of this. Here the stalk swells to the size and shape of a moderate sized pear, and the true fruit, which is kidney shaped, and has a hard shell-like outer covering, is borne at the end of this receptacle. Both the fruit and the swollen stem are edible, the kernels or seeds being very wholesome when roasted, after the hard shells have been removed. The receptacle or stalk has a pleasant acid flavour with, however, a slight degree of astringency. The plant grows in the West Indies, Central America, &c.



Cashew Nut—Anacardium occidentale.

Many a tourist on the Continent has no doubt been puzzled at a peculiar article which is sold in the markets in various parts of France, under the name of *marron d'eau*, or water chestnuts. These are the fruits of *Trapa natans*, belonging to the natural order, *Haloragaceæ*. There are about five or six species known. The fruits of all are similarly formed, with long spines or horns, of which some species have two, some three, and some four. These hard bone-like fruits have a very anomalous appearance, and at first sight their vegetable origin might well be doubted.

The parts of the flowers of the genus *Trapa* are in fours, that is, they have four petals, four sepals, and four stamens or pollen-bearing organs. The fruit is one-celled, with a hemispherical stigma seated flat upon the top. The calyx is tubular at the base, and adheres to the ovary, and the peculiar horn-like appendages are the lobes of the calyx become hard after flowering. The name of the genus *Trapa*



Plant and Fruit of Trapa natans.

is an abridgment of Calcitrapa, the Latin name for Caltrops, an ancient iron spiked instrument of warfare, which was thrown upon the ground to stop the advance of cavalry, and to which the fruit has frequently been likened. Indeed, the whole of the species are sometimes called Water Caltrops. In Venice, the fruits are commonly known as Jesuits' nuts. All the species are floating water plants; they have long jointed root-stocks, and the roots themselves are very fine and hair-like. The leaves are triangular, dentate or toothed, and are arranged in a cluster, while the stalks are buoyant, and help to float the leaves. *Trapa natans* is a native of the south of Europe, and grows in stagnant or slow running waters. This species has two or more, often four, horns, as will be seen from the woodcut. The seeds are commonly used as an article of food. As they contain much starch, a kind of flour is made from them in many districts in Southern Europe, and with this the people bake very good bread. These fruits were used in very ancient times: Pliny states that the Thracians made bread of them, and they have been recently discovered in a very perfect state of preservation, amongst many other vegetable products, in the ancient lake habitations of Switzerland. A most valuable collection of these specimens is in the Museum at Kew, including some fine specimens of *Trapa*. All the other species known are natives of India, China, and Japan. *Trapa bicornis* is a Chinese species, where it is commonly known as Ling. The fruits have always two horns,

Fruit of Trapa bicornis.

and from these the species derives its name. They are really not unlike miniature bull's heads. They form an important article of food among the Chinese, who cultivate the plant extensively for that purpose.

An East Indian species, *Trapa bispinosa*, has

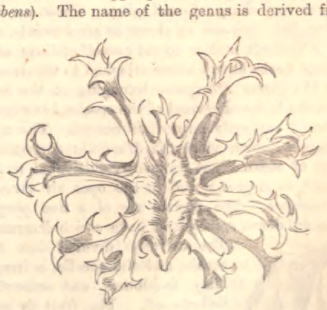
large kernels, which are much valued as food, for about thirty thousand people exist almost entirely upon them during five months in the year. Indeed, to such an extent are these collected and sold, that the enormous revenue of 12,000*l.* is annually derived from them. The following interesting account is given by an Indian traveller, of the cultivation of this fruit, which is known as the Singhara:—

"Here (in the North-Western Provinces), as in most other parts of India, the tanks get spoiled by the Water Chestnut, which is everywhere as regularly planted and cultivated in fields under a large surface of water as wheat or barley is upon the dry plains. It is cultivated by a class of men called Dheemurs, who are everywhere fishermen and palankeen bearers; and they keep boats for the planting, weeding, and gathering of the Singhara. The holdings or tenements of each cultivator are marked out carefully on the surface of the water by long bamboos stuck up in it; and they pay so much the acre for the portion they till. The long straws of the plants reach up to the surface of the water, upon which float their green leaves, and their pure white flowers expand beautifully in the latter part of afternoon. The nut grows under the water after the flowers decay, and is of a triangular shape, and covered with a tough brown integument adhering strongly to the kernel, which is white, esculent, and of a fine cartilaginous texture. The people are very fond of these nuts, and they are carried often upon bullock's backs two or three hundred miles to market. They ripen in the latter end of the rains or in September, and are eatable till the end of November. The rent paid for an ordinary tank by the cultivator is about one hundred rupees a year. I have known two hundred rupees to be paid for a very large one, and even three hundred, or thirty pounds a year. But the mud increases so rapidly from this cultivation, that it soon destroys all reservoirs in which it is permitted; and when it is thought desirable to keep up the tank for the sake of the water, it should be carefully prohibited."

A nearly allied family to that of the *Trapa* is the *Lecythidaceæ*, which has amongst its representatives many singular and some well-known fruits. To this family belongs the common Brazil nut (*Bertholletia excelsa*) and the Sapucaia nut of our shops. The order is usually known as the Monkey-Pot order, that name being applied to the fruits of several species. The plants are mostly large forest trees, natives of the tropical regions of South America, and all have hard woody fruits, all bearing a great resemblance to each other. In the Brazil nut the fruit is nearly spherical, about the size of a child's head, with from ten to twenty seeds—which are the Brazil nuts of commerce—packed closely round a central axis. The Sapucaia nuts (*Lecythis Zabucaja*), which like the former are the true seeds and not the fruits, are packed in a similar manner in large woody capsules shaped like an urn, and dehiscing, or opening spontaneously at the top in the form of a lid, thus allowing the seeds to escape naturally. One of the true Monkey-Pots is the fruit of *Lecythis ollaria*, of which we give a sketch. This, as will be seen, is also urn-shaped, opening also by a natural lid at the top. The form most distinct from those we have already enumerated, is to be found in the fruit of *Couratari Guianensis*. This is about six inches long by about one inch in diameter, and as broad at the base as at the mouth. The lid, which covers the whole circumference of the top or mouth, has the central axis attached to it, and separates from the fruit naturally. After the seeds have been taken out, the fruit and lid with the attached axis form a miniature pestle and mortar. It is not uncommon, indeed, in the countries where these trees grow, for the natives to convert the empty fruits into cups and bowls. Woody fruits similar to those we have described are one of the distinctive characters of this order, indeed they run through the whole of a large group of Australian plants, viz.: the *Eucalypti*, belonging to the allied order *Myrtaceæ*.

Monkey Pot—Fruit of Lecythis ollaria.

In the natural family *Pedaliaceæ* are some of the most extraordinary and fantastic forms of fruits known. Perhaps the most singular of all, and certainly the most mischievous to travellers, is the South African Grapple plant (*Harpagophytum procumbens*). The name of the genus is derived from

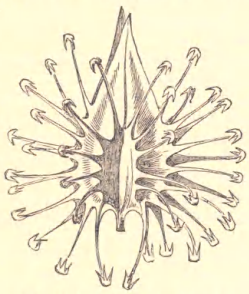


Fruit of Harpagophytum procumbens.

the Greek *arpax*, to seize, and *phyton*, a plant, and that of the species from the peculiar prostrate habit of the plant. Dr. Burchell, the African traveller, first described it and gave a drawing of it in his book; Dr. Livingstone also mentions it, and so does almost every other African traveller, although in anything but favourable terms. Livingstone says "it has so many hooked thorns as to cling most tenaciously to any animal to which it may become attached. When it happens to lay hold of the mouth of an ox, the animal stands and roars with

pain and a sense of helplessness." The fruits when dry are hard and bony, the fleshy or pulpy matter being dried up or absent. They have thus the appearance of huge long-legged spiders. The thorns or hooks are exceedingly sharp and recurved, lacerating the flesh and tearing the clothes fearfully when they have once become attached. These spines are merely natural prolongations; the flowers are of a rich crimson and purple colour; the corolla is tubular, and somewhat of the shape of the Foxglove; the calyx is five-parted; and the fruit contains a number of peculiarly wrinkled seeds.

That of *Harpagophytum leptocarpum* has eight rows of long bristle-like appendages, flattened, and



Fruit of Harpagophytum leptocarpum.

becoming nearly as thin as paper at the point of attachment to the fruit; but at the extremities having four very sharp reflexed spines. These are very minute, but they are as sharp as steel points, and it is a difficult matter to rid oneself of them when once the barbs have become attached to the dress.

In the genus *Martynia*, belonging to the same order, the fruits of several of the species have hooks or thorns variously formed or curved. The most commonly known species is *Martynia fragrans*, a native of Mexico, but frequently cultivated in our gardens, as it grows well in the open air through the summer. The flowers are of a fine purple, borne on dense spikes, and have a rich fragrance.

Fruit of Martynia proboscidea.

The calyx is divided into five sepals, and the corolla is irregularly five-lobed, and somewhat bell-shaped. The fruit is prolonged into a tapering horn-like appendage, three or four inches long, very uniformly recurved. When dry this prolongation divides laterally and looks like a pair of bull's horns of an unusual length. *Martynia proboscidea* has very small and very hard bone-like fruits most curiously divided and marked, and having two short and very sharp curved spines at the apex.

In the *Pedaliaceæ*, perhaps more than in any other family, the fruits have a tendency to run off into these curious forms. In the genus *Rogeria* the apex of the fruit is brought up to a very sharp point like a spike, and in addition to this some of the species have spiny projections, usually side by side near the base. On the small and comparatively flat fruits of *Pretrea* there are also two spines, both seated on the same side where apparently there is not the slightest use for such a protection. The queer little four-sided fruits of *Pedalium murex* are furnished with a sharp prickle upon each corner near the base; these fruits are three-celled, one being nearly always abortive, so that it contains only two seeds. The plant is an annual, and a native of the sea coast of Malabar, Coromandel, and Ceylon. It has a strong musky odour, and the seeds are used in India in medicine. Besides this, the plant has the very peculiar power of making water or milk mucilaginous by simply stirring it once or twice with a small branch. It is said that the butter-milk sold in the Indian markets is frequently adulterated by being mixed with water or milk, in which some part of the plant has been placed.

Though these armed fruits at first appear abnormal and contrary to what we are accustomed to see in the vegetation of this country, yet we have examples amongst our indigenous plants, and none is more familiar than the fruit of the Thorn Apple (*Datura Strammonium*). It is simply four-celled, opening by four valves, the outside of the valves being covered with strong, sharp, triangular spines. The formation of these spines is analogous to those in the genus *Trapa* and other fruits we have mentioned. These appendages must not be looked upon generally as organs of reproduction. They have no organic functions, and their main use can only be to protect the fruit from external injury. In many winged fruits the case is different, for it is by the aid of these appendages, as with winged seeds, that they make the long aërial journeys they are known to make, and to establish themselves in new and distant soils.

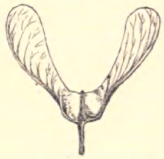
Winged Fruit of Centrolobium paraense.

We have plenty of examples of winged fruits in our own timber trees. The maple, ash, and elm, are amongst the best known. A fruit of either of these in botanical language is called a Samara, the outer covering or pericarp being extended in the form of a wing. A very similar arrangement occurs in many leguminous plants. In *Centrolobium paraense*, of which we give a figure, the pod, though it is from six to nine inches long, and two-and-a-half or three inches broad, bears but one seed, which is placed at one end. The pod is here covered with long sharp prickles; the upper or wing-like portion is

very thin and paper-like. It does not open spontaneously. On the back near the base is a long spurred spine, and it is from the presence of this spine,—which is the style become hardened,—that the genus derives its name.

The species are all trees, natives of Brazil, Guiana, &c. They have leaves a foot or more in length. In *Pterocarpus*, a genus belonging to the same family, the pods, which contain one or two seeds, are surrounded by a membraneous wing, and are in some species nearly as large and as round as a saucer. The centre where the seeds are borne is of course the thickest part, and from this point the wing gradually becomes thinner and more paper-like towards the edges. The flowers are mostly yellow, papilionaceous, that is, similar in form to the flower of the common pea. The fruits and seeds of these plants have no economic value; but the woods of several species of *Pterocarpus* are much prized in their native countries, and the dyewood known in commerce as Red Sander's Wood, is produced by *P. santalinus*. Besides this, *P. erinaceus* in Africa, and *P. marsupium* in India, yield a valuable resin called Kino, used in medicine. In an allied plant the *Myrospermum Peruiferum*, from which the Balsam of Peru is obtained, the fruit or pod is similarly shaped to that of *Centrolobium*, or perhaps it even more closely resembles that of the maple. In point of structure, however, it is very

Legume of Myrospermum Peruiferum.



Samara of Sugar Maple—Acer saccharinum.

different. If we were to examine these fruits more closely we should at once see that the fruit of the maple is attracted to the stalk at the thickest or seed-bearing end, while in *Myrospermum* the seed is borne at the farthest end from the stalk, to which the apex of the wing is apparently attached; but instead of being a winged fruit, as one might at first suppose, it is rather a winged stalk, or a case in which the upper portion of the stalk has become winged.

The most perfect, or symmetrically formed winged fruits, are to be found in the natural order *Dipterocarpaceæ*. The genus *Dipterocarpus*, itself furnishes many good examples, though the wings are present to a greater or lesser degree in nearly all the species. The plants of this order are mostly trees, natives of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. The flowers of many species of *Dipterocarpus* are fragrant, and are arranged in terminal clusters; and the calyx and corolla are five-parted, and the hard woody fruits vary in size and form from that of a hazel nut to a large walnut; they are one-celled, and one-seeded by abortion. The wings, of which there are never more than two, and which rise in some instances to eight or nine inches above the fruit, are the lobes of the calyx prolonged upwards, and become leafy; the other three lobes just reach the top of the fruit, where they crumple over, and are partially covered by the wings. Though these wings appear to spring from the top of the fruit, it will be seen upon closer examination, that they become at this point simply united with the other lobes of the calyx, and form an entire covering to the fruit. In fact, the fruit seems to grow in a hollow woody globe. The extended calyx lobes or wings are arranged as nearly opposite to each other as possible, and have the form and appearance of true leaves; they are reticulated, or veined, as in ordinary leaves.

Fruit of Dipterocarpus.

Some fine fruits of *Dipterocarpus* are in the Museum at Kew; the one of which we give a drawing, measures nine inches long, the fruit being two inches, and the wings seven inches, and nearly two inches wide.

The genus derives its name from the presence of these wings, the compounds of the word *Dipterocarpus* being *dis* twice, *pteryx* a wing, and *karpos* a fruit. The *Dipterocarpaceæ* is a valuable family in an economic point of view. Many of the trees yield a resinous balsamic juice, used in commerce and in medicine; others are valuable timber trees.

The fruits of the genus *Helicteres*, belonging to the natural order *Sterculiaceæ*, a family nearly allied to the common mallow, are composed of five carpels, but instead of being arranged in a parallel manner, or side by side, they are twisted together like a screw, and gradually taper at the apex. There is nothing remarkable in the flowers which have their parts in fives, and are borne in little clusters. *Helicteres Isora*, a shrub about twelve feet high, a native of Southern India, is commonly known by the name of twisted horn, or twisted stick, from the singular twisting of the fruits; the genus also derives its name from this peculiarity. The natives have a superstitious belief, founded on the form of the fruit, that it is a certain cure for colic.

Having now briefly described the most curious and irregular forms of fruits, we shall, in our next, take into consideration that interesting class of plants in which motion and sensitiveness are amongst the leading characteristics. JOHN R. JACKSON.

LIGHT IN THE DESERT.

THE deserted monastery of St. Luke stands on one of the loveliest spots in all the lovely land of Greece. It is placed on a green slope at the foot of a mountain, which rears itself almost perpendicularly towards the deep blue sky; and the welcome shade thus cast round the building during the burning heat of the day, has fostered the noble trees which the monks planted close to it centuries ago, to a growth and luxuriance rarely seen in that arid climate. At no great distance are the marble quarries, whence the material was taken for the glorious temples whose white columns still stand like ghosts of the past on the far off Attic plain, and in consequence of this vicinity nearly the whole of the monastery church is of pure white alabaster. It is almost entire, excepting that the portico and west end wall have completely crumbled away, leaving the interior open to the light and air. Within, the altar still stands in its place, and the silver lamp burns before it night and day, tended by the pious hands of those who make their weekly pilgrimage from a distant village, for the sole purpose of replenishing it. The paintings on the walls have retained their colours in that pure atmosphere as fresh and bright as at the first, and the pale sweet faces of the pictured saints look out on the solitude, with the strange serenity which tells of a death agony gladly borne for the love of their ancient faith.

Just below the ruins, a little sparkling stream of the purest water flows along with a soft murmuring song, passing from its mountain source to lose itself in the blue Ægean, of which a faint far-distant streak is seen to flash into light when the early sunshine gleams suddenly upon it, only to vanish again altogether as the dim shadows of the purple hills steal over it, and quench its brightness.

One evening in the early summer, some years ago, a man was seated on a broken column in front of that portion of the monastery which still remains entire. He was gazing round with ardent eyes, as if the beauty which surrounded him had altogether filled his soul; and well it might, for if the scene we have described is so exquisite in the full blaze of the Eastern sun, it has a loveliness which is almost unearthly, when seen as he saw it then, at the sunset hour. The soft fair tints of the dying day—purple, rose, and amber, and a thousand indescribable hues of coloured brightness—passed, ever changing as they went, over the distant gleam of sea and the olive groves that bordered it, over the mountain, with its wealth of heath and myrtle, and the white marble tracks that revealed its hidden treasures, and came to touch, with a semblance of life, the saintly faces on the old church walls; while fairer still than all that changeful harmony of tint was the perfectly cloudless sky—one stainless expanse of ethereal transparent blue, such as is never seen in a less rarified atmosphere—with a single star shining pale and pure in its midst, like a lamp hung out before the gate of heaven. Not a sound was heard in the deep hush and stillness of the hour, save the low murmuring of the stream, and the faint sweet warbling of the nightingales among the rose laurels of the mountain side.

The man had been gazing for some time with eager admiration on the tender beauty of this scene, but at last he heaved a sigh as from the fullness of content, and involuntarily spoke his thoughts aloud.

"Why should I go further, seeking that which I shall never find? Here, at least, is undisturbed solitude—intense beauty and perfect calm: it shall suffice me, for earth can offer nothing more. I am weary of wandering without aim or object; it matters nothing where my life runs out its hopeless, useless course. This green spot will give me a peaceful shelter while it lasts, and in the end it will provide me with an unknown grave."

He rose up as he spoke, with a look of settled determination on his stern strongly-marked countenance. He was an Englishman, apparently about forty years of age, with the fair complexion, light brown hair, and strong muscular figure, which so often characterise his race; but there was that on his face which told he had learnt the lesson of life in many a hard battle with the world—deep lines of pain had contracted his forehead, and wearing thought had traced dark circles round his sunken eyes, where the lurid fires of smouldering passions were lurking still.

With a bold rapid step he walked down the slope to a shady spot on the banks of the stream, where his servants had pitched his travelling tent. He had evidently all the *entourage* of a man of fortune. Three or four horses had brought his luggage to the spot, and the beautiful Arab which he rode himself had its special attendant in a Turkish groom, whose sole business was to minister to its wants, while two or three magnificently dressed Greeks, looking as if they had been created solely for picturesque effect, had evidently been chosen from the finest specimens of the staff of travelling servants who haunt the hotels at Athens, and make merchandise of the unwary Britons who invade Thermopylæ and Parnassus under their guidance. They were busily engaged preparing supper for their temporary master, when he suddenly appeared on a rock just above them, and called out "Dimitri," in a clear ringing voice. The principal servant, a man well known to modern travellers in Greece, instantly bounded towards him, saying with the usual Eastern salutation, "What are your commands, Mr. Sydney?" Dimitri knew half-a-dozen languages at least, but Sydney had, on the occasion of some former residence in the East, thoroughly acquired modern Greek, and always used it in giving his orders, or conversing with the people. What he had now to say entirely surprised the

imperturbable Dimitri, who was wont to declare that nothing could astonish him, because he knew everything. Mr. Sydney announced to him that he did not intend to go further, but that he should take up his abode in the ruined monastery—also, that he should remain there quite alone. Dimitri was to leave his horse, his tent, and all his possessions, and, taking the other servants with him, was to go back to the village where they had slept the night before, and make arrangements that supplies of food should be brought to him from thence at intervals.

It was from this distant village that the good people came every Saturday night to replenish the lamp in the deserted sanctuary, that its steady flame might never cease, even in that solitude, to speak of the unseen Light of the World; and it was easy to arrange that they should at the same time bring him everything he might require; further, he gave Dimitri a letter for his banker at Athens, requesting him at certain times to forward such funds as might be necessary for him in his solitary life.

Sydney checked with a word all remonstrance or expression of surprise on the part of Dimitri, who, accustomed as he was to the eccentricities of the "Milors Anglais," had never come in contact with any one quite so mad as his present master appeared to him to be. With rapid energetic utterance Sydney gave his final orders, that the party were to set out before daybreak and leave him alone; and then, still apparently intoxicated with the beauty of the scene around him, he refused to enter his tent, but flung himself down on the dry soft moss which carpeted the whole expanse beneath the trees. There he spent the night, lying on his back, with his hands below his head, watching the great stars mounting up the deep blue vault, and Orion, the glittering warrior of the skies, gliding across the heaven to lose himself in the first beams of a mightier than he.

As the summit of the myrtle-clad mountain caught the earliest flash of sunlight, Sydney turned to the wondering servants, and, with an imperious gesture of the hand, pointed out the track they were to take in obedience to his orders; and before the far-off glimpse of the Egean Sea had flashed into light under the kindling beams, the cavalcade was on its way, and Sydney was alone.

Now the previous history of this man may be told in few words—for it is by no means an uncommon one. The only child of a merchant prince who had left him a large fortune, he found himself at one-and-twenty in full possession of it, without a living relation to claim a right to advise or guide him. He was a man of ardent passions, and of a warm impulsive temperament, which led him, in spite of a mind of no common order, to seek aliment for his aspirations rather among his fellow-creatures, than from the intellectual and scientific studies for which he was well adapted by his mental powers. His natural gifts, as well as those which fortune had lavished upon him, won him favour and adulation wherever he went, and for some time his life was spent in the strong enjoyment of all that this world can offer. Yet even in his brightest years it was not on this life that he fixed his hopes of ultimate happiness. The very fact that all earthly joys seemed given to him, brought home to his vigorous mind a deep conviction of the incompleteness of this brief existence, and of the total impossibility that anything short of immortality could satisfy man's reasonable soul with its mysterious cravings; and through all the fiery excitement and vivid action of his life, he ever looked to the future of the dead for the satisfaction of the strong yearnings of his better nature. He had not thought out the subject for himself; his existence had been too rapid and too entirely filled with sensation and enjoyment; but he had accepted the hereditary faith of his fathers with full confidence, and later in life, when two of his fellow-creatures, whom he believed to be devoted adherents of that creed, exercised an unbounded influence over him, he rested upon their belief with entire security, and evaded the mental labours and quiet thought which would have established its principles on the basis of his own internal convictions. Sydney was conscious that the life he led was not altogether consistent with this belief, but it was characterised by no love of evil, and, like many others, he contented himself with his ardent aspirations after a sinless eternity, and left to some calmer time the task of fitting himself for it. But in the meantime, through all the hurry and passion of his manhood, that immortal hope lay like a vision of beauty among the far off sunset clouds that would close in over the evening of his life, when his little day was past and gone; and often he turned to that restful thought with earnest longing, when satiety or disappointment cast a passing shadow over his bright existence.

There were two whom Sydney had loved on earth, and it may be said two only—for he poured out on them such a flood of fierce passionate adoration, that it left no room for lesser affections in his heart: on one especially, his orphan cousin Leila, who had been betrothed to him in her very infancy, and committed wholly to his care by her father and his own. He loved her with all the terrible strength of which such a nature as his was capable, and with an exacting jealous passion which claimed her whole being as his own. It rejoiced his very heart that she was entirely dependent on him, even for the means of existence. He would have kept every glance of her eye, every tone of her voice for himself, if he could. He never doubted that she loved him in return; the idea that it could be otherwise would have driven him to frenzy, and he would have been well-nigh ready to have taken the life of any who had hinted at such a possibility. It was no marvel that his strong ardent nature clung to one so exceedingly loving and gentle as Leila. She was fair and fragile as a lily, and appeared to have a soul as stainless. Her cloudless eyes seemed ever

filled with holy light; her low voice had a pathetic tone which sometimes more nearly brought him to tears than anything on earth had ever done, and the shining hair hung about her sweet bright face like the glory round a star. For years their wedding-day had been fixed for her seventeenth birthday by those who now lay cold in their graves, and she had grown up to look on it as an immutable decree, while none ever asked if her own heart and soul responded to the indissoluble tie.

That day drew very near at last, and the man whose office it was to give her irrevocably to him was the only other being whom Sydney loved in all the world. Ruthven had been his companion at school and college, and in his earlier travels; and when Leila's growing loveliness drew him back to settle on the estate his father had left him, he appointed his friend to the living, which gave him a residence in his own immediate vicinity. Ruthven had the face of an angel, and seemed to have the soul of a saint, so entirely did he spend himself early and late for the good of others. In him and Leila, Sydney worshipped the faith of which they were to him the representatives.

The marriage day drew near, and Sydney never noticed the dimness of unshed tears in the mournful blue eyes of his darling, or the agony deepening almost to madness in the beautiful face of Ruthven. The wedding morning dawned; the grand old house of which Sydney was master was decked with all things beautiful for its coming queen. The merry chimes rung out on the summer air, and the village children brought flowers to strew before the feet of the bride. But as Sydney stood on the terrace and looked proudly over the fair domain which in one short hour would be Leila's home, a hasty messenger came to him with a letter, thrust it in silence into his hand, and fled. The words it contained were brief, but they seemed to have burned themselves into his brain with the first sight of them, for though he tore the paper into a thousand fragments and stamped it into the dust, yet he saw them written ever afterwards in the sky, in the air, on the sea, wherever he went:—

"Forgive—forgive—we have struggled to be true to you day by day for years—in torture, in agony, we have struggled almost to the death—in vain. Love is stronger than death; it is stronger than honour and friendship: yet it is better one should suffer than all three. Forget us, and, if you can—forgive! By the time this reaches you we shall be bound by a tie which nothing in this life shall ever break." It was signed "Leila and Ruthven."

We cannot linger to tell of the fury and despair which swept over Sydney's soul and made it desolate of all that had been life to it. Not till he had given over the house that was to have been Leila's to the hand of strangers, and placed a man whose face he had never seen in Ruthven's post, did he rightly understand what their treachery had done for him; his love was turned to hate; his hope was ashes; but, worst of all, his belief in the faith which had been theirs died out in utter darkness. If these were its fruits—if they were false—what could he think in his delirium, but that they had deceived him in that as in all else? With a vengeful hate against everything connected with them in his mind, he set himself to read every poisonous sophistry he could find against it; and hardening himself into the conviction that he had finally rejected it, he delivered himself up to vice, which more surely than aught else quenches the knowledge of that truth which is attained by the way of holiness. Ten years of this life, which he loathed even while he strove to drown in it both memory and consciousness, had brought him to the point at which we find him, when, thoroughly disgusted and wearied with a career which drove him into contact only with the worst side of human nature, and destroyed his own self-respect, he suddenly resolved to change it for a total solitude, and to seek what enjoyment he might yet be able to find in the cultivation of his own talents. He had been a painter of no mean repute in his better days, and had also been a successful author, and to these employments he now looked for the occupation of his time; while the charms of the luxurious climate, and the exquisite beauty round him, would be more worthy of the name of pleasure to him than the brutalising excitement in which he had sought it of late. But he well knew, in the depths of his inner consciousness, that none of these things could fill the hungry yearning of his heart, for some hope beyond the limits of the grave, some prospect of existence for the imperishable individuality he felt within himself, more enduring than that which was slipping from his grasp day by day.

In the deep solitude to which he now condemned himself, these thoughts acquired a power and vitality they had never possessed, even in the days when faith had cast a halo from the brightness of eternity round the transitory years of life. But, as we have said, his hope had been founded rather on the belief of those he reverenced and trusted than on an intelligent, well-considered acquiescence on his own part; and this had been too effectually killed by their falsity and his own deliberate evil-doing to be capable of revival now, without some extraneous influence being brought to bear upon his mind.

Sydney had been some weeks in his solitude, and the deep quiet had been very refreshing to him—all desire for excitement had died out of his heart, his fiery impulses were stilled, his angry passions deadened; but he began to feel heavily oppressed by the weight of melancholy which had settled down upon him, and often, though he would not admit it to himself, he longed for the sound of a human voice or the pressure of a friendly hand, even while his determination never to return to the world where he had so sinned and suffered, grew daily stronger.

One morning he had ridden out at that early hour when all nature is hushed under the stillness that precedes the dawn, and the sky is full of a wonder-

ful purity of light which is only seen when starlight is merging into opening day. He had gone along the mountain side to a point where he could see the sun rearing itself up from the bosom of the distant sea, in all the unspeakable glory which surrounds its advent in the burning East. Sydney remained watching it some time till the glittering spears of light had pierced through the trees and brushwood near him, and turned to sparkling brightness the path he had traversed in deepest shadow. He was about to turn homewards when a sound, soft as the call of the dove, among the myrtles above him, caused him to start with surprise. It was the sweet low voice of a child, saying to him in Greek,

"My Lord Stranger, will you help to wake my mother?"

He turned hastily and saw at a little distance a woman seated at the foot of an olive tree, and a boy kneeling beside her with his arms round her neck.

Sydney dismounted and walked quickly towards them. The woman was dressed in the ordinary costume of an Albanian peasant, with the long white under-garment, the heavy pelisse of thick brown cloth, the red fez round which her long black hair was twisted, and the floating white veil which tends to make it so picturesque a dress. She sat apparently in deep sleep, her head sunk on her breast so that her face was concealed, and her hands clasped on her lap. As Sydney drew near the boy turned his face towards him, and the painter's eye was fascinated at once by his remarkable beauty. It was such a face as is often seen amongst the very young in Greece and sometimes also in the south of Italy, but never in more northern climates. His large brown eyes, wistful and soft as those of a young fawn, were opened wide to catch the light in a manner which gave them a special lustre; his refined features, cast in the most classic mould, were admirably in keeping with the clear olive complexion, that looked in the full sunlight like delicately tinted ivory; his brown hair, soft and wavy as that of a girl, fell back over his shoulders almost to his waist; but the peculiar charm of this childish countenance was in the look of perfect purity and innocence it wore, and the singular thoughtfulness of its expression. He seemed about thirteen years of age, and Sydney noticed that he did not wear the crimson jacket and white fustanella (or petticoat) which was the usual dress of boys of his class, but a flowing dark garment, secured by a broad purple belt, which at once marked him as a neophyte destined to the priesthood.

"I pray thee help me to wake my mother," he said, looking up with a child's confiding glance into Sydney's face.

"She seems very weary," said Sydney. "How is it that she is sleeping here on the mountain side?"

"We are journeying," said the child, "from our home to Athena, where I am going to enter the seminary that I may learn to be a papas (priest). We thought to have reached the next village last night, but I was tired, and the air was warm, so my little mother said we could sleep well at the foot of this tree, and we did; but now I cannot wake her, and it is strange, for her eyes are never shut when the sun rises."

Sydney went forward and touched the woman's hand: as he did so he started in dismay, for it was cold with the unmistakeable chill of death. At the same time the cause of so sudden a calamity revealed itself, for his movement had disturbed a large snake which had twined itself round the foot of the sleeper; and as with a low hiss it reared its cruel head and glided away, Sydney saw that it was of a most venomous kind, whose bite was instantaneously fatal. He had often heard of similar accidents occurring to the peasants when at work among the vineyards or olive groves, and from the appearance of the unfortunate woman, he guessed that the deadly reptile had been concealed amongst the roots of the tree when she first sat down, and had bitten her while she slept, so that her slumber had passed secretly and silently into that deeper sleep from which she was to wake no more. The boy noticed the snake, as it slowly dragged its glistening coils from the spot where his mother sat.

"Oh! the serpent! the dreadful serpent!" he cried out; "do not let it go near my mother, it will bite her—it will kill her!" and he clung to the stranger in his terror. Sydney passed his arm round him with a tenderness of which he would hardly have been supposed capable from the habitual sternness of his expression.

"My child," he said, "I fear it has bitten her already."

"Then she will die!" exclaimed the boy in a passion of tears. "Let me go—let me go!" and, bursting from Sydney's grasp, he flew to his dead mother, and flung his arms round her, while he called on her to wake by the poetical endearing terms which are in habitual use among the Greek peasants. "My little mother—my life—my light—my thrice-beloved!" he exclaimed imploringly; but the lips on whose accents he had so often hung were locked in inexorable silence, and when he found his fondest words in vain, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her with passionate love. Then, as the icy chill of the marble face met his own, a faint half-stifled cry escaped him. His arms relaxed their hold, his lips grew white, and he sunk on the ground in a deep swoon. Sydney stood for a moment gazing on the mother and son, who now seemed almost equally lifeless, while he thought over the best course to be pursued under such strange circumstances. The poor woman had been dead some time, and he knew that, according to the necessary custom of the country, her burial ought to take place within twenty-four hours of her death. Finally, he decided on conveying the child at once to the monastery, where he could place him in safety, while he himself rode to the nearest village to obtain assistance in removing the corpse. He lifted up the boy without attempting to awaken him from his merciful unconsciousness, and, placing

him on his horse in front of him, he went off full gallop towards his solitary home.

The rapid motion and the current of air it produced, gradually roused the child from his faintness, and by the time Sydney dismounted at the door of the monastery, the beautiful eyes were gazing round with a bewildered look, which showed that the orphan had not yet regained consciousness of his misfortune. Very gently Sydney carried him into his own room, and laid him down on the bed; then he gave him some wine, into which he poured a mild opiate, and told the child that he had been ill and must go to sleep. With perfect docility the boy closed his eyes to obey, but, suddenly opening them again, he said, "My mother—where is my mother?"

"She is asleep," said Sydney, "You shall see her when you wake." And the child, who seemed of a singularly gentle and confiding disposition, made no further remark, and gradually he yielded to the effect of the soporific, and fell into a profound slumber. Sydney locked the door of the room and at once hastened to the village, where his sad tale soon roused the impulsive Greek peasants, and sent them off, headed by their priest, in quest of the poor dead woman. Sydney took them to the spot, and then leaving them to come slowly onward with their sad burden, he hastened back to his living charge.

The child still slept, and it was not till towards evening that he woke. Then Sydney gave him some food, and as consciousness had quite returned, he was obliged to answer his eager inquiries and let him remember the sad truth as to his loss. Once more there was a passionate burst of grief—even in this peculiarly gentle child the fiery Eastern nature asserted itself in fierce convulsions of sorrow, such as are rarely seen among the phlegmatic races of the north; but suddenly, in the very midst of his wildest anguish, he stopt short, made the sign of the cross on breast and brow, and looking up with his sweet candid eyes into Sydney's face, he said—

"Am I not wrong to grieve? If my little mother is dead, she is in Paradise, is she not?"

"I hope so, my child," said Sydney, smiling sadly at finding himself appealed to on such a point.

"Then she is blest," said the boy, his childish face settling into a calm solemnity. "It is beautiful in Paradise—all holy ones are there, and they have light and refreshment evermore. She will not want Ireneaus in that lovely home; but when the Angel Athanatos (Death) shall call me, too, away, then she will stand at the Gate of Pearls and watch for me, and I shall take her hand and enter in, and we shall walk together by the river of life among the flowers that never fade. I will weep no more." And, dashing the tears from his eyes, he turned with a bright smile to his astonished host.

"Who taught you all this, Ireneaus?" asked Sydney.

"The Papas of our village; and when I told it all to my little mother, I asked her to let me be a Papas, too, that I might speak to others of the fair Paradise and show them how to reach it; but I shall not like to go to the seminary now," he added more sadly, "when my mother can never see me there. She was going to live in Athena, that she might be near me, and she would have come to me on every festa day."

Before Sydney could reply, there came a soft sound, musical but exceeding sorrowful, floating in through the open archway of the monastery, which he recognised as the wailing death-chant of the Eastern Church. It is a sound which can never be forgotten by those who once have heard it rising up through the clear air, as it heralds the approach of the dead, on whose unveiled face the sunshine falls with pitying light.

There are no signs of mourning or gloom at an Eastern funeral. The silent sleeper lies in his festal garments, with flowers in his hand, and the laurel crown on his brow, in token of conquest over life and all its tyranny, and yet the wail of the priests' voices, as they walk before him, pleading for the departed soul in that solemn old chant, has power to stir the very innermost depths of sadness in all who hear it. Ireneaus trembled from head to foot as the mournful music met his ear, and grew each moment softly louder, while the funeral procession wound along the mountain side towards them, but making once more the holy sign, he rose up and went out. Sydney followed. They turned towards the quiet green spot at the back of the monastery, where, under the shade of the tall trees, the monks' last resting-place had been made only a little more silent, a little more indomitably calm than that which they had already sought out for themselves in their living home. From this point Sydney and Ireneaus could watch the slow, solemn approach of the dead, as the train moved along the rocky path, now hidden by the olive trees, now appearing again with the last rays of the setting sun bathing the whole scene in softest light. They had made a rude bier of olive branches, on which the mother of Ireneaus lay. No wasting sickness had touched her still youthful beauty with decay, before the one fatal sting had poisoned the source of life, and she looked very lovely as she lay there in her marvellous serenity, with a wreath of rose laurel which the peasants had twined for her, crowning the masses of her long brown hair. The priest walked in front of her—his dark garments and black crape veil the only sombre objects of the scene—and still the death-chant rose and fell and floated away on the sighing night breeze, till it was lost among the echoes of the mountain caves.

They bore their silent burden into the ruined church, and laid her down before the altar till the peasants had dug a grave for her beneath the spreading branches of a large oak tree. When it was ready, with solemn words of prayer, unchanged from the old apostolic days, they laid her softly down in it to rest till time should be no more. At her feet they placed the corn and wine, symbolic of

the sacramental elements which had planted the germ of resurrection life in her cold form, and then all was ready to close up the tomb, and hide her for ever from the eyes of human love. But there was one last ceremony to be performed—the most touching and beautiful surely of all the customs that could be used at the burial of the dead. They bade Ireneaus call upon his mother to hear and answer him, with every endearing term his passionate affection could suggest, for they felt that if the motionless sleeper responded not to the voice of the being she had loved best on earth, then it was certain she was dead indeed, and meet for the grave, to which she must needs be so speedily consigned. Ireneaus obeyed—kneeling by the open tomb with hands outstretched over the silent breast on which he had pillowed his young head so long, he called on her in piteous imploring accents :

"Oh! mother mine—oh! mother, thrice beloved, light of my eyes, come back, come back to me. Ireneaus calls! Oh! hear my voice, sweet mother, mine." In vain—there was no response from the white lips locked over the mysteries of death—no answering cry from the heart that could beat no more, even with a mother's burning love. "Telos," said the priest, "all is over." He made the sign of the cross over the quiet face of the dead, then reverently covered it with the folds of her long white veil. At a word from him the peasants performed the last office, and closed the grave, replacing the green turf over it, so that there remained no indication that another of earth's children had sought a refuge in her breast.

After a few moments of silence, the priest took Ireneaus by the hand and led him away. The child turned, however, towards Sydney, with a wistful look, and held out his arms towards him. A sudden impulse moved the Englishman: he hurriedly followed the priest and said, "What is to become of this child?"

"I know not, indeed," replied the old man. "He is quite an orphan now, friendless and homeless. His father died some years ago, and his mother was a native of Yanina, a stranger in our village."

"Give him to me," said Sydney, impulsively, "and let him be my *psycho paithi*" (soul's child).

Ireneaus gave a faint cry of delight at these words.

"But he was to have been a Papas of our church," said the priest, hesitatingly.

"And so he shall be, if he still wishes it when he is of age to decide," said Sydney. "In the meantime I can teach him all he would have learned at the seminary, at least for the first few years. He can go there when it is needful he should be taught the office books and doctrines of the *Orthodox*."

The old priest was propitiated by Sydney's use of this last appellation, which the members of the Eastern Church claim as their exclusive right.

"Are you willing to take this stranger for your soul's father, my child?" he said to Ireneaus.

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed the boy. "He has been kind to me, this stranger, and he lives where my mother sleeps. I will stay here with him."

"Then, in the name of Heaven, take him!" said the priest, as he placed the child's hand in Sydney's, and laying the end of his stole over both, pronounced them father and son in the Spirit. Half-an-hour later, the old priest and the peasants disappeared over the mountain side on their way home to their native village, and Ireneaus lay sleeping in innocent security, with his head pillowed on Sydney's arm.

It was ten long years since Sydney had loved anything on earth. The sources of human affection had been burned up in his heart by the treachery which had perverted his whole being; but now the confiding love of the friendless child unlocked the sealed fountains once again, and the passionate tenderness of his nature flowed forth freely on the new-made son of his soul. Ireneaus was in truth a child well calculated to awaken affection—one of those rarely gifted children on whom mothers look with trembling, because the powers of thought beyond their years which they possess, too often prove the precursors of their early removal to a more congenial sphere. This boy's whole thoughts and fancies centered in the Paradise of saints above; he seemed to have no desire in all his day-dreams but for a speedy entrance to that sinless realm. He talked of it continually, only varying the theme by repeating the stories he had heard of those who, in the early ages of the faith, had been caught up thither in the fiery chariot of martyrdom.

All the beauty around him was to him a source of pure delight, because he held it to be but a faint reflection of the far more glorious loveliness that would dawn on the eyes unsealed by immortality. All things spoke to him of the love of God, and he loved in return with happy unquestioning truth, which only deepened as his mind matured and his intellect expanded under the skilful teaching of his adopted father. He was a strange companion for the sin-worn man who believed himself an Atheist. But, unconsciously to Sydney himself, as time wore on, the child's pure faith seemed to shed a peaceful light over his weary soul, which was neither conscious belief nor hope, and yet soothed him with a dim semblance of the calm that springs from both.

Gradually, however, the child, who seemed to have come to him from heaven, assumed a more awful and absorbing interest in his eyes. It appeared as if Ireneaus's ardent longing for the sorrowless land, were wearing away the mortal clay which hindered his entrance there, and kindling a flame within his soul which was burning out all that was earthly in his nature. Day by day the bright face grew more spiritualised, the large clear eyes more full of light, the small white hands so often upraised to the glowing heaven of his hopes became almost transparent, and soon his weakness was so great that Sydney had to carry him from place to place like an infant.

But in proportion as the mortal life decayed, the

spiritual powers grew and matured; his thoughts had a marvellous depth; his words a strange wisdom; and soon it was, as it were, the soul of a man which was departing from the body of a child. Ireneaus became Sydney's unconscious teacher, and truths undreamt of before dawned on the man's powerful mind, as he listened to the faith which was love. Strangest of all to him seemed the boy's rapturous delight in dying, and the increasing vigour of his intellect as he drew swiftly nearer to the grave. Death did not seem a word applicable to a change in which the mental powers brightened and strengthened with each step of its approach. Many doubts began to assail Sydney in his stronghold of unbelief; he no longer asked himself if immortality were possible, but rather if it were conceivable that this marvellous increase of spiritual strength could culminate in annihilation. There were moments when it seemed to him folly to suppose that the evanescent life of that weak mortal frame was to be the sole existence of the strong bright soul that hourly rose triumphant over it.

At last there came a night when Sydney mournfully watched the pallid sleeper as he lay, with the dews of death upon his fair calm brow, and with the breath ever passing fainter over his white lips, smiling even in sleep. As the dawn approached, calling into life the fragrance of the air, the beauty of the flowers, the roseate tinted hues on mountain and on plain, Ireneaus started from his slumber with rapturous brightness in his eyes, "Oh joy! oh joy!" he cried out, in a clear glad voice, "the glorious hour is come, and I go to my home—my home! I have heard the voices calling to me in the night. I have seen the radiant faces. Take me out, dear father, to see the sunrise, for I shall rise with it to immortal day!" Sydney lifted him up and bore him out—he laid him on a bed of moss by the streamlet's brink—and straightway, up to the purple vault where gleamed a myriad stars, paling before the dawn, the dying boy's large eyes were turned, as if his clear and piercing gaze saw far into its unseen depths. With parted lips, with labouring breath, while eager joy and expectation brightened on his face, he watched and waited; and when at length the glorious rays shot up behind the mountain summit, and the ascending sun flooded the earth with morning splendour, a glory and a light yet purer kindled on the fair sweet face. He lifted up his hands, and with his dying voice breathed out the strong words of his mighty hope, "It has come—it has come—the day eternal! and my life, passing from night to morning, dawns perfect, pure, immortal. Now shall I see the endless glories of creation, the worlds rolling round the feet of God; the stars, each one a universe, marshalled at His call in glittering array, and all the souls that have ever breathed the breath of life living unto Him in deathless existence." But suddenly, even while he spoke, some sight unseen by Sydney checked his rapid utterance; his eyes opened wide with a look of wonder, while his whole face became transfigured by unspeakable rapture and delight, and as the failing powers of life sunk finally to their last effort, he murmured softly, "Oh love—love infinite—love eternal!" and sinking back upon his bed of moss he yielded up his soul, with the words yet on his lips. And slowly the proud, defiant, independent man, who had stood immoveable to see him expire, sunk down upon his knees beside the dead, and gazed into the eyes that still—wide open—seemed to pierce into the unseen. He laid his fingers on the pulse that throbbed no more, and over the heart whose beating at length was still; he kissed the cold pale face that felt not his caress, and he saw that now, in one second of time, the tremendous mystery had been accomplished, which transformed the living, thinking, sentient being, glowing with hope and rapture, into a soulless mass of clay. Then the conviction fell upon him with resistless power, that death was not, could not be, annihilation; that the spiritual being, the living *ego* with which his own living spirit had been holding intercourse a moment before, had not in that instantaneous quitting of the body become extinct, a useless act of God's creation—unfinished work of His mighty hand—which had entered into existence only to abide for a brief space of time aimless and incomplete, and then pass away into void and nothingness. That instinctive faith in immortality which most surely co-exists in every soul with the very consciousness of life, struggled through the mass of specious reasoning and false conclusions with which he had overlaid it, and blazed forth triumphant again in that light which neither the darkness of error nor the mysteries of death can ever really destroy; and that moment, with its indomitable conviction, was to Sydney as truly a resurrection to spiritual life as that which awaited the corpse at his feet. With faith came hope and love, uplifting the soul, so long despairing and wretched, to its true place as the heir of immortality, the beloved of the Creator, the destined participator in a life of knowledge, wisdom, and purity, to which this dawn of existence, as we know it on the earth, is but what the dim morning twilight is to the blaze of noon. What need to tell how truth, re-established on her throne within that soul, energized it to live worthily of its immortal destiny: how, when he had laid the sleeping Ireneaus by his mother's side, Sydney went back into the world to do his part in furthering the consummation of love, peace, and purity, to which the whole purpose of creation tends: how his first act was to seek out Ruthven and Leila, amid the poverty and suffering to which his revengeful neglect had consigned them, and heap upon them every benefit which could bring them happiness, with the assurance of his perfect pardon: and how in hope he lived and in hope he died, witness to that truth which others beside himself have tested, that in the very coldness, silence, and inanimation of death lies the visible argument for the soul's immortality!

F. M. F. SKENE.

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

Who calls the broad Campagna drear,—
His eyes are dull! his heart is cold!
In every season of the year
Her beauty is unthought, untold;
But chiefest when the April showers
Come brightly down and wake the flowers!

Athwart the classic Sabine hills
The high white clouds come sailing on;
With sudden gloom each valley fills;
A moment—and 'tis gone!
And o'er the vast enamell'd plain
The shadow sweeps and fades again.

Flung like a chain from mile to mile,
Erect the Appian arches stand,
Like Roman knights in stately file
Drawn out to guard the land.
The long-horn'd cattle stand and gaze
Beneath them; dumb with mild amaze.

Beside an ancient Norman Tower
Built in the yesterday of Rome,
A maid from yonder mountain bower
To meet her love has come;
And listens to the tender words
Of him who keeps the flocks and herds.

On every side the asphodel
Grow thick as on the plains of Troy;
How bright is every bud and bell
About the girl and boy!
How sweet the voice of Nature sings
To ears that count but twenty springs!

Yet these, the children of the soil,
Who never knew a paler sky,
Whose hands are scarcely touch'd by toil,
Whose sunlit hours unheeded fly;
Whose worst of hardship leaves them fair,
With those bright eyes, that shining hair;

Whose griefs allow them voice to sing
And feet to dance and lips to pray!
Can they be thankful for the Spring
As we, who, on the Aurelian Way,
First see that far grey curve,—the Dome
Which rises o'er imperial Rome!

This is the Land by all beloved,—
Which all in several ways desire.
For me, my inmost heart is moved,
And lit as by interior fire
Of tenderness, when I but dream
Of Her who sits by Tiber's stream.

And of the plain where Tiber sweeps
And broadens to the sea-girt west,
And fragrant woods where Silence sleeps
Beside her bright unfurrowed breast,
Pine shaded, while each grassy glen
Brims o'er with purple cyclamen.

No more the nymphs and naiads play
Together on the haunted shore;
In yonder wave the god of day
With Dian's Bow contends no more;
Nor shadowy Trojan vessels glide
Whitesail'd against the golden tide.

But Ostia's empty tombs that lie
In flowery fields beside the stream,
And temples roofless to the sky,
And ancient fortress towers that seem
Forgotten by all human things,
And changeless through a thousand Springs,—

These are the themes that meet the sight
And thrill the spiritual ear—
To painter's memory always bright,
To poet's muse for ever dear—
And make this land a place apart—
The Threshold of the World of Art!

BESSIE R. PARKES.

JOHANNA CHANDLER.

By THE AUTHOR OF "QUAKER PHILANTHROPY."

In no country in the world, not even excepting America (and that is saying a great deal), are good works held in higher estimation than in England. The number of energetic and praiseworthy philanthropists to be found among us is far greater than even we ourselves have any idea of. From our unfortunate national tendency to hero-worship, we know the names, and are acquainted with the deeds of some few individuals who are indeed worthy of all honour; but in the worship we offer them, we are too apt to set aside or ignore the services of many who, from the nature and extent of their good deeds, are as much to be admired as those whose names have become in our mouths as household words. This habit appears to us unjust, specially to women. Works of purely private charity, we are perfectly ready to admit, should not have publicity given to them, nor should those who do good by stealth be made to blush by finding it fame. But the philanthropic efforts of English women are by no means confined to acts of private charity. Many of the most useful and important of our public institutions not only originated with women, but have been conducted with singular courage and

ability by some whose names are scarcely known to the public, which is yet vastly benefited by their labours. One of the most noticeable of these is undoubtedly Miss Johanna Chandler.

Miss Chandler was one of a family of several orphan children, who were brought up under the care of their grandparents. About fifteen years ago, her grandmother left her home on a visit. She returned to it in a few days; but how great was the change which had taken place in the interim! She had left her home a hale, active, clear-minded woman, of remarkably strong will; she was carried back to it struck down by paralysis, and utterly helpless. The sight of the relative they had so lately taken leave of in such vigour, both of mind and body, and who had returned to them suffering so severely, had a great and painful effect, both on Johanna Chandler and her sister Louisa, since deceased. They felt deeply grieved for her misfortune, but their sorrow was not of that morbid kind which, feeding on itself, is content with pitying the sufferer. While sympathising deeply with their grandmother, they exerted themselves physically to render the invalid every attention and relief in their power, so as to reduce to its minimum the pain of the stroke which had fallen on her. And to a great extent they succeeded. They soon saw that by good nursing and incessant care, the old lady received great benefit. While employed in these duties, they were led to think of the amount of discomfort and fatigue a case of paralysis or epilepsy must entail on a poor family, and also of the misery which must accrue to the afflicted person, from the inability of those surrounding him to offer the required attentions, irrespective of the heavy expense, both of time and labour, such an affliction must occasion.

Miss Chandler had soon an opportunity of testing by actual experiment the idea she had formed as to the heavy burden a case of paralysis or epilepsy must be in a poor man's family. An operative carpenter had been stricken down by paralysis; his only nurse was his wife, and she was almost dying of consumption at the time. These poor people had heard that Miss Chandler's grandmother had been afflicted with the same disease, and they sent to ask her for a little advice and assistance in their strait. Without hesitation, Miss Chandler visited the poor man's home, and a sad scene it was that presented itself to her on entering. In a small back room, hardly large enough to contain a bedstead and a few necessary articles of furniture, a poor woman lay suffering acutely in the last stage of consumption. Her husband, a man in the prime of life, was helplessly stricken with paralysis, having lost the entire use of his right side; while a group of four small children looked pitifully at their parents. The family were in a state of the most distressing poverty. In their need, they had applied to the parish for assistance, and the parish in reply had offered them admission to the House, possibly with the certainty that it would be refused. At all events such was the case, for they preferred starving to being separated from each other. Miss Chandler assisted them to the best of her ability, and called on them frequently afterwards. One evening, however, a few days after her first visit, she found that death had relieved the poor woman from her sufferings. Miss Chandler, in a note she made on the occasion, says, "Mentally, I repeated, 'These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'"

The funeral over, Miss Chandler attempted to relieve the miseries of the bereaved family, and especially those of the husband. She applied to several hospitals and other charitable institutions for his admission as an in-patient; but to her great surprise, grief, and indignation, she found there was not one in the metropolis which would receive cases of the kind. "Although," she writes, "there are charities in London for the relief of almost every class of human affliction, yet the sufferings of the paralysed have been most strangely overlooked; and with that thought came the strong resolve that, God helping me, I would devote my life in endeavouring to supply this great want."

Although the infirm health of her grandmother prevented her for a time from making any very energetic attempts to carry out her resolve, it was never for a moment absent from Miss Chandler's mind, and she and her sister Louisa frequently employed themselves in sketching out the plan of operations they should follow when they should have the opportunity. The time at last arrived, and the two ladies set themselves to work with all that energy and single-mindedness which women so often display when occupied in any work of mercy they have determined to carry out. Never for a moment did they lose sight of the object they had in view, or allow any extraneous circumstance or temptation to divert them from it. Their first necessity was of course money; but how to raise it was indeed a difficult question. Although of a highly respectable family, they could hardly be considered in affluent circumstances; yet they resolved that energy alone should not be their contribution to the cause, and they took from their own resources the sum of two hundred pounds as a nucleus for the fund they proposed raising. Nor was this done without difficulty, for to accomplish it they deprived themselves of many comforts they might have otherwise enjoyed. They now began to appeal publicly to the benevolent for aid, but without the slightest good effects attending their efforts. Greatly disappointed, but not discouraged, they then resolved to address letters to all the leading philanthropists of the day, for the purpose of eliciting their patronage and support for the proposed charity. They received a great variety of replies to their letters; some approving of the object they had in view, and others objecting. Many thought the idea a good one, but wished to have no trouble in the matter. Some praised them

highly, but nobody promised or offered a shilling to assist them. Still they resolved to persevere; but an unexpected trouble arose. The youngest sister's health gave way under the accumulation of fatigue and anxiety, and she was declared to be in a hopeless state of consumption.

It was now five years since Miss Chandler had first determined on raising an hospital for the relief of the paralysed and epileptic; but beyond the money she and her sister had themselves subscribed, and a certain amount of notoriety which had accrued from their unceasing efforts, the realisation of the object they had in view seemed as far distant as at first. Suddenly, however, the "little cloud" which had at first appeared no larger than a man's hand, began to expand. Miss Chandler, when almost in despair, received one morning a letter from the Lord Mayor (Mr. Alderman Wire) requesting to see her at the Mansion House concerning her proposed institution for the paralysed and epileptic. At this interview he remarked that he knew from personal experience that much could be done for the relief and cure of paralysis, as he himself had suffered from that malady. He promised her that he would not only give the undertaking his support as well as receive subscriptions for it, but that he would also preside at a public meeting which he proposed should be held at the Mansion House.

It is needless to attempt a description of the effect this kind offer of Alderman Wire had on the mind and heart of Miss Chandler. In warm terms she expressed her gratitude to him for his sympathy in the cause in which she was so deeply interested, and she then hurried home to inform her brother, sister, and friends, of the change which one short interview with a benevolent and influential gentleman had made in prospects which the most sanguine among them had begun to consider hopeless. Arrangements had now to be made by them for the public meeting, the Lord Mayor having left the order of the proceedings to be settled by Miss Chandler. Letters innumerable were written to persons likely to take an interest in the cause, inviting their attendance, and advertisements were drawn up and inserted in the public papers. All the family circle as well as some of their intimate friends worked unremittingly in making preparations for the forthcoming event, in order that nothing might be wanting to ensure its success. Even poor Louisa Chandler, whose hopeless condition was now fully known both to herself and her family, insisted on taking part in the labour along with the others, sealing and directing letters, and assisting them in every way in her power.

The day for the public meeting was now rapidly drawing near; but even before it arrived Miss Chandler received an earnest of the success which was shortly to attend her. Miss Burdett Coutts having seen the advertisements for the public meeting in the papers, wrote to the Lord Mayor requesting further particulars respecting the proposed hospital, and she was so pleased with the answers she received that she immediately sent him a cheque for one hundred pounds towards the building fund, promising him, in the same letter, a subscription of fifty pounds a year for the first five years after the hospital should be opened for the reception of patients.

On the morning of the public meeting Miss Chandler and her brother left their home to attend it with feelings which it would be difficult to describe. Their sister Louisa, who, under the stimulus of the mental exertion she had lately experienced, had appeared in somewhat better health, had that morning suffered so severe a relapse that her life for some hours was almost despaired of. True, she had partially recovered when the time for the meeting drew near, but more than once during the day's proceedings a terrible fear crossed the minds of both brother and sister as to the condition they should find her in on their return home. As for the meeting itself, it was a perfect success. The Lord Mayor, from the chair, put to the meeting a resolution to the effect that a National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic should be established in the metropolis, and it was carried unanimously. Various other resolutions were also proposed and carried, and among them one accepting the services of E. H. Chandler, Esq., the brother of Miss Johanna, as honorary secretary,—an office, the duties of which he has continued to fulfil with unremitting earnestness and ability. Before the meeting separated the Lord Mayor had the satisfaction of announcing that subscriptions exceeding eight hundred pounds had already been received by him in aid of the institution, and he added that he should have much pleasure in taking charge of any sums which might be forwarded to him for the same purpose.

The meeting over, Miss Chandler and her brother returned home with feelings of a singularly mixed description. While more than satisfied with the success of the day's operations, their anxiety as to the condition in which they might find their sister was very great. Fortunately their alarm was for the moment dispelled when they entered, for they found Louisa somewhat better, though they rightly feared that the improvement they saw in her was in no small degree to be accounted for by the excitement of her eagerness to know the result of the meeting. Johanna narrated to her the good fortune which had attended them. "Thank God," said the dying girl, "thank God! May the success which has now begun to attend your exertions prove a consolation to you when I am gone." Louisa Chandler lived only a few days afterwards. The public meeting at the Mansion House was held on the 2nd of November, 1859, and she expired on the 22nd day of the same month.

The name of the new hospital having been determined on, it now remained to provide or find a building in which it could be established. This was a difficult matter, but at last a house was found situated in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury which

appeared in every way admirably adapted to the purpose. Not only was the main building most commodious, but it had also an adjunct of two very large rooms in the rear, which, with perfect facility, could be arranged for wards. In the month of May, 1860, a meeting was held in the building, and the hospital was declared open. With the energy and kind feeling habitually shown by the medical profession, in furthering all good works intended to relieve the physical misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, a most efficient staff of physicians of eminence (especially those experienced in the diseases of paralysis and epilepsy) enrolled themselves as the medical officers of the institution, and a vast number of out-patients soon flocked to them for advice and assistance. In the meantime the work of furnishing the wards progressed rapidly, or at least as much so as the limited finances of the charity would allow; for although fresh subscriptions continued to flow in, they hardly yet were sufficient to do all the good the benevolent promoters desired. A short time after the opening of the hospital the first ward (for women) was opened, and as a graceful compliment to the Misses Chandler it was called "The Sisters' Ward."

In June, 1860, the first in-patient was admitted into the hospital. The poor woman, when she found herself alone in the large ward, burst into tears, so depressing was the feeling of loneliness which came over her. She was comforted, however, by the assurance that she would soon have many companions, and the promise was kept to the letter. During the first year of its existence, the hospital was the means of doing a vast amount of good; so much so, in fact, that its reputation in consequence became fully established. During that period the President of the Committee (Mr. Alderman Wire) had been unceasing in his efforts to promote the prosperity of the institution. When the first anniversary festival was held, he was unfortunately absent from ill health. Miss Chandler sent him a letter of congratulation on the success of an enterprise which had received such excellent support at his hands. The letter was read to him, and he expressed his great satisfaction at its contents. He was too unwell at the moment to dictate an answer: and three days afterwards this good man was no more.

The promoters of the charity had originally determined on having a mixed board of management, composed of ladies and gentlemen. Objections were, however, raised to this plan, and it was resolved the institution should be worked by two separate committees—one of gentlemen, who should superintend the general economy and police of the hospital; the other of ladies, who should control the domestic arrangements, including the nursing, the latter, of course, under the direction of the medical officers. To this committee Miss Johanna Chandler was appointed honorary secretary, the duties of which office, although suffering from great weakness of constitution, she has admirably fulfilled to the present time. A more devoted sisterhood than this little band of ladies have proved themselves could not be named. With the liberality of our Protestant institutions they have maintained a discipline and organisation which could not have been surpassed by any sisterhood in the Roman Catholic Church. It may here be mentioned that their ministrations and duties bear a strong resemblance to that excellent Roman Catholic charity, "The Little Sisters of the Poor." Although they are far from having yet obtained the extensive organisation of the Roman Catholic sisterhood—indeed, on that point no comparison can be drawn between them—in proportion to their numbers they have been equally a blessing to those under their charge. Unlike the lady patronesses of too many of our charities, the committee of ladies attached to this hospital do not content themselves with giving it the *prestige* of their names, and possibly paying it occasionally a formal visit; they not only personally superintend the arrangements, but bestow on it no small amount of practical exertion as well. They are also the administrators of a Samaritan fund, and a Pension fund attached to the charity; the whole of the money raised for these purposes being obtained by their energy as canvassers. These most useful adjuncts to the hospital, notwithstanding all the exertions of those ladies, are still far in arrear of the necessities they are intended to alleviate. Possibly no class of disease requires more assistance in a pecuniary way than those for which this charity was intended, or causes a greater drain on the limited resources of the poor patients and their families. Another branch, and a most useful one too, is also under the direction of these ladies. From the nature of their complaints, paralytic and epileptic patients not only require a continued supply of warm clothing, but, in the latter case especially, they are speedily worn out. To meet this want, the ladies, by application among their personal friends, succeeded in obtaining a large amount of clothing, though by no means equal to the need. In winter, also, the Samaritan fund enables them to a considerable extent to supply the out-patients with coals, blankets, and other articles necessary for the season. It may perhaps appear invidious to name one of these ladies in preference to the others, where all are equally benevolent and energetic; still, as on the occasion of a recent visit we paid to the institution, we were so struck with the activity and solicitude displayed by one we met there (Miss Bevington), that we may consider ourselves fully justified in offering her as a type of the rest. Of the gentlemen's committee, beyond stating that their duties are most efficiently performed, we shall not speak, the object of our paper being solely to show the value of well-regulated female co-operation in the promotion of charitable undertakings.

We must now return to the hospital. From the number of patients who flocked to it for relief, it was soon found that better provision must be made for their reception. The waiting-rooms, from being too small, were crowded to incon-

venience; and more beds were required for the in-patients. As the expense which would attend the necessary enlargement of the premises would be very great, and as to lay out the money required on a building held only on a yearly tenancy would be improvident, it was resolved to purchase the freehold. To do this, however, a further sum of two thousand pounds was required. The labour of raising this amount was undertaken without hesitation by Miss Chandler and the ladies' committee. Having succeeded in obtaining the money, they enlisted the services of Mr. M. P. Manning, an eminent architect, to advise them on the desired alterations. This gentleman soon decided that the space in the building was insufficient for the accommodation proposed. At this juncture the board of management heard that the freehold of the adjoining house was for sale; but how to procure the money to purchase it, was indeed a difficult problem to solve. Johanna Chandler and her little band of lady helpers, were, however, by no means dismayed at the difficulty which had appeared so formidable to the gentlemen's committee. They set themselves resolutely to work, and through their agency the sum of fifteen hundred pounds was, in a short time, added to the funds of the hospital. Not content with their success, the ladies now applied themselves to raise the money for the required alterations, as well as for the purchase of new furniture; and through their canvassing alone the object was accomplished. The whole expenditure, including the cost of the freehold, with the alterations and furniture, amounting altogether to something more than six thousand pounds, was obtained directly or indirectly through the agency of Miss Chandler and the ladies' committee—a result which furnishes no mean proof of the value of female co-operation in works of public benevolence.

The new hospital is now completed, and a more admirable specimen of human ingenuity applied to the relief of suffering, it would be difficult to imagine. Every mechanical appliance which could advantageously be brought into action to cure the patient, or mitigate his sufferings, has been provided for him with most praiseworthy foresight and liberality. Not only are there in every ward the ordinary warm and cold baths, but on the basement floor are to be found baths of every conceivable variety, including Douche, Turkish, Vapour, Pin, and Sulphur. Round the fire-place in each ward is constructed a broad and high fender, to prevent any poor patient, who may have been suddenly struck by an epileptic fit, from falling into the fire. For the use of the paralysed are wheeled chairs of every description. Electricity now being much used as a curative power, both in paralytic and epileptic cases, an electrical room of large dimensions has been fitted up, which contains, perhaps, the finest electrical apparatus in Europe. Gymnasiums, both for male and female patients, have also been provided. In these are not only dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and other simple instruments, but every apparatus which can tend to develope the muscular power of the particular part or limb affected. In the practice of these gymnastics, of course the greatest caution is necessary to keep the patient, instead of obtaining benefit, from inflicting injury on himself, from accident, or misapplication of the special movement required. To prevent any occurrence of the kind, the whole of the gymnastic rooms are placed under the control of Mr. J. N. Radcliffe, F.R.C.S., the medical superintendent of the hospital, who directs the particular exercise applicable to the patient's case. We believe there is no other hospital in England which has a gymnasium attached to it. In Paris there are two or three; but a difference exists between these and the gymnasium in Queen's Square. In Paris, the gymnastic exercises are of the general description used by persons in health, while those under the control of Mr. Radcliffe are solely applicable to the disease they are intended to alleviate. The wards are large, lofty, and well ventilated. In this hospital may also be noticed another improvement, for which the patients are entirely indebted to the ladies' committee. Knowing full well how great a relief it is to the mind of a convalescent patient to quit, at least for some hours in the day, the room in which he has slept, a large, commodious, and well-furnished day-room is attached to every ward. There is in every day-room a good library, and in some of the female wards pianos even—many of the female patients being ladies of good education, though in distressed circumstances. The walls, not only of the sitting-rooms, but of the wards, are also hung with admirable prints in great profusion, principally Scripture subjects. In fact, everything that ingenuity could suggest, and kindness and goodwill perform or provide for the welfare of this particular class of patients, may be seen here.

Let us now point the moral of our tale. We started with the intention of showing how powerful is the co-operation of women in all good works. That philanthropic idea, which some twelve years since entered the mind of Johanna Chandler, has now, under God's blessing, resulted in one of the most useful and admirable charities in the country; and all this has been effected by the energy, common sense, and charitable feeling of a small band of women, who devoted themselves to the cause in good fellowship, and without jealousy one of another. Again, in the success of the National Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy, our lady readers may find another lesson—namely, how easy it is for them to obtain the affectionate and respectful co-operation of men, when the object they engage in is really useful and practicable. Thanks to the direct energy of women, with assistance from men, this charity is acknowledged to be one of the most efficient in the country. A strong prejudice against special hospitals exists among a large portion of the medical profession, but not the slightest opposition has been shown by them to this one; on the contrary, physicians of the highest eminence immediately offered

it their support, and it now possesses a medical staff unsurpassed for ability by any hospital in the world.

Much as Johanna Chandler and the ladies' committee have already accomplished, they have no intention of considering their labours as complete. A great deal has been done, but scarcely less still remains to do. A branch establishment in the country, having airing grounds for the use of the convalescent patients, is much needed, more especially as epileptic patients are excluded from all existing charities of the description; but whether the present effort being made for this will be attended with success, it is impossible to say. Judging from the present result of the labours of these ladies, it would be hazardous indeed to conclude that their present project will turn out a failure. Of one thing we are certain—there will not be one of our readers who will not wish them God speed, and hope that they will not cease in their labours until they have obtained the desired Convalescent Hospital, at present so much needed.

MORE ABOUT SHETLAND AND THE SHETLANDERS.

Last year, when in Lerwick, I had a few days to spare while waiting the return of the steamer to the south, and I was glad of an opportunity, which turned up unexpectedly, of spending them profitably. Two clerical friends, who had come as a deputation from the Home Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland to visit the mission stations in Orkney and Shetland, were about to proceed to some of the more remote islands, and among others Fair Isle and Foula. The chance was too good to be lost. The weather was unusually settled, and a comfortable passage to those lonely islands, with pleasant companions, was not to be lightly thrown away. So after calculating the chances of my getting back to Lerwick in time for the return steamer, I decided on accompanying them.

Making an early start on the morning of the 4th of August from Dunrossness, to which I had been conveyed the previous night on ponyback, a journey of twenty-eight miles, we made our way to the Bay of Spiggie, where our cutter, the "Nelson," was anchored. We observed, on crossing the sands, a great many huge backbones, and learned that they were the remains of a shoal of the bottlenose or ca'-ing whales (*Delphinus deductor*), which had stranded themselves and been expeditiously slaughtered by the natives.

It was a perfectly beautiful morning, and the wind though fair was extremely light, so much so that for some time we realised the idea of Coleridge's "Painted Ship." The skin of the sea, if I may use the expression, was as smooth as glass, while the general surface heaved gently up and down with the lazy undulation one would expect in a sea of oil. We had thus a very deliberate view of the west side of the grand headland of Fitful Head, and an excellent opportunity of shooting dozens of porpoises as they came to the surface, with their peculiar wheel-like motion, to sun themselves for a second or two. This opportunity we availed ourselves of to the extent of frightening a few of them. We got near enough the island to see its physical features distinctly. The extreme north end rises sheer up from the sea like a wall, and on the top the grass grows to the very edge of the precipice. We see numberless incipient caves, and the process of cave-making is made very plain, layer after layer being washed off by the upward action of the water, each layer as it peels off making the arch higher. In the north-east end the strata seem to be lying on edge, while in the north they are horizontal, which, taken in connection with the scoriæ which are said to be found in other parts of the island, is perhaps an evidence of volcanic action. The stacks and rocks have the most fantastic shapes. One is surmounted by a lump exactly like a lion couchant and looking over its shoulder. The Sheeprock, connected with the island by a ridge not many feet above the sea level, is like a hugh sphinx with the features blurred by too much washing, and another is like an old Rhine castle in ruins. So absolutely wall-like are the rocks that there seems no spot where it is possible to land. There are, however, two little creeks on the east side, and towards one of these our captain turned the prow of the vessel about six o'clock p.m. We see several huts and two or three people on the higher ground, who have noticed us, and are evidently watching our movements with interest. No sooner is it plain that we are making for the shore than off they rush in different directions with the intelligence. It spreads like wild-fire; groups of women and children are seen on the hillocks, and almost immediately a boat is making for us, while another crew are seen rushing down to launch a second. And now they are almost alongside, rowing with the peculiar swift stroke of the Fair Isle boatmen. The crew of the one consists of five nice-looking boys, the other of full-grown men, who spring aboard of us, all with glistening eyes and a not disagreeable absence of ceremony, arising from eagerness and excitement. Some of them who had seen the Rev. Mr. Cumming on his previous visit three years before gave him a very hearty welcome, and were much excited. I think we all felt that the excitement was infectious. Meantime dividing our forces we are rowed ashore in the two boats, and find a considerable number awaiting our arrival. Singularly enough it happened to be the fast day, so that the arrival of two ministers was somewhat striking. They are pressed to stay over Sunday

and assist the missionary in celebrating the Communion. This involved a complete derangement of their plans, but there seemed something so appropriate in the unexpected coincidence of the fast day with their visit, that they were tempted to discuss the possibility of complying with the request. A conference was accordingly held. The ministers give good strong reasons for not staying over Sunday, but the islanders, with an interesting disregard of logic, arising from their anxiety, set them aside, and propose various plans by which their remaining may be made possible. My compelled return south by Monday's steamer was a difficulty which they proposed to meet by offering to send me out to the steamer on her passage. My luggage was, however, in Lerwick, and this plan would not suit. One of them turned to the captain and said, "Take ye da boat awa', and leave dem here."

"Yes," said the captain, "but how will you manage to keep them here?"

"Oh! der be no fear o' keeping dem, if da boat be awa'."

This was said with a twinkle of humour, for he knew on how few days in the week it was possible either to leave or approach the island. As a last attempt they turned to Mr. Cumming, saying, "Stay you and let da rest go." This, of course, was out of the question, and after it was finally decided not to stay, I heard one saying to his neighbour, with a look of exultation and a glance at the sky, "I think he'll (the wind and tide are always masculine) be a dead calm. They'll no get awa', and we's be a' richt after a'"—an anticipation that was almost realised, inasmuch as it took us twenty-eight hours to reach Foula, a distance of about fifty miles.

There was now a considerable number of women around us, many of them thin and apparently ill-fed, with a worn look produced by hard work and poor fare, which made it almost impossible to guess their age. There was also a number of children staring at us open-mouthed, all of them *covered* in some way or other, none of them *dressed*. They had evidently not expected evening visitors.

We were asked to go and see the school-house, which had been disused for sixteen months. We found it dismantled, part of the roof off, three tables that had served for desks, and one form and a half. The sole occupant was a hen perched comfortably on a joist over which there remained a fragment of the roof. Everything gave evidence of its having been for a long time used as a henhouse. Till about sixteen months before our visit they had been for some time without any resident clergyman. A missionary is again settled among them, who is to combine the duties of teacher and preacher. The parents expressed great anxiety for the resumption of school work. We then visited one or two of the dwelling-houses, which are not unlike many to be seen elsewhere in Shetland. Two or three benches arranged along the wall, one or two chairs, or something made to do a chair's duty, such as a "whummilled" cask or peat creel, and a large wardrobe-looking cupboard, or it may be a chest of drawers, are the principal articles of furniture. The fire is in the centre of the floor, all the smoke that does escape finding its way out by a hole in the roof or by the door. It does not all escape however, for the atmosphere is sometimes very smoky. If they have not learnt to consume their own smoke, they at any rate contrive to economise it, for the rafters are literally covered with fish of various kinds which are thus smoked and preserved. You may find a pig luxuriously enjoying the hot ashes, hob-nobbing with a dog, cat, or lamb across the hearth, and a few chickens are sure to be going about. As there is usually no limit to their supply of peats, the kitchen is often oppressively hot. The sides of the passage which leads to the better room of the house are lined with box-beds, which form the partition between the two apartments.

It was now approaching the hour at which service was to begin. A couple of hours had been allowed to elapse, that messengers might give intimation through the island. The utmost alacrity was shown to have the news conveyed, and at eight o'clock we found the church filled from corner to corner. The psalm tunes were peculiar, and sung lustily, with a not unpleasant, wild, wail-like cadence, which was new to us all. There are some families of Methodists in the island, who were present, and interspersed the sermons with a running commentary of Scripture phrases, ejaculations, and groans, some of which were wofully misplaced, indeed ludicrously so. After service a good many Bibles and other religious books were distributed at the Church door, some of the islanders, whether from godliness or greed, contriving to come in for a double or triple share.

In spite of the great numbers of intermarriages in this island the physique of the men does not seem below the average, and there is no lunacy. The features are more purely Scandinavian than elsewhere in Shetland, and the prevalent colour of hair is a lightish brown or yellow. The women seem sicklier than the men. Whether this is due to their being less able to bear the uncertain climate, or that, as in the West Highlands and Islands, they are worked beyond their strength in cultivating the land while the men fish, I cannot say. I hope for the credit of the Fair Isle men it is not, as in the West Highlands, considered a disgrace for a man to take on his shoulders a creel, so as to relieve his wife of a burden unfitted for her strength and sex. The island is nearly three miles long and one and a half broad. Its highest point is about 700 feet. The population is 280—about 100 less than it was a year or two ago, but still too great. The bane of the islanders is their unwillingness to remove. Another drawback to their prosperity is the want of a proper harbour, so as to enable them to carry on fishing on a more extensive scale. Their only fishing is along the shores for saithe. The more remunerative deep sea fishing is, I understand, not prosecuted to any large extent,

if at all. The fact of the island being the property of one individual may prevent the Fishery Board from supplying the inhabitants with a proper harbour. A considerable portion of the land towards the south and east is cultivated, but the crops are uncertain, though sometimes good. We cannot dismiss Fair Isle without adverting to an incident that connects it with an interesting portion of history. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada, when the remainder of the "invincible" fleet was making its way round the north of Scotland, the ship of the Admiral Duke de Medina Sidonia was wrecked here, and he, with 200 of his crew, got safe to land. The resources of the island for supplying the wants of such a large addition to the population were soon exhausted. Famine was beginning to stare them in the face, and many of the Spaniards were murdered; others were thrown over the rocks. Their burial-place is still pointed out, but it is indistinguishable from the parts around. The Duke at last escaped with the remainder of his men to Quendal Bay on the mainland, and was thence conveyed to Dunkirk.

The Cradle of Noss.

A proof of this residence of the Spaniards among them is given in the peculiar pattern of the Fair Isle knitted work, which is to be found only here and in Spain. Very few ladies in the rest of Shetland are acquainted with it. The colours are very bright and of native dye; and sometimes seven or eight patterns are worked into one cravat.

Our captain having said that we should have a good tide for Foula at midnight, and the wind being still fair but exceedingly light, we made our way to the shore accompanied by a great portion of the congregation. Some had not yet got Bibles, another wanted one with large print for his old father whose sight was beginning to fail, and we were accordingly accompanied on board the cutter by one or two boats. It was a very striking midnight scene. One of the ministers was in the hold beside the box of books, his head just appearing above the deck, and around him a ring of eager faces, each soliciting a good book, while the light of one or two candles brought out every head into bold relief against the moonlit sky. The almost breathless stillness of the night, the hour, and the locality, one of the least frequently visited spots under Her Majesty's sway, the object of the visitors, and the excited eagerness of the visited, combined to invest the whole scene with a peculiar interest.

We must, however, if possible, get clear of the island before the tide turns. Good-bye is accordingly said all round in a very affecting and hearty way, and we set sail, much pleased with our visit, and with a very kindly feeling towards those interesting islanders.

Foula, of which it is generally supposed Tacitus speaks in his "Dispecta est et Thule," and the etymology of which is said to be Fughloe or bird island, is now our destination, lying between fifteen and twenty miles west of Shetland, and upwards of fifty from Fair Isle. This voyage occupied twenty-eight hours, owing to the lightness of the wind, Foula being provokingly visible almost the whole time owing to its great height. It is not quite so large as Fair Isle, but is much more picturesque. Viewed from the east it presents a serrated appearance, having five large hills and two or three stacks all leaning in the same direction like the teeth of a saw. The highest of them is above 1400 feet. The inhabitants did not show the same interest in our visit as the Fair Isle men. Three causes may be assigned for this: they have more frequent intercourse with the mainland; three-fourths of them are not members of the Established Church; and last, but perhaps not least, they had had an excellent fishing during the night and were too busy to attend service. While the clergymen were holding a meeting in the church one of our party and myself started on an expedition to the top of the Sneug Hill to see a species of gull called the bounxie or squa-gull, which is to be found only here and on Roeness Hill. This bird used to be common enough, but bird fanciers have almost killed them out. Some years ago the proprietor of the island, Dr. Scott of Melby, began to preserve them, and they are now not so very rare. We had scarcely started on our expedition when we were overtaken by a short wiry man, about sixty years of age, who told us that he was bound to accompany every one who landed to prevent the destruction of the bounxie. He was barefoot, and several times expressed his pity for us in climbing the hill with boots. A more active man of his age I never saw. We walked quickly because we had not much time to spare, but he kept close to our heels. Probably

the guns we carried made him more suspicious. We were rewarded for our walk by a sight of the bounxie. It is not much larger, but more compact in build, than the common gull, and grey, with speckles of white. Its flight is rapid, and its temper fierce, so much so that it is the terror of the eagle, and hence a protection to the lambs. It is certainly a very plucky bird, as we found on a nearer approach to its nest. It kept hovering close around us, and every now and then with a rapid sweep passed close to our heads. Had we gone much nearer the keeper assured us it would attack us, as it had often done him, striking him on the face with its wings. I have no doubt his account was true. Another rare bird, the allan, is found almost exclusively on this island, and is also protected.

The rocks on the west side of Foula are particularly grand, rising sheer from the sea to a height of 1300 feet. The natives are daring fowlers, and many lives are lost in the pursuit of eggs. It is said of the Foula man, "His gutcher (grandfather) gaed before, his father gaed before, and he must expect to go over the Sneug too."

The south end of the island is in tolerable croft cultivation, and pleasant looking. The hills, to the very top, furnish good pasture, and are grazed by

Drongs in the Bay of St. Magnus.

sheep and cattle, of which they have a much larger number than the people of Fair Isle. The tenants are not allowed to keep horses, for fear of crossing the pure Shetland breed; those belonging to the proprietor run wild. The inhabitants are almost all fishers. There is one shop on the island, the property of Mr. Garrick, the tacksman. Here, as in Fair Isle, and perhaps elsewhere in Shetland, an objection is felt to selling the young female sheep, which is supposed to be unlucky as diminishing the stock. They do not object to sell the male. The people are said to be moral, and attentive to their religious duties. The island belongs to the parish of Walls. Its distance, however, from the mainland, and the other very laborious duties of the minister, make it impossible for him to give it more than a very occasional visit. The Independents have a Missionary stationed on the island; and the Established Church supports a man who combines the duties of teacher and catechist.

Setting sail from Foula, we reached Vaila Sound, and found our way over five or six miles of an execrable road to the manse of Walls, where we received every kindness. Next day being Sunday, my clerical friends were to preach at Sandness. The distance is called six miles, but it can be reached only by crossing mountains, and there is no road. Three of us, all ignorant of the road, proposed to walk, and the servant girl was sent with us as a guide for a short distance. She told us we had a hill to cross, and on coming to an elevation well worthy of the name, we asked if this was the hill. "Ah, no," she replied, "that's just a brae." We came to the hill at last, and a hill it certainly is, about 800 feet high. Till lately the minister of Walls required to cross this every alternate Sunday, summer and winter, in the discharge of his duty. This, coupled with his duty in Papa Stour—an island separated from the mainland by a dangerous firth—and an occasional visit to Foula, gave us

some idea of the hard work of a Shetland minister. The congregation in Sandness gave the same indications of an impressionable nature as we observed in Fair Isle. Loud sighs and groans accompanied both sermons all through. Formerly, and it may be still, the excitement produced convulsions. A Shetland minister, finding this to have a very distracting effect on the rest of the congregation, recommended sudden immersion in cold water as a sovereign remedy, which, it is said, served the double purpose of immediate cure and ultimate prevention.

In my six visits to Shetland, I have only once failed to visit the Noup of Noss and the Orkneyman's Cave—two of the most accessible and interesting sights. In good weather both may be *done* during the Monday the steamer lies in the harbour, if the visitor cannot spend a week among the islands. The Noup, to be seen in all its grandeur, should be approached by sea. The view from the top is very fine, but the giddy height of 600 feet can be fully appreciated only from the base of the wall-like rock. Starting, then, by boat, we pass round the south end of Bressay, where there is some grand rock scenery, in some places quite precipitous, and rising to a height of 300 or 400 feet. The action of the sea on some softer parts of the rock has cut out several large arches, through which I have passed in a boat without lowering sail, though I am not sure that I should like to do so under less skilful guidance than that of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton of Bressay. One immediately under the lighthouse is like a handsome bridge with an almost symmetrical arch. Another, called the giant's leg, also affords passage for a boat. The leg rises up from the sea like a flying buttress, as if to prop up the huge rock against which it leans, which certainly seems to need no such propping. And now we are in sight of Noss, though as yet we see only the landward grassy side of the peak. After a tack or two we get round the end of the island, and a view that for rugged grandeur can hardly be surpassed is presented to us. Close to the island lies the Holm of Noss, a huge solid rock cut off from the island by a passage which seems, in comparison with the height, a mere fissure, but which affords a good wide berth for a boat. The face of the rocks on both sides, and of the Holm all round, is perfectly mural, so that the latter is quite inaccessible, except by the apparently perilous but experimentally safe enough passage by the cradle. The chasm is about 100 feet wide and under 200 deep. Across it, a box, large enough to contain a man and a sheep, and called the cradle, is slung by rings on two parallel ropes, which are fastened to stakes on either side of the chasm. This is the only mode of communication with the Holm, and it seems a dangerous one, a fall being certain death; and yet, though it has been in use for two centuries, no life has been lost by it. Communication with it was first suggested by the innumerable eggs with which it was seen to be covered. The offer of a cow was sufficient to tempt a fowler to scale it. The island being higher than the Holm, the ropes slope a little, and the cradle descends by its own weight. In returning, the passenger must either work his own passage, or be pulled by his friends, no great effort being required in either case. The Holm pastures about a dozen sheep.

Steering our way between the island and the Holm, we come in full view of the Noup, which rises perpendicularly from the sea to a height of about 600 feet. Even after repeated visits it is a very grand sight; when seen for the first time it is almost overpowering. I saw it first in the month of June, and at that season the face of the rock from bottom to top was literally covered with sea-birds, and had the speckled look which a pretty heavy sprinkling of snow would produce. We fired a gun, and a cloud of birds shot out, darkening the air and almost deafening us with the noise. I have a distinct recollection that on that occasion my feeling was more akin to nervousness than I have ever experienced when there was no real cause for fear. At its base there is a natural pavement of considerable breadth; the scene of many a pleasant pic-nic.

We have still the Orkneyman's Cave to visit, and must bid farewell to the Noup. Returning by the way we came, and taking, as we pass beneath it, a last look at the airy cradle, to put a foot in which seems a tempting of Providence, we coast along Bressay, and after a not very long pull reach the cave, an opening about forty feet square at the mouth, but sixty feet in height inside. I am unable to say how far it extends inwards. I know that you can go in either so crookedly, or so far, or perhaps both, as to lose the daylight. Hence it is necessary to take torches with you, for without them you will neither see your way nor the beautiful stalactites which adorn the sides, some like birds, others like draped figures, and others which want similitude.

It is called the Orkneyman's Cave, from the circumstance of an Orkney sailor, when pursued by the press-gang, having taken refuge in it. Once in, he got on to a shelving rock, but did not take care to secure his boat, which drifted away, as there was a considerable ground swell. He remained a prisoner for two days, when, the sea having calmed down, he plunged in and swam to a point from which he climbed to the top of the rock, and escaped.

The effects of a generally tempestuous sea are everywhere apparent. Near the peninsula of Northmavine is a lofty rock called the Dorholm, through which the sea has eaten a wonderful arch, 140 feet in height, and above 500 feet wide. Not far from this is another magnificent rock, called the Drenge or Drongs, so fantastically cleft and shattered by the action of the sea as to present, from certain points of view, the appearance of a small fleet of vessels in full sail. The same name is given to similar stacks in Faroe, and is of Scandinavian origin.

I have already said that the Shetlanders speak of

themselves as distinct from Scotland. I might have added that some of the less educated have a half-defined dislike, or, at any rate, suspicion of Scotchmen. I know of a worthy woman who said, in all seriousness, of a man, that "he was a decent kind of man *for a Scotchman*."

A Shetland lady repeated to me a conversation that took place between herself and a man who had just returned from the Straits' fishing.

"Well, Johnnie, what are the Yäks (Esquimaux) like?"

"Oh, Miss—just da queerest, maist ill-faured set ye could think o'. Ye wudna ken them frae Scotchmen."

"That's bad enough," said the lady.

"Ye may weel say dat, for Scotchmen hae been da ruin o' Shetland. A' dat we ever got by Scotland was dear meal and greedy ministers."

Perhaps Johnnie was a wag. I give the conversation as I got it.

There is perhaps no community that gives such indications of industry among the female population as Shetland. The knitting needles and the worsted are continually in their hands, and seem to form part and parcel of the woman herself. If you take a walk towards Tingwall, you will meet or pass dozens of women going for or returning with peats from the hill, all busy knitting—one a stocking, another a stout shawl or cravat. The finer articles—scarfs, veils, and lace shawls, which are often exquisitely fine—cannot be worked in this off-hand way, and are reserved for leisure hours at home. The "keyshie"—a straw basket like a large inverted bee-hive—may be full or empty, but you never fail to find the busy fingers. This carrying of peats is an almost daily task, and you sometimes see a woman with strongly marked features and large frame, who, from constant exposure to sunshine and shower, and rendered gaunt and wiry by hard work, recalls Sir Walter Scott's description of Norna of Fitful Head. The poorer classes generally wear not shoes, but "rivlins"—a kind of sandal made of untanned cowhide, or sometimes sealskin, with the hair outside, and lashed to the foot with thongs.

All the wool of the pure Shetland sheep is fine, but the finest grows under the neck, and is never shorn off but "rooed," that is, gently pulled. It is said that an ounce of wool can by skill be spun into upwards of 1,000 yards of three-ply thread. Stockings can be knitted of such fineness as to be easily drawn through a finger-ring. The annual proceeds of this industry are said to be not less than 10,000*l*. It is quite common for a servant, when making an engagement, to stipulate that she shall "have her hands to herself," meaning that all she can make by knitting is to go into her own pocket. The industry of the women is to be accounted for by the fact that by their knitting they supply themselves with dress, but especially with tea, of which they are intemperately fond. It is a perfectly ascertained fact that the value of the tea annually consumed in Shetland far exceeds the whole land rental—about 30,000*l*. Very large quantities of eggs are sent south, bringing in, it is said, some thousands of pounds annually, a great part of which finds its way into the tea-pot.

Many of the smaller tenants save money, but they are generally very unwilling to let it be known. A friend of mine, who has the management of a property, gave me a case in point. One of the tenants, whom he knew to have money in the bank, asked him one day for a loan of 10*l*. to meet a purchase he had made. My friend wrote out an order on the bank in the following terms:—"Pay to R. S. the sum of 10*l*., *if he has no money of his own*." The tenant, after reading, handed it back, saying, "Na! I winna hae't."

It is said that large quantities of coined money are stored up in chests by the better class of small tenants, and that antiquarians would reap a rich harvest in old coins. It is quite conceivable that this feeling of distrust, generated during times of oppression when it was desirable to appear poor, has been transmitted as an inheritance, and is still cherished in these better days when openness would entail no evil consequences.

To Shetlanders the sea and its products are of paramount importance, and some account of their fisheries is accordingly indispensable. They are of three kinds, the herring, coast, and deep sea or ha'af fisheries. The first has not been hitherto, and is scarcely expected to be, successful, and is not pursued on a large scale. The second is almost a daily pursuit. Immense shoals of the *gadus carbonarius*, or coal fish, swarm round the coasts. In the fry state they are sillocks; when a year old, piltocks; and when full-grown, saithe. The two former are articles of home consumption, either fresh or in a semi-putrescent state, when they are called *sour* or *blown*. The fish is gutted, washed in salt-water, and hung up to dry for a week or ten days. Most Shetlanders prefer it in this, to southern notions, questionable state. The full-grown saithe are often abundant round Dunrossness and the Fair Isle, and last year brought 14*l*. per ton.

The principal fishery is that for cod, ling, and tusk, which is carried on from May till August. The tusk is a delicious fish, not found elsewhere in Scotland. The distance of the fishing ground varies from twenty to forty miles. The boat used is the Norway yawl, fitted either for sailing or rowing, and with six of a crew. Each boat has between seven and eight miles of line and 1,000 hooks. The lines are set in the evening, and if the first haul is not successful they may bait and set them again. They sometimes remain out two nights, if the weather is fine, during which they must content themselves with very little sleep and scanty fare. They take nothing with them but oat-cakes and water, or perhaps *bland*. This beverage is, I believe, peculiar to Shetland, and is prepared in the following way. After butter has been made,

hot water is poured into the sour milk in the churn, which causes a curd to subside. This curd is used as food, and there is left a mixture of serum and water, which by-and-by ferments and forms a sourish, and by no means disagreeable, drink, very refreshing in summer and much liked by the natives. The fishers erect temporary huts on the shore nearest to the fishing ground, where during the day, or stormy weather, they rest, and substitute for oatmeal and bland, a diet of fish and potatoes.

When the fish are brought to shore they are handed to the curer, who weighs and keeps an account of them. They are then split up and boned, and after being washed in sea-water, are put into a vat, the fish and salt being in alternate layers. Two days afterwards they are taken out, washed, and piled into stacks for a day or two. They are then spread out on the beach day after day till they are sufficiently dried, after which they are stored up, the air being carefully excluded, till they can be shipped for market.

The ha'af fishing has many a sad tale to tell of drowning and disaster. Their boats of eighteen feet keel and six feet beam are little fitted to weather a severe storm. Anxious not to lose their lines—in many cases their all—the poor fishers bravely try to keep their ground, and often lose their lives as well. Such calamities are more overwhelming from the fact that the crew of a boat are often all members of the same family. At such terrible times the warmth and kindliness of the Shetland character come out admirably, one family bringing up one orphan, another another, doubtless from the feeling that next season, or next week, their own little ones may be in similar case.

Hibbert, in his "History of Shetland," mentions a toast that used to be, and perhaps is still, given at a rude festival about the beginning of the ha'af fishing:—"Men an' brethren, lat wis (us) raise a helt (health). Here's first to da glory o' God, an' da guid o' wir (our) ain puir sauls, wir wordy landmaister, an' wir lovin' meatmither; helt to man, death to fish, an' guid growth i' da grund." When this fishing is over, and they are about to return to their harvest, the toast is, "God open the mouth o' da gray fish (sillocks), an' haud His hand aboot da corn."

In respect of education, Shetland generally is not, to the best of my knowledge, behind the rest of Scotland, except where physical hindrances exist. There are districts where the population is so sparse that a sufficient number of children could not be collected to make a schoolmaster's work remunerative; but there are similar districts in the Highlands and Western Islands. I think it may be said that wherever there is material for a school there is one. The island of Whalsey, with a population of about 1,000, is an exception, having, I understand, no school. Lerwick is well supplied with a very good parish school and the Educational Institute, besides some private schools. In Bressay there are two good schools, and in the majority of the other islands I have reason to believe there is no grievous educational destitution. I have already referred to the hard work some Shetland ministers must undergo. Efforts are being made to lighten their task, and the process of amelioration will no doubt steadily advance. A very good instance of the isolation and unsophisticated manners of the more remote islands came under my own observation. I had occasion to visit one of them in company with a clergyman, who, on landing, intimated his intention of preaching a sermon. Before the service began, one of the most respectable men in the island came to him, and asked him very earnestly to stay overnight. My friend replied that he was sorry he could not, at the same time asking the reason of this special request. The man hesitated a good deal at first, but at last said that he had just thought of taking advantage of his visit to get married, as there was no resident minister who could tie the knot, and it might be a long time before they had another clerical visitor. He proposed accordingly to be proclaimed at the service, and married next day. We were amused at this rather striking method of "improving the occasion," but as the man was thoroughly respectable, and had reached the mature age of at least forty, my friend could not urge the impropriety of the step, on the ground of youthful indiscretion. It was certainly irregular to be proclaimed at a week-day service, but the circumstances were peculiar and the emergency great. He accordingly professed his willingness to marry him immediately after the service, and so get away as he intended. The would-be bridegroom said he was not sure that that would do.

"Hadn't you better," suggested my friend, "go to your bride, and see what she says about it?"

"Well," he replied, "I would need to see her *at any rate*," with a significant emphasis on the last three words.

"What," said my friend, "have you not spoken to her about it at all?"

"Oh, no!" he replied. "I was just going to ask her now. I think she'll marry me, but I thought it better not to ask her till I knew whether you could stay till to-morrow."

He went and saw her, and came back somewhat downcast, saying that she had no objections to marry him, provided the minister could wait till to-morrow, but she thought it rather too hurried to be proclaimed and married on the same day.

My friend could not wait, and, so far as I know, the poor man is still in the misery of single blessedness.

Till lately, the only tolerable road on the mainland was that between Lerwick and Tingwall, a distance of about five miles. This want of intercommunication was a dead weight on the material prosperity of the country, and has now been removed. Good roads have been and are still being

made in every direction, the benefits of which will be felt more and more every year.

The Shetlanders have two grievances of which they complain bitterly, and I think justly—the church and poor law. The rentals of the various parishes are small—in some cases very small—and the heritors have, notwithstanding, the same parochial burdens to bear as if the rentals were large. It is not at all uncommon for a whole rental and a half to be expended on church and manse in one year. To suggest a practical remedy for this is no easy matter.

The poor law bears heavily on Shetland from the fact that a great proportion of the male population are sailors, who, from their profession, fail to acquire a domicile in any other parish, and the consequence is that when they become old and infirm, they and their families are thrown back on their native parish. It might be supposed that this would be felt equally by other seafaring populations, such as those of the Western Islands. It is not so, however. The inhabitants of the Western Islands remove by townships and colonies, and never return. The parochial assessment in Orkney and Shetland is, I understand, considerably higher than that of the average Scotch county. The remedy for this would be to introduce a national system instead of a parochial rental one.

I do not think that I should like to live in Shetland all the year round, but it has many attractions during the months of July, August, and September. There is, for example, fishing without stint—a sort of paradise for anglers. The almost innumerable lochs with which the islands are studded teem with fine freshwater trout, the seashores swarm with splendid sea-trout from July to October, and the angler may wander from loch to loch, and from voe to voe, without let or hindrance. Salmon, too, are occasionally caught in the voes. The seeming abundance of this fish in Laxo voe induced an Aberdeen salmon fisher to attempt the establishment of a fishery, but after three years' trial he was obliged to abandon the undertaking, the quantity of fish caught not proving sufficiently remunerative.

Again, during these months, there are added to the very pleasant society of Lerwick parties of friends from Edinburgh and England, then on visits, and expeditions of all kinds are of frequent occurrence. To-day it is a boating, to-morrow a riding pic-nic. I have very agreeable recollections of many such.

A week in Shetland is a great relief to a man oppressed with correspondence. It is, perhaps, a question of temperament. I confess it suits mine. As soon as the steamer has started on Monday, you feel that for seven blessed days you need neither write nor expect a single letter. He is a happy man who cannot conceive how this, once a year, is a great comfort. The prevalent diseases, arising from the dampness of the climate, are said to be rheumatism, croup, and consumption. It does not appear, however, that Shetland is on the whole unhealthy, as many of the inhabitants attain a very great age.

The Shetlanders, like all other spirited, highly imaginative, and danger-daring people, are undoubtedly very superstitious. Considering their isolation, and the vicissitudes of their daily life, I should consider it a hopeless trait of character, and a proof of intellectual dulness, if they were not.

Many a tale of superstition could be told, if space permitted, of mermaids, shoopiltees, forespoken water, fairy circles on the ground, the casting of knots, witches who can raise and lull storms, evil eyes that charm away milk from cows, charms that can cause or remove disease, trows or "guid folk" who carry off cows and children and leave changelings in their stead, &c., but it would take a Shetland summer's day and winter's night to give any approximate idea of their lively fancies, and I shall not attempt it.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that, as in Orkney, there are very few trees, and in the middle of summer scarcely any darkness. On glancing round a church, one sees more of the unmixed Scandinavian type of feature than in Orkney, which has more frequent communication with the mainland of Scotland.

Many topics of interest are necessarily left untouched, and I am aware how imperfect these sketches are. I shall have done all I intended, if I have succeeded in giving to those who have never visited these islands a more correct idea than is generally entertained of the refinement and hospitality of the well-to-do classes and of the honesty and simplicity of character of the poorer classes of a country in which I have been much interested, have received much kindness and made many friends, and my annual visit to which, in spite of its hyperborean latitude, I always look forward to with pleasure.

JOHN KERR.

HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.

"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts: and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and seethe therein: and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts."—Zech. xiv. 20, 21.

"In that day." Evidently the day spoken of in earlier verses of this chapter: the day when "living waters shall go out from Jerusalem," alike "in summer and in winter," to revive and to fertilize all the earth—"and the Lord shall be King over all the earth: in that day there shall be one Lord, and His name one." The day spoken of is one in which God shall be everywhere known and worshipped and honoured—His name hallowed, His kingdom revealed, His will done, as in heaven, so on earth.

The prophets were not instructed to distinguish between two comings, two Advents, of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Gospel age was seen in prospect as one age. Its small beginning, its slow growth, its many hindrances, its hairbreadth escapes, its hand-to-hand conflicts with the powers of darkness—the long interval which was to separate the coming in humility from the coming in glory,—these things were not disclosed till the necessity for that disclosure was created; till the Incarnation, the Ministry, and the Propitiation were complete, and men could believe the word of Him who was revealed as the Saviour, that He would be revealed hereafter as the Conqueror and the Judge.

"In that day," means generally, in the day of the Messiah. That which is written of it has a partial fulfilment to the Church Militant, and will have a final and an entire fulfilment to the Church Triumphant. Just in proportion as the Gospel has its perfect work in any place or in any man, the words are true already. They wait not a future day to be acted upon as a rule or claimed as a promise: they do wait a future day—the day of the manifestation of the sons of God—to be exhibited in their fulfilment before the universe of men and angels.

We have then before us in this passage some remarkable features of the Evangelical and Christian life.

(1) "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord." The bells spoken of were small plates of metal, hung from the necks or heads of horses or camels, both for the sake of ornament, and for the sake of the cheerful and enlivening sound made by their striking against each other in movement. Upon these common, these unconsecrated things—associated entirely with the occupations of secular life—there shall be engraven in that day, the Prophet says, this singular and solemn inscription, "Holiness unto the Lord."

To understand the full force of the prediction, we must look back to the 28th chapter of the Book of Exodus. The subject is the equipment of the High Priest for his sacred ministration; the minute ordering of those vestments "for glory and for beauty" in which Aaron was to "minister before God in the priest's office." Upon the lowest hem of the ephod of blue there were to be placed golden bells; the sound of which (it is said) "shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not." This is one link of connection with the prophecy before us. The other, and closer, is in the direction which next follows. "Thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it, like the engravings of a signet, Holiness to the Lord: and thou shall put it on a blue lace, that it may be upon the mitre; upon the forefront of the mitre it shall be. And it shall be upon Aaron's forehead, that Aaron may bear the iniquity of the holy things, which the children of Israel shall hallow in all their holy gifts; and it shall be always upon his forehead, that they may be accepted before the Lord."

Now then the force of this clause of the prophecy of Zechariah stands out fully before us. That inscription which was once borne by the High Priest alone—making him the representative and personification of the whole race of Israel in their dealings with the Most High and Holy God—shall "in that day"—in the Gospel age—be engraven upon the very bells of the horses. When you make a common journey; when you travel to Gaza or to Tyre or to Damascus; when you cross the waste desert, far away from the House of God or from the public ordinances of His worship; even then, even there, the tinkling of your horses' bells shall be a memento of His presence, a pledge of His love and a memorial of your consecration. You yourselves shall be a royal priesthood, offering up day by day the spiritual sacrifice of a life's devotion: and the oil of your anointing shall overflow (as it were) upon all that you possess, dedicating each thing to God, and causing him to be honoured and to be magnified in each. "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord."

(2) "And the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar."

In the original institution of the Levitical service, there was a gradation of sanctity among the various vessels employed in the tabernacle or temple. "In a great house," St. Paul says, "there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour, and some to dishonour." It was so in the greatest of houses—even in the Tabernacle or Temple of the Lord of hosts. There were the "pots" or vessels for cooking and washing; such as those of which we read in the 2nd chapter of the 1st Book of Samuel, as used in

seething the flesh of the offerings—or in the figurative language of the 60th Psalm, "Moab is my wash-pot:" and there were also the golden "bowls" or basons for holding the sacrificial blood in which the solemnity and sanctity of the whole Levitical Dispensation centred and culminated.

When it is here written that in the Gospel age "the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar"—in other words, that the meanest of the vessels used in the Temple should be as the most sacred of all—the declaration is, that ceremonial distinctions should all be done away; that there should no longer be such a thing as a more and a less sacred: whatsoever God has taken into His house is sanctified by that adoption: the only true holiness is consecration, and whatsoever is used in God's service is thereby made holy—yea, most holy, and altogether holy. Gradations of sanctity shall be for ever done away.

(3) A further thing. "Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts; and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and seethe therein." Not only shall all vessels in the Temple be equally holy—from the caldron that seethes the unburnt portions of the sacrifice—the portions left to the priest and to the worshipper—up to the bason which contains the sacred blood, and is carried by the High Priest into the most holy place to be sprinkled before the mercy-seat: not only this: there shall be more than a levelling of distinctions between the less and the more holy: there shall be also a removal of distinctions between common things and sacred: every vessel in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness to the Lord, and they that sacrifice shall come and take of them (of the common vessels of the houses) and use them for seething the sacred flesh which remains over and above, to the priest and to the worshipper, of the victim offered upon the Lord's altar.

Strange indeed must such a prophecy have sounded in the ears of an Israelite who listened to it amidst the prepossessions of the Mosaic Dispensation. It was one of those inspired utterances by which men were taught, even then—could they but hear them—that the Law of ceremonies and ordinances was but prefatory to a law of reality, light, and truth. "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." In that day—in the Gospel age—the commonest vessel in the houses of Israel shall be as sacred in the sight of God as the consecrated bowl beside His altar.

(4) Yet once more. "And in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts."

The Canaanite was an alien. He belonged to one of those nations which were dispossessed and cut off for their sins before the children of Israel. But the cutting off had been but partially executed. There remained enough of the former inhabitants of Canaan to be a perpetual snare and stumbling-block to the people of the Lord. To say that there should be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts, was to say with Isaiah, "The unclean shall not pass over it," shall not walk along the promised highway which should be called the way of holiness—or with the Gospel seer, the Evangelist St. John, "There shall in no wise enter into it," into the holy city, "anything that defileth."

There was, however, another and a more definite meaning of the word "Canaanite" which may possibly be the special point of prediction here. The original word denotes a "trafficker," a buyer and seller. "There shall be no more a bargainer (or trafficker) in the house of the Lord of hosts." It is impossible not to see here in word what was afterwards typified by our Lord Himself in act, when He drove out those who bought and sold in the temple, the changers of money, and the dealers in animals for sacrifice. The promise thus understood is, that in the days of the Messiah there shall be no longer that spirit of traffic, of bargaining, and of merchandise, which in its outward processes was the disfigurement of the Jewish temple, and in its more covert and insidious workings is still too much the defilement of the Church of God.

Thus then we have found in the closing sentence of the book of the Prophet Zechariah—the chief prophet of the period of Jerusalem's restoration and rebuilding after the captivity at Babylon—four particular, though closely connected, predictions with reference to times in which we live or else to which we ourselves (if we be Christians) are earnestly looking forward. Let us gather up the inspired lessons, and turn them, by God's blessing, to our profit.

i. First then, *all that we have is holy.* To be holy is to belong to God. All that we have belongs to God, just as we ourselves belong to God. "Ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." "The temple of God is holy; which temple ye are." "Know ye not that your body is the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

The world needed a long training, to make it understand that anything belonged to God—that, indeed, there was a God, a real, living, and acting God, for anything to belong to. During this period of necessary education as to the very idea, the very possibility, of holiness, it pleased God to assist human infirmity by outward signs and manifestations of His own presence. Such, in one respect, were miracles; visible and sensible proofs that there was One who made all things, because He could remake or unmake everything at His pleasure. Such, in another respect, was the Tabernacle or Temple; a standing monument of God's being; a tangible sign of His existence, of His presence, of His majesty, of His concern in man. It was the establishment in the heart of one nation (and through it, in the heart of all nations) of the idea of a real God, with whom to be connected, for purposes of use or of service, was, to be honoured, to be ennobled, to be consecrated. When men saw one individual person taken from a whole nation

and from a whole generation to be set apart as God's Priest; when they saw one shrine erected upon earth, in which alone a bright light shone to mark the Divine presence; when they saw every vessel of that one sanctuary set apart for ever from all profane and common uses, so that it was death for any but the right person to touch each, and even for him to touch it for any but the right purpose; —all this must have engraven upon their consciences, as no mere reasoning could have done, the idea of the Divine reality, and prepared them to pass, in the fulness of time, as without such an education they could not have done, from the faith of a local into that of a world-wide presence; and from a worship formal and carnal in its ordinances, into a worship of life and heart, of soul and spirit.

And when this time came, then it was designed, the Prophet here says, that that local and external consecration which had educated the world should be entirely swept away for one universal, all-pervading, and eternal. That inscription, "Holiness to the Lord," which had hitherto been the badge of one man, one only, in a generation—which had authorized his approach to God in behalf of his people, and had made him to them the object of a reverence next to divine—was now to be extended, not to a body of priests, not to a larger but still select number of intermediates and mediators between man and God, but to all men—to men of all ranks and capacities and nations—to young and old, to servants and handmaidens—nay, for such is the testimony of the word here written, to all things that all men even possess and use—to the vessels of a common home and the animals of a common service. The inscription of the High Priest's mitre shall now be engraven upon the bells of the horses. All that we have is holy.

To Israel it must have sounded as a marvellous dignity, that that sacred, that incommunicable title should be extended hereafter to them and to theirs. How is it with us? Are we ready to accept that dignity—to inscribe upon all that we possess that august title, "Holiness unto the Lord?" Alas! even religious men would keep something out of the reach of that consecration. It is inconvenient, it is embarrassing, it is reproving and convicting, to have God thus brought quite into everything! One man will keep his money out of God's way: another will keep his amusements out of God's way: another will keep his affections, or just one affection, out of God's way: the inscription, "Holiness unto the Lord," would be incompatible, he knows, with this pleasure or with that indulgence —and, instead of thankfully coming with each, to have the sacred mark set upon it, he will evade, he will escape, he will even misread or mishear the proclamation—and instead of loving to see God in everything, he will keep God, if he can, and while he can, just out of this, and out of just that!

To state it, is to reprove the feeling: but is it not too much ours? Where, indeed, amongst us, is that simple, that single desire, to be altogether God's—to use everything as His, and to enjoy everything as His, and to honour Him in everything as His—which is the very meaning of that blessedness which Zechariah speaks of, when he says, "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord?"

ii. Again, *all things are alike holy.* The commonest vessels in the Lord's house shall be like the sacrificial bowls before the altar. Not only so: every vessel in the humblest house shall be fit for those who sacrifice to seethe therein. Gradations of holiness are unknown, and distinctions between common and holy are unknown, under the Gospel. And this, not by the obliteration of the consecrating mark from any, but by the extension of the consecrating mark to all.

Most important, most vital, is this last principle.

Some men say, A Church is no more holy than a house—it matters not what disrespect, what dishonour I show to it. I may come hither jesting and trifling—I may sit here when others kneel—I may smile here or whisper, spend the time in worldly (or worse) thoughts, begin to talk the moment the minister's voice is silent, and go out hence as if from a meeting or a concert-room—and all this because under the Gospel one place is no more sacred than another place! And another man will go on to say, One day is no more holy to a Christian than another day: the Sabbath is abolished under the Gospel—it was one of the rudiments or elements of the Divine education, now cast aside and abolished altogether for the man of full age in Christ. I will spend my Sunday in frivolity or business, and only say in my excuse that I esteem every day alike! Notice well the prophecy and the promise. If Aaron wears no longer the inscription upon the priestly mitre, it is because that inscription has been extended to the very bells of the horses. If the sacrificial bowls have lost the exclusiveness of their sanctity, it is because the very pots in the Lord's house have been consecrated into the same honour. If the common vessels in the houses of Judah and Jerusalem are on a level now with the sacred utensils of the Temple, it is because these, like those, are used by them that sacrifice, and the unburnt portions of the offering are prepared therein for the priest and for the worshipper. It is not that the consecrating mark is obliterated from any: it is that the consecrating mark is extended to all. If you say that a Church is no more than a common dwelling, see that your own home partakes of its consecration. See that your own home shall become none other than the house of God—the place of your night's resting a very gate of heaven. If you say that Sunday is to you as any common week-day, see that it be because to you every day is a Sunday, and he who dwells always in God's presence needs not one particular day alone for seeking it. The pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar—and every vessel in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts.

iii. Finally, *we ourselves must be holy.* "In that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts." They who would abide in God's house, like the son, for ever, must cleanse themselves from all defilement whether of flesh or spirit, and perfect holiness, while they live, in the fear of God. In the true house, under the Gospel, there is no Canaanite. He may seem to be there; the great severing is not yet: the wheat and the tares still grow together: the guest who has not on the wedding-garment may still sit with the accepted till the King comes in to inspect and to exclude. But in the true house he is not: God sees him not as there.

The Canaanite is the trafficker: the man who brings his merchandise into God's house: the poor person, it may be, who comes to Church to win favour with the dispensers of the Church's alms: he, or she, is a trafficker—making a gain of godliness—a Canaanite, whom God reckons not among His worshippers. Or the person, rich or poor, who comes to Church to be seen of men; who would buy respectability by worship—and so traffics in Church-going, and is like one of those buyers and sellers, or changers of money, whom Christ once drove out of the Temple, and accused of turning it into a den of thieves. Or the man who comes to Church with the world in his heart—and spends the hour of worship in running over in silence those mammon gains, or those schemes of avarice, which have no place there, and no blessing anywhere. These are examples of the trafficker, called in our text the Canaanite, who shall not be in the house of the Lord.

But the house of the Lord now is not the place of worship only—it is the Church itself, the congregation and community of believing men. Alas! how wide becomes the warning when we thus read it. Traffickers in this world's wealth and pleasure and honour—traffickers, too many of them, even in unjust gains and unlawful ventures—traffickers, are there none such? in the emoluments, the dignities, and the responsibilities of the Church's offices—if these are not to be found in the temple which is Christ's body, assuredly the promise of the text is not yet fulfilled: "in that day" must have a prospective as well as a present meaning—even an aspect towards that time when judgment shall have begun at the house of God, and Christ shall have sent forth His angels to gather out of His kingdom all things that offend!

So then the words of the Prophet predict a coming judgment. They say, in the spirit of the last book of Holy Scripture, already quoted from, "There shall in no wise enter into it"—into God's holy and eternal city—"anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." The "Canaanite" is the sinner: he who, whatever his profession, has lived and died in sin; has never cleansed his heart from evil, nor consecrated his life to God's service.

When that great separation is at last made; when God has entered into judgment first with His own—with those who have borne Christ's name, and have worshipped year after year in the midst of the congregation of His people—where shall we be then? The Canaanite shall be no more in the Lord's house: the slave abideth not in the house for ever: only the son abideth ever: and the son is he whom Christ, the only-begotten, has set free through the truth. Could words be plainer—more ready for self-application? Has the Son, in any sense, set us free? Has Christ broken for us the yoke of sin—of evil habit, wrong desire, sinful living—and enabled us to go forth, as His freemen, to do and to suffer, day by day, in patient consistency, all the will of God? O, we may deceive ourselves in some things, but we can scarcely deceive ourselves in this. We may fall into errors, into follies, even alas! into sins, and yet not be utterly careless, not wholly destitute of faith and grace: but we must know—we do know—whether Christ is anything to us, or nothing, as to the great question of living in sin or living to God; whether, in any degree, by faith in Him, by prayer through Him, we are conquering, or even struggling with, our besetting temptations; whether the words have any meaning at all for us, The Spirit of God, through Christ Jesus, sets me free from the yoke of sin and death. Yes, we know it—each man in the deep of his heart. But we are not bound, not compelled as yet, to answer the question. The day of judgment is not yet—we will hope, we will trust, we will speculate, we will gamble, about salvation still!

May He awaken us, who alone can! If not otherwise, by one of His sharp shocks—by fear, by shame, by loss, by bereavement, by the approach of death! Anything rather than that we should sleep on and die! Anything rather than that we should hear the words at last, "How camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? Bind him hand and foot and take him away—for in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts!"

C. J. VAUGHAN.

HOW CAN WE BEST RELIEVE OUR DESERVING POOR?

By THE EDITOR.

This question presses itself upon us with constant and increasing interest. All acknowledge that it is not answered by our poor law as at present administered in any portion of the kingdom. In England the benevolent principle of the poor law is, that no person shall perish from want of food, whatever his character or fitness for labour may be. The only legal check to imposition or sloth is the workhouse, with its separation of the members of the family, its forced labour, and its diet in quantity only sufficient to support life, and in quality not very tempting to a nice appetite. This system is very properly intended to be only a degree better than starvation. But while in England, during the last year, more than a million of paupers—18 per cent. being able-bodied—were thus relieved, at an expense of more than six million pounds, yet how much pauperism remained unrelieved! How seldom did the relief afforded touch the most deserving class of sufferers, who conceal their need from the public eye, or succumb to disease from the want of sufficient nourishment to enable them to resist it. "The vast mass of unrelieved indigence in London," says a recent writer, "is perfectly overwhelming. Deaths from starvation are of frequent occurrence,* and no police regulation, no poor law, no charity, can do much with a pauper population which covers many square miles, and numbers several thousand souls." Verily, as the American report, which quotes these words, remarks, "*that* poverty and misery appear hopeless on which the almost incredible private charity of England makes little impression!" An impression might nevertheless be made, provided the incredible amount of *private* charity were administered in a wiser form, requiring possibly more self-denial than the giving of money, and aiming at loftier results than the affording of mere temporary relief, to get quit for a time of the presence of suffering.

The state of things in Scotland—we speak of the cities—is, we are persuaded, fully as bad as in England; and perhaps worse, considering the smallness of its population when compared with that of its sister-country, or even London. The able-bodied poor are not relieved by law in Scotland. If they are able to work, they must find work as best they can, or want. Last year, in Scotland, 602,520 paupers were relieved, at an expense of 770,629*l*. The applications for relief by 5,673 were rejected. How much misery may not this last item represent if we take into account those dependent on the applicants! And how many thousands more, whose cry is never heard, wither and pass away as unknown to the world as the decayed leaves of a forest, who, if judiciously aided at the right time, might be saved from much suffering, and live to be industrious and happy members of society!

The practical difficulties which every form of legal assessment, as at present administered, has to contend against, are on the one hand that of *giving*, so as to pauperise and demoralise the community, and, on the other hand, that of *withholding* so as to let the poor starve and die. Let it be admitted, that in the present state of society a poor law of some kind is necessary; that to prevent it producing greater evils than poverty, it must be applied with all possible stringency, and the legal pound of charity flesh, or bread, be neither diminished nor increased by the weight of a hair, less or more; that a clear line of demarcation be practically drawn between the greatest amount of aid bestowed by law with its compulsory labour, and what can be obtained by industry with its free labour; and that the only guarantee given by the state shall be against absolute want;—then what would be the results of a poor law thus administered in the present state of society? One result, unquestionably, would be an immense mass of unrelieved poverty—poverty arising in some cases from culpable causes, but in other cases from causes in God's providence which render poverty neither a curse nor a disgrace, but an affliction which demands the sympathy and aid of the truly charitable.

Now, what is to be done with this mass of unrelieved poverty?

Some may be disposed to get quit of the pressing and painful difficulty by the simple aphorism that "We have nothing to do with it." But the very worst and most repellent among the poor are those who most prove that they at least *have to do with us!* It is they who cheat us out of our money; impose upon us by their falsehoods; rob us of our purses, or break into our houses, and when punished for their crimes, make us pay for their food, clothing, and safe-keeping. Nay, how generally are the homes of the worst and most neglected poor, the centres from which disease, in varied and dreadful forms, goes forth to infect the homes of comfort, and to remind the selfish and inconsiderate that they *have* to do with the most worthless, and are bound to them for good or evil. Shall we then aid them by indiscriminate charity? This would only add to the evil. It is advised to stop all begging. Be it so. But what then becomes of the beggars? "If a man will not labour, let him not eat." But how are we to distinguish between the lazy, who will not work, and the industrious, who either cannot work, or can find no work to do? It is said, "Let congregations and churches relieve their own poor." This is just and right; but what of the poor who have no connec-

* There were in London in ten years ending 31st of December, 1857, 3,292 deaths from starvation, as reported in the returns of the Registrar-General.

tion, from their very poverty, with any church? The more we examine the problem to be solved, the more must we be convinced that our cities contain a great amount of suffering which no legal charity *ought* to relieve, and which no private charity, unless combined in some organisation co-extensive with the need, *can* relieve. It is altogether unnecessary to prove what no one denies. Those who, as clergymen, city missionaries, physicians, &c., daily come into contact with poverty in every form, feel this as a heavy and constant burthen on their hearts. They fear almost to look the evil in the face, from the pain occasioned by a sense of their utter helplessness to relieve it, and also from the conviction, that if kind-hearted people realised the actual suffering around them, and were aroused to a sense of their responsibility with regard to it, and believed in the possibility of relieving it by a proper organisation, it *could* be done; and, therefore, the fact of its *not* being done is as painful as that of seeing persons drowned or burnt who could have been saved, had others, as we phrase it, "only known," "only thought," "only been told about it."

It is impossible to classify such cases as those we have alluded to—these being as various as the circumstances and history of different persons and families. Among these cases are those of families reduced by fever, or by long periods of severe sickness, during which furniture and clothes, with even "the rags of old decency," have been sold or pawned, and where help is needed to restore wasted strength and the smallest amount of household comfort;—families with weak constitutions, who, from want of proper nourishment, or country air, for a few weeks, are fast sinking into the depths;—families out of work, with no one to aid them in getting it;—families in which an old father or mother, a delicate brother or sister, or possibly a fatuous one, are supported by others hardly able to support themselves; orphan children, cast on the world at a period of life when a situation, or the training for one, might save them from destruction;—poor children, unable to attend school from want of decent clothing, or the money to pay the school-fees;—deformed children, who could be so far aided as to be made fit for labour; sick children, 50 per cent. of whom die from neglect or inadequate food, both produced or greatly aggravated by poverty:—idiotic children, who could be delivered from the mere animalism into which they are sinking, and thus becoming a sad drag on the family;—children deaf and dumb and blind, who are utterly neglected through the ignorance or hopelessness of the poor parents;—adults suffering from diseases which require modern and mechanical aids and appliances, such as bandages, trusses, &c., to enable them to work, or to relieve them from much suffering;—cases where abject poverty has caused listlessness, despondency, and despair, but which with wise advice and aid may be stimulated to renewed and successful effort; mothers in childbirth who could be saved to their large families by a little careful nursing and suitable food;—oh! how many such cases occur in a great city, utterly unknown to the kind-hearted ladies and gentlemen who inhabit it, and who hear nothing of them, for there is many a desolate cry of pain smothered within the walls of poor homes, like that of mariners in a sinking ship who see no sail within the wide horizon. To all this sad catalogue of suffering which may be remedied or alleviated, we must add the evils arising from ignorance regarding ventilation, cleanliness, and the cooking of simple food for the sick, or as to the best means, and the right time, for obtaining medical aid, and saving them from the impositions of unprincipled quacks.

In Scotland, where the able-bodied poor, as we have said, are not entitled to legal charity, such cases are probably more frequent than in England, in spite of the personal efforts which such a veto to every demand for parochial relief necessarily stimulates. But where are the able-bodied to ask relief with any hope of finding it, except in those cases where they are personally known as deserving to those who are both able and willing to relieve them? Let us state a case which accidentally came under our observation some time ago. On one of the coldest days in one of our coldest winters, a tall working man in old fustian clothes was seen sitting on a stone by the roadside with his head bent down. He was accosted by an acquaintance, who asked him what he was doing there. He replied that for three weeks he had been looking for work but could find none; that he felt very weak and unable to walk without often taking rest; and above all, that he trembled to meet his wife and children again with empty hands. His poor friend could only sympathise with him, and help him to return home. He returned home;—but there was no food in the house for his wife and five young children, and no fire in the grate, and hardly a shred of tattered clothes on their beds, as all had been pawned that could bring in a farthing. The father sat down, and buried his face in his hands, but said nothing. His wife having gone out on some message to a neighbour, was quickly followed by her eldest boy, who said, "Mither, come back, there's something far wrang wi faither." She hastily returned and found her husband suspended by the neck behind the door. She cut him down, and he slowly revived. With a woman's love and with many tears she upbraided him. He replied, "Dinna be ower sair on me. It was for you and my puir bairns I did it. As an able-bodied man I could get nae relief from the parish, and I didna like to beg; but I kent if I was dead they wad be obliged to support my widow and orphans." Poor fellow! his case became known to a very few, when it was promptly relieved, without his ever knowing that his rashness was suspected. It turned out that he was also suffering from hernia, and though an intelligent man, able to read and write—and honest, sober, and

industrious, let us add—he had never heard of a truss, nor could he have bought one even if he had. Two pounds judiciously laid out restored him to comparative comfort; a note to an employer obtained him work, and he has never wanted since. Another instance of a different kind occurs to us; it was that of a respectable family consisting of father, mother, two sons, and a daughter. All had come to the town fresh and active from the country, and all found work; but the father died from fever, a son soon followed, the other son was smitten with consumption. The daughter, about 18, and very good-looking, laboured far beyond her strength to support her mother and brother. Every day she became weaker until at length medical aid was called in. "I cannot discover," the physician said, "any disease here, but she has no blood,—what has been her food?" The poor mother, ignorant of her daughter's danger, said that she had no appetite, but never complained; that she lived chiefly on weak tea and toast, and always said she felt quite well, but was often wearied and weak. She died next day;—"fell asleep," as her mother said, "and never awoke." That long narrow coffin with the mother weeping over it was a sad sight, and a solemn cry for aid to the suffering! And how easily she could have been saved! This losing of the appetite often deceives. "How did the poor children live?" we asked a mechanic after the cotton famine, who had a miserable income, with a large family. "I could hardly tell," he replied. "We had nothing to give them but 'porridge,' or pease brose, and these often but once a day and without milk. Having been accustomed to a sufficient quantity of food the young ones at first complained, but to do the auldest among them justice, they were very *decent* and *genteel*,—and never grumbled. But when their blood got thin, puir craturs, they were a' mair easily pleased, for they didna feel so hungry."

One of the most cheering, yet humbling facts, in connection with the relief of the deserving poor, is the little money that will tide a family over a trying time, when it is prudently used, with encouraging words, and other small but effective remedial measures, which can hardly be specified, but which experience, good feeling, and common sense naturally dictate. In the path of the deserving poor, there ever and anon occur ditches, which they have not the means of crossing *at the moment*, and which therefore make escape from the bull that is pursuing them as impossible as if they were oceans. A single plank would make escape easy—but the plank is not there! They may be able to command a dozen in a month perhaps, but they need one *now*; and if they have not the plank, and the bull is in full chase!—what then?

Now it is surely unnecessary at this time of day in the history of the Church or of the world, to remind our readers of their duties to the poor. But we fear some are apt to forget the prominent place which these hold in the moral teaching of the Old and New Testament. We are all apt to forget how a curse is pronounced on those who hide themselves from their own flesh, and a blessing on those who wisely consider the poor;—how Jesus, in declaring that the poor would be always with us recognised them as being always objects of charity, and a means of educating us in brotherly love; how He tells us that feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick, are the very tests which shall determine the reality of our love to Himself; and how He himself and His disciples, though poor, kept a common purse, out of which the poor were relieved. The letters of the Apostles breathe the same spirit and teaching. The apostle John says, "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." St. James says, "If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." St. Paul says, "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." And how nobly did St. Paul embody his teaching in his life, when he says, "These needs have ministered to my necessities, and *to those that are with me*," and when he laboured by word and deed to obtain aid from the Gentiles for the poor Jews in Jerusalem, and to administer it at the risk of his life. Let us take heed lest we underrate the importance of this duty to our brethren. To deny this duty of charity to the poor, is to deny the faith, and to substitute a mere Christian creed for a Christian life, and self-indulgence for self-denial.

But candidly admitting all this, it may be asked, how are we in the present circumstances of society to minister relief to the poor? Now one thing is essential to the success of every effort to distribute private charity, and that is, *personal visitation* and the careful scrutiny of every case. This is obviously necessary to detect and prevent imposture, and to discover the deserving poor. But it is above all necessary, in order to produce the higher result of making charity "twice blessed," as it should be—blessed to him who giveth, as well as to him who receiveth; more indeed, though it is seldom thought of, to the former than to the latter, inasmuch as it is *more* blessed to give than to receive. Such a virtue as legal "charity," or charity by Act of Parliament, does not and cannot exist. The claim of right destroys it, and converts it into a debt. The nature of the transaction implies no more love between the giver and the receiver, than between debtor and creditor. All

our goods may in this form be given to feed the poor, and yet the sacrifice be made "without charity." The same may be said with as much truth in regard to all money given to beggars which expresses no higher sentiment than the very vulgar but too common one, "Get along with you!" But, on the other hand, the charitable person who, with "kind looks, kind words, and tender greetings," relieves the needy, is himself a greater gift, a revealer of a higher good, than any mere material gift which he bestows. He who thus helps the sick and feeds the hungry, may say to each family, "The kingdom of heaven is come nigh to you." Truly does the poet sing that—

"—— who does me good with unmoved face
He is my benefactor, not my brother man."

"It is not," says Charles Lamb, "medicine, it is not broth and coarse meats, served up at stated hours with all the hard formalities of a prison; it is not the scanty bed to die on, which man requires from his species. Looks, attentions, consolations, in one word, *sympathies*, are what a man most needs. A kind look, a smile, a drop of cold water to the parched lips—for these things a man shall bless thee in death."

But, in addition to those accompaniments of true charity ministered by good sense and kindly sympathy, by personal visitation alone can other ends be accomplished for the relief of poverty which should never be overlooked; such as the stimulating of neighbours and relations to do their duty towards their poorer brethren; the helping of those out of employment to find it; the supplying of some defect in education which may be easily removed, but which would otherwise prove a constant drawback; and also, by friendly advice and aid, the saving or recovering many from careless habits, or vicious tendencies. That all this implies thoughtfulness and some trouble on the part of visitors is admitted, but it is a law that all true gain is inseparable from self-sacrifice. That the many cases of poverty arising from obstinate vice or idleness will remain unrelieved, is also likely; but then, for such sufferings—righteously annexed by God to evil—the vicious themselves are responsible, and not society. That much disappointment, and some ingratitude (though rarely), will be experienced, may also be anticipated; but in spite of all such painful results, the good done will immensely preponderate, and be a source of constant thanksgiving. One result, already alluded to, of such charity on a large scale, or when ministered by a large organisation, will much surprise those not accustomed to such experiments. This is the great way which a little money will go—the good which can be accomplished by small means wisely applied. While legal charity spends its hundreds of pounds, Christian charity, if its dispensers are properly organised, would with its tens attain, in every respect, higher results. The one is as water poured over a desert which brings forth thorns; the others would convert all the desert, not irretrievably doomed to sterility, into a fruitful field of physical and moral well-being.

These remarks suggest other questions:—How are the charitably disposed in a great city to be thus brought into contact with the poor? How is personal visitation possible? Is each man to search out the poor for himself, or is any association practicable by which the work can be done in a methodical and satisfactory manner?

Our reply to these questions will, in the meantime, be a statement of facts, as to what has been done in America, upon a scale and with results which warrant us in making the same attempt to relieve the deserving poor in our great cities.

The rest of this paper will therefore be devoted to giving some account of "THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR." All the annual reports of this association, twenty-two in number, are now before us, and from them we mean to furnish our readers with some account of this excellent society.

The association was formed in the year 1844. Its general object is "the elevation of the moral and physical condition of the poor; and so far as compatible with these objects, the relief of their necessities." When it began its operations, about thirty or forty almsgiving societies existed in the city, and a poor law was in full operation, dispensing a large amount of funds. But pauperism nevertheless increased with a greater ratio than the population, and mendicity had become a public nuisance. A select committee was appointed by a number of gentlemen in 1842-3, to inquire into the causes of failure in the several charities, and to report on them, and also to devise, if practicable, a better system of dispensing relief. They reported that among those causes were, 1st, *the want of discrimination in giving relief*, which led to imposition and the misapplication of large sums of money, and actually created more want than it relieved; 2nd, the *independent action* of the several societies, which artful mendicants turned to their own advantage, the most undeserving thus obtaining the largest amount of assistance; 3rd, the want of all provision for *personal intercourse* with the recipients of alms at their dwellings, and for such sympathy and counsel as would tend to encourage industrious and virtuous habits, and to provide for the *permanent* physical and moral improvement of those relieved; and finally, as regarded the state poor law, that every form of public charity which had not especial reference to the removal of the causes of poverty must increase its amount, and when it has done its utmost, must leave an immense work unaccomplished, which cannot be effected by isolated individual exertions.

After many investigations into the state of the poor both in America and in Europe, the association was formed "to put an end to street begging and vagrancy, and to visit the poor in their houses, carefully to examine their circumstances, and to

extend to them appropriate relief, and through the friendly intercourse with visitors to inculcate among them habits of frugality, temperance, industry, and individual self-dependence."

To effect these desirable objects the following organisation was adopted, and has been successfully carried out: — The whole city of New York is divided into 22 districts. Each district is superintended by a committee of five. One of these acts as chairman. Each district is again divided by this committee into *sections*, the number of sections being determined by the number of visitors required by each, about 25 *families* being apportioned to each visitor. The whole association is governed by managers, including president, vice-presidents, treasurers, and secretary, about nine in all, who, along with the chairman of each district, form a *supervisory council*. There is a central office with a paid secretary. The visitors, all gentlemen, number at present about 370. The board of managers have exclusive control of the funds, fill up vacancies in their body, appoint the district committees, and adopt such means as the objects of the institution require. They meet for the prosecution of business once a month (except in July and August). A general meeting of the association is held annually. A meeting of the supervisory committee is called, when necessary, by the secretary at the request of the president. Every person who becomes an annual subscriber, a member of a district (advisory) committee, or a visitor, is officially a member of the association.

Among the *fundamental rules* of the association are the following: 1. To regard each applicant for relief as entitled to charity, until a careful examination proves the contrary. 2. To give relief only after a personal investigation of each case by visitation and inquiry. 3. To relieve no one, except through the visitor of the section in which the applicant lives. 4. To give necessary articles, and only what is immediately necessary. 5. To give what is least susceptible of abuse, and consequently no money. 6. To give only in small quantities, and in proportion to immediate need; and of coarser quality than might be procured by labour, except in cases of sickness.* 7. To give assistance at the right moment; not to prolong it beyond the necessity that calls for it; but to extend, restrict, and modify relief according to that necessity. 8. To require of each beneficiary abstinence from intoxicating drink; of such as have young children of a proper age, that they may be kept at school, except unavoidable circumstances prevent it; and to apprentice those of suitable years to some trade, or send them to service. The design being to make the poor a party to their own elevation, the wilful neglect or disregard of these rules shall debar them from further relief. 9. To give no relief to persons who, from infirmity, imbecility, old age, or any other cause, are likely to continue unable to earn their own support, and consequently to be permanently dependent, except in extreme cases for two or three days, or until they are referred to the commissioners of charity (the poor-law guardians). 10. To discontinue relief to all who manifest a purpose to depend on alms rather than on their own exertions for support, and whose further maintenance would be incompatible with their good, and with the objects of the association. 11. To give those having claims on other charities a card directing them thereto, which indicates thereon why such relief was refused by the association; the duplicate thereof, the member should require the applicant to produce, when he affirms that the association has denied him relief.

It will thus appear that no existing charities, whether voluntary or legal, are interfered with. The association takes up those cases only which can be aided by neither. It is also evident that if *every* case of poverty is carefully inquired into, and aided in the best possible manner, the poor law may confine its out-door or in-door relief to those who are in the strictest sense paupers, and who cannot be otherwise relieved; and every other charity, whether congregational or otherwise, is aided in its work: thus leaving only such surplus poverty as is caused by voluntary idleness or dissipation, and which *ought* not therefore to be relieved by any party, but be permitted to suffer or reform.

In carrying out their work systematically, the association also publishes a small Almanac or "Directory," every year, for the use of subscribers. This directory contains the *names* of all the visitors, and their respective districts, with the fundamental rules of the association. There are also printed cards, or slips, issued to the subscribers, with blanks, which they can fill up with the name and address of the visitor, and the name and address of the applicant, and which can be handed by the members to any person applying to them for relief, and thus secure the case being inquired into. The visitor has also blank forms, which he fills up with orders upon accredited stores, for articles of food or clothing. Each visitor, moreover, fills up a schedule, and makes a monthly return to his district committee—the monthly meeting of which he is expected to attend—of the names of all the persons relieved during the preceding month, with residence, occupation, character, and amount of relief given. Those found unworthy of relief are also reported, and a record of them kept at the central office. We give in a note an extract from the "Visitors' Manual."*

* The following are the articles of food. List No. 1, for persons in health: Indian meal, hominy, potatoes, beans, pease, pork, and fried fish.

List No. 2, for persons in sickness: in addition to articles No. 1, bread, tea, sugar, and fresh animal food.

* "In all cases referred to you for aid, if the applicants reside in your section, remember they have claims upon your sympathies and kind offices which belong to no other visitor of this association, and, if neglected by you, they may suffer unrelieved. Without delay, therefore, visit them at their homes; personally ex-

We may now state some of the results of this association. It is supported by about 700 subscribers, whose subscriptions, apart from legacies or donations, amounted last year to 49,299 dollars, or upwards of 9,000*l*. The work done last year was the relief of 5,373 families, containing 22,285 persons, by 22,300 visits. Since the association began, the number of the visitors has increased from 244 to 366—the subscriptions have increased four-fold—while 678,882 visits have been made, and 654,063 persons relieved.

In order to estimate the labour of this association, and to judge how far such an organisation is capable of being adapted to the conditions of the great cities on this side of the Atlantic, it may be well to notice some circumstances connected with the city of New York, which will show the difficulties and discouragements which the association has had to meet.

The population of New York is now about a million, and greater, therefore, than that of any city in Europe or America, except Paris, London, and Constantinople. This population, moreover, is made up of the most heterogeneous elements. About one-half is either foreign-born, or of immediate foreign descent. Of the many immigrants into New York (upwards of 260,000 annually), twenty-five per cent. remain, and never pass into the interior. Among these are the poorest, and also the worst, we are ashamed to say, of our own population, whom we have got rid of by sending to the States. About 256,000 persons of foreign birth were relieved by the *city* of New York in one year.* And no doubt the most permanent class of paupers

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amine every case; ascertain their character and condition; and carefully inquire into the causes which have brought them into a state of destitution. You will become an important instrument of good to your suffering fellow-creatures, when you aid them to obtain this good from resources within themselves. To effect this, show them the true origin of their sufferings, when these sufferings are the result of imprudence, extravagance, idleness, intemperance, or other moral causes which are within their own control; and endeavour, by all appropriate means, to awaken their self-respect, to direct their exertions, and to strengthen their capacities for self-support. In your intercourse with them, avoid all appearance of harshness, and every manifestation of an obtrusive and a censorious spirit. Study to carry into your work a mind as discriminating and judicious as it is kindly disposed, and a heart ready to sympathise with the sick and the infirm, the widow and the orphan, the tempted and the vicious. In short, if you would confer great and permanent good upon the needy, you first must distinctly understand in what that good consists; and as this knowledge can only be acquired by personal intercourse with them at their dwellings, the second rule becomes as absolute as the first, viz.—*Always to visit those for whom your benevolent services are required, before granting relief.* Having given these general instructions in relation to visitorial duties, it may be useful to present a few practical directions concerning each of the classes of the poor before named.

"*First.* Those who have been reduced to indigence by unavoidable causes.

"In your intercourse with this class, if you meet with industry, frugality, and self-respect, and a preference for self-denial to dependence upon alms, let not your charities become the means of undermining one right principle, or of enfeebling one well-directed impulse. Alms in such cases must often be given, and the temptation is to bestow freely; but let them be administered with great delicacy and caution. The most effectual encouragement for such persons is not *alms chiefly*, or any other form of charity as a substitute for alms, but that sympathising counsel which re-enkindles hope, and that expression of respect for character, which such individuals never fail to appreciate. A wise distribution of charity, connected with a deportment of this kind towards the deserving poor, will often save them from pauperism, when the absence of these may degrade them to habitual dependence on alms for subsistence.

"*Second.* Individuals who have become mendicants through their own improvidence and vices.

"The evils of improvidence can never be diminished, except by removing the cause; and this can only be done by elevating the moral character of the poor, and by teaching them to depend upon themselves. Many able-bodied persons apply for alms who earn enough for their own maintenance, but expend their earnings in improper indulgences, with the calculation of subsisting on charity when their own resources fail them, who might have obviated this necessity by proper self-denial and economy. In respect to these cases, if relief must be given,—and it sometimes must be,—it should never be of a kind, or to a degree, that will *make this dependence preferable to a life of labour*. And it should not be forgotten, that many would be economical and saving *if they knew how to be*. Let it be your endeavour, therefore, to instruct them; to encourage deposits in savings banks for rent, fuel, and winter supplies; and by all the motives which you can present, stimulate them to habits of thriftiness, industry, and foresight. The rule is, *that the willingly dependent upon alms should not live so comfortably with them as the humblest independent labourer without them.*

"In this class is also included those who have been reduced to want by their vices. Among these, the vice of *intemperance* is the most prolific source of pauperism and abject poverty. How to act wisely in reference to this class of applicants, is a most perplexing question, yet, as it will frequently occur, it must be met. As a general rule, *alms should, as far as possible, be withheld from the drunkard.* But here, perhaps, is the inebriate's family in actual want of the absolute necessaries of life. Still the rule is, that *relief should never be given to the families of the intemperate, beyond the demands of urgent necessity.* You should, if possible, become the instruments of their rescue; but any alms you can bestow may only perpetuate their misery. They may minister to the drunkard's recklessness, and induce him to feel that he is relieved from the necessity, perhaps from the moral obligation, of providing for his wife and children. Much must here be left to your discretion. Seek, however, by all the means of which you can avail yourself, to save the intemperate from ruin. Depraved though he be, shut not your heart against him. Though apparently lost, he is not beyond hope. Act on this principle, and you may be the instrument of his recovery. But whatever may be your success with the guilty and perhaps incorrigible parent, never abandon your interest in the welfare of his children.

"*Third.* To the third general class specified, viz., those who are able but unwilling to labour, and professional paupers, the Scripture rule applies without qualification: 'This we command you, that if any will not work, neither should he eat.' If the entire community were to act on this principle, some of this class might be exposed to the risk of starvation. But as such unanimity is not likely to occur, this association cannot, by bestowing alms on objects so undeserving, become a willing accessory in perpetuating the evils of vagrancy and pauperism."

* It is admitted that the increase of population and wealth to the United States by immigration compensates ten-thousandfold for any such temporary loss. The annual average of immigrants is 260,000. The value of the immigrant labour from 1850 till 1860 was carefully computed at fourteen hundred and thirty millions of dollars, making no allowance for increase of capital, nor for natural increase of population, which in ten years amounted

in the city, the most ignorant, filthy, and thriftless, the greatest disturbers of the public peace, the rearers of the greatest number of ragged children and young criminals, are Irish. Fifty-three per cent. of the criminals are Irish, and 69 per cent. of those relieved are Irish. The Irish are all Roman Catholics, yet they have been aided as well as others, though grievously neglected by their church, among whose members no subscribers to the association are found. There is, moreover, in New York, as we have already mentioned, a poor law, worked on the same principles as the English poor law. We find from the report of 1856,—and matters have not improved, we believe, since then,—that there were 204,163 paupers supported by legal charity, at an annual expense of 1,379,954 dollars; and that while the population during twenty years (from 1830 till 1850) had increased 61 per cent., the pauperism had increased 706 per cent. The pauperism, according to the ratio of the population, was then as 2 to 1 to that of Ireland! Two-thirds of the pauperism of the State is confined to the city of New York. We may add that nearly 2,000 paupers are in the almshouse, and that between 70,000 and 80,000 receive out-door relief. Nor must it be supposed that New York is such a healthy city as to make the labours of the association lighter than they would be in London. New York might be one of the healthiest cities in the world, bounded as it is by the estuaries, and with its broad streets and fine climate: yet its death rate is equal to that of London.*

The sanitary condition of New York is, on the whole, far behind that of London. In 1864, no fewer than "400 butcheries and offal establishments were in full play, diffusing their sickening effluvia." Three-fourths of the city are unsupplied with sewerage. In 1859, it was reported that "147 miles in the city was one open cess-pool!" and we do not discover any evidence of much improvement since. About 18,000 persons live in cellars. Nearly half a million inhabitants are packed into ill-ventilated houses in one district, at the rate of 240,000 within a square mile; and 10,000 lives are thus annually lost from diseases which could be prevented.† Moreover, one per cent. of the population, or 10,000, are yearly incarcerated for crime, and are furnished by the poorer districts of the city.

Another fact, affecting the operations of this association, is the enormous civic taxation. "In ten years preceding 1864, the wealth of the city increased 20 per cent., the population 47 per cent., and taxation 60 per cent.!" This is attributed to the influence of a corrupt and unprincipled political "Ring"; and it is alleged that "one-third of the taxation is either squandered or stolen." The city tax amounts to upwards of 3,500,000*l.* ($18,196,608 in 1865), while the debt is upwards of 8,500,000*l.* ($42,581,724). Taking all these circumstances into account, it would appear that no European city can present greater difficulties or discouragements in the way of carrying out an organised system for aiding the deserving poor than those which have been met and overcome by the New York association with such wisdom, patience, and Christian self-denial.

The association, too, has had times of special difficulty to contend with, and such as fully tested the soundness of its principles. It has had a season of bad harvests, when tens of thousands were thrown out of employment in New York, and when excited "philanthropists" could not brook the patient labours of the association, but insisted on an open-handed charity expressive of what they called "spontaneous sympathy," which, at the time, was very popular with the beggars, but did incalculable harm in the end, and only proved the vast importance of personal visitation in dispensing charity, instead of such short-cut methods as indiscriminate soup-kitchens, and gifts in money, which save trouble but increase beggary in its worst forms and with all its worst vices. The association has also had to meet the disorganisation and the ruin of the most industrious and respectable of the working population, occasioned by the disastrous crashes in New York in 1854, when nearly a thousand failures occurred with losses amounting to upwards of twenty millions of pounds. At another time the brutal riots, occasioned by the lowest of the mob—*nine-tenths of whom were Irish*—against the negroes, and in which 500 were massacred, increased the work of the association. But it was nobly aided by the New York citizens, who promptly put at its disposal upwards of 8000*l.*, for the relief of the coloured population.

Then came the great war, to which the city of New York contributed more than 100,000 of her citizens as soldiers, and expended upwards of 600,000*l.* for the support of their indigent families during their absence on service. When these funds failed, many families had to be cared for by the association who had no legal claim on government assistance; yet it was able to meet and to weather all those storms, and never wanted funds, or people fit to administer them.*

to 24 per cent. It is also proved that the nation's wealth increases each ten years at the rate of 126·43 per cent.; and if the value of immigrant labour during ten years is multiplied by 126·43 (the increase of wealth for the same period), the result will be more than three billions of dollars to be gained by the United States in 1870. It is calculated that in 1864 alone immigrants brought with them to the United States 18,880,000 dollars.

* Up to 1857 the mortality of London was 25 in 1000, and New York 36 in 1000. New York has improved since then.

† In the report of the association for 1865, it is frankly admitted that "English legislation, in all that pertains to the conservation of public health, is far in advance of our own." We may add that, having once visited, many years ago, the "Five Points" in New York at night, under the guidance and protection of the Captain of Police, we never saw more signs of squalor, poverty, and vice in the worst district of any European city.

* It is stated in page 67 of the Report of the Association for 1864, that the citizens of the United States, in addition to their heavy taxation, subscribed during the war, for the

We again ask, whether it is likely any similar association in London, Liverpool, or Glasgow would have greater difficulties to overcome, or have severer tests applied to determine its qualities as a machine in every respect adapted for the work which it professes to accomplish?

We have not yet done with the operations of this society; and as we are writing for information, and with reference to one of the highest objects which can engage the attention of every good man —that of aiding the deserving poor—we crave indulgence while adding a few more details, which must be given in a condensed and, therefore, in a *dry* form.

It was not possible for an association like this to come into such close contact with the masses—to gather up through its many agents so much accurate information every month, and to systematise this, year after year, without its suggesting and developing various benevolent schemes and social reforms bearing on the moral and physical well-being of the poor. And one of the benefits conferred by such a society is its influence in creating a right public opinion, which must precede any legislation required to effect sanitary reforms on a large scale. Each succeeding year almost, in the history of the association, has been thus marked by a practical inquiry into some existing evil or remedy for it. It has, for example, organised a system for the supply of the *indigent sick* with gratuitous medical aid; and this has ended in the establishment of admirable dispensaries in the several wards of the city—the Demiet Dispensary alone having last year aided 328,308 persons, 66,128 being at their own homes. It has fostered special societies, as, for example, one "for the relief of the ruptured and crippled."* It introduced and systematised measures for lending stoves, and for gathering and distributing *secondhand clothing* and *broken victuals*.† It published and circulated popular *tracts* on moral and economical subjects, imparting useful information and counsel. It took means of gathering neglected and vagrant children into *Sabbath*, *week-day evening*, and *industrial* schools; furnishing statistics which proved that, in the city, 40,000 children were growing up in ignorance, profligacy, and crime! As a result of this investigation, it projected and established a *Juvenile Asylum* for the education and elevation of vicious children, and their subsequent indenture. It founded a *Public Washing and Bathing Establishment*, at an expense of upwards of 8000*l*., of whose benefits, for cheap washing and ironing, 75,000 persons annually avail themselves, so that it is now self-supporting. It has done much for the young, by obtaining an act for the care of *truant children*;* and by establishing a *Children's Aid Society*. It has been instrumental in raising a *Working Man's Home*; and has constantly kept before the public and the legislature of the state the demands of the city for sanitary reform in the drainage and in the overcrowded ill-ventilated houses. We mention these facts to show how helpful such an association may be to society, and how its work grows and orbs itself out beyond its first intention. We may add, for the instruction of the benevolent at home, that from its first report in 1844, until its last in 1865, this association has constantly brought before the public, in the form of an address, like a "standing order," to the citizens of New York, the evil and selfishness of relieving street-beggars. All who know the class who constitute the beggars, vulgar and genteel, from the ragged "orphan" to the "poor widow," know that they are the most worthless and undeserving of the poor; and that to relieve them, without the most careful personal scrutiny, is to gratify mere feeling without thought, and to pamper idleness, falsehood, and vice. If the so-called benevolent will not aid wisely, let them not aid at all. Public begging should be put down by the force of law: the poverty it creates is in all circumstances greater than what it relieves. But at the same time we think, while a wrong system is put down, a better system of giving should be put up!

We must bring our article to a close, though the subject is by no means exhausted.

We have no wish to exaggerate what has been done by this association or by the other charities of New York. In the amount of funds annually dispensed in every form and from every source in behalf of the poor, we believe London stands immensely higher than any city in the world. But what every city wants is *organisation*, to make charity *tell* with the greatest amount of good and the least amount of evil.

Nor are the *principles* adopted by the New York association new. It is their *application* only, and that on so large a scale and for so long a period,

benefit in every form of the soldiers and their families, "probably not less than 250 million dollars," or about 50 million pounds! When Lancashire was in distress, and half a million of people reduced to the danger of sheer starvation, of the million of money expended for their relief nearly one-third came from abroad. We should ever gratefully remember that of this sum the heavily war-taxed citizens of America, in spite of all the home claims upon their charity which were so nobly met, contributed 76,480*l*. to the relief of our English sufferers!

* This society relieved, in 1864, 819 cases. There are five similar societies in London; one only of which, in one year, relieved 5252 cases of rupture, and since its formation, 168,000! Another relieved 1400 decrepit persons in one year.

† Those families who are willing to give either have schedules furnished them by the association, to be filled up with their address, and to be returned to the secretary, authorising agents of the society to call and receive such contributions.

* The excellent common-school system of America *provides* education, but does not secure its acceptance. The percentage of absenteeism or "truancy" was immense. By this New School Act, officers are appointed to look after truant children, and the effect has been most beneficial,—the police assistance being gratefully accepted by the parents. But there are as yet no means for *compelling* children to attend school; hence the 40,000 still neglected, or unable to attend the common schools from their poor clothing.

with such excellent results, and at such a small expense, which is new, and from which we have so much to learn for the good of all our own cities. We know not how far the same organisation has been followed by other cities of the Union, but we have heard that a similar society is in operation in Chicago (200,000 inhabitants), and with similar beneficial results.

The poor in Elberfeld, as we once informed our readers, after a visit to that city, have been for many years alimented on very much the same plan; with this difference only, that the money distributed to the poor in Elberfeld is not subscribed, but raised by a tax, while its *distribution* is by a voluntary organisation conducted like that of New York—with equal liberty, equal power, and equal self-denying labour and practical wisdom, in the examination of each individual case.

The most perfect exemplification of the same principle was afforded by the working, through the Church, of our old Scottish poor law, by which, whether the money for the poor was raised by a self-imposed tax authorised by law, or by voluntary contribution on the part of heritors, or at the church door on every Sunday, its disposal was entrusted to the minister and elders of each parish, and the expenditure regulated by the peculiar circumstances of each case, as to *what* was given, *how much* was given, and *how long* continued. Personal knowledge and house visitation were its very life and strength, and made it, in our humble opinion, at once the most economical and most Christian that ever existed in our country.

A remarkable and interesting experiment as to the practical application of this plan to a large city is one famous in the history of our poor-law administration. It was that of Dr. Chalmers, in the parish of St. John's, Glasgow. We have once more perused his chapters on this subject, along with his speech before the General Assembly,* and we believe that, whatever may be the fame of Chalmers in the next generation as a theologian or as a Church leader, he is destined to tell on the future more even than he has done on the past, by his wise and sagacious plans—the growth of a thoughtful mind, a Christian spirit, and great experience—for elevating the masses economically and spiritually.

The time is fast approaching when—urged by a sense of duty, by the cry of the deserving poor, by the increase of unprincipled pauperism, and by the obvious and acknowledged evils which the best worked poor law either produces, or can neither prevent nor cure—the Christian community of this land will be compelled to come to the rescue, and unite in works of true charity for the good of their suffering neighbours.* This would be the most practical and most lasting union of our Churches. Pious deeds would in the end more truly unite than pious words.

In the meantime we respectfully commend the thoughtful consideration of this all-important subject to our readers. We are glad to be able to do so in connection with an American society. The day is coming, if indeed it has not already come, when our brethren in America will be more closely united to us, and we to them; when the darkness of ignorance, prejudice, and unworthy jealousy which has, alas! too often marred our intercourse, will be dispelled by that sense of justice and truth, and by that chivalrous generosity of Christian love, which both of us so largely possess; when the two nations, descended from the same great stock, "speaking the language Shakspeare spoke," "holding the faith and morals Milton held," and both loving, more than any other nations upon earth, the true liberty and highest good of the human race, will intentionally and practically become one in promoting the reign of peace and of goodwill to men, and consider one another to provoke only unto love and to good works.

* "Christian and Civic Economy of large Towns," vol. v. of his works: published by Constable, 1855.

* Since the above was in type, the sad disclosures regarding the Workhouse Hospitals in London have excited the horror and sympathy of the country. These hospitals contain 16,000 bedridden paupers, the great proportion of whom, from utter neglect and selfishness, are dying by inches of bed-sores!

RUTH THORNBURY; OR, THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, Author of "De Profundis," &c.

CHAPTER V.—THE EAST PENTALLECK TIN MINE.

During the next few years, nothing particularly worthy of notice occurred in the Thornbury family. The twins grew up fine, healthy, intelligent girls. Charity possibly became somewhat less volatile, but Ruth continued the same thoughtful, sedate creature we left her in the last chapter. Charity seemed to increase in beauty daily, and promised to be a most lovely woman. Ruth's personal attractions, on the contrary, did not improve as she grew older, although she was by no means ill-favoured. Like Charity, she was tall and well made, but perhaps just a little too slim in figure. Not only did the sisters entertain towards each other an ardent affection, but there was between them unlimited confidence, not a thought or a wish of the one being unknown to the other. For the rest, they were dutiful and loving, neither of them probably having ever given their parents a moment's uneasiness or anxiety, apart from their bodily health; and that, since Ruth's fever, had generally been most satisfactory.

Little mention has hitherto been made of Edgar,

the son and heir; this, however, is not because he will not hold a prominent place in our narrative, but rather because there has hardly been anything in his career different from the ordinary run of boys of his own age. He was tolerably good-looking, well made, and, though somewhat irascible, far from being ill-tempered. He had a fair amount of ability, and was generous, affectionate, and resolute. He bore not only great love for his parents, but for his sisters also. Although, possibly, he teased Ruth more than he did Charity, and made the latter more his confidant, it would be unjust to say that his love was greater for the one than the other. Both the girls, in return, held him in high admiration and affection. Like his father, he had a great love for field sports, and before he was fourteen years of age he was not only a good and bold rider, but also a fair shot.

With the exception of Edgar's two years' residence at a boarding-school a few miles distant from the Red House, Mrs. Thornbury had hitherto been the sole instructress of her children. Though without what are generally termed accomplishments, like most Quakeresses she had received the elements of a good sound English education, and she found a pleasure in imparting instruction to her children. The question of economy, it must be admitted, was also somewhat mixed up in it. Her husband's income, though ample for their wants while the children were young, would hardly be sufficient when they grew older. Again, she was well aware that, although she was quite able to instruct her children up to a certain point, she could not go far beyond it, either with advantage to them or satisfaction to herself. It had therefore been determined on, that, when the twins had reached their fifteenth year, they should be sent to a first-rate finishing school in London for a short period, that they might have the benefit of the best masters in every branch of female education. This, of course, would entail increased expenditure, and this again would be augmented by the project Mr. Thornbury had formed of sending Edgar to Eton. To carry out both schemes would need, at the lowest computation, an additional outlay of at least five hundred pounds a year, and as Mr. Thornbury's income had never exceeded eight hundred, his wife had reasonably considered that by economising a little beforehand, the increase of expenditure would not be so much felt.

But notwithstanding all Mrs. Thornbury's foresight, she had missed one element out of her calculations. True, in the education of her children she had practised great economy; but in the same proportion that she had saved her husband had spent. He had never exceeded his income, but he had lived fully up to it, for though he had only one hobby, it was a most expensive one. He was passionately fond of hunting, and he spent more in horseflesh than he told his wife, so that when the time arrived when the twins should be sent to London, and Edgar to Eton, Mr. Thornbury, instead of having the necessary funds in hand, had not more than the balance of his last half-year's rents, and a portion of the last dividend arising from the money he had in the government securities. Of this, however, he did not inform his wife, and when her children were leaving her, she was under the pleasing but false impression, that, through her good management, the expense of finishing their education was already amply provided for.

After the children had been half a year at school, Mr. Thornbury left the Red House to bring them home for the vacation. A short time after their arrival, the bills for their schooling were sent in. The amounts of these were greater than Mr. Thornbury had anticipated, and they caused him considerable anxiety. By selling out some of the money he had in the funds he certainly would be able to meet them without difficulty, but then how could he provide for future claims that would be made on him? He saw that there were but two alternatives: either to reduce his domestic expenditure, or to hit upon some means of making money. The first would be so exceedingly painful to his pride, that he at once refused to entertain it. It must be admitted that a considerable amount of personal selfishness entered into his decision. It would have been difficult for him to have economised his household expenses, and at the same time to have lived in a style at all consistent with the position he held in society, so moderate, without being in the slightest degree niggardly, had been his wife's management. The only other way open to him was to have retrenched his hunting expenditure. Had he done this—sold one of his horses, and dismissed a groom—he would have saved not only sufficient to have paid his children's schooling, but have had money in pocket as well. This, however, he could not think of doing, and it now remained for him to find some plan by which he could increase his income. Trade, of course, he never thought of. In those days, any mercantile transactions, save those of the very highest order, were deemed beneath the dignity of those who are now called country gentlemen of the good old school; and Mr. Thornbury was as prejudiced on the subject as his fellows, although he had married the daughter of a small Doncaster shopkeeper. At last he resolved that when he returned with his children to London after their holidays, he should sell out sufficient stock to pay their half-year's school bills, and at the same time hold a consultation with his stockbroker as to the best means he could adopt to increase his income.

When the time came, however, his stockbroker was out of London, and the person who transacted the business for him being a stranger, Mr. Thornbury did not like to ask his advice on the subject. But chance threw in his way, when he least expected it, a good authority on the subject. He had taken up his quarters at the Golden Cross Hotel, and one evening, in the coffee-room, he formed the acquaintance of a gentleman whose appearance and manners pleased him exceedingly.

In the course of conversation he informed Mr. Thornbury that he resided in Cornwall, where he was largely interested in mining operations, in which subject he seemed in fact to be particularly well versed. Mr. Thornbury at last became much interested in the details he heard, and many were the questions he put concerning them. He was, above all, struck with the enormous profits many of the mines yielded, and he readily admitted the truth of the argument, that if these were so remunerative, there was no possible reason why others might not be equally so. The conversation ended by the gentleman giving Mr. Thornbury his card, on which he wrote the name and address of a mining agent in the City, on whom full reliance might be placed. "He is an honourable and energetic young fellow," he said, "just commencing business, and well up in mining transactions. I am sure he will not allow you to be imposed upon by any one if you think of investing in mines, and I assure you it requires a good deal of caution and experience to detect what are good and what are bad speculations."

That night Mr. Thornbury slept little, his imagination being active upon the wonderful tales of brilliant fortunes made by mining, which he had heard in the coffee-room of the hotel. Immediately after breakfast next morning he started off to the City, to see the mining agent to whom he had been recommended. In fact, so early was it when he arrived, that he had anticipated the agent by more than half an hour. The short time before the latter's arrival, Mr. Thornbury spent in looking round the office. There was but little in it to attract or interest the unprofessional observer. A desk, two stools, and a long counter, were the only pieces of furniture it contained. On the counter were placed as many specimens of minerals as would have furnished a tolerably large geological museum, and under these again, others were ranged on the floor, very large and very heavy. Of the value of these specimens, of course, Mr. Thornbury was profoundly ignorant; but they served to convey the impression to his mind that the agent was a man of knowledge and ability, and well versed in the art and mystery of mining. When the agent arrived, Mr. Thornbury presented the card he had received from the stranger in the coffee-room, and he then briefly explained to him the object of his visit.

"I shall be very happy to give you any information in my power," said Mr. Morris, "and also to assist you in every way I can. Without self-laudation, I think I may say that I am as well acquainted with Cornwall and its mining operations as most men."

Mr. Thornbury immediately asked whether different mines, that had been spoken of on the previous evening, yielded such immense profits, and whether it would be possible for him to invest some money in them with advantage?

"Nothing can be truer than the account you have heard," said Mr. Morris, "and you can invest in those mines if you please, but, at the same time, remember that these shares are at an enormous premium, and therefore whether you can do so advantageously is another affair. I should rather say you could not, although by telling you so I am acting against my own personal interests. Money and money's worth are as well understood in Cornwall as in any part of the United Kingdom, and the men of Cornwall, as a rule, are as little disposed to part with a thing under its real value as any class of the population, take them from what part you may. The dividends of these mines, you must remember, are calculated on the original price of the shares, not the prices you can at present purchase them at. Now I will tell you what I would advise you to do, if you intend speculating in mines; and that is, to join a substantial respectable party of gentlemen in opening a new one."

"But I am totally unacquainted with a single person holding mining shares," said Mr. Thornbury, "and of course I should not like mixing myself up with a party of strangers."

"Very likely not," was the reply, "and I commend your prudence; at the same time, if you wish it, I could introduce you to some gentlemen with whom neither you nor any person living need object to act. There is, for example, a mine which it is contemplated opening, and one which promises most profitable results to the adventurers. In fact, I am at present organising the company."

"Would it be an indiscretion on my part," said Mr. Thornbury, "if I were to ask the particulars?"

"Indiscretion to ask it! Certainly not, my dear sir," said Mr. Morris. "At the same time, I hardly know whether I am at liberty to inform you who are the gentlemen engaged in the enterprise." Then, after a few moments' consideration, he continued: "After all, I do not see that there can possibly be any objection, as the number of shareholders is not yet complete. The mine I allude to is a tin mine. It is proposed that only twelve adventurers should be admitted into the concern, and at present there are only ten who have enrolled their names, although several others are nibbling at it; so I think it is not improbable you may have as good a chance of taking one of the vacant shares, as any of the others who have not yet fully made up their minds. At any rate, I will bring the question of your joining the company before them at their next meeting, if you wish it."

"And those who have already joined it are all respectable and responsible men?" inquired Mr. Thornbury.

"Highly so," was the reply. "I might say, without the slightest exaggeration, there is not a man worth less than thirty thousand pounds among them."

"What capital would you require?"

"They propose that each shareholder should be prepared, in case of need, to advance as much as one thousand pounds, but it is more than probable not one half of the money would be required. Each proprietor would then have nominally one hundred

shares allotted to him, and as the mine prospers these will naturally rise to a premium. Even with moderate success, nothing is more probable than that, at the end of two years, the sale of ten of your one hundred shares would more than *recoupe* you for the advance you have made, and you would thus have the remaining ninety shares without their having cost you one shilling."

"But if anything should go wrong, would not the liabilities be very great?"

"The mine will be worked on the cost-book principle, by which every shareholder's liability is limited to the amount of the shares he holds."

"But is that really a fact?" inquired Mr. Thornbury. "I have heard that in mining concerns the liability is unlimited, but I must admit that my knowledge of the subject is of the most limited description."

"By the cost-book principle, I can assure you that you are strictly limited to the amount of your shares. I know perfectly well that this view of the subject has been disputed, but I can show you the opinion I have lately received from an eminent barrister, well versed in the laws relating to mines, and he appears to have no doubt about the matter."

"Where is the mine situated?"

"About twelve miles from Truro, in the heart of the mining district. Labour is abundant in the neighbourhood, and access easy."

"What is the name of the mine?" inquired Mr. Thornbury.

"The East Pentalleck Tin Mine."

"What is the amount of the purchase money to be paid to the present proprietors?"

"Nothing whatever," was the reply. "You will have to pay a royalty on all the tin it yields."

"Then there is no outlay for the purchase or the lease at the commencement," said Mr. Thornbury, evidently with much interest.

"Not one shilling," said Mr. Morris. "As I said before, you will merely have to pay a royalty, and a very moderate one, on the yield."

Mr. Thornbury was now silent for some moments, evidently deeply absorbed in thought. He then inquired what was the quantity as well as the quality of the tin found in the mine.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Morris, "pray do not deceive yourself on the subject. At present there is neither a mine, nor the appearance of one, more than on the floor we are standing on; the locality has simply the appearance of a barren moor. Not a spade has yet been placed in it."

"How do you know it contains tin, then?"

"We are almost certain of its existence from the fact that on all sides of the spot we have chosen are mines at present in full work, yielding large profits to the owners, and the probabilities are a thousand to one that some of the same veins must pass through our property."

"But is that opinion based upon good authority?" said Mr. Thornbury.

"On the highest authority, I can assure you. I will give you a proof. The person we have engaged as captain of the mine is one of the most experienced men in all Cornwall. There is a joke extant about him (though, by-the-bye, I am not so sure that it is a mere joke after all), that he was born underground, and has lived there three parts of his life. When Mr. Tredegar, for that is his name, received our proposition to put him at the head of a mine we intended opening, at first he agreed to the terms readily enough, but when he heard where the mine was situated, he positively refused to accept the appointment, unless he was allowed to take a twelfth share in it himself."

"But," inquired Mr. Thornbury, "did he expect to receive it as a gratuity?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Morris, "he was to pay for it equally with the other shareholders. Some of the other shareholders demurred greatly to the proposition, and one of them offered to double his stake in the concern if Mr. Tredegar was not allowed to be a partner; but as the latter was imperative, and we could not do very well without him, we were obliged to submit to his terms."

"I think," said Mr. Thornbury, "it would have been very impolitic to have refused him."

"And I entirely agree with you," said Mr. Morris; "though some of the rest thought otherwise: holding that Tredegar, if he became a shareholder, would then at the same time be both a master and a servant. But it is now settled that he shall be allowed to take a twelfth share, and I have no doubt all will go on amicably for the future."

"Should I feel disposed to join the concern," said Mr. Thornbury, "how soon would you require my definitive answer?"

"In the first place," said Mr. Morris, "I am not prepared to say there will be a share at your disposal. But at the next meeting of the shareholders, which will take place in a few days, I will bring the subject before them, if you wish it. At the same time, remember I told you that there were several persons inclined to take shares, who have not definitely made up their minds. Of this I am sure, however, that if no personal friend of the present shareholders applies for the disposable shares, they will be allotted to those strangers who first apply for them. If you wish to join us, the sooner you send in a written application for a share, together with a cheque for 200*l.*, the amount of the first call, the greater will be the probability of your success."

So anxious was Mr. Thornbury to secure a share in the East Pentalleck Tin Mine, that he spent very little time in making inquiries respecting the character of the agent. Indeed, he had some little difficulty in finding any one acquainted with Mr. Morris, and when at last he succeeded, the information he obtained respecting him was almost wholly of a negative description. Mr. Thornbury's authority had never heard anything said against Mr. Morris. He knew very little about him, but he seemed a

very pushing energetic young man—one who was determined to make his way in the world. He (the authority) did not believe, from what he had seen of him, that he would in any way lend his name to a dishonest transaction.

Scanty and negative as all this was, it was considered perfectly satisfactory by Mr. Thornbury, and he immediately sold out sufficient stock to pay the first call. Next day he called upon Mr. Morris with a cheque; and, after having filled up a form of application, he asked if it were likely he should obtain the share he was applying for? To his great satisfaction, he was informed by the agent that there was every prospect of his having the share allotted to him, as there were two shares still unappropriated, and only two applicants for them, so that they might have one each, always supposing that no personal friends of the present shareholders were desirous of taking them. The shareholders, Mr. Morris continued, were to meet next day, and the day afterwards Mr. Thornbury would certainly receive an answer to his application; and he (Mr. Morris) had no doubt it would be a favourable one. Two days afterwards, Mr. Thornbury received a note from the agent, informing him that he had been allotted one of the shares. All now being satisfactorily arranged, he made his preparations for leaving London, and returning to the Red House.

On his arrival at home, he found a letter awaiting him, which not only caused him considerable annoyance, but necessitated his immediate return to London. It has already been stated that his farms were copyhold under the Dean and Chapter of the Diocese. They were held for three lives; and a heavy fine was imposed on either of them falling in. About two years previous, one of them had fallen in; the fines were paid, and a young healthy life was substituted for the person deceased. Mr. Thornbury then fondly hoped that it would be many years before another change of the kind would take place: but he was doomed to be terribly disappointed. The person who had been nominated had died suddenly from an attack of apoplexy, and the letter which awaited him was from the solicitors of the Dean and Chapter, informing him of the event, and requesting that the new fine might be paid into their bankers with as little delay as possible. As there was no possibility of disputing the matter, Mr. Thornbury left home to raise the money by selling out the remainder of what he had in the funds, which would be sufficient for the purpose, and leave a balance of some hundred pounds. This he determined to place in the hands of his bankers, to be in readiness should any further calls be required for working the East Pentalleck Tin Mine.

While in London, Mr. Thornbury formed the acquaintance of his brother shareholders in the mine. They seemed a plain, straightforward, jovial set of men, and pleased him immensely; while they, in their turn, seemed highly satisfied with their new associate. Moreover, they dined together, and drank success to their new undertaking. Mr. Thornbury took the chair on the occasion, and Mr. Morris, the agent, occupied the seat at the opposite end of the table. Mr. Thornbury, like most country gentlemen of the time, was fond of conviviality, and he was now in his glory. The guests all paid him the greatest respect, and listened with marked interest to his description of the state of agriculture in his part of the country, and of its local politics as well. They were also much pleased with the account he gave of his family, particularly the twins: and they then and there resolved that different parts of the mine should be called by their names, and, that this might not be forgotten, Mr. Morris was requested on the spot to make a note of their wish, and to see it carried into effect. They parted at a late hour, with abundant expressions of good feeling towards each other. And the next day Mr. Thornbury returned home.

The affair of the copyholds having been completed, Mr. Thornbury now employed all his energies in advancing the interests of the Pentalleck Tin Mine—in fact, he made it a perfect hobby. He had a copy of every despatch sent by Mr. Tredegar, the captain, forwarded to him at the Red House; and, as chairman of the company, he punctually returned his opinion endorsed on it, for the benefit of his brother shareholders. It was true he was, in reality, profoundly ignorant on all mining affairs; but Mr. Morris had contrived to persuade him that he had a sort of natural genius for tin, and Mr. Thornbury had too great faith in the agent's integrity to doubt him. If he occasionally erred, it was not to be wondered at; even Mr. Morris himself (and that gentleman, with great modesty, admitted it) was sometimes at fault respecting the yield and requirements of the mine, although he had been brought up to the business all his life. Mr. Morris, for example, had firmly believed that the first call would have been ample for the working of the mine, as well as bringing it into full operation; but it had since appeared that much more was needed—so much, in fact, that before the works had been six months in progress, three other calls of 100*l.* each had been required.

The mine also (judging from the captain's reports) seemed to possess several annoying peculiarities. It was ready enough to yield, in different quantities, several other minerals, though not the particular one required. It occasionally gave cupel, quartz, pench, mundig, and even now and then a little copper, but not a single particle of tin. Immediately after a call had been paid in, the reports generally became unsatisfactory, and ran in such a strain as this:—"The ground in the shaft continues hard, and there is an increase of water; but still I am in hopes it will not increase much more. Otherwise, all going on well." When more money was required, reports were more encouraging, and great hope was held out of immediate success. "The water has now disappeared," Mr. Tredegar would then write, "and everything is going on most satisfactorily. The mine looks

kindly for tin. I herewith send you the cost sheet; by it you will perceive we are four hundred pounds in debt to the bankers. I am sorry for it, but it could not be helped. I have no fear of the ultimate results, although a little more money is now needed than was anticipated. I am certain the mine will be a success. Why should it not?" It should also be remarked that the resolution come to on the night of the dinner, respecting the naming of two of the principal parts had been faithfully carried out, and Mr. Thornbury felt quite flattered when he read such sentences in Mr. Tredegar's reports as that "Charity's shaft is now rather more than five fathom below the forty fathom;" or that "Ruth's adit was being driven by two men who well understood the work." These extracts always put him in good humour to pay the next call; and that, perhaps, after all, was what Mr. Tredegar intended.

Although the willingness and regularity shown by Mr. Thornbury in paying up his calls gave him great credit with the agent and Mr. Tredegar, he became at last somewhat anxious, if not alarmed, at their frequency. But he was informed that the necessity for these calls could be accounted for in a very disagreeable way. Three of the shareholders had become defaulters, and their estates, when wound up, did not pay one shilling in the pound to their creditors, and the remaining creditors had to submit to heavier calls in consequence. At last two other shareholders emigrated to America, leaving their last calls still unpaid. Never had Mr. Morris (and he acknowledged it too) been more deceived in his life than in the character of these men. He would have trusted them with every farthing he possessed in the world.

The water also rushed into the mine with greater violence than ever; though, at the same time, on every fresh application for money, Mr. Tredegar reported that "the mine looked kindly for tin." A drowning man proverbially catches at a straw, and in Mr. Thornbury's mining career this straw was the expression, so often repeated by the captain of the mine, that "it looked kindly for tin." Over and over again it had induced Mr. Thornbury to make a further advance, without remonstrance, in the hope that the promise thus held out would be realised. The mine, however, notwithstanding all the outlay, yielded not one ounce of tin, while its powers of absorbing gold seemed unlimited. At last, when the whole of the thousand pounds he had subscribed for was exhausted without the slightest return, Mr. Thornbury resolutely determined he would not advance another shilling. However, he was mistaken. The whole affair collapsed. Mr. Tredegar either absconded, or again took up his residence in some underground locality, where it was impossible to find him. After his disappearance it was found that, in his double capacity of master and servant, he had contrived to incur enormous liabilities on account of the mine, which Mr. Thornbury was requested to pay, his brother shareholders having been proved, to the satisfaction of the creditors, not to be worth powder and shot, or in other words they were not likely to pay the cost of prosecuting them. At first Mr. Thornbury obstinately refused to pay a farthing more than his own proportion of the liabilities, but proceedings at law having been taken against him, he was obliged to put the affair into the hands of his solicitor, who candidly advised him to pay the amount claimed without litigation, rather than incur heavy costs, as he would certainly lose the action. Mr. Thornbury, on looking coolly over the matter, followed his lawyer's advice, but he could only do so by the sale of the best of his copyhold farms, which had been in his family for more than two centuries.

CHAPTER VI.—RUTH'S LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR.

THE transactions described in the last chapter extended over the space of two years, and the total loss Mr. Thornbury experienced, including the fine on the copyholds, was something more than five thousand pounds. This naturally caused a great decrease in his income, and he had to take into consideration what reduction he could make in his expenditure, so as to bring it within the limit of his means. The first act of economy he practised was to reduce his own personal expenses. He sold one of his two hunters, and discharged a groom. This was a considerable saving, but still more had to be effected. The only plan he could now devise was either to take Edgar or his daughters from school. For some time he deliberated which of the two methods he would adopt, both being equally repugnant to his feelings. He much wished his daughters to remain another year under tuition, by which time it was considered their education would be completed; but, on the other hand, he considered it necessary for Edgar's future prospects that he should continue at Eton. True, he had not in any way distinguished himself there, except in boating and cricketing, yet his father imagined that his association with the class of youths there would not only be advantageous to his bearing as a gentleman, but possibly be a stepping stone to his future advancement.

At last a circumstance occurred which relieved him from the dilemma. One morning Mrs. Thornbury received a letter from the mistress of the school, at which the twins were, informing her that small-pox having broken out among the scholars, the physician deemed it necessary that the others should be immediately removed. This intelligence naturally caused great consternation at the Red House. Mr. Thornbury without delay started for London, and in a few days returned, bringing with him his daughters. Both the girls seemed somewhat out of health, but this was naturally attributed to the fatigue of the journey, and nothing more was said about the matter.

The morning after their arrival, Charity was too unwell to leave her bed, and the family medical attendant was called in. As soon as he saw her he intimated that she was suffering from small-pox

and advised that no one who had not had the disease, or who had not been vaccinated, should be allowed to approach her. Mrs. Thornbury, greatly alarmed, suggested to her husband that he should immediately ascertain whether one of the tenants would not receive Ruth into his house during her sister's illness. Mr. Thornbury found one without difficulty, and Ruth was informed that it was necessary for her to leave home for a short time, otherwise she also might be attacked by the disease. But Mrs. Thornbury's usual influence over her daughter seemed lost on the present occasion. Ruth not only refused to leave the house, but insisted on nursing Charity through her illness. In vain was Mr. Thornbury called in to add the force of his commands to his wife's arguments; the usually mild and submissive girl now showed a determination which fairly surprised her parents. "Do not, dear mother," she said, "insist on anything of the kind. You know I have never yet disobeyed you, and pray do not oblige me to do so now, for it would grieve me sorely. But nothing shall induce me to leave Charity." Her parents, finding her so resolute, allowed her to remain, and Ruth immediately installed herself as Charity's head nurse, sleeping in her room, and never quitting her night or day. The disease fortunately proved to be of the mildest description; and, thanks to the skill of the doctor, combined with the excellent nursing of Ruth and her mother, assisted by Deborah, she rapidly recovered.

Charity was hardly pronounced convalescent when Ruth was attacked by the same malady. In her case the disease showed itself in a far more virulent form; indeed, at one time her life was despaired of, but she in her turn also recovered. Although fortunately the malady left no traces on Charity's countenance, that of Ruth was considerably marked by it, though not to such an extent as to disfigure her. A slight incident which occurred before Ruth had completely recovered may be here quoted as tending to show how much greater was her anxiety for Charity than for herself. She had one morning, during her recovery, risen from her bed, and was examining her face, which was still scarred, in the looking-glass. When she perceived how much she had been marked, the spirit of the young girl of eighteen for a moment, but only for a moment, rose within her, and her eyes filled with tears. Then suddenly brushing them away, she said, "It is a pity, a great pity; but how fortunate it is there is not the slightest scar on Charity's beautiful face."

Mrs. Watkins (Mrs. Thornbury's mother) died shortly after the disappearance of the small-pox from the Red House. Although she preserved her mental faculties to the last, she had been bedridden for many years, and her death did not take the family by surprise. Since leaving Doncaster, she had lived in a very quiet manner on the interest of 1200*l.* she had accumulated during the time she was in business. By her will, she left the whole amount to be divided among her three grandchildren—500*l.* to each of the girls, and the remainder to Edgar. Although the amount was not large, it was most acceptable to the Thornbury family in the present state of their finances. The girls immediately resolved that they would put their parents to no further expense for their dress, determining that the interest on the money they had inherited should supply them with every requisite for their toilet.

The next two years were particularly quiet ones to the family. The twins had fully recovered from the effects of the small-pox, the only memorial of the malady being some slight marks on Ruth's face. Both were now in the prime of girlhood. Ruth, it is true, had but few personal attractions beyond being a fine, well-grown, healthy young woman. The best feature in her face was certainly her mouth, which was not only beautifully formed, but, when she smiled, displayed a very regular set of teeth, white as the purest ivory. Her smile had, moreover, something exceedingly sweet in it, but unfortunately her family alone had the advantage of it. She was naturally of an extremely nervous and timid temperament, which became very apparent in the presence of strangers. Her countenance would then assume an expression of harshness, utterly inconsistent with her natural disposition.

If some objections might be taken to Ruth's personal appearance, they were fully neutralised by her mental endowments. To great intelligence she added an amiability of temper rarely equalled. Deborah used to boast that she had never in her life seen her out of temper. It must not be imagined, however, that she was naturally of an apathetic disposition. On the contrary, she was exceedingly impressionable, feeling acutely any tale of woe, and, with the greatest assiduity and kindness, assisting to the utmost of her power those of the poor around her who were in trouble. Yet all this was done in her own peculiarly quiet way. The good she did was generally done in secret, her right hand not knowing what her left hand gave. The first intimation her parents generally received of some sick pillow having been smoothed by her, of some poor mother in her confinement having had the necessary clothing and linen given her by Ruth, or of some one in fever being supplied with tea from the Red House, was from the parties themselves who had been benefited.

Ruth's love for her family continued as ardent as ever, yet without becoming in the least more demonstrative. No parents could ever have boasted of a more affectionate daughter than Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury had in Ruth; nor any brother of a better tempered, more constant, and indulgent sister than Edgar. But it was in her love for Charity that Ruth's affectionate disposition principally displayed itself; she seemed never happy when she was out of Charity's sight. And apart from the fact of her being her sister, she had good cause; for a more

lovely or lovable creature than Charity it would be difficult to imagine. In person she was exquisitely formed: her face combined with the mould of the Greek ideal the open confiding expression of the pure thoroughbred English girl. And the expression was not in the least unfaithful: a mean or jealous or unworthy thought she was incapable of harbouring. Though far lovelier and less thoughtful than Ruth, she was equally affectionate, and certainly more demonstrative. She was the glory of her mother, and the idol of her father; yet she never presumed on the power she must have been aware she possessed over them, but always showed them the respectful love of a good and obedient child. With Edgar she was invariably on the best possible understanding. Ruth's love she returned in full, great as it was; in fact, in respect of mind, the two sisters seemed to be one person, neither having a thought or a wish concealed from the other. Though twins, Charity seemed to look upon Ruth as an elder sister, always, when in need, applying to her for advice, and modifying her possibly too rapidly formed conclusions under the advice and suggestion of her more sedate counsellor. Ruth accepted without hesitation the mental superiority Charity tacitly admitted her to be possessed of, and guided her more volatile sister rather like a grave experienced matron than a girl of the same age.

Although they were now of an age to be introduced into the world and mix in society, they led almost as secluded a life as if they had been the inmates of a convent. The economical basis on which Mr. Thornbury had arranged his domestic expenditure, precluded them from receiving friends at home; and, although it was not likely two such amiable intelligent girls would lack invitations, they had too much pride to profit by them, knowing full well their inability to offer any return. Of course, under such a system, there was but little probability of their forming such acquaintanceships as might ultimately lead to matrimonial engagements. In Ruth's case, her family had already tacitly set her down as a confirmed old maid: nor did she make the slightest objection to such an arrangement, but quietly answered to the nick-name of Tabby, which her brother had bestowed on her. With Charity the case was very different. That she would one day marry, both Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury felt perfectly convinced; but they seemed to hold by the old-fashioned idea, that marriages were made in heaven, for they took no steps whatever to introduce their child into such society as would lead her to form an eligible alliance. Possibly, after all, there was a slight taint of selfishness in the apparent apathy the parents showed as to the future prospects of their child. They loved her too dearly to entertain willingly the subject of parting with her; and, although they admitted to themselves that the time would come when she must leave them, they seemed resolved to defer the evil day as long as possible.

It is stated, however, on somewhat doubtful authority, that Ruth's girlhood did not pass without a love affair. If so, this was the only secret she did not confide to her sister. At the same time, it must be admitted that she did show not the slightest anger when Charity joked with her on the subject. All that can be really proved is, that a grave, semi-pious, and very mild flirtation was carried on, when she was about twenty years of age, between her and the Rev. Isaiah Jones, of Jesus College, Oxford, and only curate to the vicar of the neighbouring parish of Brentwood. The vicar was a confirmed invalid, who resided almost entirely on the Continent for the benefit of his health, leaving the duties of his cure of souls to his subordinate. In those days, the students of Jesus College, Oxford, were composed almost entirely of Welshmen; and the Rev. Isaiah himself was from that Principality. The students were all described by a wag of the period as being short of stature, red-haired, and deeply marked with the small-pox, and it was asserted that only one of them, a Mr. Jones, had wine in his rooms. How far this might have been true, it is impossible to say; but, at all events, Isaiah had several personal attributes in common with his brother-students, for he was short of stature, with hair almost the colour of the setting sun, and it was clearly proved by his face, that if he had ever been vaccinated, it had been performed in the most imperfect manner. Moreover, it was certain that he was not the Mr. Jones who had wine in his rooms. He was poor—miserably poor—but thoroughly honest; and as he would as soon have committed a robbery as incurred a debt which he could not pay—and as the only way he could have obtained the wine would have been by taking it on credit, there could be no doubt that he was not the distinguished Mr. Jones of Jesus College.

On his promotion to his curacy he gained but little. His salary was only fifty pounds a-year, and ten pounds of that, it was currently reported, he forwarded annually to his widowed mother, who kept a small general shop near Welshpool. But it must not be imagined that he spent the whole of the balance on himself. The Rev. Isaiah Jones, with a stipend that a journeyman mechanic would have spurned, was liberal in proportion to his means—liberal almost to imprudence. He could resist no tale of woe; and as his curacy was situated in the heart of a poor agricultural district, where the rates were five shillings in the pound, it may easily be imagined that he heard many. Small as his own means were, there were but few of the gentry in the neighbourhood who would assist him from their private purses. "Did they not pay heavy poor's rates, and was not that sufficient?" "If the poor were in want, was there not the poor-house for them? and if sick, was the parish surgeon not paid to attend them at their own homes?—and what could they want more?" They omitted to take into consideration, however, that drugs were expensive articles, and that the surgeon's remuneration averaged only sixpence per case, including medical

comforts; and that between that small sum and the requirements of the patient, much was needed from private charity. Again, it should be stated that the reverend gentleman was not popular with the surrounding gentry, though greatly liked by the poor. There was a certain independence of manner about him, a certain off-hand candid manner of expostulation, which hardly harmonised with his position and his too evident low origin. Besides, his dress was exceedingly shabby, and his toilet generally so little attended to, that it was impossible he should be tolerated in good society: at least, such was the opinion of the majority of the ladies in the vicinity.

The only person who really actively assisted him in his exertions on behalf of the poor was Ruth Thornbury. They frequently met at the bedsides of the sick and dying, and often brought both comfort and consolation into families whose fate would have been sad indeed save for their kind ministrations. By degrees Mr. Jones came under the notice of Mr. Thornbury, who invited him to his house, and he became a frequent guest at his table. He was also a great favourite with Mrs. Thornbury, who, though now a member of the Church of England, still retained many of her original Quaker predilections. The poor curate's contempt for the vanities of the world pleased her greatly, although her pleasure would have been enhanced had he been more particular in respect to the neatness of his attire. Like the Friends, he entertained a far higher opinion of the value of good works than is generally found out of that philanthropic community. He was likewise an especial favourite with Deborah, who admired immensely his candid straightforward way of speaking his mind. She clearly saw he was no respecter of persons—a fact which accorded well with her republican and Quaker-like views of social equality. Charity also from the first liked him in her heart, although she used to quiz him terribly when she was alone with Ruth.

"My dear," Charity one day said to her sister, "the pains your reverend friend takes about the poor does him great credit."

"He certainly is most anxious in their behalf," said Ruth.

"At the same time it appears to me that he takes a great deal more trouble in finding out new cases than is at all necessary."

"How so?"

"He seeks them occasionally in localities where he must know, if his zeal gave him time for reflection, that there is not the slightest probability of finding them."

"I never remarked that," said Ruth.

"You surprise me," said Charity. "I really shall begin to think that man has bewitched you, Ruth. Why nothing can be plainer than the useless trouble he sometimes gives himself in finding out the poor."

"Give me an instance," said Ruth.

"Well, in coming here at least three days a week to find them."

"What nonsense you do talk, Charity!" said Ruth.

"What other possible reason can he have for coming, then?" said Charity, with a look of well simulated surprise.

"To see papa, of course."

"Well, Ruth, I hardly think that can be the case," said Charity. "Papa only speaks to him during dinner-time, and as he has the bad habit of falling asleep immediately afterwards, I hardly think that can be the cause of the reverend gentleman's frequent visits. Try again, Ruth."

"Perhaps it is to see mamma."

"That can't well be the case, Ruth; there must be some other cause."

"I have it now," said Ruth, laughing, "it is to see you, Charity."

"Now, dear Ruth, I am delighted to hear you say so," said Charity, "for it takes a great weight off my mind. Do you know, I began to fear you were the point of attraction? Over and over again, I fancied you were in danger of becoming the wife of a little Welsh parson. They say, by-the-bye, Ruth, that all little parsons become very fat as they get older, and Isaiah's appearance would hardly be improved if that were to be his fate. And do tell me what his prospects are; he surely cannot intend to be always a poor curate on fifty pounds a-year."

"No, he hopes some day to be taken into partnership with a person who keeps a boys' school near Welshpool; and besides, he expects to be appointed a curate in the same parish the school is in. If so, he may not be so badly off after all."

"Very true, my dear, but tell me how it was he made you his confidant in all those interesting little family affairs? I should have thought they would rather have been a subject for him to entertain papa with. Ruth, my dear," Charity continued, "stop, ere it is too late. Believe me, you are not adapted for the wife of a schoolmaster. The boys would play all sorts of pranks on you with impunity. They would lock you up in your room, and would not release you again unless you gave them the key of your fruit-closet, or some such thing; and besides, if ever you got one punished for his bad behaviour, it is more than probable you would ask his pardon for your unkindness afterwards. Ruth, you must not dream of such an incongruous union."

At last, the frequency of the reverend gentleman's visits to the Red House began to excite the curiosity of the servants, whose remarks among themselves on the subject were of the most explicit description. True, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Thornbury saw anything remarkable in his behaviour. They knew full well the general invitation they had given him, which had been dictated purely by the knowledge of his great poverty, and by the thought that it might sometimes spare him the expense of dining at home. The idea of a poor Welsh curate falling in love with the daughter of an English squire,

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was far too absurd to enter into Mr. Thornbury's imagination for a moment. That Ruth had a strong liking for the energetic, kind-hearted little man, there can be no doubt, and that she felt much pleasure in his society is equally certain; but whether she ever really loved him is a doubtful point. That he loved her was a far more certain matter. The poor widow, at whose cottage he lodged, remarked to Deborah that she could not think what had lately come over the parson, for he was for ever brushing his hair, and was, moreover, becoming very particular about the getting-up of his linen, which had till lately been a matter of perfect indifference to him.

Deborah made no remark at the time, but the words of Mr. Jones's landlady left a deep impression on her mind. Although she strongly approved of the reverend gentleman's ideas of equality in theological matters, she by no means approved of them in relation to her young mistress; in fact, Mr. Thornbury himself could hardly have been more indignant at the thought of the curate's proposing for his daughter than was Deborah. Still, she resolved not to speak of the subject either to Mr. or Mrs. Thornbury till she had more certain proof of the feelings and intentions of the curate, thinking it possible she might be in error. At the same time she resolved to watch the young couple narrowly, and then, if she found it necessary, she could put her master and mistress on their guard.

One morning when Mr. Thornbury was absent, and his wife and Charity were occupied in some other part of the house, Ruth and the curate were left by themselves in the drawing-room. Little conversation had passed between them, Ruth's attention having been fixed upon some flowers she was embroidering. The curate was apparently absorbed in the contents of a book he held in his hand. The careful observer might, however, have perceived that he never turned over the leaves of the book he pretended to be reading, but that his eyes were incessantly wandering from it to his companion. Suddenly, as if impelled by a motive which he found it impossible to resist, he threw the book on the sofa, and hurriedly walking up to Ruth, threw himself on his knees by her side, and grasped her hand, which she immediately and angrily withdrew. Whether this behaviour on her part brought the curate to his senses, or whether he recovered them spontaneously, it is impossible to say; but he abruptly rose from his knees, and, without saying a word, seized his hat and left the room. But Ruth's behaviour was not the only shock he received on the occasion. On leaving the drawing-room, he saw Deborah standing before the door, which had been open, with a peculiarly stern expression on her countenance. He passed her without saying a word and left the house, which he never afterwards entered. In what manner he was informed that his future visits would not be acceptable, it is impossible to say. Most probably the intelligence was conveyed to him by Deborah, acting under the orders of her mistress. Certainly, Mr. Thornbury knew nothing of it; for he frequently expressed his wonder at the continued absence of the parson. Ruth never saw her reverend admirer again, for he shortly afterwards left the neighbourhood for the appointment he had spoken of in Wales. Whether Ruth had really been offended at his behaviour, she alone knew; but if so, her anger in time certainly vanished, for long after he had become the little fat schoolmaster predicted by Charity, she spoke of him as having been a very pious, exemplary young man, and one much to be admired.

CHAPTER VII.—CHARITY'S LOVE-AFFAIR.

We stated in the last chapter, that although Mr. Thornbury had greatly reduced his expenditure, and had even discharged a groom and sold one of his hunters, he still kept a horse for his own use. In fact, he appeared to carry his love of hunting so far beyond the bounds of hobbyism, that it almost assumed the appearance of insanity. And the older he got, the more the passion seemed to increase, his adventures at the last "meeting" generally forming the staple of his conversation till the next one. He spoke frequently in terms of the highest admiration of different gentlemen connected with the hunt. He used to regret that his straitened circumstances precluded his inviting them to his house, as he was persuaded that his wife and daughters would be as much pleased with their society as he himself was. As, however, their principal qualifications in his eyes appeared to consist in their being remarkably good fellows, bold riders, and possessed of fine strong horses, Mrs. Thornbury and the girls hardly seemed to feel the loss so keenly as he did.

One evening, after a long and fatiguing day's "run," Mr. Thornbury, having finished his dinner, and taken a lengthened nap afterwards, suddenly informed the girls that he had good news to tell them. That day, he said, the hunt had agreed to give a ball to the ladies and friends of the members, and it was to come off within a fortnight at the Assembly Rooms at X——. He further stated that one gentleman among them, being a bachelor, and a stranger in that part of the country, had no acquaintance to whom he could give his ladies' ticket, and had in consequence offered it to him (Mr. Thornbury) if he chose to make use of it. "So now, girls," he continued, "you must set to work as quickly as you can, and get all your smartest things in readiness, as I expect you to be the belles of the room. I have no doubt that before the ball comes off, I shall be able to get a ticket for your mother; so we shall make altogether a snug little party of our own."

"My dear," said Mrs. Thornbury, "you must leave me out altogether. I certainly do not mean to say that such amusements are sinful, as wiser and better heads than mine hold the contrary, but I have never yet been present at a ball, and I have a dislike, a prejudice you may call it if you please,

against going to one now, when I am getting an old woman; so you must go without me."

The girls here joined their father in persuading Mrs. Thornbury to change her mind, but without effect; and at last they gave up the attempt and submitted, though with real regret, to going to the ball without her.

Never since the birth of the twins, had there been so much excitement in the Red House, as during the fortnight preceding the ball. Not only were numerous family conclaves held, but the family carriage was dragged from its resting-place in the coach-house, where it had remained perfectly undisturbed since the collapse of the Pentalleck mining affair. It was now cleaned and brushed up to make it look as well as possible, and the twins made almost daily journeys in it to X——, especially to the houses of the principal mercer and the head milliner of the town. Long and mysterious were the transactions which took place in these two establishments, and vast was the amount of thought bestowed upon them. Experiments of the most profound description were made to discover what colours harmonised best with others, and with the complexion, and what ornaments for the hair were most becoming. The subject was one overladen with difficulties. In the first place the sisters had determined to dress exactly alike; and as Charity's complexion was a beautiful blonde, while Ruth was somewhat of a sallow brunette, it will readily be admitted that the colours which were adapted to the one, were hardly suitable to the other. As the idea of dressing alike was never even thought of being abandoned, it was some time before they arrived at a definite conclusion on all the matters brought under their notice. At last, however, all was satisfactorily arranged, and the dressmaker progressed with her labours to both the sisters' hearts content.

The evening of the ball at last arrived. At dinner Mr. Thornbury was informed by his daughters that their dresses had been completed in the most satisfactory manner, and they had no doubt they should at least do him no discredit on the occasion. At table neither of the girls showed the slightest appetite, so great was their excitement. Mr. Thornbury continually pressed them to eat, reminding them of the fatigue they were about to undergo, and his wife added her persuasions, but without avail. To oblige their parents, they swallowed a few mouthfuls, but the effort was a painful one, and they soon gave it up.

Dinner was hardly over before they left the table and sought their room to commence their toilets. When they entered it they found that Deborah, and a young girl who assisted her, had prepared everything for them. Their beds and all the chairs in the room were perfectly covered with smart articles of female attire. It indeed seemed a puzzle how two young ladies could contrive to put on their persons such a quantity of dress. Their courage, however, seemed quite equal to the occasion, and they commenced to dress with a resolution that nothing could daunt. It was amusing to observe the anxiety of Deborah on the occasion. When she first heard of their intention to be present at the ball, her Quaker prejudices immediately developed themselves, and for several days she was silent and sulky. By degrees, however, as different articles of millinery were sent in and placed in her custody, she gave way, and when the evening of the ball at last arrived, she was scarcely less interested in the matter than were the sisters themselves. Her admiration of Ruth and Charity increased with every fresh ornament they put on, till at last the prim Quakeress became quite enthusiastic. When their toilets were completed, she stood and gazed at them with wonder. Charity especially drew forth her admiration, which increased till she could not suppress her feelings, but, forgetting the relative position of mistress and servant, cast her arms around the girl and kissed her affectionately, to the great danger of her dress, saying: "Bless thee, my child; thou art indeed a beauty." Nor was Deborah without great excuse for this freedom of manner. A lovelier object than Charity at this moment was, it would be difficult to imagine. She was radiant with beauty. It seemed to cast over the more homely features of Ruth a portion of its loveliness, and, instead of being a mere foil to her sister, she seemed handsome in the reflected light. When they descended into the drawing-room, their parents were equally delighted with them; and it is more than probable that, at the moment, Mrs. Thornbury regretted the resolution she had formed, not to make one of the party to the ball.

The carriage being now at the door, Mr. Thornbury and his daughters entered it, and in due time they arrived at the Assembly Rooms. As they were rather late, the rooms were already filled, and the dancing had commenced. For some minutes after their entrance the girls were a little nervous, but they soon recovered their self-possession. Their appearance produced a great sensation, and elicited much admiration; for they were certainly, as Mr. Thornbury had predicted, the belles of the room. Charity especially attracted attention, and numerous were the gentlemen who begged to be introduced to her. Ruth also had many admirers, and danced as often as her sister. She was doubly happy; for she had not only pleasure in the attentions she herself received, but on all sides she heard high praises of Charity's beauty. Ruth was frequently asked by her partners who that lovely girl was, and she felt intense pride in answering, "She is my sister."

In the course of the evening Mr. Thornbury introduced to Charity a Mr. Morecombe. He was a remarkably handsome man, of decidedly fine appearance and manners.

"To this gentleman," said Mr. Thornbury, "you are indebted for the pleasure you are now enjoying. It was he who kindly gave you his ladies' ticket.

Without it, my dear, you would have remained in solitude at home."

"While I acquit you personally of all obligation," said Mr. Morecombe, gallantly, "I must hold at the same time that the Hunt owe me a debt of gratitude for my liberality." Then, turning to Charity, he requested that she would do him the honour of being his partner in the next dance. Charity unfortunately was engaged for the three next dances; after these were finished, she would have much pleasure in accepting his offer. Mr. Morecombe continued in conversation with her till the orchestra sounded the prelude for the next dance, when she left him to join her partner. Between the next two dances she conversed with Mr. Morecombe, and was also his partner in more than one quadrille afterwards. In fact, so much attention did he pay to her that the company began to notice it and to make their observations. All this was observed by Ruth with much interest, not unmixed with anxiety. Not that there was anything in the stranger's manner to her sister that transgressed the strictest rules of good society; but at the same time she could perceive that he was evidently much struck with her, and she also fancied that Charity was not quite indifferent to the attentions she was receiving.

All went on merrily till it was time to depart, and then Mr. Thornbury escorted Ruth, and Mr. Morecombe Charity, to the carriage. On Mr. Morecombe's taking leave, Mr. Thornbury said he should be happy to see him at the Red House, and Mr. Morecombe readily replied that he should have much pleasure in calling. As the carriage drove off, Mr. Thornbury threw himself back in it, exclaiming, "That Morecombe is one of the finest fellows I know;" a remark which did not pass without receiving due attention from his daughters. Not a word was spoken by either of the party during their journey home, Mr. Thornbury having fallen fast asleep, and Ruth and her sister being too profoundly absorbed in their own meditations to have any wish for conversation.

The sisters did not rise till a late hour next day, being much fatigued by their exertions on the previous evening. In fact they did not see their parents till they met at the dinner-table. During their meal the conversation ran almost entirely on the events of the night before and the different persons they had met at the ball. Mrs. Thornbury made many inquiries about what had taken place, and in spite of her professed disregard of all subjects connected with dress and such frivolities, the questions she asked as to the costume of the ladies were many and minute. Mr. Thornbury took but little share in the conversation, but what he did say was principally in commendation of his friend Mr. Morecombe. "You will most probably see him to-morrow," he said, addressing his wife; "and then you will be able to judge of him yourself. I have made an appointment with him about a horse I wish to buy, and I have no doubt he will keep it." Strange to say, neither of the girls mentioned his name, although they conversed fluently enough about the qualifications of their other partners.

Next morning the girls rose at their usual hour. When they descended into the breakfast-room it was easy to perceive that, although they were dressed with great simplicity, they had taken much pains with their toilet. During breakfast the principal part of the conversation was carried on between Ruth and Mrs. Thornbury, Charity appearing the whole time, to use a French expression, *rêveuse*. When breakfast was over they retired to the drawing-room, Charity continuing as silent as before,—a fact which particularly attracted the attention of Ruth, who was watching her with much interest.

"What sort of a man is this Mr. Morecombe?" inquired Mrs. Thornbury of Ruth. "Your papa seems much pleased with him."

"He is certainly a most gentlemanly and intelligent man," replied Ruth, "and one of the handsomest I have ever seen."

"What interest has he in the horse your papa wants to purchase?" asked Mrs. Thornbury.

"I really do not know, mamma," said Ruth. "When Mr. Morecombe bade us good-bye, papa asked him to come and see us. He certainly said he would do so, but whether he had made any appointment with him before that, of course I cannot tell."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Thornbury, seating herself at a window which commanded a view of the carriage-drive leading to the house, "we must show him all the civility we can after his kindness to you about the ticket for the ball."

For more than an hour following this conversation, little more than an occasional desultory remark passed between the mother and daughters, but at last Mrs. Thornbury suddenly exclaimed; "Here he is, girls; what a beautiful horse he is riding!"

Of the latter part of the sentence, short though the whole was, the young ladies heard nothing, for no sooner were they aware that Mr. Morecombe was approaching than they hurried from the room to put some finishing touch to their hair if possible, or to arrange any little irregularity which might have occurred to their dress.

Charity was first ready, and she left her room to join the party below. A few minutes afterwards, Ruth followed her. When she descended the stairs, to her great surprise she found Charity standing irresolute in the hall, evidently trying to summon up courage to enter the sitting-room. She did not notice Ruth's approach till she was close beside her, and then she started and seemed greatly confused. Ruth took no notice of her sister's agitation; but, gently passing her arm round her waist, she kissed her affectionately. Charity returned the kiss, and, taking her sister by the hand, rewarded her with a look of intense gratitude. The pair then entered the room together. Not a word had been uttered by either, but a mute and interesting conversation had, nevertheless, passed between them.

When the sisters entered the room, they found Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury in it, as well as Mr. Morecombe. After the customary greetings, the conversation turned on general subjects. If Mr. Morecombe, on the night of the ball, appeared attractive to the young ladies, he seemed still more so now, when they could judge of him without their attention being distracted by other things. He spoke on many subjects, and on all with great discretion; his remarks evidently making a great impression on his hearers. His visit was a long one—perhaps longer than etiquette altogether warranted; but he made his company so agreeable that the objection was not much felt. During his stay, he left the room for a short time to converse with Mr. Thornbury on the ostensible object of his visit, and when he returned he found that lunch had been prepared for him. As he was about to leave, Mr. Thornbury pressed him to name some day in the following week when he would dine with them. Mr. Morecombe, however, appeared at first somewhat averse to naming the day. "I should have had much pleasure in accepting your invitation," he said; "but the fact is, I have a very aged relative, an uncle, who resides in the south of Devonshire. He is a confirmed old bachelor, very wealthy, very eccentric, and easily offended. I am the only relative he has in the world, and, for certain family reasons, it would be rash and unwise on my part to displease him. He has written requesting me to go there as quickly as I can, as he is very ill. To tell you the truth, I suspect there is very little the matter with him, and that he is only nervous. I wrote, in reply, saying that I much regretted his indisposition, and would start off immediately if he especially desired it; but that, as I had some business of importance to do in this part of the country, I must visit him at the present moment at great inconvenience to myself; and that I hoped, if possible, he would allow me to defer my visit for a fortnight or three weeks longer. I am now awaiting his reply, which I greatly fear will be adverse to my wishes, for if he specially desires my presence, I must start off directly."

"But when do you expect his answer?"

"In the course of five days, at the latest."

"Then dine with us on Saturday, if you have no better engagement," said Mr. Thornbury; "I expect my son Edgar home from Eton to-morrow, and I am sure he will be delighted to make your acquaintance."

"You are really so kind that I cannot refuse your invitation," said Mr. Morecombe. "On Saturday I will be with you, without fail."

The excitement which prevailed in the Red House during the two days previous to this momentous Saturday was scarcely less than that which had preceded the ball, although the young ladies preserved more silence on the subject.

Edgar arrived, as expected, the day after Mr. Morecombe's visit, and his family were naturally delighted to see him. He was now a very handsome, gentlemanly young fellow: modest in his demeanour, without being in any way diffident. His Eton education was finished, and though it could hardly be said that he was an accomplished scholar, he had not been altogether idle; and, without exaggeration, he was better educated than the average of young gentlemen of his years. As yet, nothing had been decided as to what profession he should follow, his parents differing somewhat in opinion on the subject. His mother wished him to enter holy orders, while his father thought he would succeed better as a barrister. The lad himself would have chosen the army, for which profession he was admirably fitted; but, as Mr. Thornbury had no influence at the Horse Guards, and the expense of purchasing a commission, as well as an outfit, and the allowance which would be necessary for him as an officer and a gentleman, were more than he could afford, the idea was definitively negatived. Both his parents had now, however, admitted that their son's future profession must be decided, and they resolved to entertain the subject seriously as soon as the first burst of pleasure on his arrival had somewhat subsided.

Attractive as Mr. Morecombe had already appeared to the Thornbury family, he surpassed himself at the dinner-table. He conversed fluently and well on every subject which came under discussion, and when relating his adventures in various parts of the world (for he had been a great traveller), he spoke of the part he had taken in them with so much modesty as to raise him still higher in the opinion of his hearers. Mr. Thornbury and Edgar were both delighted with him; Ruth admired him greatly, and Charity's good feeling towards him evidently surpassed her sister's. Nor was he by any means destitute of that small talk which is so much admired by ladies. He knew a great deal of the fashionable world, and spoke of its manners and habits with such ease as clearly proved that he had lived much in it. Moreover, he mentioned the names of several notables of high rank, with whom he was on terms of intimacy.

After the ladies had retired, the conversation turned principally on dogs and horses, and matters connected with the sporting world; on all of which subjects he appeared to be particularly well versed; so much so, in fact, that both father and son, themselves no indifferent judges in affairs of the kind, seemed to regard him as a very high authority. In the course of their conversation, Mr. Thornbury casually asked him if he had again heard from his uncle.

"To my great surprise, I have this day received a letter from him," said Mr. Morecombe, "for I imagined it would have required a longer time to receive an answer; and besides, I have generally found that to write by return of post is by no means the old gentleman's habit. I am happy to say his letter was couched in a most friendly tone. He says that as his health is much improved I need not now pay him the visit till

I have finished my business in this part of the country, and I shall certainly profit by his permission."

The conversation again turned on dogs and horses. Edgar remarked that he had lately been much disappointed in not being able to conclude a purchase he had wished to make. A man, a helper in a livery stable much patronised by the Eton scholars, had a very fine retriever for sale at a tolerably moderate price. Before the bargain was definitively concluded, however, a brother scholar had heard of the dog, and offering a far higher price than the sum originally named, he had got possession of it.

"Do you really want a retriever?" inquired Mr. Morecombe.

"I do indeed, and I am sorry to say I do not know anybody who has got one for sale," was Edgar's reply.

"Nor I neither," said Mr. Morecombe, "but if you will accept one as a present from me, I shall have much pleasure in offering it to you. I have as beautiful a dog of the breed as man ever cast eyes on, and he is at your service."

"Oh dear no, I could not think of accepting it in that way," said Edgar, colouring at the same time with pleasure at the idea of having such a dog. "I could not think of depriving you of him."

"To tell you the candid truth," said Mr Morecombe, "besides the pleasure I shall have in obliging you, it will be doing me a service if you will accept him. I am very fond of the dog, but travelling about as I do, you may easily suppose I am in frequent danger of losing him, and it would be a satisfaction to me to know that he is in good hands, so I will take no refusal."

After a little more ill-simulated demur on the part of Edgar, the dog was accepted, and Mr. Morecombe promised to bring him in the course of the ensuing week. On the Monday following he arrived with the retriever, and a beautiful animal he was. Edgar, as was to be expected, was perfectly delighted with his present. Mr. Morecombe remained with the family the whole of the day, and made himself as agreeable as possible.

He now became a regular visitor at the house. In consequence of a severe attack of the gout, Mr. Thornbury was confined to his room, and Edgar being frequently absent, the stranger was thus thrown into the society of the young ladies. In a very short time he began to show such marked attentions to Charity, that they became a subject of conversation with the whole of the establishment. Charity, on her part, received his attentions with evident pleasure, and everything promised a speedy *dénoûment*. At last, Mr. Morecombe called one morning, and by chance found Charity alone. He conversed with her for some time, and afterwards left the house. During the remainder of the day she was silent, thoughtful, and reserved. At night, on retiring to rest, Charity said abruptly to her sister,

"Ruth, dear, I have a secret to tell you."

"What is it?" inquired Ruth, at the same time forming her own conclusion as to the nature of the communication her sister was about to make.

"Mr. Morecombe has made me an offer."

"And did you accept him?" inquired Ruth, in a tone of great anxiety.

"Well, I hardly know," was Charity's reply. "I told him to speak to mamma."

Ruth, by way of answer, kissed her sister affectionately, and nothing more was said that evening upon the subject.

(To be continued.)

REQUIEM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Lux æterna luceat eis!
Dona eis requiem!"

O THE hour—the hour supernal,
When they met the light eternal,—
These, laid down at last to sleep
In a silence dark and deep;—
Waking—Lo! the night's away—
Light eternal—light eternal—
Full, soul-satisfying day!

Eyes of mine, thus hungry gazing
Into the far concave, blazing
With a dazzling blueness bright,—
Ye are blind as death or night:
Whilst my dead, their open'd eyes
Mute upraising, past all praising,
Pierce into God's mysteries.

O their wisdom, boundless, holy!
O their knowledge, large as lowly!
O their deep peace after pain,—
Loss forgotten, life all gain!
And, oh God! what deep love moves
These, now wholly nourished solely
In Thee, who art Love of loves!

Ye our Dead, for whom we pray not;
Unto whom wild words we say not,
Though we know not but ye hear,
Though we often feel ye near:
Go into eternal light!
You we stay not, and betray not
Back into our dim half-night.

Well we trow ye fain would teach us,
And your spirit arms would reach us
Tenderly from farthest heaven.
But to us this is not given:
Humble faith the lesson sole
Ye may preach us, all and each—us
Bound unto the selfsame goal.

Lesson grand—hard of discerning:
Faintly seen, with mighty yearning
At grave sides, or in the throes
Of our utmost joys and woes:
But one day will come the call;
When, thus earning the last learning,
Like our Dead, we shall know all.

NOTE.

THE POET COWPER AND THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

MAY the writer be allowed to offer some remarks on a paper, entitled "William Cowper," which appeared in the March number of *Good Words?* He is quite sure that the excellent editor of that widely-popular magazine would not wittingly give his sanction to any unjust reflections on the character and doings of an eminently good man, whose memory is still fragrant in the Church. It is quite true that misrepresentation on this subject is not a new thing. But the old calumny of Mr. Newton's injurious treatment of Cowper is here revived, and (whether so intended or not) with much bitterness as well as injustice.

Mr. Newton is spoken of as "of a severe and exacting religious temper;" "his influence over Cowper" is said "to have bordered on tyranny, and to have been the main cause of his subsequent dejection and relapses into lunacy." Cowper is spoken of as "bowing to Mr. Newton's stronger will, and yielding up his own in perfect submission to his spiritual master;" and so the inference is drawn that being engaged, spite of the repugnance of his nature, in the task of visiting the sick, and, notwithstanding his horror of publicity, in offering up extempore prayer, his nature had no other refuge than a second fit of insanity.

To all this it may be replied—and the writer speaks that which he knows—that Mr. Newton was one of the most genial and loving of men; a man without aught of assumption or priestly arrogance. The friendship between himself and Mr. Cowper was of the most endeared character, and unquestionably on terms of perfect equality. Besides which, Mr. Newton was a man of good sense, large knowledge of the world, and, acquainted as he was with the peculiar circumstances and temperament of his friend, not likely to impose upon him duties he saw to be hurtful.

Thus Mr. Newton himself speaks of his intercourse with Cowper during the time of their living together at Olney:—"For nearly twelve years we were seldom separated for twelve hours at a time when we were awake and at home. The first six I daily passed in *admiring and trying to imitate him.* During the second six I walked pensively with him in the valley of the shadow of death." And what are Mr. Cowper's expressions in that beautiful letter written to Mrs. Newton, when the vicarage had lost its former occupant, and Mr. Newton no longer lived at Olney?—"The vicarage became a melancholy object so soon as Mr. Newton left it. . . . I cannot look at it without being shocked. . . . Though in many respects I have no more sensibility than there is in brick and mortar, yet I am not permitted to be quite unfeeling on this subject." In reference to this letter, Mr. Newton says:—"It drew tears from my eyes, dearly as I love you, and because I dearly love you."

Speaking of a visit from Mr. Newton in August, 1783, when Mr. Cowper was suffering from very deep depression, the latter writes:—"The friend of my heart, the person with whom I had formerly taken sweet counsel, no longer useful to me as a minister, no longer pleasant to me as a Christian, was a spectacle which must necessarily add the bitterness of mortification to the sadness of despair."

Yet, again, there are Cowper's lines in "Conversation," in which there can be little doubt his thoughts went back to the first happy years at Olney:—

"But souls that carry on a blest exchange," &c.

Could such an intercourse as this be tyrannical on the one side, and tremblingly submissive on the other? And had Mr. Cowper possessed so little self-respect and independence of spirit as thus to have bowed to a will he felt that he must obey, would not a sensible woman like Mrs. Unwin have remonstrated?

As to the five years and a quarter (that is the exact period, from September, 1767, to January, 1773, when the malady returned—not, as stated in the article, seven years), there is little reason to doubt that it was the happiest period in Mr. Cowper's life. Writing to his friend the Rev. William Bull, in November, 1782, the poet says, referring to that time:—"I only regret that I did not know you intimately in *those happier days*, when the frame of my heart and mind was such as might have made a connection with me not altogether unworthy of you."

Again, it may be asked, what else but the religion he professed, and which was nurtured by his association with Mr. Newton, could have enabled Cowper to bear with such perfect resignation the terrible shock of his brother's death in 1770, when, too, a like event, the death of his beloved friend the Rev. Mr. Unwin, in after years, caused a relapse, after partial recovery from his mental illness? *Then* he was without the consciousness of a personal interest in religion.

Strange, too, that Mr. Newton's "injudicious treatment" should not have produced its supposed effect till more than five years had passed away. Was it not just the one thing that so long warded off the danger?

It were easy to reply to each of the specific charges in the above statement, but perhaps already too much space has been occupied. To one point, however, reference may be permitted. While it is quite true that Mr. Cowper had a great "horror" of certain kinds of publicity, and while he says he felt considerable trepidation "when called upon to take the lead in social worship," he also adds "that his trepidation wholly subsided so soon as he began to speak in prayer." As to his visitation of the sick, it was to him a pleasant duty, one for which he was eminently qualified. It is easy, indeed, so to represent such an effort in such circumstances as to make it appear injurious.

It is hoped that these brief remarks may do something to remove a gross misapprehension, arising, it may be feared, alike from ignorance of the true facts of the case, and from a prejudice against the evangelical sentiments of Mr. Newton.

It was while attempting a history of the early years of Mr. Cowper at Olney, as especially illustrated by some documents in the writer's possession, that he read the article in *Good Words.* That history is a full vindication of what is here indicated, and will shortly appear in the periodical for which it was prepared. J. B.

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART IX.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WILFRID was so stunned by the information thus suddenly given him, that he had but a confused consciousness of the explanations which followed. He was aware that it was all made clear to him, and that he uttered the usual words of assent and conviction; but in his mind he was too profoundly moved, too completely shaken and unsettled to be aware of anything but the fact thus strangely communicated. It did not occur to him for a moment that it was not a fact. He saw no improbability, nothing unnatural in it. He was too young to think that anything was unlikely because it was extraordinary, or to doubt what was affirmed with so much confidence. But, in the meantime, the news was so startling, that it upset his mental balance and made him incapable of understanding the details. Hugh was not the eldest son. It was he who was the eldest son. This at the moment was all that his mind was capable of taking in. He stayed by Percival as long as he remained, and had the air of devouring everything the other said; and he went with him to the railway station when he went away. Percival, for his part, having once made the plunge, showed no disinclination to explain everything, but for his own credit told his story most fully, and with many particulars undreamt of when the incident took place. But he might have spared his pains so far as Will was concerned. He was aware of the one great fact stated to him to begin with, but of nothing more.

The last words which Percival said as he took leave of his young companion at the railway were, however, caught by Wilfrid's half-stupefied ears. They were these: "I will stay in Carlisle for some days. You can hear where I am from Askell, and perhaps we may be of use to each other." This, beyond the startling and extraordinary piece of news which had shaken him like a sudden earthquake, was all Percival had said so far as Will was aware. "That fellow is no more the eldest son than I am—the property is *yours*;" and "I will stay in Carlisle for some days—perhaps we may be of use to each other." The one expression caught on to the other in his mind, which was utterly confused and stunned for the first time in his life. He turned them over and over as he walked home alone, or rather *they* turned over and over in his memory, as if possessed of a distinct life; and so it happened that he had got home again and opened the gate and stumbled into the garden before he knew what the terrific change was which had come over everything, or had time to realise his own sensations. It was such a moment as is very sweet in a cottage-garden. They had all been watering the flowers in the moment of relief after Percival's departure, and the fragrance of the grateful soil was mounting up among the other perfumes of the hour. Hugh and Nelly were still sprinkling a last shower upon the roses, and in the distance in the field upon which the garden opened were to be seen two figures wandering slowly over the grass,—Winnie, whom Aunt Agatha had coaxed out to breathe the fresh air after her self-imprisonment, and Miss Seton herself, with a shawl over her head. And the twilight was growing insensibly dimmer and dimmer, and the dew falling, and the young moon sailing aloft. When Mary came across the lawn, her long dress sweeping with a soft rustle over the grass, a sudden horror seized Wilfrid. It took him all his force of mind and will to keep his face to her and await her coming. His face was not the treacherous kind of face which betrays everything; but still there was in it a look of pre-occupation which Mary could not fail to see.

"Is he gone?" she said, as she came up. "You are sure he is gone, Will? It was kind of you to be civil to him; but I am almost afraid you were interested in him too."

"Would it be wrong to be interested in him?" said Will.

"I don't like him," said Mary, simply; and then she added, after a pause, "I have no confidence in him. I should be sorry to see any of my boys attracted by the society of such a man."

And it was at this moment that his new knowledge rushed upon Wilfrid's mind and embittered it; any of her boys of whom he was the youngest and least important; and yet she must know what his real position was, and that he ought to be the chief of all.

"I don't care a straw for *him*," said Will, hastily; "but he knows a great many things, and I was interested in his talk."

"What was he saying to you?" said Mrs. Ochterlony.

He looked into her face, and he saw that there was uneasiness in it, just as she looking at him saw signs of a change which he was himself unaware of; and in his impetuosity he was very near saying it all out and betraying himself. But then his uncertainty of all the details stood him in good stead.

"He was saying lots of things," said Will. "I am sure I can't tell you all that he was saying. If I were Hugh I would not let Nelly make a mess of herself with those roses. I am going in-doors."

"A lovely evening like this is better than the best book in the world," said Mary. "Stay with me, and talk to me, Will. You see I am the only one who is left alone."

"I don't care about lovely evenings," said Will; "I think you should all come in. It is getting dreadful cold. And as for being alone, I don't see

how that can be, when they are all there. Good-night, mother. I think I shall go to bed."

"Why should you go to bed so early?" said Mary; but he was already gone, and did not hear her. And as he went, he turned right round and looked at Hugh and Nelly, who were still together. When Mrs. Ochterlony remarked that look, she was at once troubled and comforted. She thought her boy was jealous of the way in which his brother engrossed the young visitor, and she was sorry, but yet knew that it was not very serious—while, at the same time, it was a comfort to her to attribute his pre-occupation to anything but Percival's conversation. So she lingered about the lawn a little, and looked wistfully at the soft twilight country, and the wistful moon. She was the only one who was alone. The two young creatures were together, and they were happy; and poor Winnie, though she was far from happy, was buoyed up by the absorbing passion and hostility which had to-day reached one of its climaxes, and had Aunt Agatha for her slave, ready to receive all the burning outburst of grievance and misery. This fiery passion which absorbed her whole being was almost as good as being happy, and gave her mind full occupation. But as for Mary, she was by herself, and all was twilight with her: and the desertion of her boy gave her a little chill at her heart. So she, too, went in presently, and had the lamp lighted, and sat alone in the room which was bright and yet dim—with a clear circle of light round the table, yet shadowy as all the corners are of a summer evening, when there is no fire to aid the lamp. But she did not find her son there. His discontent had gone further than to be content with a book, as she had expected; and he had really disappeared for the night.

"I can't have you take possession of Nelly like this," she said to Hugh, when, after a long interval they came in. "We all want a share of her. Poor Will has gone to bed quite discontented. You must not keep her all to yourself."

"Oh! is he jealous?" said Hugh, laughing; and there was no more said about it; for Will's jealousy in this respect was not a thing to alarm anybody much.

But Will had not gone to bed. He was seated in his room at the table, leaning his head upon both his hands, and staring into the flame of his candle. He was trying to put what he had heard into some sort of shape. That Hugh, who was down-stairs so triumphant and successful, was, after all, a mere impostor; that it was he himself, whom nobody paid any particular attention to, who was the real heir; that his instinct had not deceived him, but from his birth he had been ill-used and oppressed. These thoughts went all circling through his mind as the moths circled round his light, taking now a larger, and now a shorter flight. This strange sense that he had been right all along was, for the moment, the first feeling in his mind. He had been disinherited and thrust aside, but still he had felt all along that it was he who was the natural heir; and there was a satisfaction in having it thus proved and established. This was the first distinct reflection he was conscious of amid the whirl of thoughts; and then came the intoxicating sense that he could now enter upon his true position and be able to arrange everybody's future wisely and generously, without any regard for mere proprieties, or for the younger brother's two thousand pounds. Strange to say, in the midst of this whirlwind of egotistical feeling, Will rushed all at once into imaginations that were not selfish, glorious schemes of what he would do for everybody. He was not ungenerous, nor unkind, but only it was a necessity with him that generosity and kindness should come from and not to himself.

All this passed through the boy's mind before it ever occurred to him what might be the consequences to others of his extraordinary discovery, or what effect it must have upon his mother, and the character of the family. He was self-absorbed, and it did not occur to him in that light. Even when he did come to think of it, he did it in the calmest way. No doubt his mother would be annoyed; but she deserved to be annoyed—she who had so long kept him out of his rights; and, after all, it would still be one of her sons who would have Earlston. And as for Hugh, Wilfrid had the most generous intentions towards him. There was, indeed, nothing that he was not ready to do for his brothers. As soon as he believed that all was to be his, he felt himself the steward of the family. And then his mind glanced back upon the Psyche and the Venus, and upon Earlston, which might be made into a fitter shrine for these fair creations. These ideas filled him like wine, and went to his head, and made him dizzy; and all the time he was as unconscious of the moral harm, and domestic treachery, as if he had been one of the lower animals; and no scruple of any description, and no doubt of what it was right and necessary to do, had so much as entered into his primitive and savage mind.

We call his mind savage and primitive because it was at this moment entirely free from those complications of feeling and dreadful conflict of what is desirable, and what is right, which belong to the civilized and cultivated mind. Perhaps Will's affections were not naturally strong: but, at all events, he gave in to this temptation as a man might have given in to it in the depths of Africa, where the "good old rule" and "simple plan" still exist and reign; and where everybody takes what he has strength to take, and he keeps who can. This was the real state of the case in Wilfrid's mind. It had been supposed to be Hugh's right, and he had been obliged to give in; now it was his right, and Hugh would have to make up his mind to it. What else was there to say? So far as Will could see, the revolution would be alike certain and instantaneous. It no more occurred to him to doubt the immediate effect of the new fact than to doubt its truth. Perhaps it was his very egotism, as well as his youth and inexperience, which made

him so credulous. It had been wonder enough to him how anybody *could* leave him in an inferior position, even while he was only the youngest; to think of anybody resisting his rights, now that he had rights, was incredible.

Yet when the morning came, and the sober daylight brightened upon his dreams, Will, notwithstanding all his confidence, began to see the complication of circumstances. How was he to announce his discovery to his mother? How was he to acquaint Hugh with the change in their mutual destinies? What seemed so easy and simple to him the night before, became difficult and complicated now. He began to have a vague sense that they would insist, that Mrs. Ochterlony would fight for her honour, and Hugh for his inheritance, and that in claiming his own rights, he would have to rob his mother of her good name, and put a stigma ineffaceable upon his brother. This idea startled him, and took away his breath; but it did not make him falter; Uncle Penrose's suggestion about buying up him and his beggarly estate, and Major Percival's evident entire indifference to the question whether anything it suited him to do was right or wrong, had had their due effect on Will. He did not see what call he had to sacrifice himself for others. No doubt, he would be sorry for the others, but after all it was his own life he had to take care of, and his own rights that he had to assert. But he mused and knitted his brows over it as he had never done before in his life. Throughout it will be seen that he regarded the business in a very sober, matter-of-fact way—not in the imaginative way which leads you to enter into other people's position, and analyse their possible feelings. As for himself, he who had been so jealous of his mother's visitors, and watched over her so keenly, did not feel somehow that horror which might have been expected at the revelation that she was not the spotless woman he thought her. Perhaps it was the importance of the revelation to himself—perhaps it was a secret disbelief in any guilt of hers, perhaps it was only the stunned condition in which the announcement left him. At all events, he was neither horrified at the thought, nor profoundly impressed by the consciousness that to prove his own rights, would be to take away everything from her, and to shut her up from all intercourse with the honourable and pure. When the morning roused him to a sense of the difficulties as well as the advantages of his discovery, the only thing he could think of was to seek advice and direction from Percival, who was so experienced a man of the world. But it was not so easy to do this without betraying his motive. The only practicable expedient was that of escorting Nelly home; which was not a privilege he was anxious for of itself; for though he was jealous that she had been taken away from him, he shrank instinctively from her company in his present state of mind. Yet it was the only thing that could be done.

When the party met at the breakfast-table, there were three of them who were ill at ease. Winnie made her appearance in a state of headache, pale and haggard as on the day of her arrival; and Aunt Agatha was pale too, and could not keep her eyes from dwelling with a too tender affectionateness upon her suffering child. And as for Will, the colour of his young face was indescribable, for youth and health still contended in it with those emotions which contract the skin and empty the veins. But on the other hand, there were Hugh and Nelly handsome and happy, with hearts full of charity to everybody, and confidence in the brightness of their own dawning lot. Mary sat at the head of the table, with the urn before her, superintending all. The uneasiness of last night had passed from her mind; her cheek was almost as round and fair as that of the girl by her side—fairer perhaps in its way: her eyes were as bright as they had ever been; her dress it is true was still black, but it had not the shadowy denseness of her widow's garb of old. It was silk, that shone and gave back subdued reflections to the light, and in her hair there were still golden gleams, though mixed with here and there a thread of silver. Her mourning, which prevented any confusion of colours, but left her a sweet complexioned woman, rich in the subdued tints of nature, in the soft austerity of black and white, did all for her that toilette could do. This was the figure which her son Wilfred saw at the head of the pretty country breakfast-table, between the flowers and the sunshine—an unblemished matron and a beloved mother. He knew, and it came into his mind as he looked at her, that in the parish, or even in the county, there was nobody more honoured; and yet—— He kept staring at her so, and grew so white as he did so, and had so scared a look in his eyes, that Mrs. Ochterlony herself perceived it at last.

"What is the matter, Will?" she said; "I could think there was a ghost standing behind me, from your eyes. Why do you look so startled?"

"Nothing," said Will, hastily; "I didn't know I looked startled. A fellow can't help how he looks. Look here, Nelly, if you're going home to-day, I'll go with you, and see you safe there."

"You'll go with her?" said Hugh, with a kind of good-humoured elder brotherly contempt. "Not quite so fast, Will. We can't trust young ladies in *your* care. I am going with Nelly myself."

"Oh! I am sure Will is very kind," said Nelly; and then she stopped short, and looked first at Mrs. Ochterlony and then at Hugh. Poor Nelly had heard of brothers being jealous of each other, and had read of it in books, and was half afraid that such a case was about to come under her own observation. She was much frightened, and her impulse was to accept Will's guardianship, that no harm might come of it, though the sacrifice to herself would be considerable; but then, what if Hugh should be jealous too?

"I see no reason why you should not both go," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "one of you shall take care

of Nelly, and one shall do my commissions; I think that had better be Will—for I can put no confidence, just now, in Hugh."

"Of course it must be Will," said Hugh. "A squire of dames requires age and solidity. It is not an office for a younger brother. Your time will come, old fellow; it is mine now."

"Yes, I suppose it is yours now," said Will.

He did not mean to put any extraordinary significance in his tone, but yet he was in such a condition of mind that his very voice betrayed him against his will. Even Winnie, pre-occupied as she was, intermitted her own thoughts a moment to look at him, and Hugh reddened though he could not have told why. There was a certain menace, a certain implication of something behind, which the inexperienced boy had no intention of betraying, but which made themselves apparent in spite of him. And Hugh too grew crimson in spite of himself. He said "By Jove!" and then he laughed, and cleared his mind of it, feeling it absurd to be made angry by the petulance of his boy-brother. Then he turned to Nelly, who had drawn closer to him, fearing that the quarrel was about to take place as it takes place in novels, trembling a little, and yet by the aid of her own good sense, feeling that it could not be so serious after all.

"If we are going to the Lady's Well we must go early," he said; and his face changed when he turned to her. She was growing prettier every day,—every day at least that she spent in Hugh's society,—opening and unfolding as to the sun. Her precocious womanliness, if it had been precocious, melted under the new influence, and all the natural developments were quickened. She was more timid, more caressing, less self-reliant, and yet she was still as much as ever the head of the house at home.

"But not if it will vex Will," she said, almost in a whisper, in his ear; and the close approach which this whisper made necessary, effaced in an instant all unbrotherly feelings towards Wilfrid from Hugh's mind. They both looked at Will, instinctively, as they spoke, the girl with a little wistful solicitude in case he might be disturbed by the sight of their confidential talk. But Will was quite unmoved. He saw the two draw closer together, and perceived the confidential communication that passed between them, but his countenance did not change in the slightest degree. By this time he was far beyond that.

"You see he does not mind," said Hugh, carrying on the half articulate colloquy, of which one half was done by thoughts instead of words; and Nelly, with the colour a little deepened on her cheek, looked up at him with a look which Hugh could but half interpret. He saw the soft brightness, the sweet satisfaction in it tinged by a certain gleam of fun, but he did not see that Nelly was for the moment a little ashamed of herself, and was asking herself how she ever could, for a moment, have supposed that Will was jealous. It was a relief to her mind to see his indifference, and yet it filled her with shame.

When the meal was over, and they all dispersed with their different interests, it was Mary who sought to soften what she considered the disappointment of her boy. She came to him as he stood at the window under the verandah, where the day before Percival had given him his fatal illumination, and put her arm within his, and did her best to draw his secret from his clouded and musing eyes.

"My dear boy, let us give in to Hugh," said Mary; "he is only a guest now, you know, and you are at home." She was smiling when she said this, and yet it made her sigh. "And then I think he is getting fond of Nelly, and you are far too young for anything of that sort," Mrs. Ochterlony said, with anxiety and a little doubt, looking him in the face all the time.

"There are some things I am not too young for," said Will. "Mamma, if I were Hugh I would be at home nowhere unless *you* were at home there as well."

"My dear Will, that is my own doing," said Mary. "Don't blame your brother. I have refused to go to Earlston. It will always be best for me, for all your sakes, to have a house of my own."

"If Earlston had been mine, I should not have minded your refusal," said Will. Perhaps it was as a kind of secret atonement to her and to his own heart that he said so, and yet it was done instinctively and was the utterance of a genuine feeling. He was meditating in his heart her disgrace and downfall, and yet the first effects of it, if he could succeed, would be to lay everything that he had won by shaming her, at her feet. He would do her the uttermost cruelty and injury without flinching, and then he would overwhelm her with every honour and grandeur that his ill-got wealth could supply. And he did not see how inconsistent those two things were.

"But my boys *must* mind when I make such a decision," said Mary; and yet she was not displeased with the sentiment. "You shall go to Carlisle for me," she added. "I want some little things, and Hugh very likely would be otherwise occupied. If you would like to have a little change, and go early, do not wait for them, Will. There is a train in half an hour."

"Yes, I would like a little change," he answered vaguely—feeling somehow, for that moment solely, a little prick of conscience. And so it was by his mother's desire to restore his good-humour and cheerfulness, that he was sent upon his mission of harm and treachery.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHILE Hugh showed Nelly the way to the Lady's Well with that mixture of brotherly tenderness and a dawning emotion of a much warmer kind, which is the privileged entrance of their age into real love and passion; and while Will made his with silent vehemence and ardour to Car-

lisle, Winnie was left very miserable in the Cottage. It was a moment of reaction after the furious excitement of the previous day. She had held him at bay, she had shown him her contempt and scorn, she had proved to him that their parting was final, and that she would never either see or listen to him again; and the excitement of doing this had so supported her that the day which Aunt Agatha thought a day of such horrible trial to her poor Winnie, was, in short, the only day in which she had snatched a certain stormy enjoyment since she returned to the Cottage. But *the day after* was different. He was gone; he had assented to her desire, and accepted her decision to all appearance, and poor Winnie was very miserable. For the moment all seemed to her to be over. She had felt sure he would come, and the sense of the continued conflict had buoyed her up; but she did not feel so sure that he would come again, and the long struggle which had occupied her life and thoughts for so many years seemed to have come to an abrupt end, and she had nothing more to look forward to. When she realised this fact, Winnie stood aghast. It is hard when love goes out of a life; but sometimes, when it is only strife and opposition which go out of it, it is almost as hard to bear. She thought she had sighed for peace for many a long day. She had said so times without number, and written it down and persuaded herself that was what she wanted; but now that she had got it she found out that it was not that she wanted. The Cottage was the very home of peace, and had been so for many years. Even the growth of young life within it, the active minds and varied temperaments of the three boys, and Will's cloudy and uncomfortable disposition, had not hitherto interfered with its character. But so far from being content, Winnie's heart sank within her when she realised the fact, that War had marched off in the person of her husband, and that she was to be "left in peace,"—horrible words that paralysed her very soul.

This event, however, if it had done nothing else, had opened her mouth. Her history, which she had kept to herself, began to be revealed. She told her aunt and her sister of his misdeeds, till the energy of her narrative brought something like renewed life to her. She described how she had herself endured, how she had been left to all the dangers that attend a beautiful young woman whose husband has found superior attractions elsewhere; and she gave such sketches of the women whom she imagined to have attracted him, as only an injured wife in a chronic state of wrath and suffering could give. She was so very miserable on that morning that she had no alternative but to speak or die; and as she could not die, she gave her miseries utterance. "And if he can do you any harm —if he can strike me through my friends," said Winnie, "if you know of any point on which he could assail you, you had better keep close guard."

"Oh, my dear love!" said Aunt Agatha, with a troubled smile, "what harm could he do us? He could hurt us only in wounding you; and now we have you safe, my darling, and can defend you, so he never can harm us."

"Of course I never meant *you*," said Winnie. "But he might perhaps harm Mary. Mary is not like you; she has had to make her way in the world, and no doubt there may be things in her life, as in other people's, that she would not care to have known."

Mary was startled by this speech, which was made half in kindness, half in anger; for the necessity of having somebody to quarrel with had been too great for Winnie. Mrs. Ochterlony was startled, but she could not help feeling sure that her secret was no secret for her sister, and she had no mind for a quarrel, though Winnie wished it.

"There is but one thing in my life that I don't wish to have known," she said, "and Major Percival knows it, and probably so do you, Winnie. But I am here among my own people, and everybody knows all about me. I don't think it would be possible to do me harm here."

"It is because you don't know him," said Winnie. "He would do the Queen harm in her own palace. You don't know what poison he can put on his arrows, and how he shoots them. I believe he will strike me through my friends."

All this time Aunt Agatha looked at the two with her lips apart, as if about to speak; but in reality it was horror and amazement that moved her. To hear them talking calmly of something that must be concealed! of something, at least, that it was better should not be known!—and that in a house which had always been so spotless, so respectable, and did not know what mystery meant!

Mary shook her head, and smiled. She had felt a little anxious the night before about what Percival might be saying to Wilfrid; but, somehow, all that had blown away. Even Will's discontent with his brother had taken the form of jealous tenderness for herself, which, in her thinking, was quite incompatible with any revelation which could have lowered her in his eyes; and it seemed to her as if the old sting, which had so often come back to her, which had put it into the power of her friends in "the regiment" to give her now and then a prick to the heart, had lost its venom. Hugh was peacefully settled in his rights, and Will, if he had heard anything, must have nobly closed his ears to it. Sometimes this strange feeling of assurance and confidence comes on the very brink of the deadliest danger, and it was so with Mary at the present moment that she had no fear.

As for Winnie, she too was thinking principally of her own affairs, and of her sister's only as subsidiary to them. She would have rather believed in the most diabolical rage and assault than in her husband's indifference and the utter termination of hostilities between them. "He will strike me through my friends," she repeated; and perhaps in her heart she was rather glad that there still re-

mained this oblique way of reaching her, and expressed a hope rather than a fear. This conversation was interrupted by Sir Edward, who came in more cheerfully and alertly than usual, taking off his hat as soon as he became visible through the open window. He had heard what he thought was good news, and there was satisfaction in his face.

"So Percival is here," he said. "I can't tell you how pleased I was. Come, we'll have some pleasant days yet in our old age. Why hasn't he come up to the Hall?"

There was an embarrassed pause—embarrassed at least on the part of Miss Seton and Mrs. Ochterlony; while Winnie fixed her eyes, which looked so large and wild in their sunken sockets, steadily upon him, without attempting to make any reply.

"Yes, Major Percival was here yesterday," said Aunt Agatha with hesitation; "he spent the whole day with us—— I was very glad to have him, and I am sure he would have gone up to the Hall if he had had time—— But he was obliged to go away——"

How difficult it was to say all this under the gaze of Winnie's eyes, and with the possibility of being contradicted flatly at any moment, may be imagined. And while Aunt Agatha made her faltering statement, her own look and voice contradicted her; and then there was a still more embarrassed pause, and Sir Edward looked from one to another with amazed and unquiet eyes.

"He came and spent the day with you," said their anxious neighbour, "and he was obliged to go away! I confess I think I merited different treatment. I wish I could make out what you all mean——"

"The fact is, Sir Edward," said Winnie, "that Major Percival was sent away. He is a very important person, no doubt; but he cannot do just as he pleases. My aunt is so good that she tries to keep up a little fiction, but he and I have done with each other," said Winnie in her excitement, notwithstanding that she had been up to this moment so reticent and self-contained.

"Who sent him away?" asked Sir Edward, with a pitiful, confidential look to Aunt Agatha, and a slight shake of his head over the very bad business—a little pantomime which moved Winnie to deeper wrath and discontent.

"*I* sent him away," said Mrs. Percival, with as much dignity as this ebullition of passion would permit her to assume.

"My dear Winnie," said Sir Edward, "I am very very sorry to hear this. Think a little of what is before you. You are a young woman still; you are both young people. Do you mean to live here all the rest of your life, and let him go where he pleases—to destruction, I suppose, if he likes? Is that what you mean? And yet we all remember when you would not hear a word even of advice—would not listen to anybody about him. He had not been quite *sans reproche* when you married him, my dear; and you took him with a knowledge of it. If that had not been the case, there might have been some excuse. But what I want you to do, is to look it in the face, and consider a little. It is not only for to-day, or to-morrow—it is for your life."

Winnie gave a momentary shudder, as if of cold, and drew her shawl closer round her. "I had rather not discuss our private affairs," she replied: "they are between ourselves."

"But the fact is, they are not between yourselves," said Sir Edward, who was inspired by the great conviction of doing his duty. "You have taken the public into your confidence by coming here. I am a very old friend, both of yours and his, and I might do some good, if you let me try. I daresay he is not very far from here; and if I might mediate between you——"

A sudden gleam shot out of Winnie's eyes—perhaps it was a sudden wild hope—perhaps it was merely the flash of indignation; but still the proposal moved her. "Mediate!" she said, with an air which was intended for scorn; but her lips quivered as she repeated the word.

"Yes," said Sir Edward, "I might, if you would have confidence in me. No doubt there are wrongs on both sides. He has been impatient, and you have been exacting, and——Where are you going?"

"It is no use continuing this conversation," said Winnie. "I am going to my room. If I were to have more confidence in you than I ever had in any one, it would still be useless. I have not been exacting. I have been—— But it is no matter. I trust, Aunt Agatha, that you will forgive me for going to my own room."

Sir Edward shook his head, and looked after her as she withdrew. He looked as if he had said, "I knew how it would be;" and yet he was concerned and sorry. "I have seen such cases before," he said, when Winnie had left the room, turning to Aunt Agatha and Mary, and once more shaking his head: "neither will give in an inch. They know that they are in a miserable condition, but it is neither his fault nor hers. That is how it always is. And only the bystanders can see what faults there are on both sides."

"But I don't think Winnie is so exacting," said Aunt Agatha, with natural partizanship. "I think it is worse than that. She has been telling me two or three things——"

"Oh, yes," said Sir Edward, with mild despair, "they can tell you dozens of things. No doubt *he* could, on his side. It is always like that; and to think that nothing would have any effect on her!—she would hear no sort of reason—though you know very well you were warned that he was not immaculate before she married him: nothing would have any effect."

"Oh, Sir Edward!" cried Aunt Agatha, with tears in her eyes; "it is surely not the moment to remind us of that."

"For my part, I think it is just the moment,"

said Sir Edward; and he shook his head, and made a melancholy pause. Then, with an obvious effort to change the subject, he looked round the room, as if that personage might, perhaps, be hidden in some corner, and asked where was Hugh?

"He has gone to show Nelly Askell the way to the Lady's Well," said Mary, who could not repress a smile.

"Ah! he seems disposed to show Nelly Askell the way to a great many things," said Sir Edward. "There it is again, you see! Not that I have a word to say against that little thing. She is very nice, and pretty enough; though no more to be compared to what Winnie was at her age—— But you'll see Hugh will have engaged himself and forestalled his life before we know where we are."

"It would have been better had they been a little older," said Mary; "but otherwise everything is very suitable; and Nelly is very good, and very sweet——"

Again Sir Edward sighed. "You must know that Hugh might have done a very great deal better," he said. "I don't say that I have any particular objections, but only it is an instance of your insanity in the way of marriage—all you Setons. You go and plunge into it head foremost, without a moment's reflection; and then, of course, when leisure comes—— I don't mean you, Mary. What I was saying had no reference to you. So far as I am aware, you were always very happy, and gave your friends no trouble. Though in one way, of course, it ought to be considered that you did the worst of all."

"Captain Askell's family is very good," said Mary, by way of turning off too close an inquiry into her own affairs; "and he is just in the same position as Hugh's father was; and I love Nelly like a child of my own. I feel as if she ought to have been a child of my own. She and Will used to lie in the same cradle——"

"Ah, by the way," said Sir Edward, looking round once more into the corners, "where is Will?"

And then it had to be explained where Will had gone, which the old man thought very curious. "To Carlisle? What did he want to go to Carlisle for? If he had been out with his fishing-rod, or out with the keepers, looking after the young pheasants—— But what could he want going into Carlisle. Is Percival there?"

"I hope not," said Mary, with sudden anxiety. It was an idea which had not entered into her mind before.

"Why should you hope not? If he really wants to make peace with Winnie, I should think it very natural," said Sir Edward; "and Will is a curious sort of boy. He might be a very good sort of auxiliary in any negotiation. Depend upon it, that's why he is gone."

"I think not. I think he would have told me," said Mary, feeling her heart sink with a sudden dread.

"I don't see why he should have told you," said Sir Edward, who was in one of his troublesome moods, and disposed to put everybody at sixes and sevens. "He is old enough to act a little for himself. I hope you are not one of the foolish women, Mary, that like to keep their boys always at their apron-strings?"

With this reproach Sir Edward took his leave, and made his way placidly homeward, with the tranquillity of a man who has done his duty. He felt that he had discharged the great vocation of man, at least for the past hour. Winnie had heard the truth, whether she liked it or not, and so had the other members of the family, over whom he shook his head kindly but sadly as he went home. Their impetuosity, their aptitude to rush into any scrape that presented itself—and especially their madness in respect to marriage, filled him with pity. There was Charlie Seton, for example, the father of these girls, who had married that man Penrose's sister. Sir Edward's memory was so long, that it did not seem to him a very great stretch to go back to that. Not that the young woman was amiss in herself, but the man who, with his eyes open, burdened his unborn descendants with such an uncle, was worse than lunatic—he was criminal. This was what Sir Edward thought as he went quietly home, with a rather comfortable dreary sense of satisfaction in his heart in the thought that his own behaviour had been marked by no such aberrations; and, in the meantime, Winnie was fanning the embers of her own wrath, and Mary had sickened somehow with a sense of insecurity and unexplainable apprehension. On the other hand, the two young creatures were very happy on the road to the Lady's Well, and Will addressed himself to his strange business with resolution: and, painful as its character was, was not pained to speak of, but only excited. So ran the course of the world upon that ordinary summer day.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WILFRID'S sensations when he found himself in the streets of Carlisle on his extraordinary mission, were of the strangest kind. It was the first time he had ever taken any step absolutely by himself. To be sure, he had been brought up in full possession of the freedom of an English boy, in whose honour everybody has confidence—but never before had he been moved by an individual impulse to independent action, nor had he known what it was to have a secret in his mind, and an enterprise which had to be conducted wholly according to his own judgment, and in respect to which he could ask for no advice. When he emerged out of the railway station, and found himself actually in the streets, a thrill of excitement, sudden and strange, came over him. He had known very well all along what he was coming to do, and yet he seemed only to become aware of it at that moment, when he put his foot upon the pavement, and was appealed to by cab-drivers, eager to take him somewhere. Here there was no

time or opportunity for lingering; he had to go somewhere, and that instantly, were it only to the shops to execute his mother's innocent commissions. It might be possible to loiter and meditate on the calm country roads about Kirtell, but the town and the streets have other associations. He was there to do something, to go somewhere, and it had to be begun at once. He was not imaginative, but yet he felt a kind of palpable tearing asunder as he took his first step onward. He had hesitated, and his old life seemed to hold out its arms to him. It was not an unhappy life; he had his own way in most things, he had his future before him unfettered, and he knew that his wishes would be furthered, and every thing possible done to help and encourage him. All this passed through his mind like a flash of lightning. He would be helped and cared for and made much of, but yet he would only be Will, the youngest, of whom nobody took particular notice, and who sat in the lowest room; whereas, by natural law and justice, he was the heir. After he had made that momentary comparison, he stepped on with a firm foot, and then it was that he felt like the tearing asunder of something that had bound him. He had thrown the old bonds, the old pleasant ties, to the wind; and now all that he had to do, was to push on by himself and gain his rights. This sensation made his head swim as he walked on. He had put out to sea as it were, and the new movement made him giddy—and yet it was not pain; love was not life to him, but he had never known what it was to live without it. There seemed no reason why he should not do perfectly well for himself; Hugh would be affronted, of course,—but it could make no difference to Islay, for example, nor much to his mother, for it would still be one of her sons. These were the thoughts that went through Wilfrid's mind as he walked along; from which it will be apparent that the wickedness he was about to do was not nearly so great in intention as it was in reality, and that his youth, and inexperience, and want of imagination, his incapacity to put himself into the position of another, or realize anything but his own wants and sentiments, pushed him unawares, while he contemplated only an act of selfishness, into a social crime.

But yet the sense of doing this thing entirely alone, of doing it in secret, which was contrary to all his habitudes of mind, filled him with a strange inquietude. It hurt his conscience more to be making such a wonderful move for himself, out of the knowledge of his mother and everybody belonging to him, than to be trying to disgrace his mother and overthrow her good name and honour; of the latter, he was only dimly conscious, but the former he saw clearly. A strange paradox, apparently, but yet not without many parallels. There are poor creatures who do not hesitate at drowning themselves, and yet shrink from the chill of the "black flowing river" in which it is to be accomplished As for Will, he did not hesitate to throw dark anguish and misery into the peaceful household he had been bred in—he did not shrink from an act which would imbitter the lives of all who loved him, and change their position, and disgrace their name—but the thought of taking his first great step in life out of anybody's knowledge, made his head swim, and the light fail in his eyes—and filled him with a giddy mingling of excitement and shame. He did not realize the greater issue, except as it affected himself solely—but he did the other in its fullest sense. Thus he went on through the commonplace streets, with his heart throbbing in his ears, and the blood rushing to his head; and yet he was not remorseful, nor conscience-stricken, nor sorry, but only strongly excited, and moved by a certain nervous shyness and shame.

Notwithstanding this, a certain practical faculty in Wilfrid led him before seeking out his tempter and first informant, to seek independent testimony. It would be difficult to say what it was that turned his thoughts towards Mrs. Kirkman; but it was to her he went. The Colonel's wife received him with a sweet smile, but she was busy with much more important concerns; and when she had placed him at a table covered with tracts and magazines, she took no further notice of Will. She was a woman, as has been before mentioned, who laboured under a chronic dissatisfaction with the clergy, whether as represented in the person of a regimental chaplain, or of a Dean and Chapter; and she was not content to suffer quietly, as so many people do. Her discontent was active, and expressed itself not only in lamentation and complaint, but in very active measures. She could not reappoint to the offices in the Cathedral, but she could do what was in her power, by Scripture-readers, and societies for private instruction, to make up the deficiency; and she was very busy with one of her agents when Will entered, who certainly had not come about any evangelical business. As time passed, however, and it became apparent to him that Mrs. Kirkman was much more occupied with her other visitor than with any curiosity about his own boyish errand, whatever it might be, Will began to lose patience. When he made a little attempt to gain a hearing in his turn, he was silenced by the same sweet smile, and a clasp of the hand. "My dear boy, just a moment; what we are talking of is of the greatest importance," said Mrs. Kirkman. "There are so few real means of grace in this benighted town, and to think that souls are being lost daily, hourly—and yet such a show of services and prayers—it is terrible to think of it. In a few minutes, my dear boy."

"What I want is of the greatest importance too," said Wilfred, turning doggedly away from the table and the magazines.

Mrs. Kirkman looked at him, and thought she saw spiritual trouble in his eye. She was flattered that he should have thought of her under such interesting circumstances. It was a tardy but sweet compensation for all she had done, as she said to herself, for his mother; and going on this mistaken

idea she dismissed the Scripture-reader, having first filled him with an adequate sense of the insufficiency of the regular clergy. It was, as so often happens, a faithful remnant, which was contending alone for true religion against all the powers of this world. They were sure of one thing at least, and that was that everybody else was wrong. This was the idea with which her humble agent left Mrs. Kirkman; and the same feeling, sad but sweet, was in her own mind as she drew a chair to the table and sat down beside her dear young friend.

"And so you have come all the way from Kirtell to see *me*, my dear boy?" she said. "How happy I shall be if I can be of some use to you. I am afraid you won't find very much sympathy there."

"No," said Wilfrid, vaguely, not knowing in the least what she meant. "I am sorry I did not bring you some flowers, but I was in a hurry when I came away."

"Don't think of anything of the kind," said the Colonel's wife, pressing his hand. "What are flowers in comparison with the one great object of our existence? Tell me about it, my dear Will; you know I have known you from a child."

"You knew I was coming then," said Will, a little surprised, "though I thought nobody knew? Yes, I suppose you have known us all our lives. What I want is to find out about my mother's marriage. I heard you knew all about it. Of course you must have known all about it. That is what I want to understand."

"Your mother's marriage!" cried Mrs Kirkman; and to do her justice she looked aghast. The question horrified her, and at the same time it disappointed her. "I am sure that was not what you came to talk to me about," she said coaxingly, and with a certain charitable wile. "My dear dear boy, don't let shyness lead you away from the greatest of all subjects. I know you came to talk to me about your soul."

"I came to ask you about my mother's marriage," said Will. His giddiness had passed by this time, and he looked her steadily in the face. It was impossible to mistake him now, or think it a matter of unimportance or mere curiosity. Mrs. Kirkman had her faults, but she was a good woman at the bottom. She did not object to make an allusion now and then which vexed Mary, and made her aware, as it were, of the precipice by which she was always standing. It was what Mrs. Kirkman thought a good moral discipline for her friend, besides giving herself a pleasant consciousness of power and superiority; but when Mary's son sat down in front of her, and looked with cold but eager eyes in her face, and demanded this frightful information, her heart sank within her. It made her forget for the moment all about the clergy and the defective means of grace; and brought her down to the common standing of a natural Christian woman, anxious and terror-stricken for her friend.

"What have you to do with your mother's marriage?" she said, trembling a little. "Do you know what a very strange question you are asking? Who has told you anything about that? O me! you frighten me so, I don't know what I am saying. Did Mary send you? Have you just come from your mother? If you want to know about her marriage, it is of her that you should ask information. Of course she can tell you all about it—she and your aunt Agatha. What a very strange question to ask of me!"

Wilfrid looked steadily into Mrs. Kirkman's agitated face, and saw it was all true he had heard. "If you did not know anything about it," he said, with pitiless logic, "you would say so. Why should you look so put out if there was nothing to tell?"

"I am not put out," said Mrs. Kirkman, still more disturbed. "Oh, Will, you are a dreadful boy. What is it you want to know? What is it for? Did you tell your mother you were coming here?"

"I don't see what it matters whether I told my mother, or what it is for," said Will. "I came to you because you were good, and would not tell a lie. I can depend on what you say to me. I have heard all about it already, but I am not so sure as I should be if I had it from you."

This compliment touched the Colonel's wife on a susceptible point. She calmed a little out of her fright. A boy with so just an appreciation of other people's virtues could not be meditating anything unkind or unnatural to his mother. Perhaps it would be better for Mary that he should know the rights of it; perhaps it was providential that he should have come to her, who could give him all the details.

"I don't suppose you can mean any harm," she said. "Oh Will, our hearts are all desperately wicked. The best of us is little able to resist temptation. You are right in thinking I will tell you the truth if I tell you anything; but oh my dear boy, if it should be to lead you to evil and not good——"

"Never mind about the evil and the good," said Will, impatiently. "What I want is to know what is false and what is true."

Mrs. Kirkman hesitated still; but she began to persuade herself that he might have heard something worse than the truth. She was in a great perplexity, impelled to speak, and yet frightened to death at the consequences. It was a new situation for her altogether, and she did not know how to manage it. She clasped her hands helplessly together, and the very movement suggested an idea which she grasped at, partly because she was really a sincere good woman who believed in the efficacy of prayer, and partly, poor soul, to gain a little time, for she was at her wits' end.

"I will," she said. "I will, my dear boy; I will tell you everything; but oh, let us kneel down and have a word of prayer first, that we may not make a bad use of—of what we hear."

If she had ever been in earnest in her life it was

at that moment; the tears were in her eyes, and all her little affectations of solemnity had disappeared. She could not have told anybody what it was she feared; and yet the more she looked at the boy beside her, the more she felt their positions change, and feared and stood in awe, feeling that she was for the moment his slave, and must do anything he might command.

"Mrs. Kirkman," said Will, "I don't understand that sort of thing. I don't know what bad use you can think I am going to make of it;—at all events it won't be your fault. I shall not detain you five minutes if you will only tell me what I want to know."

And she did tell him accordingly, not knowing how to resist, and warmed in the telling in spite of herself, and could not but let him know that she thought it was for Mary's good, and to bring her to a sense of the vanity of all earthly things. She gave him scrupulously all the details. The story flowed out upon Will's hungry ears with scarcely a pause. She told him all about the marriage, where it had happened, and who had performed it, and who had been present. Little Hugh had been present. She had no doubt he would remember, if it was recalled to his memory. Mrs. Kirkman recollected perfectly the look that Mary had thrown at her husband when she saw the child there. Poor Mary! she had thought so much of reputation and a good name. She had been so much thought of in the regiment. They all called her by that ridiculous name, Madonna Mary—and made so much of her, before ——

"And did they not make much of her after?" said Will, quickly.

"It is a different thing," said Mrs. Kirkman, softly shaking her long curls and returning to herself. "A poor sinner returning to the right way ought to be more warmly welcomed than even the best, if we can call any human creature good; but——"

"Is it my mother you call a poor sinner?" asked Will.

Then there was a pause. Mrs. Kirkman shook her head once more, and shook the long curls that hung over her cheeks; but it was difficult to answer. "We are all poor sinners," she said. "Oh my dear boy, if I could only persuade you how much more important it is to think of your own soul. If your poor dear mamma has done wrong, it is God who is her judge. I never judged her for my part, I never made any difference. I hope I know my own shortcomings too well for that."

"I thought I heard you say something odd to her once," said Will. "I should just like to see any one uncivil to my mother. But that's not the question. I want that Mr. Churchill's address, please."

"I can truly say I never made any difference," said Mrs. Kirkman, "some people might have blamed me—but I always thought of the Mary that loved much —— Oh, Will, what comforting words! I hope your dear mother has long, long ago, repented of her error. Perhaps your father deceived her, as she was so young; perhaps it was all true the strange story he told about the register being burnt and all that. We all thought it was best not to inquire into it. We know what we saw; but, remember you have pledged your word not to make any dispeace with what I have told you. You are not to make a disturbance in the family about it. It is all over and past, and everybody has agreed to forget it. You are not going to make any dispeace——"

"I never thought of making any dispeace," said Will; but that was all he said. He was brief as he always was, and uncommunicative, and inclined, now he had got all he wanted, to get up abruptly and go away.

"And now, my dear young friend, you must do something for me," said Mrs. Kirkman, "in repayment for what I have done for you. You must read these, and you must not only read them, but think over them and seek light where it is to be found. Oh, my dear boy, how anxious we are to search into any little mystery in connection with ourselves, and how little we think of the mysteries of eternity! You must promise to give a little attention to this great theme before this day has come to an end."

"Oh yes, I'll read them," said Will, and he thrust into his pocket a roll of tracts she gave him without any further thought what they were. The truth was, that he did not pay much attention to what she was saying; his head had begun to throb and feel giddy again, and he had a rushing in his ears. He had it all in his hands now, and the sense of his power overwhelmed him. He had never had such an instrument in his hands before, he had never known what it was to be capable of moving anybody, except to momentary displeasure or anxiety; and he felt as a man might feel in whose hand there had suddenly been placed the most powerful of weapons, with unlimited licence to use it as he would—to break down castles with it or crowns, or slay armies at a blow—and only his own absolute pleasure to decide when or where it should fall. Something of intoxication and yet of alarm was in that first sense of power. He was rapt into a kind of ecstasy, and yet he was alarmed and afraid. He thrust the tracts into his pocket, and he received, cavalierly enough, Mrs. Kirkman's parting salutations. He had got all he wanted from her, and Will's was not a nature to be very expansive in the way of gratitude. Perhaps even, any sort of dim moral sense he might have on the subject, made him feel that in the news he had just heard there was not much room for gratitude. Anyhow he made very little pretence at those hollow forms of courtesy which are current in the elder world. He went away having got what he wanted, and left the Colonel's wife in a state of strange excitement and growing compunction. Oddly enough, Will's scanty courtesy roused more compunctions in her mind than anything else had done. She had put Mary's fate, as it were, into the hands of a boy

who had so little sense of what was right as to withdraw in the most summary and abrupt way the moment his curiosity was satisfied; who had not even grace enough, or self-control enough, to go through the ordinary decorums, or pay common attention to what she said to him; and now this inexperienced undisciplined lad had an incalculable power in his hands—power to crush and ruin his own family, to dispossess his brother and disgrace his mother: and nothing but his own forbearance or good-pleasure to limit him. What had she done?

Will walked about the streets for a full hour after, dizzy with that same extraordinary, intoxicating, alarming sense of power. Before, it had all been vague, now it was distinct and clear; and even beyond his desire to "right" himself, came the inclination to set this strange machine in motion, and try his new strength. He was still so much a boy, that he was curious to see the effect it would produce, eager to ascertain how it would work, and what it could do. He was like a child in possession of an infernal machine, longing to try it, and yet not unconscious of the probable mischief. The sense of his power went to his head, and intoxicated him like wine. Here it was all ready in his hands, an instrument which could take away more than life, and he was afraid of it, and of the strength of the recoil; and yet was full of eagerness to see it go off, and see what results it would actually bring forth. He walked about the town, not knowing where he was going, forgetting all about his mother's commissions, and all about Percival, which was more extraordinary—solely occupied with the sensation that the power was in his hands. He went into the Cathedral, and walked all round it, and never knew he had been there; and when at last he found himself at the railway station again, he woke up again abruptly, as if he had been in a dream. Then making an effort he set his wits to work about Percival, and asked himself what he was to do. Percival was nothing to Will: he was his Aunt Winnie's husband, and perhaps had not used her well, and he could furnish no information half so clear or distinct as that which Mrs. Kirkman had given. Will did not see any reason in particular why he should go out of his way to seek such a man out. He had been no doubt his first informant, but in his present position of power and superiority, he did not feel that he had any need of Percival. And why should he seek him out? When he had sufficiently recovered his senses to go through this reasoning, Will went deliberately back to town again, and executed his mother's commissions. He went to several shops, and gave orders which she had charged him with, and even took the trouble to choose the things she wanted, in the most painstaking way, and was as concerned that they should be right as if he had been the most dutiful and tender of sons; and all the while he was thinking to ruin her, and disgrace her, and put the last stigma upon her name, and render her an outcast from her peaceful world. Such was the strange contradiction that existed within him; he went back without speaking to any one, without seeing anybody, knitting his brows and thinking all the way. The train that carried him home, with his weapon in his hands, passed with a rush and shriek the train which was conveying Nelly, with a great basket of flowers in her lap, and a vague gleam of infinite content in her eyes, back to her nursery and her duties, with Hugh by her side, who was taking care of her, and losing himself, if there had been any harm in it. That sweet loss and gain was going on imperceptibly in the carriage where the one brother sat happy as a young prince, when the other brother shot past as it were on wings of flame like a destroying angel. Neither thought of the other as they thus crossed, the one being busy with the pre-occupation of young love, the other lost in a passion, which was not hate, nor even enmity, which was not inconsistent with a kind of natural affection, and yet involved destruction and injury of the darkest and most overwhelming kind. Contrasts so sharply and clearly pointed occur but seldom in a world so full of modifications and complicated interests; yet they do occur sometimes. And this was how it was with Mary's boys.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

When Wilfrid reached home, he found his mother by herself in the drawing-room. Winnie had a headache, or some other of those aches which depend upon temper and the state of the mind, and Aunt Agatha was sitting by her, in the darkened room, with bottles of eau de Cologne, and sal volatile, and smelling salts, and all the paraphernalia of this kind of indisposition. Aunt Agatha had been apt to take headaches herself in her younger days when she happened to be crossed, and she was not without an idea that it was a very orthodox resource for a woman when she could not have her own way. And thus they were shut up, exchanging confidences. It did poor Winnie good, and it did not do Miss Seton any harm. And Mary was alone downstairs. She was not looking so bright as when Wilfrid went away. The idea which Sir Edward had suggested to her, even if it had taken no hold of her mind, had breathed on her a possible cloud; and she looked up wistfully at her boy as he came in. Wilfrid, too, bore upon his face, to some extent, the marks of what he had been doing; but then his mother did not know what he had been doing, and could not guess what the dimness meant which was over his countenance. It was not a bright face at any time, but was often lost in mists, and its meaning veiled from his mother's eyes; and she could not follow him, this time any more than other times, into the uncertain depths. All she could do was to look at him wistfully, and long to see a little clearer, and wonder, as she had so often wondered, how it was that his thoughts and ways were so often out of her ken—how it was that children could go so far away, and be so wholly sundered, even while at the very side of those who had nursed them on

their knees, and trained them to think and feel. A standing wonder, and yet the commonest thing in nature. Mary felt it over again with double force to-day, as he came and brought her her wool and bits of ribbon, and she looked into his face and did not know what its meaning was.

As for Will, it was a curious sensation for him, too, on his part. It was such an opportunity as he could scarcely have looked for, for opening to his mother the great discovery he had just made, and the great changes that might follow. He could have had it all out with her and put his power into operation, and seen what its effects were, without fear of being disturbed. But he shrank from it, he could not tell why. He was not a boy of very fastidious feelings, but still to sit there facing her and look into her face, and tell her that he had been inquiring into her past life, and had found out her secret, was more than Will was capable of. To meditate doing it, and to think over what he would say, and to arrange the words in which he would tell her that it was still one of her sons who would have Earlston—was a very different thing from fairly looking her in the face and doing it. He stared at her for a moment in a way which startled Mary; and then the impossibility became evident to him, and he turned his eyes away from her and sat down.

"You look a little strange, Will," said Mary. "Are you tired, or has anything happened? You startled me just now, you looked so pale."

"No, I am not tired," said Will, in his curt way. "I don't know anything about being pale."

"Well, you never were very rosy," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "I did not expect you so soon. I thought you would have gone to the Askells', and come home with Hugh."

"I never thought of that. I thought you wanted your wool and things," said Will.

It was very slight, ordinary talk, and yet it was quivering with meaning on both sides, though neither knew what the other's meaning was. Will, for his part, was answering his mother's questions with something like the suppressed mania of homicide within him, not quite knowing whether at any moment the subdued purpose might not break out, and kill, and reveal itself; whereas his mother, totally unsuspecting how far things had gone, was longing to discover whether Percival had gained any power over him, and what that adversary's tactics were.

"Have you seen anybody?" she said. "By the way, Sir Edward was talking of Major Percival—he seemed to think that he might still be in Carlisle. Did you by any chance see anything of him there?"

She fixed her eyes full upon him as she spoke, but Will did not any way shrink from her eyes.

"No," he said, carelessly. "I did not see him. He told me he was going to stay a day or two in Carlisle, but I did not look out for him, particularly. He gets to be a bore after the first."

When Mary heard this, her face cleared up like the sky after a storm. It had been all folly, and once more she had made herself unhappy about nothing. How absurd it was. Percival was wicked, but still he had no cause to fix any quarrel upon her, or poison the mind of her son. It was on Winnie's account he came, and on Winnie's account, no doubt, he was staying; and in all likelihood Mrs. Ochterlony and her boys were as utterly unimportant to him, as in ordinary circumstances he was to them. Mary made thus the mistake by which a tolerant and open mind, not too much occupied about itself, sometimes goes astray. People go wrong much more frequently from thinking too much of themselves, and seeing their own shadow across everybody's way; but yet there may be danger even in the lack of egotism: and thus it was that Mary's face cleared up, and her doubts dispersed, just at the moment when she had most to dread.

Then there was a pause, and the homicidal impulse, so to speak, took possession of Will. He was playing with the things he had bought, putting them into symmetrical and unsymmetrical shapes on the table, and when he suddenly said "Mother," Mrs. Ochterlony turned to him with a smile. He said "Mother," and then he stopped short, and picked to pieces the construction he was making, but at the same time he never raised his eyes.

"Well, Will?" said Mary.

And then there was a brief, but sharp, momentary struggle in his mind. He meant to speak, and wanted to speak, but could not. His throat seemed to close with a jerk when he tried—the words would not come from his lips. It was not that he was ashamed of what he was going to do, or that any sudden compunction for his mother seized him. It was a kind of spasm of impossibility, as much physical as mental. He could no more do it, than he could lift the cottage from its solid foundations. He went on arranging the little parcels on the table into shapes, square, oblong, and triangular, his fingers busy, but his mind much more busy, his eyes looking at nothing, and his lips unable to articulate a single word.

"Well, Will? what were you going to say?" said Mary, again.

"Nothing," said Will; and he got up and went away with an abruptness which made his mother wonder and smile. It was only Will's way; but it was an exaggerated specimen of Will's way. She thought to herself when he was gone, with regret, that it was a great pity he was so abrupt. It did not matter at home, where everybody knew him; but among strangers, where people did not know him, it might do him so much injury. Poor Will! but he knew nothing about Percival, and cared nothing, and Mary was ashamed of her momentary fear.

As for the boy himself, he went out, and took himself to task, and felt all over him a novel kind of tremor, a sense of strange excitement, the feel-

ing of one who had escaped a great danger. But that was not at all the feeling which ought to have been in his mind. He had neglected and lost a great opportunity, and though it was not difficult to make opportunities, Will felt by instinct that his mother's mere presence had defeated him. He could not tell her of the discovery he had made. He might write her a letter about it, or send the news to her at second-hand; but to look in her face and tell her was impossible. So sit down there by her side, and meet her eyes, and tell her that he had been making inquiries into her character, and that she was not the woman she was supposed to be, nor was the position of her children such as the world imagined, was an enterprise which Wilfrid had once and for ever proved impossible. He stood blank before this difficulty which lay at the very beginning of his undertaking; he had not only failed, but he saw that he must for ever fail. It amazed him, but he felt it was final. His mouth was closed, and he could not speak.

And then he thought he would wait until Hugh came home. Hugh was not his mother, nor a woman. He was no more than Will's equal at the best, and perhaps even his inferior; and to him, surely, it could be said. He waited for a long time, and kept lingering about the roads, wondering what train his brother would come by, and feeling somehow reluctant to go in again, so long as his mother was alone. For in Mrs. Ochterlony's presence Will could not forget that he had a secret—that he had done something out of her knowledge, and had something of the most momentous character to tell her, and yet could not tell it to her. It would be different with Hugh. He waited loitering about upon the dusty summer roads, biting his nails to the quick, and labouring hard through a sea of thought. This telling was disagreeable, even when it was only Hugh that had to be told—more disagreeable than anything else about the business, far more disagreeable certainly than he had anticipated it would be; and Wilfrid did not quite make out how it was that a simple fact should be so difficult to communicate. It enlarged his view so far, and gave him a glimpse into the complications of maturer life, but it did not in any way divert him from his purpose, or change his ideas about his rights. At length the train appeared by which it was certain Hugh must come home. Wilfrid sauntered along the road within sight of the little station to meet his brother, and yet when he saw Hugh actually approaching, his heart gave a jump in his breast. The moment had come, and he must do it, which was a very different thing from thinking it over, and planning what he was to say.

"You here, Will!" said Hugh. "I looked for you in Carlisle. Why didn't you go to Mrs. Askell's and wait for me?"

"I had other things to do," said Will, briefly.

Hugh laughed. "Very important things, I have no doubt," he said; "but still you might have waited for me, all the same. How is Aunt Winnie? I saw that fellow,—that husband of hers,—at the station. I should like to know what he wants hanging about here."

"He wants *her*, perhaps," said Will, though with another jump of his heart.

"He had better not come and bother her," said Hugh. "She may not be perfect herself, but I won't stand it. She is my mother's sister after all, and she is a woman. I hope you won't encourage him to hang about here."

"*I?*" cried Will, with amazement and indignation.

"Yes," said Hugh, with elder-brotherly severity. "Not that I think you would mean any harm by it, Will; it is not a sort of thing you can be expected to understand. A fellow like that should be kept at a distance. When a man behaves badly to a woman—to his wife—to such a beautiful creature as she has been——"

"I don't see anything very beautiful about her," said Will.

"That doesn't matter," said Hugh, who was hot and excited, having been taken into Winnie's confidence. "She has been beautiful, and that's enough. Indeed, she ought to be beautiful now, if that fellow hadn't been a brute. And if he means to come back here——"

"Perhaps it is not her he wants," said Will, whose profound self-consciousness made him play quite a new part in the dialogue.

"What could he want else?" said Hugh, with scorn. "You may be sure it is no affection for any of *us* that brings him here."

Here was the opportunity, if Will could but have taken it. Now was the moment to tell him that something other than Winnie might be in Percival's mind,—that it was his own fortune, and not hers, that hung in the balance. But Will was dumb; his lips were sealed; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. It was not his will that was in fault. It was a rebellion of all his physical powers, a rising up of nature against his purpose. He was silent in spite of himself; he said not another word as they walked on together. He suffered Hugh to stray into talk about the Askells, about the Museum, about anything or nothing. Once or twice he interrupted the conversation abruptly with some half-dozen words, which brought it to a sudden stop, and gave him the opportunity of broaching his own subject. But when he came to that point, he was struck dumb. Hugh, all innocent and unconscious, in serene elder-brotherly superiority, good-humoured and condescending, and carelessly affectionate, was as difficult to deal with as Mary herself. Without withdrawing from his undertaking, or giving up his "rights," Wilfrid felt himself helpless; he could not say it out. It seemed to him now that so far from giving into it, as he once imagined, without controversy, Hugh equally without controversy would set it aside as something monstrous, and that his new hope would be extinguished and come to an end if his elder

brother had the opportunity of thus putting it down at once. When they reached home, Will withdrew to his own room, with a sense of being baffled and defeated—defeated before he had struck a blow. He did not come downstairs again, as they remembered afterwards—he did not want any tea. He had not a headache, as Aunt Agatha, now relieved from attendance upon Winnie, immediately suggested. All he wanted was to be left alone, for he had something to do. This was the message that came downstairs. "He is working a great deal too much," said Aunt Agatha; "you will see he will hurt his brain or something;" while Hugh, too, whispered to his mother, "You shall see!—*I* never did much, but Will will go in for all sorts of honours," the generous fellow whispered in his mother's ear; and Mary smiled, in her heart thinking so too. If they had seen Will at the moment sitting with his face supported by both his hands, biting his nails, and knitting his brows, and pondering more intently than any man ever pondered over classic puzzle or scientific problem, they might have been startled out of those pleasant thoughts.

And yet the problem he was considering was one that racked his brain, and made his head ache, had he been sufficiently at leisure to feel it. The more impossible he felt it to explain himself and make his claim, the more obstinately determined was he to make it, and have what belonged to him. His discouragement and sense of defeat did but intensify his resolution. He had failed to speak, notwithstanding his opportunities; but he could write, or he could employ another voice as his interpreter. With all his egotism and determination, Wilfred was young, nothing but a boy, and inexperienced, and at a loss what to do. Everything seemed easy to him until he tried to do it; and when he tried, everything seemed impossible. He had thought it the most ordinary affair in the world to tell his discovery to his mother and brother, until the moment came which in both cases proved the communication to be beyond his powers. And now he thought he could write. After long pondering, he got up and opened the little desk upon which he had for years written his verses and exercises, troubled by nothing worse than a doubtful quantity, and made an endeavour to carry out his last idea. Will's style was not a bad style. It was brief and terse, and to the point,—a remarkable kind of diction for a boy,—but he did not find that it suited his present purpose. He put himself to torture over his letters. He tried it first in one way, and then in another; but however he put it, he felt within himself that it would not do. He had no sort of harsh or unnatural meaning in his mind. They were still his mother and brother to whom he wanted to write, and he had no inclination to wound their feelings, or to be disrespectful or unkind. In short, it only required this change, and his establishment in what he supposed his just position, to make him the kindest and best of sons and brothers. He toiled over his letters as he had never toiled over anything in his life. He could not tell how to express himself, nor even what to say. He addressed his mother first, and then Hugh, and then his mother again; but the more he laboured, the more impossible he found his task. When Mrs. Ochterlony came upstairs and opened his door to see what her boy was about, Wilfrid stumbled up from his seat, red and heated, and shut up his desk, and faced her with an air of confusion and trouble which she could not understand. It was not too late even then to bring her in and tell her all; and this possibility bewildered Will and filled him with agitation and excitement, to which naturally his mother had no clue.

"What is the matter?" she said, anxiously; "are you ill, Will? Have you a headache? I thought you were in bed."

"No, I am all right," said Will, facing her with a look which in its confusion seemed sullen. "I am busy. It is too soon to go to bed."

"Tell me what is wrong," said Mary, coming a step further into the room. "Will, my dear boy, I am sure you are not well. You have not been quarrelling with any one—with Hugh——?"

"With Hugh!" said Will, with a little scorn; "why should I quarrel with Hugh?"

"Why, indeed!" said Mrs. Ochterlony, smiling faintly; "but you do not look like yourself. Tell me what you have been doing at least."

Will's heart thumped against his breast. He might put her into the chair by which she was standing, and tell her everything, and have it over. This possibility still remained to him. He stood for a second and looked at her, and grew breathless with excitement, but then somehow his voice seemed to die away in his throat.

"If I were to tell you what I was doing, you would not understand it," he said, repeating mechanically words which he had used in good faith, with innocent schoolboy arrogance, many a time before. As for Mary, she looked at him wistfully, seeing something in his eyes which she could not interpret. They had never been candid, frank eyes like Hugh's. Often enough before, they had been impatient of her scrutiny, and had veiled their meaning with an apparent blank; but yet there had never been any actual harm hid by the artifice. Mary sighed; but she did not insist, knowing how useless it was. If it was anything, perhaps it was some boyish jealousy about Nelly,—an imaginary feeling which would pass away and leave no trace behind. But, whatever it was, it was vain to think of finding it out by questions; and she gave him her good-night kiss and left him, comforting herself with the thought that most likely it was only one of Will's uncomfortable moments, and would be over by to-morrow. But when his mother went away, Will for his part sank down, with the strangest tremor, in his chair. Never before in his life had this sick and breathless excitement, this impulse of the mind and resistance of the flesh, been known to him,—and he could not

bear it. It seemed to him he never could stand in her presence, never feel his mother's eyes upon him, without feeling that now was the moment that he must and ought to tell her, and yet could not tell her, no more than if he were speechless. He had never felt very deeply all his life before, and the sense of this struggle took all his strength from him. It made his heart beat, so that the room and the house and the very solid earth on which he stood seemed to throb and tingle round him; it was like standing for ever on the edge of a precipice over which the slightest movement would throw him, and the very air seemed to rush against his ears as it would do if he were falling. He sank down into his chair, and his heart beat, and the pulses throbbed in his temples. What was he to do?—he could not speak, he could not write, and yet it must be told, and his rights gained, and the one change made which should convert him into the tenderest son, the most helpful brother, that ever man or woman had. At last, in his despair and pertinacy, there came into his mind that grand expedient which occurs naturally to everything that is young and unreasonable under the pressure of unusual trials. He would go away;—he could not go on seeing them continually, with this communication always ready to break from the lips which would not utter it,—nor could he write to them while he was still with them, and when any letter must be followed by an immediate explanation. But he could fly; and when he was at a safe distance, then he could tell them. No doubt it was cowardice to a certain extent; but there were other things as well. Partly it was impatience, and partly the absoluteness and imperious temper of youth, and that intolerance of everything painful which comes natural to it. He sat in his chair, noiseless and thinking, in the stillness of night, a poor young soul, tempted and yielding to temptation, sinful yet scarcely conscious how sinful he was, and yet at the same time forlorn with that profound forlornness of egotism and ill-doing which is almost pathetic in the young. He could consult nobody, take no one into his confidence. The only counsellors he had known in all his small experience were precisely those upon whom he was about to turn. He was alone, and had everything to plan, everything to do for himself.

And yet was there nobody whom he could take into his confidence? Suddenly in the stillness of the night a certain prosperous, comfortable figure came into the boy's mind—one who thought it was well to get money and wealth and power, anyhow except dishonestly, which of course was an impracticable and impolitic way. When that idea came to him like an inspiration, Will gave a little start, and looked up, and saw the blue dawn making all the bars of his window visible against the white blind that covered it. Night was gone with its dark counsels, and the day had come. What he did after that was to take out his boy's purse, and count over carefully all the money it contained. It was not much, but yet it was enough. Then he took his first great final step in life, with a heart that beat in his ears, but not loud enough to betray him. He went downstairs softly as the dawn brightened, and all the dim staircase and closed doors grew visible, revealed by the silent growth of the early light. Nobody heard him, nobody dreamed that any secret step could ever glide down those stairs or out of the innocent honest house. He was the youngest in it, and should have been the most innocent; and he thought he meant no evil. Was it not his right he was going to claim? He went softly out, going through the drawing-room window, which it was safer to leave open than the door, and across the lawn, which made no sound beneath his foot. The air of the summer morning was like balm, and soothed him, and the blueness brightened and grew rosy as he went his way among the early dews. The only spot on which, like Gideon's fleece, no dew had fallen, was poor Will's beating heart, as he went away in silence and secresy from his mother's door.

MIGNONETTE.

THIS is no rose, among the garden flowers
A queen in her own right, or lily fair
The bride of kings, that breathes upon the air
Such fragrance as the fragrance of these bowers.
The sun has pass'd this way and laid the hours
Of light and warmth, with all a lover's care,
Upon my garden's breast, and everywhere
Arise sweet answers. This that overpowers
Or rose or lily, and does least forget
The sun that loved it, seeking to renew
Its vows of perfume, as in deep regret
That it by day held up no gold to view,
Crimson or purple, is my Mignonette,
Whose beauty is its sweetness, not its hue.

THE LAST ERUPTIONS AND PRESENT STATE OF VESUVIUS.

By PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S.

Compared with Etna, Vesuvius is a volcano of subordinate importance. The area over which the volcanic eruptions spread, the height of the loftiest cone, the extent of the showers of ashes, and the magnitude of the lava currents, are all much smaller, and the secondary results are on an inferior scale. But—from its easier access, its position among some of the most beautiful scenery on the face of the earth, hallowed by classical reminiscences, which include all that is most striking in Greek and Roman history, and from its vicinity to Naples, where human life is perhaps more active and noisy, if not more energetic, than in any city in Europe—Vesuvius has always attracted the attention of geologists as well as travellers; and its varied phases have been minutely recorded. But the remarkable group of eruptions, commencing in 1857 and ending in 1861, has, perhaps, been less thought of out of Italy than it deserved; and it is the more important as it bears in some measure upon some questions of interest in the history of volcanoes.

Before 1857, a visit to the wide space of perfectly level ground known as the "Atrio del Cavallo," extending for some distance between the foot of the cone of Vesuvius and the ridge of Monte Somma, was a very easy and pleasant carriage excursion from Naples. There was a good road as far as the Observatory, and an hour's rough walking or riding from thence over the old lava was not a serious matter even for delicate ladies. Now the case is different. The road has been destroyed by the lava of that year, and there is a rough ride or walk from Portici before the Observatory is reached. Still the excursion is one involving no difficulties, and only a moderate amount of fatigue. It is, indeed, made expensive by extortionate charges; but there is no need of horse, or even of guide, for those who choose to walk and explore. An intelligent guide, familiar with the sites of the recent eruptions, is, however, very useful, and will save much time and trouble.

The "Atrio del Cavallo" is a part of the floor of the old crater of Monte Somma, destroyed by the great eruption of A.D. 79, and since paved with fine ashes, stones, and lava by the eruptions of the last eighteen hundred years. It is about 2,400 feet above the sea, and is quite open to the south-west. Before reaching it, however, there are places of the greatest interest to be visited on the road from Portici. Leaving that town at the station we reach in a few minutes the modern Recina, part of which covers the ruins of Herculaneum. Just outside this town is a current of old lava, which seems to have extended towards the sea, and, perhaps, advanced the coast line. It is cut across by the road at an elevation of 140 feet above the sea, and it presents a peculiar pale ash-grey colour, characteristic of Vesuvian lava. Though naked in places, it admits of vegetation; and, in this respect, contrasts strikingly with the Etna lavas of 1669 at Catania.

After a walk of less than a mile, we come in sight of a part of the great lava current of 1857, and soon afterwards find it stretching down along the very road itself. Here the very last wave of the flowing current has been frozen and solidified almost in the act of moving. It is a curious ellipsoidal mass, nearly smooth though striated in the direction of the current, and quite vesicular throughout. It is a perfect little gem of its kind, and might easily be removed to a museum, measuring only about three feet long, and two feet in diameter in the middle. Immediately beyond is a magnificent expanse of the extremity of the whole *coulée*. There are few things in their way more picturesque and wild-looking, and, at the same time, more instructive, than this black barren expanse. The roughness is something altogether inconceivable. The lava is like long twisted cables—like gigantic serpents entwining and throttling one another. It is cracked, and, at the cracks, is stained of a yellow and red colour. It is broken, and fragments of all sizes and shapes lie about in every direction. All this is cold and dead, but there are places where the current of 1859 is still warm, as shown by the air rising out of the fissures. The places of recent eruption of gases are marked by a larger number of cracks and a greater abundance of colour at the surface. Here the temperature is still too hot to bear the hand, and large quantities of salt have formed in efflorescent crystals a little within the surface. The air, however, that comes out so hot is here not steam, nor is there any acid sensible to the taste.

This lava of 1859 came out immediately under an almost vertical wall of similar rock, occupying a wide fissure in the tuff, and erupted in 1850. The wall is about 100 feet high, and almost vertical; the foot of it is about 1,270 feet above the sea. It erupted from the principal cone, and largely covers the "Atrio del Cavallo," running thence in three principal streams. The principal erupting points in 1858 were two. One of these was also at the foot of the great cone in the Atrio del Cavallo, and the other on the opposite side towards Torre del Greco.

The eruption of 1861, the last of any importance from Vesuvius, is particularly interesting from the position of the seat of eruption, and the circumstances attending the phenomenon. Unlike the case of 1855, previously to which there had been an unusual period of repose, on this occasion (between 1855 and 1860) the mountain had been constantly uneasy and occasionally active, and had even

thrown out several important currents of lava. These vents, however, had closed, and everything was quiet in the month of March, 1860. On the 7th of December in the following year, very clear indications of coming disturbance were felt on the side of the mountain, between the principal crater and Torre del Greco. About 3 P.M. on the 8th, at a distance of about 4000 yards (two and one-third miles) nearly S.W. from the centre of the great crater, and nearly the same distance from the sea, at an elevation of about 950 feet above the sea, there rose a large column of thick smoke, accompanied by an enormous quantity of very fine ashes. It would seem probable that, at this moment, a broad and open fissure was formed, extending towards the west, and nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, from several points of which eruptions took place. I was informed by my guide, who had been present (and the statement was confirmed by other eye-witnesses), that only fine ashes erupted from the part of the fissure nearest the crater, while ashes and small stones were ejected lower down, larger red-hot lumps of scoria and blocks of stone below that, and, towards 5 P.M., a flow of lava from the lower extremity. The lava was unusually fluid, loaded with crystals of pyroxene, and of peculiar texture. It proceeded rapidly towards Torre del Greco, and at 11 P.M. had reached within about 1000 yards of the houses. It there stopped. The eruption of ashes, however, continued, and was very copious, being conveyed to a great distance. The fine dust was accompanied by stones thrown into the air to a height estimated at more than 800 feet.

The crevice formed on the first eruption was followed by others the next day, extending towards the sea, and greatly alarming the inhabitants of the town of Torre del Greco. On the 10th, the water flowing from the public fountains and other springs was suddenly increased in quantity; this increase being accompanied by the emission of large quantities of carbonic acid gas, and even, as I was informed, of carburetted hydrogen, with small quantities of petroleum. Large quantities of gas rose from the sea. The springs remained affected for some time, but the new cones and craters soon ceased to exhibit any activity, and the main disturbance was at an end in eight days from its first commencement. Electrical phenomena accompanied the commencement of the eruption, but they affected only the principal crater. They are described as consisting of flashes of forked blue lightning, different from ordinary lightning, and confined to the summit of the crater. Shortly after the eruption, the ground was cracked, and many deep fissures were produced in the town of Torre del Greco, reaching down to the sea, and rendering the town almost uninhabitable.

The present condition of the scene of this eruption is interesting in itself, and also in comparison with the last and more recent eruption on the upper slopes of Etna. These events offer many points of contrast. Thus, at Vesuvius, the outburst was from an unusually low point on the hill-sides, and at Etna, not much below the foot of the great crater (at least 1000 feet higher than the top of Vesuvius). At Vesuvius, again, the chief material thrown into the air was fine ash, while at Etna the stones of lava were from the first exceedingly large and abundant. The lava current was also much longer, larger, and deeper, in the disturbance of 1865. In the case of Vesuvius the work was over in eight days, at Etna it lasted as many months. In both cases there were seven distinct craters produced during the eruption; but the number of detached cones was smaller in the Vesuvian eruption.

The craters of 1861 are nearly in a line, and succeed one another at short intervals, commencing on the lower slopes of the mountain. The uppermost presents well stratified walls of tuff, probably those of the fissure. It is oval, and greatly depressed. There are remains of a small vent at the point nearest the cone of Vesuvius. It is much higher on the part towards the mountain than on the side near the sea, and is only separated from a smaller round crater adjoining it by a narrow ridge. It is partly filled with ashes of extreme fineness. Beyond the first and second crater is the third, which erupted somewhat later, but in the same way. There are no true cones of eruption, though there is a sloping heap of ash round both craters. They all exhibit more of the fissure than is usual, and are thus rather peculiar. The fourth (next in order towards Torre del Greco) was remarkable for its large eruption of stones, which are distributed over the ground adjacent in enormous quantity, mingled with ashes. Much mischief was done, as the country was cultivated and inhabited; one house being within a hundred yards of the fissure. There is still much chemical action going on in a part of this crater, and a considerable emission of sulphurous gases has taken place from it; but I could not discover any fumaroles in action at the time of my visit. The remaining three of the craters seem never to have attained any large size, although the chief erupted matter proceeded from the fifth and sixth. These are lower down the slope, and are now almost destroyed, being recognised quite as much by the desolation around as by their form. The lava currents and the blocks of lava thrown out by the craters were all of the same kind, darker in colour than usual, and somewhat blue, resembling the lavas of 1855. Slight shocks of earthquakes were recorded at the mountain Observatory from the 7th of December to the 29th of January, and more considerable shocks took place about the time of the eruption and for a month afterwards. Heavy rain fell the day before the eruption. The appearance of the eruption at its first commencement was unusually grand; but it lasted a very short time. On the whole, there are few instances on record in which the lineal arrangement of the craters and the direction of the fissures, found in the adjacent

country and indicated by outbursts of water and gas, afford more striking indications of the nature of the disturbance.

After visiting the scene of this interesting eruption I proceeded to the great cone, whose crater is now in a state of semi-activity—throwing out vapour and acid gases, with small quantities of scoriæ, but not exhibiting a large quantity of lava. This cone rises on the side towards Monte Somma from a level of 2400 feet above the sea. Many eruptions of lava of comparatively recent date have come out on this side, and almost all that is left of the ancient crater of Monte Somma is now covered with a rough floor, exhibiting the usual curious varieties of surface, observable when lava has cooled on an almost level plain. Crossing this, we approach the vertical walls of the old crater of Monte Somma, now intersected in every direction by remarkable dikes of hardened lava or basalt, that have long excited the attention of geologists. My own impression was, that these dikes are nothing more than the remains of parts of the liquid lava that once filled the old crater of Monte Somma to overflowing, and by its weight pressed outwards the tough walls till they were cracked. The fluid rock would then necessarily be squeezed into every crevice, whether produced by the weight of the mass or formed by the cooling of the lava after its first injection. The cooled and hardened lava has been ejected during subsequent eruptions.

This view was confirmed by what I saw in the interior of the crater of Vesuvius. The outside of the great cone is chiefly composed of fine ashes, but there is a large mixture of small and large blocks of lava, penetrating at intervals through the cinder heaps. On the cone, and across the Atria del Cavallo or plain at its foot, are seen masses of grey trachytic lava, angular and fragmentary, and apparently fallen from some lofty cliff, such as that presented by the ridge of Monte Somma. The guides, however, tell us—and observation soon proves their correctness—that these have been thrown out of the crater. I measured one that must have weighed at least 20 tons. The whole plain, though covered with recent lava, was strewn with blocks of smaller size of the same material, quite distinct from the black and scoriaceous material that had issued from the sides of the cone and run over the ground. There were also several of those rounded and spindle-shaped masses called volcanic bombs, some of which were very large (more than a cubic yard in content).

The ascent of the cone of Vesuvius is not difficult, if attempted where the larger scoriæ are sufficiently close together to afford foot-hold. Elsewhere it would be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, especially on the side towards the sea, where the ashes are fine and loose, and no progress could be made. The height of the cone from the Atria del Cavallo I found to be nearly 1600 feet, and the angle of the slope in some extreme cases as much as 33°. The cone is rather higher towards the south-east, and, except in one part, very steep and ridge-shaped, the descent inwards to the crater being sharper than the outer slope of ashes.

The view of the interior of the crater from the top is very grand, but, as a matter of course, the appearance is always changing. At the time of my visit, I found it particularly interesting, although the amount of positive action was small. With some difficulty, and risk of injury to boots and dress, the crater could be entered and all parts visited. The walls were extremely steep, in many places vertical, and in some overhanging. The upper part is constantly falling in, but on the occasion of an eruption, the height of the cone is increased by fresh showers of ashes and stones. The upper and outer part of the cone is thus always loose, owing to the mode of its construction; but in the interior, a little below the top, it is formed of pale bluish-grey trachytic lava, rather hard and tolerably compact, precisely identical with the blocks that have been ejected. The hard walls are like those of a quarry, but in many places, where fumaroles exist, they are covered and concealed with loose black ash, striated here and there with the most brilliant yellow and orange tints. From small cavities in some parts of these rocks, air proceeds so intensely heated as to cook an egg in a few seconds. The rock here must glow within a few inches of the surface, as fragments of paper thrust in with a stick were at once reduced to tinder, though driven out immediately with great force by the current of hot air.

The floor of the crater was extremely remarkable. Except where the two vents of actual eruption had thrown up cones, it was one mass of fragments of the same pale-blue trachytic lava as that of which the walls are composed. These were fractured in the most extraordinary and inconceivable manner. They were split as if by the blow of some vast hammer. One great cleft of considerable depth extended across the bottom of the crater from one end to the other, and other splits appeared to have been produced in different directions. The fragments were detached and angular, and of all sizes. They were as fresh as if broken yesterday, and it was difficult in some places—impossible in others—to pass across and amongst them. Out of the middle of the principal crack a small crater was formed, and close by on another crevice (less distinctly shown) was a large pile of scoriæ and ashes, forming a small inner cone, with its own separate crater reaching down below the level of the principal crater. Both these vents were in partial action. Even from the sides of the principal cone, before reaching the summit, a hissing sound, like that of a number of rockets let off at once, had attracted my attention, and I had timed the explosions as occurring at intervals of about two minutes, with much more considerable noise at intervals of six minutes. When inside the principal crater, I was able to see the nature of these eruptions. The depth of the principal crater, below the general

level of the top of the cone, was about 300 feet. The larger of the small cones of eruption rose about 120 feet above the floor of the crater, and the smaller one only about six feet. They were about eighty yards asunder. The eruptions from these small vents seem to be alternate, generally more active from one for several hours, and then more active from the other, although the eruption from the smaller was generally preceded or accompanied by a small puff of steam from the *bocca grande*, or larger vent. Each time the noise was heard, a puff of white cloud (almost entirely aqueous vapour), at very high temperature, came out with a steady rush from the smaller vent, accompanied by a number of fragments of red-hot scoriæ, as large as a man's fist, which fell around, and which were soft enough to admit of a copper coin being inserted within its substance without difficulty. The puff lasted only for a short time, and was followed by repose, but the heat of the air issuing from the vent was almost too great to allow me to look down into it. The eruptions from the *bocca grande* were insignificant during the time of my visit, but were said to be much more considerable than those from the small vent when they occur, rendering the crater at such times unsafe to visit. Stones as well as scoriæ are then erupted. A tremulous motion of the earth was distinctly felt just before the eruptions took place from the smaller vent.

The crevices with which the two vents are connected are not parallel, and seem to have an imperfect communication. The larger gives off incessantly a certain quantity of chlorine, and there is a good deal of chemical action evident on the erupted materials of the cone, from the effects of the fumaroles, which are both numerous and very hot. As far as the senses could detect, chlorine and carbonic acid gas were the only gases accompanying the steam, and the proportion was always small. There was no appearance of sulphur.

At a distance of about 100 yards from the *bocca grande*, and amongst great fragments of broken lava, most of which were cold, there was one spot where the heat appeared to be very great, and on looking down into a crevice, a couple of feet below the surface, I observed that the stone was of a bright glowing red, visible in broad daylight. No other place showed the red-hot stone in this way, and I saw no fluid lava, but it is evident that the eruption from the small mouth must have been through the molten rock at no great depth from the surface. Perhaps, if it had been possible to look down, one might have seen the lava there in a state of at least semi-fluidity, as the scoriæ could hardly otherwise have been erupted. I was struck with the fact, that there was within the crater much more of the pale bluish-grey lava than of scoriaceous rock, and I could easily understand that the first effect of a great eruption must be to thrust out into the air all the loose fragments lying between the surface and the fixed rock below.

I found it on the whole easier to climb the steep face of the crater towards the top than I had done to descend into the interior, and after more than an hour spent in close contact with such terrible and interesting phenomena, I was not sorry to breathe once more the free and fresh air, untainted with the offensive gases constantly issuing from the walls and bottom of the crater.

I reached the summit of the cone on the side nearly opposite to that from which I had descended. The view across the black fine ashes of which the cone is formed, and the equally black plains of lava at its feet, to the rich and luxurious nature exhibited beyond—the sight of the Bay of Naples spread out at one's feet, with its numerous picturesque towns and villages, many of which had been shaken, and some almost overwhelmed only a short time before by the terrible forces slumbering beneath, could not but impress me very strongly. After remaining for a time enjoying the prospect and thinking over the history that belonged to it, I made my way down towards Recina. A few minutes' sliding over the vast slope of the finest ash of which the cone is here formed, brought me once more on the rough lava, and in half an hour I was again within the range of vegetation. Passing the hills and valleys formed a few years ago, I descended rapidly to the sea, and at length arrived at the broken and recently mended walls and houses of Torre del Greco.

Here we take leave of Vesuvius; but it is well worth while to examine, if there is time on passing through the little town, some very curious results of the earthquake that formed an appropriate close to the eruption of 1861.

MIRIAM HARRIS.

By THE AUTHOR OF "QUAKER PHILANTHROPY."

Although charity is eminently a Christian virtue, it is a singular fact that the most charitable community among us is that of the Jews. This, at least, we may say without fear of contradiction, that in all that pertains to the munificent and judicious distribution of alms the Jews very much excel us. Were deeds of benevolence practised by the Christian communities with the same liberality as they are among the Jews, not only would every child whose parents are too poor to pay for his instruction receive a good moral education, but the whole of our Poor Laws might be erased from our statute books, for the Jews, unaided by the parochial authorities, do actually manage to entirely support their own poor. When this fact is brought under the notice of our Christian philanthropists, the following conventional remark is generally made on it, "Ah, certainly the Jews are a very charitable class, but the enormous wealth to be found among them, and the few poor dependent on them, enable them to practise a far wider system of beneficence than would be possible in our Christian communities with our hundreds of thousands of paupers."

This argument contains two errors. In the first place the Jews are not on the whole a wealthy community. It is true that among them may be found some families possessed of enormous wealth, but their middle class are certainly not in easier circumstances than middle-class Christians. So far from there being few Jewish poor, the fact is that the numbers of their indigent are at least three to one greater in proportion than are the indigent of our own Protestant denominations. Yet not only do the wealthier English Jews relieve their co-religionists without any application to the Poor Laws, but they have also thrown upon their hands a vast body of foreign Jewish paupers. It is quite a common practice for the Polish, German, and Dutch synagogues to ship their poor over to England for relief. Indeed we are almost inclined to believe that the charity we find so abundant among our Hebrew population is almost confined to them, and that their foreign brethren lack this virtue in about as great a proportion as it is developed among those born among us.

Not only is the charitable nature of the English Jews most honourable to them, but their method of exercising their benevolence is equally so. A fraud is very seldom practised on the Jewish community by that class of impudent impostors who so trouble and perplex our Christian philanthropists. It is true that it is exceedingly difficult for a Jew to impose upon the charitable of his nation, and that it is very seldom attempted; because the unworthy are perfectly well aware they would be speedily detected. This facility in discovering any impostor is due to an excellent practice common among the rich (especially the women) of personally visiting the poor, and becoming acquainted with their manners and habits, when they relieve their necessities. Without difficulty the charitable wealthy thus become as expert in detecting the idle and improvident as one of our own poor-law relieving officers.

Among the charitable enterprises of the Jews in the metropolis, that of maintaining their schools on an efficient footing, perhaps ranks the highest in their estimation. Of such importance is education considered by the English Jews of the present day that they refuse to assist any Jewish parents, no matter how deep their poverty, who cannot prove that they send their children to school. Nor has the parent the slightest excuse to offer; for not only, as we have said, is education to be procured gratuitously by the poorest, but an inducement is held out to the children to come to school by dinners being likewise provided for them. The most interesting of these schools, in which we personally saw the poor children at their dinner, are the celebrated Jewish Infant Schools in Commercial Street, Whitechapel, under the immediate superintendence of the lady whose name stands at the head of this article.* Prior to the spring of the year 1848, no attention seems to have been paid by the Jewish community at large to the state of their poor infant population. Admirable schools had certainly been instituted in which the Jewish youth, of the poorer classes, received gratuitously an excellent education, but nothing had been done for the infants. At last the notice of some of the leading Jewish philanthropists was called to the neglected condition of the swarms of little Jewish children in the neighbourhoods of Houndsditch and Spitalfields, and a meeting was held for the purpose of taking into consideration the possibility of establishing an infant school on the system adopted in our Protestant communities. At this meeting, which was numerously attended by both ladies and gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion, it was unanimously resolved that the establishment of an institution of the kind was a work of paramount necessity. This point being agreed on, it now remained to select a site for the building, and to choose a governess under whose charge the children might be placed. Several names were mentioned, but all in their turn were either rejected or put aside for future consideration, not from the slightest want of energy, respectability, or talent on the part of those proposed, but simply because not one of them had hitherto been engaged in teaching poor infants, and it was thought advisable, if possible, to obtain a lady who had

* We alluded in a very cursory manner to the doings of Miss Harris in our article on the London Jews in 1864. See the Magazine for that year, p. 923.

already had some experience in the work. At last two gentlemen who were present informed the meeting that they had heard that an infant school for Jewish children had been established in Houndsditch by two benevolent Jewish ladies. It was stated that they not only supported this school from their own limited resources, but had gratuitously given up the whole of their time to the task of instructing the helpless little ones placed under their care. This intelligence naturally awakened considerable interest, and the meeting, after some further discussion, resolved that a lady should be deputed by the meeting to visit the infant schools mentioned, and to report on them to a committee which was to be formed for the purpose of carrying out the proposed scheme.

The lady nominated by the meeting was Miss Annie Goldsmid, the daughter of the late Baron de Goldsmid, whose memory, with justice, appears to be venerated by all his co-religionists. Miss Goldsmid, accompanied by a friend, contrived to find the school, which was situated in one of the poorest and most thickly-populated localities in Houndsditch. Their arrival being totally unexpected, they had ample opportunity of inspecting the school under its ordinary working aspect. The room in which the classes were held was inconveniently small, and so densely crowded with children that to these ladies, unaccustomed to such an atmosphere, respiration was exceedingly difficult. A more squalid congregation of little children than were there gathered together it would have been difficult to find. Yet even among them it could easily be perceived that a considerable reformation had already taken place. Although their dresses were of the most scanty and poverty-stricken description, the faces of all were perfectly clean, showing that they were already alive to the benefit of cleanliness. In the midst of these children were the two young ladies who had so nobly devoted themselves to their instruction, the Misses Miriam and Julia Harris. They are the daughters of a highly respectable Hebrew merchant who had died a short time before. At the death of their father it was found that, although his business operations had been extensive, he was far from being a wealthy man. His children, who had hitherto been accustomed not only to comforts but to luxuries, were now found to have been very indifferently provided for. Notwithstanding their straitened circumstances the sisters resolved to dedicate a portion of the little they had, as well as the whole of their energies, to ameliorating the condition of the infant children of the poor Jews in the neighbourhood. They had for this purpose rented the small room the deputation found them in, and for some years they had continued their self-imposed labours with little encouragement and less notoriety.

Miss Goldsmid and her friend were naturally much gratified by all they saw and heard, and they readily came to the conclusion that Miss Miriam Harris was a lady admirably qualified to fill the post of head mistress to the projected infant school. Without reserve they told her the object of their visit, and inquired whether she would be disposed to accept an offer of the kind. Miss Harris needed but a moment to decide that point, for she could scarcely have received a piece of intelligence more calculated to afford her unqualified satisfaction. To be the mistress of an important institution of the kind had long been the object of her very laudable ambition, but it appeared impracticable for her to seek such a position unknown as she was. The idea had often presented itself to her mind, but she had as often put it away as an idle dream. Now, however, her highest wishes seemed on the point of being realised. Without any hesitation she informed Miss Goldsmid that she would accept the appointment with gratitude and pleasure, and she trusted her abilities would be found equal to the occasion. Miss Goldsmid, after making arrangements for an interview between Miss Harris and the committee, left the crowded little schoolroom very much pleased with her visit.

On the day appointed, Miss Miriam Harris appeared before the committee, and she was nominated governess of the experimental school, which was to be opened for one year prior to steps being taken for organising it on a larger scale. She had been strongly supported in her application by Mr. Samuels and Mr. Walter Josephs, both members of the committee, who had become acquainted with her after the visit of Miss Goldsmid and her friend to the school at Houndsditch. A more commodious school-room was now taken, and paid for by the committee, and Miss Miriam Harris—with the assistance of Miss Phœbe Barnett, then attached to the celebrated Jewish Free Schools—commenced the labour of its organisation. Such success attended the enterprise, that before the expiration of the time for the experiment the class-rooms became so crowded as to be quite uncomfortable. The number of pupils at the commencement barely exceeded a dozen, but it soon rose to ninety, and many were the applications which could not be entertained owing to want of room. The Infant Schools Committee met to consider the question of finding some more commodious place than the rooms they at present rented. To this they were stimulated by the wonderful success which had attended their experiment, and they at length determined to erect an edifice of such dimensions as should amply provide for the wants of the children of their poor co-religionists in the densely crowded neighbourhoods of Houndsditch and Spitalfields. For this purpose, a large space of ground in the centre of Commercial Street, Whitechapel, was purchased from Government by the committee, and on it were erected the celebrated Jewish Infant Schools. The building is, we believe, the largest and most commodious of any religious denomination in England. Without the slightest blame being attachable to the incumbent of Christ Church, St. George's in the East, the Rev. Mr. McGill,

(than whom there is hardly to be found a more zealous minister of religion,) a most mortifying contrast might be drawn between these Jewish schools and those of that populous and poverty-stricken district. While the Jewish children have for their accommodation a magnificent building, constructed purposely for an infant school, with large lofty school-rooms, and both covered and open play-grounds, the infant school of Christ Church, St. George's, containing several hundred children, is held under two railway arches, funds not having yet been provided for their better accommodation, notwithstanding the exertions of the incumbent and his committee.

As soon as the building was completed, Miss Miriam Harris was confirmed in her post of head governess, receiving at the time the high commendations of the Venerable the Chief Rabbi, the Rev. Dr. Adler, for the wonderful reformation she had made in the manners and habits of the Jewish infant population in the neighbourhood. From that date till the present time, the reports published by the School Committee prove how great has been the success of the institution. When the Houndsditch branch was opened, prior to the erection of the present infant schools, it was intended to receive only 200 pupils. Afterwards the building was enlarged so as to admit seventy additional children. This number was rapidly filled up, and applications for admission continued to increase till the opening of the new schools in Whitechapel, when the names of several hundred were entered on the books. The number continued steadily to increase, till they now register 1300 pupils, the schools, we believe, being more numerously attended than any in the United Kingdom. Large even as they now are, these schools are found not to be sufficient for the requirements of the neighbourhood, and a branch establishment, some short distance off, is at present in process of organisation, and will, when completed, accommodate about 100 more.

Although the establishment of these schools is due to the united efforts of the Jewish philanthropists resident in London, who, both ladies and gentlemen, have been unceasing in their personal exertions, as well as profusely liberal in pecuniary donations for their support, a vast proportion of the success which has attended them must undoubtedly be attributed to Miss Miriam Harris. From the time when she commenced the little class in a small room in Houndsditch, up till the present, when the schools have reached such magnificent proportions, she has had the immediate control and management of them. In her case, as in that of Miss Johanna Chandler, we would not for one moment wish it to be understood that to her efforts alone are due all the good results which have arisen from the institution. She has, on the contrary, unceasingly received the co-operation of a philanthropic band of Jewish ladies, whose unwearied labours have tended greatly to the increase and efficiency of the schools. No little praise should also be given to the Venerable the Chief Rabbi, the Rev. Dr. Adler, and the gentlemen of the Committee of Management, whose operations appear to have been carried on with the benevolence and intelligence characteristic of their nation. Still Miss Miriam Harris may be considered as the leading authority in the management of the institution. From her long residence in the neighbourhood, and her exertions in behalf of the children of the Jewish poor, she is regarded with feelings of peculiar regard, and that this is no unmeaning compliment the following anecdote will show.

One day, when walking through one of the streets in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch, two young thieves, some fifteen or sixteen years of age, attempted to steal her watch. They had hustled round her, and one had already got it in his possession, when he was greatly surprised by his "pal" striking him violently on the head, and snatching the watch from him, which he immediately returned to the owner, saying at the time to his astonished companion, who seemed strongly to demur to the arrangement, "You fool: don't you see it's Miss Harris?" The lady, who had now begun to recover from her confusion, instead of thanking the boy for his behaviour, took him by the arm and inquired sternly whether he was a Jew.

"Yes, I am, ma'am," was the reply.

"And you are a thief too, I see," she said. "Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"What can I do, ma'am?" said the boy. "I can't get work."

"Why don't you go to school, then?" inquired Miss Harris.

"Because no school will take me in, ma'am."

"Both your answers are untrue," said Miss Harris. "You can get work, and you can go to school. Now, remember I don't thank you for having returned my watch to me, nor do I forgive you for the part you took in stealing it. If you choose to be respectable, I will assist you in becoming so; if, on the contrary, you intend to continue your disreputable life, I will prosecute you. I can easily find you out, and you know it. Now, take your own way. If you are willing to reform, call on me to-morrow morning, and I will aid you as far as I can; if you do not come, I will put the affair in the hands of the police." So saying, she left the boy and the disreputable crowd which had gathered round her greatly astonished at her proceeding. The next morning the boy called, and she lectured him soundly upon the wickedness of his course of life. Finding that he had neither father nor mother, and that he had fallen into bad company, she requested some of the gentlemen connected with the schools to assist her in reclaiming the lad. They readily promised their aid, and the result was that, after the boy had received some education in England, they paid his passage to Australia, where he is now a thriving and respectable tradesman.

To any person interested in the well-being of young children, we cannot imagine a greater treat than to pay a visit to these schools. We are unable to state what is the usual formality necessary for gaining admission, but, judging from the extreme facility we experienced on our personal application, and the perfect courtesy and patience with which every detail was explained to us, we should imagine the reader would find little difficulty in the matter. A more extraordinary sight than the 1200 or 1300 little children congregated in these schools, and arranged in their different classes according to their ages, it would be almost impossible to imagine. Their instruction, with the exception of Hebrew, of which they are taught the rudiments, or at any rate sufficient to enable them to offer up some prayers in that language, appears to be very much the same as is generally given in our best Christian schools. The task of disciplining such a host of little creatures, whose ideas are naturally of the most republican description, must of course be a very troublesome one, but perfect success attends the efforts of the governesses of the different classes; while Miss Miriam Harris, as superintendent of the whole, from time to time walks through the different divisions, praising those worthy of commendation, and blaming others who may require it. The children are admitted into the school as early as two years of age, and leave it when they are six, unless in the case of cripples, when they are allowed to remain for two or three years longer.

A most praiseworthy feature in the management of these schools may be noticed: it is the general air of personal cleanliness which marks the children, notwithstanding the indifferent quality of their attire; and this result, it should be understood, is far more difficult to attain than in our Christian schools. As we have before stated, the synagogues in Spain and Portugal, Germany, Holland, and Poland—the latter three especially—are in the habit of sending their poor over to England to be maintained by their more charitable co-religionists here. All the care their own countrymen on the Continent seem to bestow on them is to pay a trifling sum for their deck passage on board the Dutch or Hamburg steamers; and perhaps less thought is taken for their comfort on the voyage, or their fate on arriving in a strange country, than is bestowed upon the herds of cattle which are generally their fellow-passengers. The first care of the philanthropic English Jews on the arrival of these immigrants is to seek out the younger children, and by their being placed in the schools and under the care of Miss Miriam Harris and her assistants, they are saved from the squalor, disease, or death, which would be their lot if they remained under the immediate charge of their parents. The labour and difficulty experienced in teaching the fathers and mothers of these children the value of cleanliness is almost incredible. Although the code of Moses as well as their traditionary laws are exceedingly strict as to the observance of cleanliness, yet the poorer of the German and Dutch Jews are extraordinarily dirty in their persons and domestic arrangements, and a filthier specimen of humanity than a low Polish Jew could hardly be found. An excellent plan is adopted for the reformation of these foreigners by the London Jews. The latter, when dispensing their charity, refuse to assist any Jewish parents who cannot prove that they send their younger children to school, while Miss Miriam Harris and the School Committee on their part refuse to admit them unless they are in a cleanly condition. The low foreign Jewish parents usually grumble very much at this, in their opinion, utterly unnecessary requirement; but, as they as well as their children are totally dependent on the charity of the benevolent, they have no alternative but to obey, and in a short time the foreign children are sent to the schools in as clean and tidy a condition as their English fellow-pupils. As a further inducement for the children to attend regularly, a dinner is provided twice a week in the school-rooms for those whose parents are in great poverty. About 500 generally accept the invitation. Although these dinners are of the simplest possible description, yet, judging from the energy shown in partaking of them, they are highly appreciated by the little guests. The dinners, with the exception of those on feast-days, always consist of one dish, the receipt for which is as follows:—"To one sack and a half of potatoes add sixty pounds of rice; mix together, and when thoroughly cooked add fat to your taste." The reader might imagine from the quantity that this would be what is vulgarly called a cut-and-come-again dish; but this is far from being the fact. After a quarter of an hour's attack by five hundred little Jews on this huge mass, not a particle of potato, not a grain of rice, nor as much fat as would leave the least stain on a silk dress, is to be found remaining. But if this feat should appear at all astonishing, it is nothing to what these children can accomplish on one of their feast days, when they have pudding and other delicacies allowed them. Then platefuls of food which would probably give a Life Guardsman an attack of indigestion, are carried off by little toddling creatures whose "stowage" capabilities, from outward appearance, would hardly have been considered equal to a fourth part of the burdens they have taken upon themselves.

We had the gratification of being present on, we believe, the greatest feast day of the year—that of Purim; and a happier congregation of little beings we never saw. There was but one face in the whole room which did not seem perfectly happy, and hers was a case of sorrow indeed. Amidst the shouts of laughter which were going on at the time, as well as the Babel of languages,—for there were no fewer than six different tongues spoken by those present,—a cry of distress arose above all. A little Jewish maiden of about six years of age was lamenting over some misfortune which had befallen her, of so terrible a description as to render unavail-

ing the consolations which were being offered her by a group of her fellow-pupils and several ladies who were present. On inquiring the cause of her sorrow, we were informed that she had lost her crinoline!

Nor is feasting the only pleasure offered to the children. Games of every description are carried on unremittingly; toys of every variety are given to them, and the evening generally concludes with an exhibition of the magic lantern. An excellent plan has been adopted by Miss Harris for the purpose of inculcating on her little pupils habits of economy and thrift. A number of tiny money-boxes are kept, each being appropriated to a particular depositor, and into these the half-pence and farthings he may receive are placed. A little book is also kept in which the amount of the separate deposits are entered. When the total of any depositor's account amounts to any considerable sum, say for example one shilling, the box is solemnly opened in presence of the parents of the child, and after the amount has been verified as corresponding with that in the banker's book, it is spent at the direction of the little depositor, in a pair of shoes, a cap, or some other article of attire. From his having economised the money for its purchase himself, the article remains, till it is worn out, the most esteemed portion of his very modest wardrobe.

Besides the Infant School a Sabbath School is also held in the building, which is under the immediate superintendence of Miss Miriam Harris, although the instructions given are specially directed by the Rev. Hermann Adler, assisted by a numerous staff of Jewish ladies and gentlemen of high social standing who take great interest in the work. This class generally numbers at least five hundred. There is also a Sunday School conducted on the premises for the tuition of Jewish girls who are employed in shops during the week, and whose education is defective. This class is also very numerously attended.

But the good deeds of Miss Miriam Harris are not confined solely to the walls of the Jewish Infant School. Several other philanthropic institutions in the neighbourhood are also considerably indebted to her for their origin and success, such for example as the Jewish Model Lodging Houses in Commercial Street, and the Jewish Bible Women. Without ignoring the very valuable services and extraordinary energy and liberality of the wealthy Jews for the reformation of their poorer and more debased co-religionists in the eastern portion of the metropolis, we intend no discourtesy to them when we say there is not one among them who has been more unceasing in his efforts in the cause, or who has laboured with more integrity of purpose, or whose name is entitled to higher respect, than Miriam Harris.

HARVEST.

WORKING away at the harvest, reaping the ripening grain,
Laying it down in ridges like the men of an army slain;
Foremost in toil is the reaper with the sweat on his bronzèd brow—
God bless the hand of the reaper, and send him vigour enow!

Binding the sheaves into bundles, bending so meekly and low,
Come the patient orderly women, chattering on as they go;
Following after the reapers come their mothers, sisters, and wives—
God bless the orderly binders, who bind the staff of our lives!

After are coming the young men, lusty in sinew and limb,
Throwing the sheaves on the waggons, and building the loads so trim;
On the ricks are binding the old men, sage and practised of eye—
God bless the pitchers and rickers who are storing His treasures by.

Come the little prattling children when the field is carried and clear,
Gathering up the fragments, and storing them ear by ear—
So each one joins in providing against winter's tempest and frost,
And the small birds gather the fragments that nothing of God's be lost.

E. A. S.

REAPING.

BINDING.

CARRYING.

GLEANING

ARKITE CEREMONIES IN THE HIMALAYS.

THE following description of Arkite ceremonies in the Himalays may prove interesting to the readers of GOOD WORDS, on account of their great resemblance to the religious ceremonies of the Jews. It will be the purpose of the writer to describe them minutely, rather than to explain why such strange coincidences should exist. Among many theories about the lost ten tribes which have been suggested, their existence in the north of India has been asserted and believed in; but this point will form no part of our subject. Instead of assuming a theory to explain facts, the facts will be carefully and truly given, and these may be found useful in the ultimate discovery of the truth.

So far as I know, these ceremonies have never been described; at any rate they are so little known, that it may be said they are quite new to the public.

It may be noticed that the Arkite ceremonies were common all over the ancient world. The Egyptians carried arks about in the worship of Isis and Osiris. According to Rawlinson, the Assyrians had a goddess whose name was Sin, or Hurki, also called the "Great Lady," and an ark was used in the celebration of her rites. The step from Assyria and Persia through Cabool to the Indus is but a short one: and although the worship on the plains of India is now different from that of the Himalays, yet we have in the mythology of the Hindoos those ideas which seem to be common to all religious systems, and which suggest themselves as the foundation of those Arkite rites.

The primary idea is that of the *Deity floating or moving on the face of the waters.* The Divinity sits upon a seat or throne, and this throne, from being on the waters, becomes a boat, or *ark.*

Now there is no feature of the Hindoo mythology which is so clearly evident as this primary conception of the Deity. One of the most striking instances is that of Vishnu as Narayana. In this the serpent Sesha is twisted into innumerable folds, forming the couch which floats on the waters, and the seven heads are inflated out to produce the canopy under which Vishnu reposes. This forms one of the sculptures in the caves of Ellora. The Hindoo system, like all the old systems, represents the creation of the world as being accomplished by a power deputed to do so by the Supreme Deity. This power, or deputy, is also represented as being on the waters. From Vishnu springs the stem of a lotus; the lotus itself is floating on the ocean, and it forms the seat upon which Brahma sits in the act of creating the world. This very peculiar character is not confined to these two representatives of the Hindoo mythology. "*Arghanatha* is a name of Siva, the Hindoo deity especially connected with the ceremonies in which *Argha* and *Patra* are used, and to whom indeed the name of *Arghanatha*, or 'lord of the boat-shaped vessel,' is especially applicable." *

There is not a more beautiful object in the East than the large expanded flower of the lotus, with its flat round leaves floating on the surface of the water. It was enthroned on this flower that Brahma created the world. And the "Lotus Throne" of Buddha tells by its *title* that he who sits upon it is upon the waters. The lotus is never wanting on the throne of Buddha. On the rudest carvings of this figure will be found some indications of the petals of the flower; the petals are always represented along the whole length of the upper portion of the seat; so it is upon the lotus that he actually sits.

From this it will be seen that the supreme gods of Brahminism and Buddhism are represented under this primary idea of *floating on the waters.*

The story of Menu is now so clearly identified with that of Noah, that it ought to be noticed here, as relating to this subject, more particularly as the account of Menu's boat is intimately associated with the Himalays, where the ceremonies about to be described took place. Brahma appeared to Menu in the form of a fish, and told him

When the awful time approaches—hear from me what thou must do.
In a little time, O blessed!—all this firm and seated earth,
All that moves upon its surface—shall a deluge sweep away.
Near it comes, of all creation the ablution day is near;
Therefore what I now forewarn thee, may thy highest weal secure.
All the fixed and all the moving—all that stirs, or stirreth not,
Lo, of all the time approaches—the tremendous time of doom.
Build thyself a ship, O Manu—strong, with cables well prepared,
And thyself, with the seven Sages, mighty Manu, enter in.
All the living seeds of things, by the Brahmins named of yore,
Place thou first within the vessel—well secured, divided well.

Menu, or Manu, did as ordered, and when the deluge came, the fish appeared, and the cable was used to bind the ship to a horn which the fish had on his head. By means of this divine aid—for the fish was Brahma himself—the vessel was guided to its place of rest.

None was seen but those seven Sages, Manu only, and the fish.
Years on years, and still unwearied drew that fish the bark along,
Till at length it came where lifted Himavan its loftiest peak.
There at length it came, and, smiling, thus the fish addressed the Sage;

* Moor's Oriental Fragments, p. 277.

"To the peak of Himalaya bind thou now thy stately ship."
At the fish's mandate quickly to the peak of Himavan
Bound the Sage his bark, and ever to this day that loftiest peak,
Bears the name of Naubandhana from the binding of the bark.*

The resemblance of all this to the Jewish system scarce needs to be pointed out. At the creation, "the Spirit of God moved upon the surface of the waters." At the deluge the same Spirit was there upon the waters, guiding the bark to the accomplishment of its purpose. The ark was the great type of the Church, and it is the doctrine of all Christendom to this day, that Jehovah is the Head of the Church—that He presides, or sits, in that Church, which is symbolled as an ark, or boat: "The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth king for ever." (Ps. xxix. 10.) This cannot be the description of a mere thunderstorm, such as some commentators have explained it to mean, which deluged the country, and was "peculiar to the Phœnician coast." It is a flood over which "The Lord sitteth king *for ever*." And it was to symbolise this same idea that His throne in the tabernacle was an ark, or boat.

The boat of Menu was called *nau;* this was in the extreme East. With the Greeks a boat was *vavs*, and a temple *vaos*. This was midway between East and West; and here in the West the body of the church is the *nave*. If philologists will admit any connection between these words, they would go a great way to show how wide-spread, and at the same time how ancient, is this association of ideas about a church, or temple, and a boat; that it is the means, or the type of the means, by which the Divine purpose is carried out. And it is in the universality of this idea that we get the explanation of those Arkite ceremonies which were so prevalent everywhere in bygone times. And there is little doubt but the Aryan race—or by whatever name the early settlers are called—had those ideas, and that they took them across the Indus. The Hindoo mythology to the present day retains these ideas, and it is accepted by all that they did not originate in India. This tends to show a common origin in these Arkite rites.

There are rites still performed in the plains which seem to have had their origin in these Arkite ideas, but they are very different from the ceremonies of the Himalays. It is probable, however, that at a former time these ceremonies were not confined to the hills. On the sculptures of the Bilsah Tope, in Central India, Colonel Cunninghame found the representation of a ceremony which he identified with those practised in the Himalays at the present day. These sculptures are about two thousand years old, and would indicate that the ceremonies of these plains might be similar to those of the hills at that early date. Perhaps conquest and revolution may have produced the change that now appears. The Hindoos crossed the Indus, and spread over the plains. Alexander came by the same route of conquest, and was followed at a later date by the Mahomedans. The religion of Buddha spread over the whole of India about the fifth century before Christ, and was the predominating faith of that country for somewhere about a thousand years, when Brahminism overpowered it and took its place. During these changes the more primitive ceremonies may have been left intact in the hills, just as remnants of Druidism were left in the mountains of Wales and the highlands of Scotland to a very late period—like causes producing like results. For example, the "Deisul," or going by the course of the sun, some time since described by the editor of Good Words as being still practised in a highland parish, is also observed in the mountains of the Himalays at the present time.

The locality where the ceremonies took place was in a village called Cheenee, about sixteen marches east from Simla. This village is upon the right bank of the Sutlej, and to the east of the first snowy range. A very few marches further east bring the traveller into the region of Tartars and of Llamas, and the rainless country of Thibet. The scenery of Cheenee is about the finest in the Himalays. The village stands some thousands of feet above the Sutlej—the river having through long ages cut its way into a deep gorge. On the face of a perpendicular cliff, more than a hundred feet above the present level of the stream, are to be seen water-worn rocks, showing that it was at one time the bed of the river. The sides of the valley sloping up to the village are plentifully covered with woods—the apricot, the walnut, the oak and various pines. Amongst the latter are what the natives call the Neozo, or the *Pinus Gerardiana*, the Khutrow, or *Pinus excelsa*, and the Keeloo, or *Cedarus deodarus*, the monarch tree of the Himalays, which, king-like, towers above all the others, growing to the height of 150 and 200 feet. Amidst these woods, wherever the absence of rocks will permit of cultivation, there are villages, and the fields are raised on terraces such as are seen in Palestine at the present day. Different kinds of grain are produced, and the locality from its dryness can grow the vine, the cultivation of which is considerable. On the other side of the river a most striking contrast is presented. It is the great Himalayan range of perpetual snow. A series of splendid peaks, of dazzling brightness, stand high up in the blue of heaven. Their altitude has been determined, and the highest are given at 18,068 feet, 19,990 feet, and one reaches the height of 21,103 feet, being upwards of 6000 feet higher than Mont Blanc. This high range is called the "Kailas," and according to etymologists this word is the same as the Latin *Cœlus*. Kailas is the heaven of Maha Deo, or Siva, and according to the Hindoo mythology this heaven is in the Himalays. When they are asked at what parti-

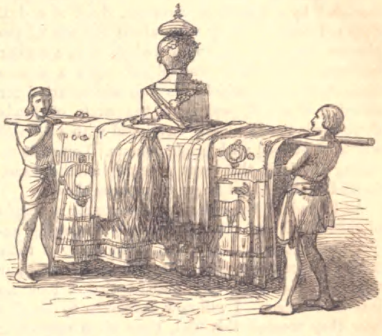
* *Naubandhana*, from *nau*, a boat, and *bandh-dena*, to fasten, or bind.

cular point of the Himalays this celestial locality may be found, they can give no answer. All that they can say is that it is somewhere in the hills, and that it is very high up in the inaccessible peaks. In fact, the word Kailas is now used to express the character of any high elevation, which is beyond the power of man to reach. On some such peak, on a throne of gems, sits Siva and his mountain-born consort, Parbuttie, at least such is the faith of the Hindoo; but when the Alpine Club shall extend their adventurous operations to the various summits of this mighty range, it will be curious to watch his confiding trust in the traditions of his religion. The peak Naubandhana, already mentioned as the spot where Menu bound his bark, is, like the Kailas of Siva, only spoken of as *somewhere* in the inaccessible regions of the snowy Himalays. The word Kailas is not the only name connected with these mountains as associated with heaven, for the word Himalay itself is recognised by the Germans as being the same as their own word *Himmel*, or heaven. All these facts—and many more could be given—have a most important bearing on the ceremonies about to be described, and are of the highest importance to the biblical student. For here is a locality with a heavenly mountain, on which there is a throne of the Deity, and where an ark, which saved the world—the type of the Church—with eight holy persons rested. Be it remembered that one of the many traditions connected with Jerusalem, affirms that the ark of Noah rested there. All this shows that there is an identity of ideas as well as an identity of visible ceremonies.

The villages of these mountains are generally small, with short distances between each; wherever there is a spot allowing of a little cultivation a village has resulted. In the centre of each there is a house which is conspicuous for its size and ornamentation. This is the temple, and is usually called the Devi-ke-makahn, or house of Devi.

Idol at Karsali, near Jumnootree.

"Devi," or "Davi," is one of the many names of Parbuttie, the mountain-born bride of Siva. She is the principal deity of the hill people, and the very peculiar idol, or ark, which is kept in these temples, is chiefly identified with her. As they will not allow a stranger to touch this symbol of their faith, and as it is always closely veiled, it is difficult to tell what it contained. Externally they differed a good deal in appearance. One



Idol in Gurhwal, with Silver Vase and Umbrella.

which I saw at Karsali, near Jumnootree, seemed like a square object on two staves, by which it was carried on men's shoulders, and around there were bound pieces of bright-coloured cloth, which covered not only the central portion, but extended along the greater part of the staves. Another of

Sketch of the Idols at Cheence and Coatee.

these idols, which I saw in the district of Gurhwal, was surmounted by a silver vase, having on its top a small umbrella of the same metal. A large ornamented cloth was used as a pall to cover nearly the whole length of the staves. Some chowries (wild yaks' tails) hung down the sides: these and the umbrella are royal insignia, and are often repre-

sented on pictures and sculptures of their various deities. Those idols in the villages about Cheenee seemed more elaborate in their construction. There was a circle of faces, seemingly of gold or silver, and nearly life-size, so arranged that there was a face looking in every direction. There might be about eight of these heads, and they were surmounted by a bunch of chowries, dyed of a dull deep red colour. They were about the size of the plumes upon a hearse, and waved about in a similar manner. The whole was placed upon a square frame-work, into which the two staves fitted for carrying it about, and from the circle of heads downwards it was closely enveloped with pieces of silk cloth striped with bright colours. Lower down among the folds there was generally another head, formed of silver, and larger than those above.

As I lived in the village of Cheenee for a couple of months, I had good opportunity of getting acquainted with the people, and seeing many of their habits and customs. They invited me to all their festivals, and were very pleased that I took an interest in them. I will now endeavour to describe how they treated this idol, their ideas respecting it, and the ceremonies that took place; and in this I shall try to be as faithfully minute as I can.

In the largest, the best, and most ornamented house in the village, the deity was kept, which they treated as a living being. I asked an old man one day what it was, pointing to the idol, and his answer was, "Ah, sahib, humara *Khuda** hai;" which is, "*Ah, sir, it is my God.*" Every day it was attended upon. I saw regularly every morning one of the villagers come to the well for water, which he carried in one of the vessels of the temple; he also plucked a handful of mint, which here grew plentifully. This I believe he dipped into the water, and washed the faces of the *Khuda*, and then made offerings, one of which was fire. For this operation they had a peculiarly formed instrument in every temple. Sometimes they would take the idol out to give it an airing, carrying it along the roads or through the woods, two men always bearing it by the staves upon their shoulders, and all the chief men of the village in close attendance. Some long trumpets, kettle drums, and cymbals were kept in the temple, and these were always in requisition, making as much noise as possible.

One morning we found the whole village astir, and on inquiring the cause, we were told it was to be a *burra din*, or "great day," which is the idiomatic way of expressing a *pooja*, or religious festival. The indications of the approaching holiday were very marked for that part of the world. For be it remembered that it is a hill country and a cold climate, two causes all the world over which stand in the way of cleanliness, and indeed the dirt of these people was something not to be described. It did seem remarkable to see the whole village out washing themselves and their clothes, showing that the proverbial alliance between cleanliness and godliness held true even in this very distant region. I asked one man, when he had washed himself before, and in the most straightforward manner he said, "Six months ago." "When will you wash again?" His answer to this indicated the same distant date, and his skin and dress stood before me as convincing witnesses to the truth of his words. In the front of all these hill temples there is a level space, roughly paved with flat stones, and in the middle of this space there is an open shed, called a dharamsala. It is used as a place of rest for travellers and pilgrims who chance to stay a night at the village, and on festivals the idol is placed there to rest at intervals during the ceremony. In the afternoon the whole village was out, and the people were all dressed in their best, looking clean and happy. They had the Khuda out, and here for the first time, I saw dancing as an act of worship. I knew that there were dancing girls in the temples of India, who danced for the deity; and every one knows that the Dervishes dance as a religious act. The Pyrrhic dance was also religious. The sculptures on the Greek temples represent men and women dancing at the ceremonies. I knew dancing had a religious signification all over the world; but I had never seen it as such before, and was now very much struck by it; perhaps the locality and circumstances helped to produce the strong impression. None of the examples of dancing mentioned above came into my mind; it bore no resemblance to any of them. There was only one instance which I could think of. David *dancing before the Ark* was being acted before me. The description of the one would pass for that of the other. In front of the rude temple, on what might be a "threshing-floor" (for in a hill country, if you make level an enclosure for a temple, or a threshing-floor, the one must have a resemblance to the other; and in the Himalays, where both are very rudely done, they cease to have any difference between them), such as might have been that of Nachon, or of Araunah the Jebusite, there was being carried what I, as a Gentile to them, dared not touch, a most sacred symbol of their religion, which they treated as a king or a god. And the men of the place played on all manner of instruments, on trumpets, and on drums, and on cymbals, while the crowd danced and sung before it. In 2 Sam. vi. 19, we read that David "dealt among all the people, even among the whole multitude of Israel, as well to the women as men, to every one a cake of bread, and a good piece of flesh." On the present occasion nothing of this kind took place; but at another festival which will be described, this part also of the ceremony was observed; and, curiously enough, I was struck by the fact that the women were served before the men, which is not according to the usual practice of the East. Wine I did not see used. The

* The *kh* in *khuda* is pronounced similar to the *ch* in the Scotch word *nicht*.

dance was a very pretty one. About a dozen men twisted their arms in a peculiar fashion, so as to link themselves together into a chain; the women did the same, and continued the chain, the whole forming a semi-circle which occupied one side of the space, while the Khuda and its attendants and musicians took up the other. It went slowly round the enclosure, trumpets, drums, and cymbals playing, and the dance consisted in going round after them; but the peculiar feature of the dance was a movement backwards and forwards to and from the Khuda, making each time an obeisance to it. The bowing of the head and body was done by the end man, who waved a chowrie in the air with the disengaged arm; in this he was followed by the next, and the movement went along the whole length of the dancers; the appearance was exactly that of a wave as its crest gracefully curls over on the beach. I never saw a more beautiful picture, or a more primitive subject for one. The girls were very pretty, and their beauty on this occasion was not eclipsed by the usual veil of dirt. Their costume is simple and very handsome, it is also as primitive as their customs; it is formed of one piece of cloth, and it amply covers the whole person except the right arm, which is generally bare. It is put on very much in the same way as the old highlander used to form his plaid and kilt from the one piece of cloth. The hill women, in this instance, wear the skirt portion down to their feet; a large Celtic-looking brooch* on the left breast is used to hold it all together. They had all flowers in their hats and hair. They sung a slow quaint tune, which was the only music I liked that I heard in the hills. I could not make out the meaning of the words, except the first two, they were *Goli gohano*, which, if I mistake not, express the going round in a circle.† The dancing and singing went on with but slight intervals for the rest of the day; they had other words and other tunes, but the dance had little change in it; it always came and went just like the ebb and flow of a wave, for I can give no better likeness of it, making as it were a salaam, bowing in reverence, singing all the while to what they believed was the Deity. Evidently they enjoyed it. If one left this circle, another at once took the place. It was no exclusive priesthood, with hired performers going through an elaborate ceremonial. It was the people of the village. "David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord." (2 Sam. vi. 5.) Here every house sent forth its inmates, old and young, and they all assisted at what was to them the worship of God. In their happiness they evidently realised the twofold meaning of the word *holiday*. I sat beside them till a rosy sunset burned on the snowy peaks across the Sutlej, and when the darkness fell a fire was kindled for light. Later in the evening I went down to see them under this new aspect, and the wave was still singing as it came and went. Even after I went to bed, the last sound that I can recall was the same quaint melody which they had already sung so often.

The villagers announced to me that there would soon be another festival, which they called the *Croat-ke-pooja*, or "Walnut Festival." It was to be held, not at Cheenee, but at a village called Coatee, about two miles away. I had visited this village before, and seen its temple, which had some very finely carved wooden pillars. My companion, who was devoted to hunting pursuits of every kind, had been complaining that there was no fishing to be had in this locality. The snow-melted waters of the Sutlej and other streams were too cold for such sports. While wandering about the village he found a tank filled with fine large fish. The delight was great,—his at the prospect of good fishing, and mine at the idea of an agreeable change from our monotonous dinner fare. That evening was spent in getting the fishing-tackle in order, and the next day I went down to watch my friend's success. The line was scarcely into the water before a large fellow was caught and sprawling on the ground. A second was already hooked, when a commotion became manifest in the village. There approached some of the elders, followed by a crowd, all very much excited, imploring us in the most earnest and piteous manner not to touch the fish, for they belonged to Devi, the divinity of the temple. This at once stopped my friend's sport, and our dinner was again the usual mutton.

There are sacred fish all over India. They have there some religious signification, as they had in Assyria, where Dagon the fish-god was one of the chief divinities. As already stated, it was under the form of a fish that Brahma appeared to Menu, when he told him to build a boat, and during the deluge the same fish appeared and guided the vessel to the Himalays. So these fish may have derived their sacred character from this connection of Brahma and the ark of Menu; and if so they have a bearing upon the Arkite ceremonies which are still to be found in that region.

It was a few days after this adventure that we went down to see the Croat-ke-pooja. We found that it was not to be at the village itself, but at a temple close at hand in the woods. This sylvan temple stood all alone. There was the "threshing-floor"-like platform raised up and roughly paved, with two dharamsalas upon it. There were some very fine deodars growing in the vicinity. I had before noticed the fact that very fine specimens of these trees were near to some of the temples, and on making inquiry, was told that they were sacred in their character, and were never cut down except for building or repairing the temples. The cedar of Lebanon (*Cedrus Libanus*) is almost the same tree as the deodar (*Cedrus deodarus*). Botanically, they are two species of the same genera, and as the former is still looked upon as having a sacred character, because used in the construction of Solomon's

* I saw one of these brooches among the Celtic brooches in the Loan Exhibition at Kensington in 1862.

† *Goli*, round, and *jana*, to go.

temple, we get a curious bit of analogy, which may perhaps be accidental, but seeing it is associated with so many other Jewish customs, it is at least worthy of being noticed.

When we reached the temple, the ceremony had not commenced. A few of the villagers were there busy making ready the cakes; a large pot of oil was on the fire, and a man sat beside it, who, when the cakes were pressed into the desired shape, dipped them into the boiling oil, and a very few minutes were enough to cook them. They came out of the oil baked and buttered. The people began to gather, and I found that they came from all the villages about—my friends from Cheenee among the rest. I had seen no ablutions for this pooja. It was not above a couple of weeks since that process had been gone through, and it was not according to their notions that such an operation could possibly be required so soon again. The girls, as usual, had all got flowers about their heads, and, seated on the ground in groups, had evidently a great deal to talk about. What the topics of conversation were, it would be difficult to say, for there can be no such thing as "news" in such a place. It could not be the change of fashion, for that is unknown in the East. Nothing changes in a valley like this; the ceremonies I am describing are a proof of it. Still, that they had something to interest them was evident enough, for there was a great deal of tittering, which often broke out into hearty laughter. There was one dark-skinned beauty who seemed to absorb all the talk to herself wherever she went. She was evidently a gossip, and a bit of a wag as well, for she was always laughing herself and moving to merriment the company around.

At last the sound of the trumpets and drums was heard in the direction of Coatee, and soon after, the procession appeared winding its way through the woods. The Khuda, or idol, was almost identical with that of Cheenee. It was carried upon staves by two men, and there was the usual music and dancing around it. On reaching the paved platform at the temple, the Khuda was placed in one of the dharamsalas. On this occasion, an old man appeared in a red dress, such as the Llamas of Thibet wear, and he, along with a boy, seemed to perform the principal part of the ceremony. As I saw this old man in the usual dress of the place after the pooja was over, I concluded it had been put on to officiate with. He was very old, and although not more Jewish than others I have seen in various parts of the East, yet had I been in want of a model to sit for painting any of the Jewish patriarchs, I could not have wished for a better. I sketched his portrait—greatly to his delight—a front view, and it was very strongly marked; in this position the large hooked nose projects so far down as to cover the upper lip. He told me his name was "Diloo."

First of all, he washed the faces of the Khuda with mint leaves and water, then he offered incense, with bread, fruit, and flowers. A number of young kids were brought forward. They were playful little animals, some black, and some white. Diloo sprinkled them with water. This was in front,

Diloo.

and distant perhaps about six feet from where the Khuda was placed under the shed. A large flat brazen dish was put on the ground, and one of the villagers stood ready with a hatchet. It was ornamented, and I conclude was one of the sacred instruments of the service, for I had noticed them in other temples. With one blow the head of a kid was knocked off; then the boy who assisted Diloo lifted the head up, and advancing forward to the Khuda, presented it with a low muttering of words. He put his finger into the blood, and then by a jerk flicked it upon the idol. The blood was thus "sprinkled." After doing this once or twice, he dipped his forefinger into the blood, and touched the Khuda with it. The head was then deposited among the other offerings. The body of the kid had been so placed that all the blood ran into the brazen vessel; and when two or three of the animals had been sacrificed and the dish was full, one of the men lifted it up, and first presenting it to the Khuda, turned round, and giving a great swing of his body, emptied the vessel upon the wall of the temple. As they killed the rest, the same ceremony was gone through, and at least three times was the large basin of blood dashed against the wall. The temple seemed to have been whitewashed, and as this is unusual in the hills, I supposed that it was done to cover up the effects of the old ceremony, and present a clear surface for the new.

It was after this that they went through the performance that gave the name to this pooja. A balcony went round a sort of upper chamber in the temple, and here Diloo appeared, followed by about half-a-dozen of the younger men. The moment they presented themselves, they were assailed with volleys of pine-cones and walnuts, which, though green, were fully formed. After making the circuit

of the balcony, the young men gathered up the missiles, and returned them against their assailants, who managed to screen themselves from the more numerous party below by means of the rough boards in front of the balcony. The fight went on in this manner for about half-an-hour, when Diloo and his young friends came down and mixed among the crowd as before.

What was the purpose or meaning of this part of the ceremony I could not find out. No one was hurt on this occasion; but they told me that accidents did sometimes occur, and that deaths had even resulted from injuries received at these fights. The pine-cone, I remind the reader, had a religious signification in Assyria. In the Nineveh sculptures, the priests and eagle-headed divinities hold them in their hands as if presenting them at the altar. The pine-cone is the chief ornament on the Cashmere shawls, and is indeed a favourite form of ornament all over India. The royal jewel which a rajah wears on his head is generally of this pattern. The walnut may perhaps have an allied signification. I did not notice if it or the pine-cone was presented among the offerings to the Khuda, but in travelling in the hills walnuts are the usual offering presented by the head man of the village, when, according to custom, he comes to make his salaam.

While the contest had been going on, the slaughtered kids were being cooked for a feast. The people having seated themselves all round upon the space before the Khuda, the cakes and flesh were dealt out to them and eaten. It was here that I noticed that the women were served before the men. And here let me refer again to the words descriptive of the ceremony when David brought up the ark. "And they brought in the ark of the Lord, and set it in his place, in the midst of the tabernacle that David had pitched for it: and David offered burnt offerings and peace offerings before the Lord. And as soon as David had made an end of offering burnt offerings and peace offerings, he blessed the people in the name of the Lord of hosts. And he dealt among all the people, even among the whole multitude of Israel, as well to the women as men, to every one a cake of bread, and a good piece of flesh." In Exodus xxix. 31, 32, we read, "Thou shalt take the ram of the consecration, and seethe his flesh in the holy place. And Aaron and his sons shall eat the flesh of the ram, and the bread that is in the basket, by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation." It is added, "a stranger shall not eat thereof." Whether these villagers would have allowed any strangers to share in the feast, had they wished to do so, I cannot say. We, of course, made no such request, and they made no offer that we should join them. I have not referred to the passages in the Bible about the "sprinkling," and other Jewish sacrifices, in which blood assumes such an important signification. The wonderful resemblance is too striking to require detailed remark.

At the close of the feast the Khuda was lifted up to be carried back to its temple in the village. But the bearers had not gone far, when there arose some cause of great excitement. I saw the red plumes bobbing up and down with considerable agitation, and surrounded by a crowd of the principal men. On asking the meaning of the uproar, I was told that the *Khuda bolta hai*, *i.e.*, "the God speaks." How it expressed itself I could not discover. There seemed to be some doubt as to whether it wanted to go back to Coatee direct, or go off on a visit to the village of Cheenee, and they were endeavouring to find out its desires on this matter. After a good deal of excitement, and much bobbing of the red yaks' tails, the decision of the Khuda was declared, and a shout from the Cheenee wallahs announced that theirs was the village to be honoured.

They at once started; the trumpets brayed forth, the singing and dancing began. However, the dancing this time was not the slow-measured salaam of the first pooja already described, but was performed with all their might, in wild excitement, particularly by the Cheenee folks. Thus the procession moved on, with all the people following it, through the woods. Whoever has read the Endymion of Keats may remember that he begins the story by the description of a procession of the simple shepherd population of Latmos with an old priest, to sacrifice among the woods.

> "Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
> A mighty forest."

The wonderful feeling of primitive simplicity which the poet has given of these people was vividly recalled to my memory by what I here witnessed on the Himalays. The ceremonies were not altogether alike, but the out-of-the-world sort of feeling was the same. Scarcely one of these people had ever been a dozen miles from their own village. It was almost impossible for a single idea from the outer world to reach them. They had just been practising the most ancient rites of worship, which must have remained shut up and unaltered in that wild valley for ages.

With shouts of delight they were dancing through what seemed a primitive forest with giant pines, whose tops were lost sight of in the shaggy woods above. Vast fragments of rock lay about in such quantities as to suggest that it had been the battle-field of the Titans. At times, through openings in the woods, we could see in the deep blue sky the Kailas peaks shining in spotless white. The scene seemed a remnant of primeval times, and the ceremonies were of the oldest. The one was in keeping with the other.

Some of the men belonging to Cheenee had gone on before, and were at the outside of the village with the Cheenee Khuda, attended by its trumpets, drums, &c., to receive its guest with that state which is due from one royal power to another. When the two Khudas met, there was a great deal of bobbing up and down on both sides, and then the Cheenee Khuda made way to give the place of

honour to the guest, who entered the village in advance. After some few ceremonies on reaching the temple, they were both housed together for the night. Next morning, when the Coatee Khuda left to return to its own village, the Cheenee idol accompanied it to the outskirts again, and bade adieu to its guest by the bobbing which marked its reception.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

TWO GLASGOW STORIES.*

By THE EDITOR.

I.—JAMES ANDERSON.

About ninety years ago the 21st, or North British Fusiliers, were engaged in the American war, and fighting at Ticonderoga—the dilapidated remains of which old fort will be remembered by every traveller who has visited the romantic scenery which connects Lakes George and Champlain. The Fusiliers were then commanded by Colonel Inglis Hamilton, formerly of the Scots Greys, who inherited from a long line of ancestors the property of Murdestoun, in the vicinity of Glasgow.

William Anderson, a Glasgow man of excellent character, was a private in the 21st, and rose to the rank of sergeant-major. He had born to him in America two sons, James and John, and two daughters. Having been wounded, he was discharged with a pension, and with his family settled in the Gallowgate of Glasgow, occupying a house situated opposite to the then best hotel in the city, "The Saracen's Head"—at which, by the way, Dr. Johnson "put up" when he visited the city on his western tour. Colonel Hamilton, having attained the rank of major-general, left the service, and with an old sister resided at his estate of Murdestoun. He was a man of the highest character, which was fully shared by his sister, who had once been a beauty, but from a heart disappointment in early life, (the premature death of her lover,) had retired from the gay and busy world, and devoted herself to her brother. The General was, moreover, a man of fortune, his annual income from his estate amounting to about 5000*l.*, besides his vested capital.

One day the General, in driving up to the Saracen's Head, saw to his surprise Sergeant-major Anderson playing with his children on the opposite side of the street; and no less to the surprise and delight of the old Sergeant, he saw his General, and felt the grasp of his affectionate hand. The children remembered the General, who, delighted with the appearance of James, seized him in his arms and tossed him in the air, which so charmed the boy that he exclaimed, "Do it again, General; please give me another toss over your head." From that day the General's heart was knit to "Jamie" Anderson. He showed the greatest kindness to all the family, educating the boys in the grammar school, and afterwards at the University; while the girls received the best teaching which the boarding schools of Glasgow could then afford. James, moreover, was taught riding, a pony was provided for his daily use; and Murdestoun became his home almost as much as the more humble, but not less happy and contented abode in the Gallowgate. This kindness was not the effect of mere injudicious impulse, but had a purpose in it. In carrying out his purpose, the General obtained a commission for "Jamie" as a cornet in the Scots Greys, then called the Royal North British Dragoons. The Secretary-at-War assumed the boy's name to be Inglis Hamilton, and the General for this mistake, which was quite unintentional on his part, writes a letter of apology to the Sergeant, and in it says: "If the nomination is given in and past recal, the General hopes that Mr. Anderson will agree to it, as it must be of such advantage to the young man. Besides, he has to acquaint Mr. Anderson that he always intended to leave Jamie something handsome at his death, on condition that he bore his name; and will condescend to say, if agreed to, that his annual income, in money, bonds, or stock, shall exceed the rents of Murdestoun when the General's father changed his name from Hamilton to Inglis, by virtue of the testator's will."

We need not add that no objections were made to the generous arrangement stated in such courteous and respectful terms by the good General; but within the folds of the above letter there still remains a memorandum of the old Sergeant's, showing how he felt at being separated from his boy:—"Parted with my son James at Larkhall, at half-past seven: he was aged sixteen years and seven days. I walked to Hamilton that night with a heart full of grief."

Before James joined his regiment, the General informed him that if he conducted himself like an officer and a gentleman, he meant to leave him, after his death, property to the amount of 5000*l.* a-year! He in the meantime settled upon him 200*l.* a-year while cornet.

Years passed. The Cornet behaved like an officer and a gentleman, and was the pride of the old General, who had the satisfaction of seeing him become Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment, respected and beloved by officers and men.

* All the facts in this brief history of James Anderson are taken from a volume which is now being published in Glasgow, in monthly numbers, with the title of "Old Reminiscences of Glasgow and the West of Scotland, by Peter Mackenzie." It is full of lively and interesting details of events, chiefly of local interest, which have occurred during the early part of the present century and the end of the last in Glasgow and its immediate neighbourhood.

The General in the meantime made his will, leaving his property to James and his heirs male, with his whole movable estate, then amounting to 200,000*l.*!

But before the General died he lost, through the bankruptcy of his army agents in London, Ross & Ogilvie, 100,000*l.*, which he had guaranteed to Government as security for their transactions, and also 50,000*l.* which were in their hands. The dividend offered by the bankrupts was only one penny in the pound. But in spite of this great loss, the General before he died was able to invest in the Funds 60,000*l.* "for the sole and exclusive benefit of his dear adopted son," for whom he "earnestly entreated" from his trustees and his relatives "all the friendship and respect they could show."

The General died, and according to a request written by him and placed in his prayer-book, "Jamie" acted as chief mourner, accompanied by the nobility and gentry of the county. Never was a truer mourner. He writes to his brother in deepest sorrow for the loss of his "only friend"—his "beloved benefactor."

When the will was opened in the presence of the distinguished company assembled at Murdestoun, the problem "Who is his heir?" was solved, to the surprise and, it would appear, to the gratification of all present, and to the disappointment of none. But a flaw was discovered in the deed which conveyed the 60,000*l.* to Colonel Hamilton, and which prevented the trustees from carrying it into effect without the consent and deed of Miss Hamilton, who was now entitled to claim this large sum as her own, and to dispose of it as she pleased. But no sooner did Miss Hamilton, who was in another room, hear of this unexpected intelligence than she seized the Colonel's hand, and said, "My darling, all this is yours!" and, addressing the trustees and gentlemen present, she said, "I revere my brother's settlement; I shall faithfully pay attention to all his bequests; and you, dear gentlemen, make out immediately my settlement and get it confirmed, and then I shall die contentedly, as my beloved brother has done, in the faith and peace of our blessed Redeemer." Those two loving hearts have not been put to shame!

The receiver of this fortune displayed a generosity in disposing of it worthy of its donor. He provided amply, without even a day's delay, for all the old servants and dependents of the General, and often added afterwards to his benefactions. He bought and furnished a handsome house for his parents and sisters, settling 500*l.* a-year upon them. He also gave 300*l.* a-year to his brother John, who had received a commission in the 38th Regiment. After the death of his parents, the two sisters were left in possession of the house and their handsome income. He also made a will, ordering 20,000*l.* to be invested after his death in Government stock for their behoof, leaving besides to each a legacy of 1500*l.* In 1814, Colonel Hamilton married a beautiful Englishwoman, endowing her with 500*l.* a-year as "pin-money," and the life-rent of his estate. In 1815 he joined, in command of his regiment, the British army in Belgium.

We now turn to another and later period in this family history.

Nearly twenty years after the departure of the Colonel on his voyage to Ostend, the writer of the original sketch, from which we draw all our materials, and who was then the editor of a Glasgow newspaper, was waited upon one Saturday afternoon, when residing in the Gorbals of Glasgow, by an Irishwoman, who, with all the clamorous energy of her nation, implored him to aid two female sufferers who lived near her, and were enduring the direst sufferings from long-continued poverty, which at last had reached starvation. Such applications are not uncommon in great cities; but, alas! they are often the contrivances, and some of them very cunningly and cleverly done, of unprincipled beggars. The Irishwoman stated, however, that the poor ladies were the sisters of a Colonel of the Scots Greys, in which regiment her husband had served as a sergeant, and that the Colonel was an officer whom he adored; and she exclaimed in her earnestness, "Oh, my God! are the sisters of the Colonel of my darling husband to be left to perish on the morrow, the Sabbath-day, for the want of the common necessaries of life!" She then produced to her astonished hearer her husband's letter describing the Battle of Waterloo and giving an account of Colonel Hamilton.

The story on examination, which was promptly made, was found to be true! There, in a miserable room, were the two sisters of the brave, the good, and generous Hamilton. There was no fire in the wretched den, no bed but some straw spread in a corner, no provisions but a few cold potatoes, no furniture but an old stool on which one of the sisters sat sewing, with the half of a blanket over her shoulders, while the other lay on a bit of old rug upon the floor. Yes, there was another piece of furniture—a military portmanteau, full of old papers, and inscribed "Captain James Inglis Hamilton, North British Dragoons." "That, sir," said one of the ladies, bursting into tears, "is all we have of him!" The sergeant's wife, who had been weeping all the while, modestly begged from their kind visitor "but one shilling," to get food for her poor friends!

How came such women, whose character we may state had ever been irreproachable, and on whom honour and fortune had once so suddenly shone, to sink into such poverty? A brief but sufficient answer to this natural inquiry must here suffice.

Their misfortunes began with the death of their noble brother. He had led his famous regiment at Waterloo with the greatest bravery. Both his arms had been wounded—or rather "shot off," as we are informed by the narrative before us—yet, with the bridle of his horse held in his teeth, he had dashed on in that terrible charge which called forth the admiration of Napoleon as with telescope in hand

he watched "*ces chevaux gris!*" The Colonel was shot dead, and was buried on the field of battle. His brother John, an equally gallant officer, after having been frequently engaged in Spain, and one of the forlorn hope at the siege of Badajoz, died in Glasgow of wounds received at Salamanca. The widow of Colonel Hamilton got a pension, but died without leaving any issue, and the property of Murdestoun consequently passed into another family. Then followed rapidly a series of sad losses to the poor sisters. The Edinburgh lawyer who was entrusted with their money, used it for his own selfish purposes, and, being himself ruined, committed suicide. Minor swindles followed—one by the pretended lover of one of the sisters, and another by the auctioneer who disposed of their furniture; until finally, left without a farthing, they became the occupants of poor lodgings in a poor street in Glasgow. A donation of 200*l.* in 1829 from the Royal Bounty was kindly given them, in reply to a letter written by themselves and addressed direct to the King, and which it is understood he transmitted to the Duke of Wellington for his advice. When this sum was expended, they in vain applied to the Patriotic Fund, and to the War Office, and to King William IV. for aid, but their "claims" were not found to come under the "rules" by which grants from either source were dispensed; and so the ladies sank into the deep poverty which we have recorded. Their first relief afterwards came through Mr. Mackenzie, called to visit them, as we have related, by the sympathising Irish-woman. For next day, with letter of Colonel Clarke in hand—who had succeeded in the command of the Greys—giving an account of the death of Colonel Hamilton, Mr. Mackenzie proceeded to the Barracks, and brought the sad case of the sisters under the notice of Colonel Wildman and the officers of the Carabineers. Nothing could exceed the sympathy and liberality instantly shown by the officers of that regiment and their wives, who immediately raised 35*l.* for the sufferers, while clothing and other comforts were personally bestowed with the cordial sympathy of "fair women and brave men." A touching description was given by a neighbour of their condition when visited by their charitable friend in the morning after their case became known. Their door was locked, and while Mr. Mackenzie and one of the officers were wondering at the silence of death within, and the absence of all response to the repeated demands for admittance, a person living on the same stair said, "Oh, sir, you need not knock there any longer, for the poor ladies will admit nobody: they creep out at daybreak to pick up a bit of breakfast, and sometimes they creep out at night to the back well for water; and when we offer to go any message for them, they say they are forsaken by their betters, and just wish to slip awa' quietly; indeed, we have often feared they've been dead for days together." A few confidential whispers through the keyhole made them unbar the door at this time, when the condition of the room so shocked the officer who accompanied Mr. Mackenzie that he exclaimed, "Oh, my God, come away!"

They were soon placed in circumstances of comparative comfort, which so bewildered them that one for a time seemed excited to the verge of insanity.

Before the last of these ladies died, in 1849, other sums unexpectedly came to their relief. One of 300*l.* was raised in Glasgow, the subscriptions having originated in the publication of a letter of the Duke of Wellington's, in reply to an application for a Treasury grant, when it seemed necessary to relieve them as paupers from the parish funds. We publish the letter below as being characteristic of his Grace.*

The history of the recovery of another and last sum is worth recording. It has been already mentioned that a dividend of one penny in the pound had been declared in favour of the creditors of the bankrupt army agents in London. Mr. Mackenzie, having accidentally noticed an advertisement in the *Globe* newspaper, stating that the trustees of Ross & Ogilvie were prepared to pay this dividend to all legal claimants, immediately went to London and secured the sum of 125*l.* for his poor friends!

The rest of this narrative may be briefly told. One of the sisters died a lunatic in 1848. The other a year after followed her to the grave; the only property which she left behind being the sash worn at Waterloo by her brother, which, strange to say, had been preserved and sent to the family soon after the memorable battle. His body was discovered on the field and recognised two days after

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* "*November* 22, 1836.

"Sir,—I have this morning had the honour of receiving your letter of the 19th inst., regarding the sisters of the late Colonel Hamilton of the Scots Greys. If I had this single case to deal with, or a hundred, or even hundreds, I should be under no difficulty; but as soon as the war was over, nothing would avail the officers of the army, their relatives, and relicts, but exorbitant profits and interest. Instead of placing their money in security, and being satisfied with small but secure interest for the same, they entrusted it to gamblers and speculators—whether in the profession of the law or otherwise—in order to acquire more than could fairly be made by money; and the tale of distress which you relate of the Misses Hamilton is that, not of hundreds, but, to my certain knowledge, of thousands. All these naturally come to me, from all parts of the world. I have at this moment applications before me from Canada and the East Indies, as well as from different parts of Europe; and I need scarcely add that the relicts of officers of the army are not the only sufferers. The Government will do nothing; and I must confess that I cannot see on what ground a grant of money can be justified, founded on losses of fortune occasioned by imprudent and unreasonable speculations. No private funds can provide for such demands. I make this statement in answer to your letter, as I wish to show you that the case is not singular; at the same time, I send you the enclosed, requesting you to add it to any subscriptions which may have been made for the service of these unfortunate ladies.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"WELLINGTON.

"To David Dreghorn, Esq.,
"Govan Parish Poor-Rate Office, Glasgow."

his death, but everything was gone except his sash, which with many tears was presented to Mr. Mackenzie—by whom it is still possessed and cherished—as a memento of all his kindness to the last representatives of their brother.*

The following beautiful verses—by whom written we know not—were found recorded in a MS. book kept by the last survivor, and we think them well worth quoting, if only as a touching expression of the feelings of the sufferer who recorded them:—

"Shadow lieth over all,
Sorrow holdeth festival,
Dimmed are our eyes by tears that fall
On dreary paths below:
Wearily through earth we roam,
Trouble-toss'd, like tempest foam;
Longing for the rest of home,
Where we so lingering go.

"Hopes, of youth and vigour born,
Lit and cheered our way at morn;
Ere noontide vanish'd, all forlorn
We pilgrimage below;
Streaming far on Faith's keen eye,
Beacon lights burn brilliantly,
Kindled on heaven's turrets high,
To guide us where to go.

"Friendships counted fast and true,
When our trusting hearts were new,
Transient pass, as sun-dyed dew,
Betray our trust below;
Friendship blooms, aye fair and green,
Dwells a brother yet unseen,
On whose love's strong arm may lean
A whole world—where we go.

"Haste our dearest-loved away;
Youth's bright comrade—manhood's stay—
The hope of age, but little way
Attend us here below.
There's no loss in each remove;
'Tis but one more hand of love
Stretched to welcome us above
When in our turn we go!

"Seekings trouble all the soul,
Tendings to an unknown pole,
Strainings unto an unreach'd goal,
Resultless here below;
Here we know not what we feel;
God our clos'd sight will unseal—
God his secret will reveal,
Where we with yearning go.

"Sorrow's tears, temptation's fights,
Cheated trust that chills and blights,
Turmoiling days and wakeful nights,
Embitter life below:
Calm, unbroken, perfect peace,
Tireless toil, unresting ease,
Joy that ne'er can know decrease,
Reign ever where we go.

"So—with steadfast purpose braced—
May the storms of life be faced,
The path by love and wisdom traced,
Be followed here below,
That we—when we cease to roam—
Gathered in God's radiant dome,
May bless the woes that chased us home
Whence no more out we go!"

* This story may serve, among other purposes, as an illustration of the condition of some of the "deserving poor;" to the best method of relieving whom the Editor called the attention of his readers in the last number of Good Words.

II.—JAMES MACRAE.*

James Macrae entered on public life by being whipped through the streets of Ayr.

If that "auld toon" in the days of Burns was entitled to the praise which he bestows upon it, as having been unsurpassed in "honest men and bonnie lasses," the hero of our narrative did not thus appear to be the "father of the man" who would ever contribute to the fame of its honesty.

Hitherto the boy, having lost his father, had been brought up in the retired parish of Ochiltree, in Ayrshire, by a Hugh M'Guire, who occupied his busy hours as a maker of spinning-wheels, which in those days whirred by every fireside; while his art as a fiddler made his presence essential at every merry-meeting in the district. He was a kind-hearted man, and faithfully discharged the duties of a foster-father to Macrae, to whom he gave the best education which the parish could afford. The only charge which tradition has preserved against his *protégé* is, that he had a restless spirit, and was "always getting into scrapes." But what precise scrape led to his being flogged is not known—probably nothing more serious than his having perhaps robbed the Provost's garden, or something of the same sort, which in these days would have met less public and more lenient treatment. Macrae was too much ashamed to return to his patron in Ochiltree, but disappeared, no one knew whither. Every trace of him was lost, and his very existence almost forgot.

About the year 1733 the town of Ayr was all astir, and its local dignitaries, with the neighbouring gentry, were assembled in gala costume to do honour to "an old Indian," who was the Governor of Madras, and had amassed an immense fortune. He was for some reason or other about to honour Ayr with a visit, and a grand reception was to be given to the great man, and the freedom of the city bestowed upon him. All this was done, and the name accordingly of "*James Macrae*, late Governor of Madras," stands recorded among the burgesses of Ayr. It is said, however, that all this honour was arranged without his consent having been asked or given, and from an eager desire on the part of the authorities to claim the great and rich man as their own, all they could ascertain about his origin having been that he was an Ayrshire man. Tradition also states that he refused an interview requested by the magistrates, in rather stern and decided terms. He alone had remembered the whipping and its probable injustice. Be that as it may, the same James Macrae, who left Ayr as a poor criminal, returned to it as a rich Governor!

It turned out that Macrae, either in this country or in India, enlisted as a soldier, and had risen from the ranks by his own bravery to be a field

* We are indebted for most of the facts in this narrative to the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Patrick, minister in Ochiltree.

officer; that he had afterwards held a high and very lucrative office in the commissariat, and finally, having amassed a large fortune, became Governor of Madras.

He visited the place of his birth and upbringing, and revealed himself to his old friend Hugh M'Guire. His mother had died several years before, having received to the last the greatest kindness from his own early friend. Macrae resolved to express to the utmost of his ability a sense of all the benefits which had been conferred on his mother and himself by the wheelright and fiddler. His first act was to purchase and to present to him the farm of *Drumdow*. Finding that two good-looking daughters had been born to his friend, probably by a marriage made late in life, he, with the cheerful consent of their parents, sent them to the best boarding-school he could find.

He also gave to both handsome fortunes. We are not acquainted with the subsequent history of the youngest, but that of the eldest, Elizabeth, is well known. She married William, 13th Earl of Glencairn, in 1744, the Governor having purchased for her the estate of Ochiltree in her native parish, and for which he paid 100,000*l.*! The marriage turned out a very happy one. Their son, with whom the title became extinct, was the Lord Glencairn so much esteemed by Robert Burns, and his true friend when such friends were few. We may also state that the memory of Elizabeth, Countess of Glencairn, is still remembered and greatly revered in the district where she had once herded cattle as a poor girl, and afterwards lived in state as the Lady of the Manor. She seems to have possessed admirable sense and genuine piety. Her very life was devoted to the good of all around her, chiefly of the tenants on her large property. She introduced *clover* and other new grasses into the parish. Her tenants were comfortably housed, and leases were secured to them at comparatively small rents. Long before the Sunday Schools were elsewhere known, the Countess had a flourishing one. She had also, what was then rare, an Industrial School for girls, in which spinning was taught and the proceeds of the labour of the scholars expended, one half in premiums and the rest kept as a small dowry for marriage. Her patronage of the parish was exercised in the most admirable manner, her sole aim being the appointment of the best clergyman she could find. Much of her excellence and usefulness as a Countess may be traced to the impressions made on her young and thoughtful mind when tending her cows "along the mountain side," and when keenly appreciating the blessings of good grass for them, and good schooling, with a comfortable home, for herself. So much for the good directly and indirectly effected by James Macrae.

Another memorial of James Macrae, and one which will ever connect him with Glasgow, and we shall bring our short notice of him to a close.

The traveller who visits Glasgow and takes the trouble of walking along the Trongate, which would be a fine street in any city, will notice near "the Cross," at its eastern extremity, an equestrian statue of no mean value as a work of art, and he will also discern two old guns protruding their small rusty muzzles above the ground near its base. Those guns blazed at the battle of the Boyne, and they now look up to King William III., who commanded them there. Strange to say, this is the only statue in Scotland or England erected to him of "immortal memory." A Latin inscription on the base of the statue informs us, among other things, that it was erected in 1734 by "*Jacobus Macrae*, Gubernator Madrasii!" The Governor, from his admiration of the great "Orangeman" presented this statue, at a cost of 3000*l.*, to the city of Glasgow, and thus unwittingly reared the only monument, as far as we know, which exists bearing his own worthy name.

We may add that this work of art was the only one of the kind known, for more than a century, to the peasantry of the West Highlands. The first object on reaching Glasgow which the Highlander went to see was "the black horse;" and the first question asked of him when he returned home, by those who wished to hear his "news," was, "Have you seen the black horse?" There are comparatively few in Glasgow even who know the name of the person by whom it was erected, far less his history.

THE LADY AND THE ROOKS.

A TRUE STORY.

TRUST the grand and gentle Trees,
Never will their welcome fade;
All that lives may lie at ease
In the haven of their shade;
Treasuries of tranquil air
Keep they for the burning days,
And their boughs ascend like prayer,
And their leaves break forth like praise.

Patient are they, for they wait
On the humours of the year;
Noble, for they keep their state
When the Winter leaves them sere;
Strong, to suffer heat and cold
And the tempest's war-alarms;
Very tender, for they hold
All bird-babies in their arms.

Where the Winter silence hears
No voice louder than a brook's,
There was built for many years
A great city of the Rooks;
There they brush the tall elm-crests
With their sable sweep of wing;
You may count a hundred nests
Bare among the buds of Spring.

Couch'd in crimson window-curve
Looks a Lady at the sky,
Sees each builder stoop and swerve
Like a great black butterfly;
Hum of their familiar talk
Brings a greeting to her ear—
"WE *are in the elm-tree walk!*
Spring is sure, and Summer near!"

But a louder note invades—
Whence and how? who dares to tell?
They are building in the shades
By her own pet Oriel!
In the Cedar—which so long
With a separate glory stood,
Like a Sunday Tree among
Work-day brethren of the wood.

In her Cedar, nothing less!
Heavens, what free-and-easy birds!
Now she utters her distress
Rapid, with despotic words:
"This is quite against the laws,
You must drive them out of reach;
We shall have superfluous caws
Mixing with our parts of speech."

So she spake, and it was done;
Strew the ruins at her feet!
Little homestead, scarce begun,
You shall never be complete!
See how silent and dismay'd
Hang the guilty pair aloof—
Tenants they, with rent unpaid,
Watching their dismantled roof.

And the fair Spring-day was lost
In a soft prophetic night,
Covering all the coming host
Of King Summer's bloom and light;
And the household lay at rest,
Dreaming not of labour vain,
And the Rooks to that poor nest
Came, and set to work again.

Angry eyes awoke and saw
Ruthless hands the work undo;
Many a faint remonstrant caw
Dies unheeded in the dew;
Five times was the nest begun;
Five times, at the break of day,
Were the cunning links undone
And the framers chased away.

But one night through all the trees
Went a whirr of wings afloat,
And a tumult and a breeze
Big with caws from many a throat;
Sleep is hunted from the house,
Through the dark the master looks,
Saying to his weary spouse,
"There's a strike among the Rooks."

To those houseless birds forlorn
All the Nation came in aid:
"This," they cried, "can not be borne!
In a night it shall be made!"
And it was! They pile, they weave,
Flit, fuss, chatter, through the shade
The first twig was set at eve,
And by dawn the eggs were laid!

When the Lady came to see,
Much she marvelled, as she might,
Such a goodly work to be
Finished in a single night.
All the air was black with wings,
For the Nation hovered near,
Pleading for their precious things
Half in anger, half in fear.

THE ROOKS' PETITION.

"Bear with us! Your garden shows
Many a snug and comely nest,
But the very leaf we chose
Is for us the only best;
And you would not wish a change
In the music of our words,
If you knew how harsh and strange
Seems *your* talk to all the birds!

"We are happy where we please,
Not where you would have us dwell;
We've our choice among the trees,
You, your own pet Oriel;
If you hunt us while we sue,
You are strong, and we despair;
But one thing you cannot do—
Make us feel at home elsewhere!

"Rulers to their cost have found
Hearts of men are much like ours:
Laws that grow not from the ground
Often die like gather'd flowers;
Rule and measure as they may,
They will see at last, perhaps,
God makes pictures every day
Which are better things than maps.

"But we wander from our text,
We are most unreasoning birds,
And your eyes, although perplext,
Seem to soften at our words;
Give not only, but forgive
Even a constancy misplaced;
Grant the meanest things that live
Whim and fancy, wish and taste!"

M. B. SMEDLEY.

CHRISTIANITY VINDICATED FROM ALLEGED TENDENCIES TO PERSECUTION.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith," &c.

Our age has not been unfruitful in theological paradox; but few are bolder than that Christianity, by implication, if not directly, patronises the spirit of persecution, and must be held responsible for the excesses which have been perpetrated in its name.

That Christians, so called, like many millions of men *not* so called, have been persecutors, is most true; but, in so far as they have been such, they have not been Christians. Nothing can be plainer than that in its letter and its spirit, by precept and example, by direct assertion and oblique inference, the code of Christianity, as expounded in its only authentic statute-book, the New Testament, utterly proscribes *all* persecution; all attempts to coerce men's wills, or to gain their adhesion to its doctrines by any other means than those of conviction and persuasion.

When John and James, angry with those Samaritans who, under the influence of national bigotry, peremptorily refused to admit the Great Founder of Christianity into their village, wished to call down fire from heaven upon them, Christ rebuked them in words never to be forgotten, and which ought to have determined all such points for His disciples through all time: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of; for the Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." No fairer plea for coercion and punishment could be conceived than that suggested in this contumelious rejection of the Master himself; and yet the Master himself overruled it.

Similarly the texts which tell us that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God," that we are to "be gentle unto all men, in *meekness* instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth;" that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual;" that Christ's "kingdom is not of this world," and many others, imply the same thing.

In like manner, the general maxims which Christianity inculcates, and which have so often been represented as paradoxes of an impracticable patience and meekness;—the maxims which enjoin us "not to return evil for evil;" "to overcome evil with good," "not to resist evil," "to turn the left cheek to him who smites us on the right," "to yield our coat to him who has taken away our cloak," and "with him who would compel us to go one mile, to go twain;" all these prove, *à fortiori*, that it is utterly forbidden to the Christian to persecute—unless he can plead a distinct dispensation from them, nay, a liberty to invert them all, wherever men are not Christians, or not such Christians as himself: that is to say, towards nearly all mankind! With whatever limitations the last three maxims be received—and common sense will naturally interpret the extreme and variously coloured figurative language rather as a rhetorical expression of the predominant *spirit* of meekness which Christ inculcates, than as rules to be literally acted upon—they are, at least, utterly inconsistent with persecution in every form. In a word, the whole of the New Testament as clearly condemns persecution in the followers of Christ, as the Decalogue forbids theft or murder. To charge, therefore, the persecutions which have so deeply stained the page of ecclesiastical history on Christianity itself, is to charge a code with the crimes which have been committed in violation of it; with the crimes of those who professed and owed allegiance to it, but never paid it! And the defence of Christianity would, in this respect, be complete, if not only many Christians, but all of them, had been persecutors; nay, if every one of them had been as bad as Bonner.

All men have broken some of the commands of the Decalogue, and not a few have broken all; but no one would argue that the Decalogue does not condemn such acts. All moral systems, even the very worst that men have professed, have still been better than the conduct of the men who professed them; but no one supposes that they, therefore, sanction the very things they condemn. In like manner, the character of the code in every country is naturally judged by the terms of its statute-book alone; by the letter and spirit of its express prohibitions, and not by the degree in which it is obeyed or infringed. The law remains the same (good or bad, as the case may be), and is not answerable for those who warp or break it, let the judges be ever so corrupt, let the gaols be ever so full. But, in truth, in no other case but Christianity are men so unreasonable as to make any system whatsoever responsible for the very conduct it expressly forbids, or for the faults of those who set it at defiance.

If it be asked, how is it, then, that Christians have so often been persecutors? the answer is, that in this, as well as in many other respects, men, in corrupting Christianity, warped it to the maxims and passions of their own nature, a process by which at last it was so transmuted as to bear a very close resemblance to religions of undoubted human origin.

As the Pharisees at length made "the law of God of none effect by their traditions," so the corruption of the Christian Church gradually obliterated some of the divinest features of the Gospel, and stamped upon it the human "image and superscription" instead. The shape into which man instinctively moulded it, followed the law of man's nature and the fashion of his previous *chefs-d'œuvre* of

religious manufacture. That he should have taught it to *persecute*, is not at all more wonderful than that he should have invented a purgatory; consecrated idolatry in new forms; substituted ten thousand intercessors for one; shut the Bible, and worshipped in an unknown tongue; commuted the moral and spiritual for the ceremonial; appraised sin at a money value, and sold pardons and indulgences by the pennyweight. And as, in these changes, Christianity was but assimilated to many religions which existed before it, and others that exist still; so, in teaching it to persecute, man taught it to do what human nature was always prone enough to do, and had been most diligently practising against itself all through the first three hundred years of its history!*

One would imagine that, with such a code, it was not very easy to bring in *Christianity* as a patron of persecution, however guilty its professed *disciples* might be. Nor, perhaps, would it be easy to find any one who would charge it with directly inculcating it. Yet, if we may believe M. Renan,† Christianity naturally tends to persecution, by the very fact of its "being a faith which asserts that it is exclusively true;" and that every *such* Faith—that is, every Faith which does not think that Truth may be manifold—will be apt to persecute too! Further, that if a man is willing to "die" for the truth, he is very likely to be willing to "kill" for it. But let us hear the passage: it occurs *apropos*—or more, correctly speaking, *mal-apropos*—of the account of the martyrdom of St. Stephen:—

"And thus opened the era of Christian martyrs. Martyrdom was not altogether a thing unknown. Not to speak of John the Baptist, and of Jesus, Judaism, at the epoch of Antiochus Epiphanes, had had its faithful witnesses, even to the death. But the succession of courageous victims, which began with St. Stephen, has exercised a peculiar influence on the *history of the human mind*. It introduced into the western world a sentiment which was foreign to it,—an exclusive and absolute Faith; the notion that there is but *one* religion that is good and true. *In this sense, the martyrs commenced the era of intolerance. One may say, with a good deal of probability, that he who would give his life for his faith*, would be intolerant if he had the power. Christianity, which passed through three centuries of persecution, having become in its turn predominant, was more persecuting than any religion that ever existed. When a man has shed his blood for a cause, he is too ready to shed the blood of other people, in order to preserve the treasure he has acquired."*

On this curious passage I would make the following remarks:—

"In this sense, the martyrs introduced the era of intolerance!" It would not be easy to find a better illustration of the fable of the wolf accusing the lamb of troubling the waters. It were as wise to say that not Cain, but Abel, introduced "the era" of murders into the world, or that the slaughtering of sheep introduced the *era* of butchers; whereas, it were surely more intelligible to say that the era of butchers introduced the slaughtering of sheep. There must have been persecutors before there could be martyrs; and before Christian persecutors, we know that heathen persecutors had existed for three hundred years; a tolerable proof that "the era of intolerance" dates higher than *Anno Domini*, and that persecution is no special characteristic of those who believe that there is but one religion "exclusively true." On the contrary, it was practised by those whose tolerance and levity could in other cases theoretically tolerate anything. In truth, it is too late to trace the lineage of intolerance to Christianity, with the history of the first three centuries before us.

But the fallacies in the passage do not end with this odd anachronism—this curious example of putting the "cart before the horse." Is it a fact that the belief in a religion which asserts itself to be "exclusively true" is at all necessarily connected with persecution? History does not bear out this statement. It is quite true that men are universally apt to assert with undue vehemence their own dogmas, and in proportion to the supposed importance of them; to be angry, if they are contradicted; and if there be the power, to use violence to give effect to them. It is a tendency, not peculiar to *religion* only, but common to *politics*, sometimes even to philosophy and science; for even these too can get angry and unjust in the attempt to assert their own doctrines, or suppress those of their opponents. But this is the fault of *human nature*, and not of the exclusive character of any presumed Truth. It is human nature that has imported into the controversy between Truth and Error what did not belong to it. But that the connection is not necessary, is found in this plain fact—that the connection is found to be, not invariable, but accidental.

Not only did Christianity uncompromisingly affirm the exclusive validity of its doctrines, and yet teach, side by side with them, and as *one* of

* *Les Apôtres*, p. 148.

* It has been well said by one who wrote the "History of Toleration," "Persecution has not resulted from any particular system, but from the prevalence of ignorance, and the force of those illiberal prejudices which are natural to the mind of *untutored* men." On this an acute critic on the passage adds, without any such qualification, "In fact it may be laid down as a fundamental principle that intolerance is *natural* to man in every state of society."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxvi.

"Nor can this remnant of the spirit of Romanism be so called, in the sense of making the peculiar system of that Church properly the *cause* of it, because we find the same principle manifested in its full force among the Mahometans, who cannot in any way be regarded as deriving it from Romanism.

"It is derivable rather from the character of the 'natural man,' from the natural feelings of resentment against opponents, of love of control, and of a desire to promote apparent good."—*Whately's* "*Errors of Romanism*," pp. 243-4.

† In his recent book, *Les Apôtres*.

them, that no violence should be used on their behalf; not only did Christ himself, who made these claims, inculcate, as he also practised, lessons of the most unlimited charity; not only did Christianity for three centuries maintain the same exclusive claims, and yet renounce all "carnal weapons" in its support; but when, after ages of spiritual slumber, our forefathers, by a renewed study of the Gospel, vindicated and established the doctrines of religious freedom, they still held as firmly as any man could, the "exclusive and absolute" truth of Christianity; and millions since their day have not thought there was any inconsistency in sincerely holding both positions. Nay, there would be the grossest inconsistency in *not* holding both; for if there be Truth at all, its claims *must* be exclusive, unless Truth, like Error, can be manifold; and on the other hand, it cannot in the nature of things be propagated by violence, or by anything but conviction and persuasion; in other words, only under the auspices of liberty. And we must be pardoned for saying that if our forefathers had *not* believed in the paramount and exclusive claims of Christianity, we have some doubts whether we should ever have recovered our liberties at all; whether they would have had the courage and endurance to face the dangers and sufferings necessary for this purpose. Certain it is, that no man is more willing to remain a timid and slavish adherent of the system "that is in possession,"—no matter what,—more willing "to remain where he is," than many a modern champion of the doctrine that "doctrine is of no consequence," and "one religion as true and as good as another."

We see then in point of *fact*, that millions within the last two centuries have been perfectly convinced that Christianity is "absolutely and exclusively true," and yet have had no disposition to cut other people's throats, or even mulct or imprison them, if they do not adopt the same opinions. Thousands of these, like the early champions of the great doctrine of religious liberty, would have been perfectly willing to be martyrs for either the one or the other of the terms of this supposed disjunction;—for the exclusive Truth of the Gospel, or the Rights of Conscience it recognises. But in fact there is no sort of connection between the terms of these propositions, "I believe this to be an absolute religious truth," and "I believe therefore that it is my duty to lay violent hands on anybody who gainsays or denies it;"* least of all to him who knows what he is talking about; since, whether Truth be exclusively with him or not, he knows, not only that, wheresoever it is, it must be exclusive, but that it is not worth a farthing unless it be the result of moral conviction, and therefore voluntarily embraced.

The tendency, then, to persecute may or may not be connected (as we see, in fact) with the presumed possession of "exclusive and absolute religious truth;" that variable connection itself shows that it is but accidental. When the disposition to persecute exists, therefore, it must be traced to other principles, and these are not far to seek; which, in fact, are none other than the impatience of opposition and greed of dominion, which readily enough explain the analogous excesses, both of secular and spiritual despotism. There is no more difficulty in accounting for the one set of enormities than the other; one origin will sufficiently account for both. The *fons malorum* is in human nature: in its pride and selfishness, its fiery impatience of opposition, its imperious will, in the hateful disposition of Power, to ride rough-shod over all who are opposed to it, to make everybody think, or say he thinks, as it bids, or cease to think at all. That same disposition, which is the cause of all tyranny, made man, in corrupting the Gospel, corrupt it in the sense and direction of his own usurping nature, whereby it became as easy for him to cancel the plainest and clearest prohibitions of persecution, as it is for the ordinary tyrant to cancel, in favour of his own arrogant will, the instincts of humanity and conscience, and all the sanctions of the eternal, though unwritten, law. No doubt both the religious tyrant and the political tyrant (for this is a necessity of human nature, for its own peace' sake,) gloze over, and varnish their evil deeds by plausible pretexts: the one, of preventing the spread of deadly error; and the other, of preventing the spread of as deadly anarchy: but the true motives, which these things only mask, are the same in each. There is, then, no reason why we should seek for any other origin of the truculence of a Bonner than what will account for the truculence of a Jeffries; and the same cruel passions and maxims which filled the cells of the Bastile will, variously modified, suffice to fill the cells of the Inquisition.

The closing statement of the paradoxical passage I am commenting on is not less curious. "We may say, with probability, that he who gives his life for his faith, would be intolerant, if he were to obtain the ascendancy; and that when a man has shed his blood for a cause, he is too much disposed to shed the blood of other people, in order to preserve the treasure he has acquired." If there is any plausibility at all in this last sentence, it is because the form of expression disguises the difference between *active* and *passive*. In a figurative sense certainly, the martyr may be said "to shed his own blood," but he is quite passive, notwithstanding. It is something very different to assert that if a man is willing to *be made* a martyr for a cause, he is very likely to make martyrs of other people. So far as there is any truth in the statement, it has no special relation to Christianity. In a persecuting age, and among a persecuting people (no matter what the religion), no doubt mutual wrongs will inflame mutual hatred, and either party, having more angry men than willing martyrs, will be apt

* On this subject some admirable remarks will be found in Whately's Essays on "Persecution," in *Errors of Romanism*, pp. 248—250.

to persecute when it is the stronger. But to suppose that those who have *voluntarily* submitted to death, would have been the most ready to inflict it on others—that a Polycarp would have made an excellent Dominick, and Latimer a conspicuous Inquisitor, we see as little reason to believe, as that a murdered man would be likely to have been a murderer; or that because it is true that he

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,"

therefore we must believe Johnson's parody of the line, and say,

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

M. Renan says that "Christianity, which had passed through three centuries of persecutions, became (once made predominant) more persecuting than any religion that has ever existed." The statement may, perhaps, be disputed. Whether Imperial Rome, or Papal Rome, or Mohammedanism is best entitled to the unenviable palm of a victorious cruelty, may well perplex any student of history to decide. All that is necessary for a reasonable advocate of *Christianity* to maintain is, that whether a corrupt Christianity stand first or last in the list, it attains its bad eminence in virtue of its being assimilated to that same human nature which inspired both the religion of Imperial Rome and that of the Arabian impostor. The statute-book of Christianity renounces and condemns the counterfeit that assumes her name.

Another, though not novel, mode of proving Christianity chargeable with encouraging persecution, has been recently insisted on. It has been argued that its appalling doctrine of "Future Punishments" necessarily tends to *steel* the heart to pity, and in a manner compels the *humane* mind to adopt cruel means for the repression of errors and heresies that would involve such fearful consequences. It is, perhaps, superfluous to remark that one half of this argument answers the other; for, if the doctrine in question tends to sear the heart and inure it to cruelty, it is hard to say what room it leaves for that exquisite humanity which, in pure compassion, consigns men to rack and faggot, to prevent worse consequences! But in point of fact, the argument breaks down, in whatever point of view it is considered. *First*, even if we were to grant that the darkest aspect of the doctrine in question was the incontrovertible view of the New Testament (which, however, a not inconsiderable, and probably increasing party deny to be its correct interpretation,) still it cannot annul the express injunctions, (regarded by *all* as incontrovertible,) of that same book, to abstain from all persecution; and therefore, as already said, *Christianity* cannot be answerable for the infractions of its rule, let men's reasons be ever so plausible. The law of the Gospel is perfectly clear in the matter of persecution, and at once vindicates itself from any tampering with it, under pretended dread of the consequences of its doctrine on *other* points. *Secondly*, as already said, it is not very easy to imagine a *humanity* that takes so eccentric a way of manifesting itself. *Thirdly*, as a recent writer (in the *Times* if we mistake not,) has well observed, the argument cuts both ways;—for a *humane* man would naturally think that so much more dreadful a retribution than he could inflict might well absolve him from the endeavour to anticipate, and increase it; and that the menace of it might serve, (if any thing could,) as a warning to others quite as well as the humane cruelty of Inquisitors;—which last, as experience has long since convinced the world, is by no means an infallible *malleus hereticorum*. *Thirdly*, that though it need not be denied that there have been persecutors here and there, (as Sir Thomas More or Cranmer, for example,) who honestly persuaded themselves that they were torturing men's bodies out of love to men's souls, yet the general characteristics of the coarse insolent spirits who have delighted in work of this kind, and done the principal part of the religious carcass-butchers of the world,—the Alvas and the Bonners,—show they were no more prompted by humanity, when they dropped men's bodies into the fire, in order to snatch men's souls out of it, than were the great despots and tyrants of the earth, who have inflicted similar and equal cruelties on humanity, without any such pretended reasons at all.*

Indeed, considering the enormous load of suffering under which the wickedness of ordinary despotism has made mankind groan, it seems ludicrous to account for that which a parallel religious despotism has inflicted, by supposing it the result, not of vulgar passion, which will account, (as a general rule) equally for both, but as a subtle *humanity*, which, though mistaken in its means, was naturally misled, by ingenious deductions from *one* doctrine of Christianity, utterly to ignore and trample under foot *another*, and that other written as with a sunbeam on every page of the New Testament! It is, perhaps, hardly too much to suspect that this half-apology for the excesses of religious persecution, (which, in fact, as little needs far-fetched theories to account for it as the analogous excesses of other forms of man's depravity,) would not have been offered, but for the sinister purpose of damaging Christianity by making it in some way responsible for the persecutions, which nevertheless, it so explicitly forbids and condemns. *Fourthly*, it may be remarked, that if the theory were worth a pin, and this doctrine be naturally and necessarily connected with persecution, then those who held it could certainly never have discovered (and that out of the Gospel itself) the doctrine that all persecution is unlawful. Yet we all know that the doctrines of religious liberty and toleration were, after ages

* "The desire," says Whately, "of saving men from the dreadful doom in the next world denounced on those 'who do not obey the truth,' has often been a reason, *and oftener perhaps a plea*, for seeking to enforce a right faith, and to put down religious error by all possible means."

of persecution, first reasserted and vindicated (and that out of the Gospel itself) by those who still firmly held the dogma of eternal punishment; and that these doctrines are now as zealously maintained by those who affirm as by those who deny that dogma, to be indisputable doctrines of Scripture. They are just as zealous advocates of the rights of conscience as any sceptic can possibly be. If it be said (as has been said) that this is because men do not really believe this appalling doctrine, then the argument answers itself; for certainly a doctrine which is not believed will neither account for the cruelty, nor the humanity, nor that strange *tertium quid*, the humane cruelty, by which it is supposed to lead inevitably to persecution. And *lastly*, as if to show that by every test of the Baconian induction, this theory must be rejected, not only is it true that the doctrines of religious toleration were first vindicated and established by those who did not yet question the obnoxious dogma; but that parties who never supposed that the differences between them involved any such dreadful results as the forfeiture of salvation, or doubted that both the one and the other might get safe to heaven, were still often just as prompt to persecute one another, as if they had been divided by the deadliest heresy. Not only have Papists burnt Protestants, and Protestants burnt Papists, but Protestants have cruelly persecuted one another, though both sides were quite willing to admit that the faith of either contained everything that was essential to salvation. It is, indeed, a mystery of wickedness that men should thus have warped the plain literal declarations of what they professed to revere as the statute-book of their Master. Yet it is clear that neither He nor it is responsible for this. It was part of man's "New Gospel," his corrupted edition of the orignal institute;—one of the very points in which it differs from the genuine Εὐαγγέλιον, which, in this respect as in so many others, contradicts the original tendencies of his nature. When man remodelled the Gospel by corrupting it, he, in this as in other points, acted upon the usual plan of idolaters, "who make a God after their own image." The sublime idea of a religion claiming to be exclusively authoritative, and yet disclaiming peremptorily all violence and coercion in its propagation—monopolising exclusive truth, and yet according universal liberty—had never presented itself to the minds of merely mortal religion-mongers. The forms of toleration with which the ancient world was familiar, fell far short of any such conception. As may be easily shown, they were a result either of that indifferentism, which may well tolerate what it does not care about; or of the fact, that the local and national deities were unambitious, and obligingly partitioned out the moral Poland among themselves, content each with his own share; or (in the case of Rome) of that astute policy, which ever characterised her, and by which she conciliated the subject nations to her iron rule; a policy which she abandoned the moment she found herself face to face with a moral system, which though, abjuring all "carnal weapons," aspired to a still wider and more durable dominion than her own, and portended, as she fancied, trouble to her in the attempt to realise it.

Modern sceptics, of course, applaud with Gibbon, the toleration generally practised by the ancient heathen, and are fond of contrasting it favourably with the too common bigotry of both Jew and Christian. It is a topic of praise which has been often copiously dwelt upon, and sometimes in exaggerated terms; for, as Bentley says in his reply to Collins, the examples of Socrates, Aristotle, Diagoras, and others; the frequent jealousies not only of the partisans of different systems of idolatry, but even of "sects" of the same idolatry; the mutual wrongs which, according to Juvenal, were inflicted by religious animosity when such awkward things happened as one man's worshipping the God which another ate, shows that even the most easy-going heathenism could, upon occasion, be intolerant. As to Rome (the peculiar object of panegyric), her toleration seems to have been entirely measured by her policy. In her earlier days, and when the elements of her population were comparatively homogeneous, she could be jealous of the integrity of the old Roman rites, and, as Livy, Cicero, and other writers show, again and again issued decrees against religious innovations. When she became the mistress of the world, she doubtless found, like other great empires, that it was more easy to induce the subject nations to submit to her political rule, than to abandon their religion; and, as her truly practical policy aimed only at a civil uniformity, she, as already said, humoured them all in the matter of their gods. There was no reason why she should not, as long as these gods were content to dwell on easy terms with one another, satisfied each with his own share of worshippers, his daily sniff of sacrificial smoke, and dole of libation and incense. But the true nature and limits of her toleration were at once disclosed the moment a system arose which asserted "absolute and exclusive truth," and avowed its determination to achieve, though by moral means alone, a victory over the rival creeds. Three centuries of bitter persecution proved how intolerant she really was, in spite of all her boasted lenience; and that it is not necessarily those who *assert* a system "exclusively true," that persecute for it; those who only hear it propounded, can persecute quite as rigorously. But even while it lasted, the toleration which Gibbon so highly applauds, was assuredly of little worth. It was the expression of contemptuous indifferentism, and sprang neither from a sympathetic charity, nor any lofty sense of the rights of conscience. How could it, when it was founded upon a state of things so epigrammatically expressed by the historian himself? He says, and truly, "that in the view of the philosopher, all religions were equally false; in the view of the vulgar, all equally true; in the view of the statesman, all equally ex-

pedient." All these might easily tolerate what they felt either indifference or contempt for. In truth, it was a toleration not altogether unlike that which is often pleaded for in the present day, and had about the same merit.

There are those who tell us that "dogma is of little consequence," and that it is of the essence of intolerance to assert for any one doctrine that it is "absolute and exclusive truth." Now, of course, if dogmas are of no importance, a wise man will be indifferent to them all; and all who are as indifferent as himself, may well tolerate each other's trivial or accidental preferences. Substitute now "dogma" for "idol," and you will have a state of things much resembling that in virtue of which all the divinities of Olympus, Syria, and Egypt, interchanged courtesies and good offices. In some respects, indeed, this modern toleration exceeds the ancient; Greeks and Romans never seem to have thought that the votaries of Jupiter, Bacchus, and Venus, could really all worship at the same time, in the same temple, and with the same formularies; and still less deemed it an asserted *privilege* of their religious liberty, not to let it be even clearly known of what deity they were worshippers!

Religious liberty is indeed a most precious and sacred thing, and by it I understand the right of any man, uncoerced, unmolested by his fellows,—without bribe or menace,—to form, and manfully *avow*, his religious opinions, let them be what they may.

But one of the most precious of the privileges of our new form of liberty is sometimes alleged to be, that, if loss of stipend or position be involved, we need not manfully *avow*, but may timidly conceal our opinions, or express them with politic ambiguities or subterfuges. What should we think of a political *liberty* of the like kind? What should we say to a man boasting of his political liberty, who if we asked him, "And what, my friend, are your opinions? with which party do you side? what policy do you advocate?" should rejoin—"Tell you my opinions? You shall not catch me tripping, I promise you. No, it is one of the immunities of my political liberty, to keep all my political opinions to myself." "Why, as to *that*," you may reply, "it is an equal privilege of political slavery also." Surely this curious sort of liberty is the genuine product of those same views which dictated the saying ascribed to M. Talleyrand and to so many more, "That the tongue was given us, not to *express* but to *conceal* our thoughts." But this liberty sometimes goes further.

In Dutch, and French, and German churches, we find men who have written books on the very model of M. Renan's, who reject every shred of the miraculous history of Christ, and every one of the characteristic doctrines of Christianity, yet asserting, and their compatriots echoing, their right to retain their professorial chairs and pulpits. But the toleration which it implies is a good deal like the toleration of the ancient polytheists.

The combination, in Christianity, of a claim to authoritative truth and undivided allegiance, and of an absolute prohibition of all application of force in its propagation,—leaving its rewards and punishments alike to a future state of existence,—forms one of the many peculiar traits which discriminate this religion from others of acknowledged human origin. The toleration of the ancient world, so far as it existed, mainly depended on the recognition of many co-ordinate deities, and on the theory that one religious system might be as good as another. When a religion, like Mahometanism, denied this, and made exclusive pretensions to authority, then coercion and persecution were appealed to.

For similar reasons, when human nature proceeds to remodel, or in other words, corrupt Christianity, it rends asunder the two elements thus peculiarly conjoined, and either affirms with our forefathers, that persecution is the complement of exclusive claims to allegiance, or denies, with too many in the present day, that exclusive claims can consist with perfect toleration, and that a repudiation of such claims is the complement of religious freedom. But the statute-book of Christianity distinctly affirms both the elements in question: and it is one of the evidences that it is *not* of human origin, that in this, as in so many other respects, it is discriminated from the religions which man has fabricated; and no less from its transformed self, whenever man remodels it, (as he naturally will), in the direction of his own passions and prejudices.

In truth, it becomes a very interesting question, how it *happens* that in this, as in so many other points, unsophisticated Christianity, as laid down in the New Testament, is so strongly discriminated from other religions; thereby showing that it is not a religion which man was *likely* to invent, and affording a strong confirmation of its superhuman origin. It is a point, however, which the opponents of Christianity too generally disregard. They content themselves for the most part with insisting on the fancied resemblances between Christianity and other religions admitted to be of human origin, and therefore infer that *this* too may have had a similar origin. But it is far more to the purpose, as well as more difficult, to account for the *differences*. Of the two chief elements of the philosophical character (according to Bacon), the faculty of seizing *analogies* and the faculty of discriminating *differences*, the latter, in the present case, is incomparably the more important. Christianity and other religions, *so far forth as* they are religions, must have some points of resemblance. The most clumsy counterfeits, the most spurious imitations, must, in order to have any power to deceive at all, have their similarities to what is genuine. The great point is to detect the differences. Now the Christian apologist has much reason to complain of the adversaries of Christianity in this respect. For example, if the appeal be to Miracles, the answer often is:—"Oh, every religion has its tales of miracles!" But to

say nothing of the *character* or the *historic* evidence of the Christian Miracles, as compared with others, has any other religion, except the Jewish, been *based* on an appeal to miracles? Has any other, on *such* appeal, procured assent to its claims in the presence of a prejudiced and hostile world? It is easy to account for miraculous stories grafted upon a system which can plead long prescription,—for legends which have grown up gradually amongst its devoted partisans: but what religion, except Christianity, ever successfully *appealed* to miracles in an historic age, and in the face of such prejudices and hostility as both Jew and Gentile felt towards it? We know that Mahomet declined the test; and the few, like the "French prophets" a century ago, who have attempted anything of the kind, have signally and instantly failed.

Similarly; if reference be made to the great fact of Christ's Resurrection, we are told by M. Renan, "Oh, we see in all ages of the world, multitudes who mistook maniacal hallucinations for divine realities; the illusions of a Bedlamite, or of some petty sect of enthusiasts, are as real to them as the visions of the Apostles were to *them*." But does the "Bedlamite," or the "petty sect," inaugurate, as M. Renan admits the Apostles did, a new era in the world's history, and give it "a new religious code for humanity?" Do they ever get the world to go mad too? The "Bedlamite" gets nothing but to be shut up in Bedlam, and the petty sect is only laughed at, as hundreds of them have been, and then passes away.

Again; if appeal be made to the extent to which this religion has spread in the face of so mighty obstacles, the answer is, "Oh, every *nation* and every *race* has its favourite superstitions, propagates them with avidity, and supports them by its power." But what we want to know is, how it was that *this* religion set at naught the lines of demarcation between *nation* and *nation*, and *race* and *race*, intruded its own peculiar doctrines and worship in the place of their cherished superstitions, and found a tongue in every language and a home in every clime?

If appeal be made to the rapidity of the early conquests of Christianity, the answer is:—"Oh, Mohammedanism was equally rapid;" forgetting that the very point of difference is, that Christianity had no force to appeal to, and Mohammedanism achieved its principal conquests by that and by nothing else.

If appeal be made to the *morality* of Christianity, the answer is, "Oh, every religion has its morality, which more or less approximates to the truth." But what we want to know is how the ethics of this religion came to *differ* from the ethics of other religions? how it came to take under its special patronage the *passive* virtues, the virtues man least loved; to make everything depend upon internal purity, and to set practical morality infinitely above ceremonial observances?

If the appeal be made to the wonderful compositions in which the religion of Christ is consigned to us, the answer is, "Oh, every religion has its sacred books." But the question is, have they exacted from the genius, learning, and culture of the most civilised nations and of the most various races, a millionth part of the homage which these books have done?

And so it is with many other topics of argument. The differences between Christianity and other religions are for the most part left unaccounted for, and ignored. If any man will fairly consider all the differences in the character, history, and effects of Christianity, as compared with religions which have undoubtedly been of human origin, he will then, and then only, appreciate the improbability of its being the work of man; and that inference will be further strengthened if he considers that, when man has innovated upon it, he has (as in the matter of persecution) naturally assimilated it to his own ordinary handiwork, thereby giving additional proof how little it was likely to come from him.

A GLIMPSE OF SHEPHERD-LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

I AM a New Zealand shepherd. But if, gentle reader, this should convey to your mind the idea of a rural swain reclining on a mossy bank, his woolly charge spread "o'er the gowan lea," or gravely chewing their cud in the shade of a wide-spreading oak, while the notes of his oaten reed float on the still noontide air; or of a smock-frocked, mittened, and comforted grandfather, on a cold frosty morning, shifting hurdles and filling troughs in a turnip-field, you are mistaken. If you will accompany me in imagination on a two or three hours' walk, I will try to give you some idea of New Zealand shepherding and New Zealand scenery. You agree? Well, the time is early morn in summer; the scene my lowly cot. The prospect from my door is very contracted, though very different to English scenery; steep, rough hills rise on every side within half a mile, their upper parts all hidden this morning by a dense fog. Breakfast is over; the plate, pannikin, knife, and fork, are washed, and put on the shelf; the floor is swept, and the fire is covered up; the bread is set for baking on my return; the dogs are loosed, and the puppy is chained up; my glass is slung over my shoulder, my dog-call fastened to a button-hole, and I pull the door close by the green-hide strap, and the bobbin jerks down, then jumps up; it is fast, and I am off.

Away I go, across the small flat by the Manuka grove, Ned and Fly skipping and jumping in advance, poor puppy crying, because he is not big

enough to go too; and I take a passing look at my thriving potatoes, cabbages, and onions, and pluck a sprig of wall-flower for a nosegay. Away round the bend, across the creek, and behind the knoll; and now for the long, long pull up the steep side of Ben-Moor, the top of which is at present invisible; but, at this time of the year, the sun generally dispels the fog in the course of the morning. So, expecting that it will soon clear away, up I go, and the lower edge of the fog is soon reached. Here I pause for a breath—and it is so strange to look along the level bottom of the fog, it appears like the ceiling of a great room. Onward and upward again, right into the fog, and the lower world becomes indistinct, and then disappears. And now, having nothing to look at but the grey, steamy-looking mist, I fall into a brown study, and think about old friends far away, about old times, and the dear "old country;" and am startled out of my reverie by an equally startled wether, who sniffs the air, and rushes away into the mist.

Onward and upward I proceed, still in the fog; but I know the way now along the steep sideling and over the saddle, and up again. But it begins to brighten, and now the sun peeps through; not that the fog is clearing away yet, but I am getting above it; and now I emerge into the clear bright sunshine, and the summit is in view. Another hundred yards of climbing yet; but, cheered by the sight of the morning sunlight, I climb faster; my blood rushes with increased speed through my veins; my breathing is quickened, and, inhaling more of the pure bracing mountain-air, my spirits are raised, my mind is exhilarated. I feel as if under the influence of laughing-gas; I feel inclined to shout and sing; thoughts and ideas, new and striking, rush rapidly and involuntarily through my mind. Had I but an audience, I could electrify it with my eloquence! Had I but an amanuensis, I could dictate, faster than he could write, words which would immortalise me! Oh! ye poor slaves of the pen who apply to the bottle for inspiration, dash it to the ground! and, if you lack words or ideas, rush out into the bright morning air, climb the steep mountain-side with your tablets in your pockets, and there you will find thoughts and ideas original and noble, views broad and profound, and words which will reach the hearts, and convince the judgment of your fellow-men.

But the summit is gained; and, standing there, I gaze on a scene which to be appreciated must be seen. I seem to stand upon an island, small, steep, and rugged; but oh! what a sea around! If the great ocean were, in the midst of a storm, to be suddenly frozen into pure white snow, with every foam-capped billow left standing, erect and motionless, it would well represent the scene around my mountain island. The upper surface is, on the whole, as level as a water-surface. Other mountains protrude their broken and jagged peaks or rounded brows above the snowy sea, and appear like other islands; and the fog, clinging closely round each of these, filling in the hollows in their sides, and, wrapping round the spurs, always maintains a uniform height; and the surface appears in the distance much more clearly defined than close at hand, which helps the illusion, and thus "distance lends enchantment to the view." I should scarcely be surprised to see a silver canoe, with paddles of pearl, and carrying fairy forms, shoot out from behind one of the islands!

But, though such a bright scene of sunshiny desolation surrounds me, though the mountain-tops stand silent and immovable as ever, and the rollers on my aërial ocean roll not, yet sounds various and familiar strike on my ear. The dense pall, which hides the lower world from my view, does not prevent me from hearing the warbling, screaming, and cackling of a thousand birds in the bush down the hill-side. I hear, too, the occasional yelp of a dog, and the crowing of a cock at the home-station, the cracking of the bullock-driver's whip, and the hammer of the carpenter, who is building a new shearing-shed,—and, away to the left, inland, the bleating of the sheep, and the murmuring of the river: and, to the right, the hoarse constant roar of the sea, as it breaks on the rock-bound coast. Farther away to the extreme right round the bay, there is a still louder roar, for the surf is always high, and for miles and miles the beach is sand and shingle, and the rollers come in in regular unbroken lines, and the whole length breaks at once on the beach with a roar like thunder, and then all is silent till another follows. The sound of this mighty, ceaseless, endless pulse-beating of the ocean, I find it impossible to describe, as I know of nothing with which to compare it; it being the most tremendous and terrible sound I ever heard. But whoever has lain in bed within a mile of it, and listened to it throughout the livelong night, when a storm was raging, will never forget it. But while I am trying to describe things indescribable, the scene around me is changing. Old Sol is asserting his supremacy over King Fog. I know only of one scene more splendid than the one I have tried to describe; and that is, when the fog gradually clears away, and admits to view the glorious panorama spread below. First, through a shapeless vista in the breaking mist, I catch a momentary view of a fragment of the coast, with the white water washing among the rocks, and the dark-green Karaka trees extending to the water's edge. That vista is closed, but through another I catch a glimpse of the further shore of a tidal lagoon, and, on the top of the bank, a Maori hut. A third shows to me a part of the home-station on the plain, and some scraps of fences; another a large patch of the deep blue sea, and the distant horizon. But new scenes and wider views are bursting on my sight, faster than I can describe them. The fog is breaking up into huge masses; smaller ones disengage themselves, and, wandering alone, soon vanish in thin air. I watch one mass of vapour just in front of me. It already becomes smaller—

but not through distance, for it is almost motionless —it becomes *less* dense: the outer corners disappear. I can now see through any part of it: it gets more and more filmy and transparent: it is going, going—it has gone! And now all is clear and bright, and, from my lofty position, I can take a bird's-eye view of the glorious prospect of river, plain, and ocean, which lies below. The bullock-team is slowly creeping along the beach for firewood; a horseman is coming in the opposite direction; the boy is turning the cows out of the stock-yard, and old Joe is carrying two buckets of milk up to the house; a small steamer is passing about a mile from the shore, hugging the rocks as near as she dare to shorten the distance. Farther out in the offing, is a topsail schooner, which has evidently a stronger breeze than we have here. Some one is now about to cross the lagoon from the home-station: my glass will tell me who they are. I thought so. It is the overseer and his wife going over to the garden in the small boat, which he is so proud of having built himself. And Mrs. H——'s favourite puppy, Shot, wants to follow, but dares not, and runs along the water's edge, looking for a dry road across: while the overseer's two old veteran sheep-dogs, Bob and Cobbler, prefer lying in the sun on the top of the bank, waiting their master's return, to wetting themselves with a long swim to follow him. A canoe, laden with Maories, with their dogs and spears, is lazily paddling along towards the upper end of the lagoon: the men on a pig-hunting excursion, and the women to work in their gardens. One Maori woman is off to the beach for shell-fish, and old Waitai is mending his fences, as usual. A mob of goats, belonging to Dicky Prouse, the old whaler (who, with his old Maori wife, lives along the beach, just round "the point"), are grazing on the hill-side; and higher up are a few detached mobs of sheep.

Looking away to the "sou-west" with my glass, I can just discern the snow-capped Kaikara mountains on the next island. Looking inland, I see nought but hills behind hills, alps rise on alps, and other alps beyond. Looking more closely on the nearer hills and spurs, which I know so well, I see the sheep drawing down their accustomed tracks in single file, looking in the sunshine like strings of pearls: which reminds me that I, Dan, the shepherd, must cease for awhile to expatiate on the beauties of Nature, and try, with the assistance of my two canine servants, to get hold of a small mob of wethers, and take them to the home-station; or the cook will be short of mutton for to-morrow's dinner. This is easier said than done; for "steep and rough is old Ben-Moor," and the sheep are very determined, cunning, and swift. But, fortunately, Ned is far more cunning, I am quite as determined, and Fly is equally swift. So, if you will take my glass, and sit for the next hour where we have been sitting the last, I think you will see me make them prisoners in the yard, at the corner of the paddock. Then, when I have had a bit of dinner, and a yarn with the cook, you may see me trudging up the hill-side, *en route* for my "ware," driving up the sheep from the river-side as I go along, my daily occupation just now being to prevent the sheep from crossing the river. If you take a look into my hut a few hours later, you may see me take out of the camp-oven such a nice loaf of bread. But I am afraid it may be a little burnt, while I am scribbling nonsense about oceans in the air, and giving gratuitous advice to dissipated authors.

DANIEL BAYLISS.

RUTH THORNBURY; OR, THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, Author of "De Profundis," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—MR. MORECOMBE SUCCEEDS IN HIS SUIT.

THE day following Charity's confession to her sister that Mr. Morecombe had made her an offer, a letter was brought to Mr. Thornbury by private hand. Although the person who delivered it was a stranger, the young ladies instantly guessed from whom it came, and also what were its contents. After the lapse of an hour, during which the parents had read it over and conversed together on its contents, the sisters were sent for to come into their father's room. They felt somewhat nervous, and for some moments after they entered, a dead silence prevailed, which was broken by Mr. Thornbury intimating that their friend Mr. Morecombe had written to request that he might be allowed to become a suitor for Charity's hand. Although he (Mr. Thornbury) would strongly insist on his right as parent to put his veto on such a proposition should he consider it necessary, at the same time he wished to ascertain what were Charity's own feelings on the subject, as in case she objected he would immediately put a stop to any further correspondence with Mr. Morecombe.

It was indeed a painful as well as puzzling moment for the girl. Had she followed the bent of her own inclination, probably she would have answered that she was much pleased at receiving the addresses of so brilliant, gentlemanly, and handsome a man as Mr. Morecombe, one who, she felt assured, was actuated by the highest feeling of honour. But as such an avowal would have been a breach of propriety on the part of a young lady of a well-regulated mind, she remained for some moments undecided what to answer. At last, and evidently with considerable effort, she stammered out, "Just as you and mamma please."

Mr. Thornbury, with his obtuse male wit, hardly

considered this answer sufficiently definite, and pressed her for a more explicit one; but his wife, who had far more penetration in matters of the kind, coolly said to him, "You may go on, my dear; the answer our dear Charity has given us is quite sufficient."

An expression of surprise passed over Mr. Thornbury's face at these words, but he made no remark.

"I must say, my dear children," continued Mr. Thornbury, "that the spirit in which Mr. Morecombe's letter is written is perfectly in accordance with the high estimation in which I hold him, both as a man and a gentleman. That I may satisfy myself fully as to his character and respectability, he has thought it better to absent himself for a few days, and with that intention he has made a journey to London, to wait there with intense anxiety an answer to his letter. Now, my dears, as I said before, I have a great respect for Mr. Morecombe, but at the same time I admit that I am not sufficiently acquainted with him to give a decided answer without making further inquiries. The question now before us is, what steps we had better take, so as to obtain the information without in any way hurting his feelings."

"I quite agree with you, my dear," said Mrs. Thornbury, "but might it not be very unpleasant for him to answer by letter questions connected with his family and his affairs? I think perhaps the better plan would be for you to invite him to the house, and then you could talk over the matter."

After a great deal of conversation on the subject, in which Ruth took but little part, and Charity none whatever, it was at last decided that he should be invited to the house. A draught of the letter to be written having been agreed on, the family separated, and the girls retired to their room.

"I think papa and mamma have entertained Mr. Morecombe's offer in a very kind and sensible manner," remarked Ruth, when they were alone.

Charity, who was evidently out of humour, made no reply, but stood at the window, with her back to her sister, apparently absorbed in watching the rooks on the elm tree before her, and pretending not to have heard Ruth's remark.

"I do not think," continued Ruth, "that they could have adopted a more delicate way of inquiring into his family affairs."

"Indeed!" said Charity, turning round somewhat angrily to her sister; "I should like to know what need there is for making any inquiries at all? I am sure his family is quite as good as our own."

"Very probably," said Ruth, mildly; "but for all that, it is only prudent on papa's part to insist on knowing something more about him, especially when your happiness is at stake."

"My happiness!" said Charity, with a slight sneer. "Do you think it will be increased by your annoying him with impertinent questions? I can judge of people as quickly and correctly as any of you, and I am certain a more honourable man does not exist. Make inquiries about him, indeed!"

"Now, Charity, my dear, do be reasonable," said Ruth, in a conciliating tone. "Papa is acting in the matter solely with a view to your welfare."

"If you think so," said Charity, sharply, "pray try to persuade papa not to send that letter."

Poor Ruth! she had no experience in matters of the kind, but she knew that to argue against a young girl in the flush of her first love, would be attended with no good result. She therefore wisely dropped the conversation, and resolved to wait patiently until her sister should be in a better temper.

The letter was dispatched to Mr. Morecombe as agreed on, and three days afterwards he made his appearance at the Red House. He was received by Mr. Thornbury in the library, and the door was closed upon them. After a short conversation on general matters, Mr. Thornbury, with some nervousness in his manner, indirectly advanced to the subject they had met to converse on.

"I hope your uncle is quite well?" he began.

"Thank you," said Mr. Morecombe, "but I am sorry to say the state of his health is far from satisfactory. When I was in London, I received a letter which stated that he wished to see me as soon as possible on matters of importance, and I am afraid I sent a somewhat clumsy excuse. I would willingly have obliged him, for I have a great respect for the old gentleman, but strong as that wish was I was too anxious to know the reply to the proposal I had sent to you, to think of other matters. I must not, however, delay my visit to him much longer; after the kindnesses I have received from him, it would be impolitic as well as ungrateful on my part."

"I think you would do wisely to pay him an early visit," said Mr. Thornbury. "At his time of life, and in his state of health—if for no other reasons—it would be wrong to offend him. But now let us speak on matters more immediately concerning ourselves. I received your letter as you are aware; and I will candidly admit, whatever may be the result, that I felt complimented by its contents. But at the same time, I am sure you will excuse me, if, as Charity's father, and having her interest at heart, I put some questions to you touching your prospects and the state of your finances."

"I will answer truthfully, and without the slightest hesitation, every question you may be pleased to put to me," said Mr. Morecombe. "Pray do not feel the least reserve about that."

"In the first place," said Mr. Thornbury, "it is a duty incumbent on me to ascertain what means you may have for supporting a wife. I will not disguise from you that I am not a wealthy man, although neither am I a poor one. I understand you have, unfortunately, no profession."

"I am sorry to say I have not," replied Mr. Morecombe. "When very young I held a commission in the army, but owing to a dispute with my commanding officer (in which, I unhesitatingly admit, I was to blame) I left the service; and since that time, I regret to say, I have not adopted any

other profession. You see I am frank, for I believe it is better to tell you all than to conceal anything from you. My present means I am sorry to say are not large. I have an income of about four hundred a year arising from some improved rents of houses in London. If, however, this security is not of the most eligible description, it has at least one good quality—the rents are all paid regularly; I have not a tenant a single quarter in arrears."

"Are the houses held on long leases?" inquired Mr. Thornbury.

"I am sorry to say they are not; in fact, I do not think they have more than twenty years to run; but they will certainly last longer than my uncle's life; and then I conscientiously believe I shall inherit more than fifteen hundred a year. I am his heir, and the only relation he has in the world. He and I are all that are left of a formerly numerous family. If you would like a fuller description of the house property, I shall be happy at any time to place the particulars before you; I wish, as I have said, to conceal nothing from you."

"Thank you," said Mr. Thornbury; "perhaps on some future occasion I will speak to you again on the subject. Let me now ask you another question. Does your uncle know of your wish to marry Charity? It would be better, I think, that he should be acquainted with your intention, as I should of course like to have his consent to the match."

"At present he knows nothing whatever about it," replied Mr. Morecombe, "and that is another reason I have for wishing to pay him a visit. It is better that I should inform him of it myself than that he should hear of it from a stranger, as it is possible he might conjure up objections which I could dispel without any difficulty were I beside him. He is, I can assure you, very eccentric, as you might easily discover if you were to make inquiries respecting him. Do you know any one in Devonshire?"

"Not a soul," said Mr. Thornbury.

"Because if you were acquainted with anyone in the neighbourhood of St. Blaise, near Exeter, you might hear some droll-enough anecdotes about old Squire Jacob Morecombe. I propose going down to see him in a fortnight, and if you would write to him, say about a week after my departure, informing him of my contemplated marriage, I will have him fully prepared for the intelligence, and I have not the slightest doubt as to the result."

"Very well," said Mr. Thornbury. "Now let me speak to you about Charity's expectations, that you may not be disappointed afterwards in that matter. As I told you before, I am far from being a rich man, and my child will bring with her but a small dowry. Charity has five hundred pounds of her own, which she inherited from her grandmother. To that sum I shall add fifteen hundred more, making in all two thousand pounds. Until my death, there is not the slightest prospect of her receiving more."

"I beg to assure you," said Mr. Morecombe, with an expression of great satisfaction, "that it is more than I expected. Believe me, I should have been perfectly satisfied if she had not had a shilling. It is herself I desire, and not her fortune."

"I am pleased to hear you say so. Now let me ask you another question: When you are married, where do you propose to reside? I am devotedly attached to my child, and I should wish that, if possible, she should live near me."

"And I sincerely desire it too," said Mr. Morecombe. "What I should like would be to find a convenient house, with about forty or fifty acres of grazing land, as near you as possible. We might live on it in a strictly economical manner until the death of my uncle. Afterwards my great ambition would be to buy some snug estate and farm it myself, as I have a great wish to become an agriculturist."

The conversation continued for some time longer in the same satisfactory strain. At last the interview was concluded, and Mr. Morecombe joined the young ladies, who had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that Mr. Thornbury had given him a favourable reception, so strongly was satisfaction expressed on his countenance. After a short time Ruth pleaded some excuse and left the room. It is unnecessary to go over in detail what passed between the lovers during Ruth's absence; suffice it to say, that when she again made her appearance, she found them sitting beside each other in a most amicable manner. After a moment of somewhat awkward silence, Charity said to her sister,—

"See, Ruth, dear, what a beautiful present Mr. Morecombe has made me!" at the same time, holding out her arm, on which was a bracelet of considerable value.

This remark seemed to set all parties at their ease, and they conversed together for the remainder of the morning with perfect self-possession. When Mrs. Thornbury descended to the drawing-room shortly before dinner was announced, she gave Mr. Morecombe a most friendly reception, and told him she should always be happy to see him. He certainly profited by this invitation, for until he left the neighbourhood for his uncle's, he was a daily visitor at the Red House.

It would be doing Mr. Thornbury an injustice to imagine that we have here set down all the conversation which took place between himself and Mr. Morecombe in the library. Mr. Morecombe had, unasked, placed in the hands of Mr. Thornbury a list of the houses in London from which he derived his income. The latter at once wrote to his solicitor, requesting him to make full inquiries as to the nature of the property and the validity of Mr. Morecombe's title to it. In a few days he received a most satisfactory reply. All the tenants were of a very respectable class, and at once acknowledged Mr. Morecombe as their landlord.

Mr. Thornbury was hardly so successful in his inquiries about old Squire Jacob Morecombe, as he knew of no one in Devonshire to whom he could

write on the subject. After Mr. Morecombe had been with his uncle about a week, Mr. Thornbury wrote to the Squire, as had been suggested, and very soon received a most satisfactory reply. The letter was well worded, but rather badly written. He assured Mr. Thornbury that, though he could not be present at the wedding, owing to his infirmities, the young couple would have his sincere wishes for their future welfare, and the letter wound up with a promise that he would forward to Charity, by his nephew, a trifling present, which he begged she would accept as a pledge of his affection and esteem.

In due time Mr. Morecombe returned, bringing with him the old gentleman's present. Charity could scarcely restrain her delight, when, on opening the little packet, she found it contained a magnificent pair of diamond earrings. All were much pleased with the gift, and it contributed not a little to raise in their minds an exalted idea of the old Squire's wealth. Everything now progressed in the smoothest and most satisfactory manner, and the more the Thornburys saw of Mr. Morecombe, the more they liked him.

Fortunately, his love for his affianced bride, though great, was quite compatible with the exercise of considerable foresight. To do him justice, he was indefatigable in his endeavours to find a suitable house in the immediate neighbourhood. He was, moreover, greatly assisted in the search by Ruth and Edgar. At last they found one to let which appeared in every way eligible. It was a handsome cottage, in good repair, ready for immediate occupation, and surrounded by about forty acres of meadow land. True, it was more than two miles from the Red House, but the road being good, the distance was of comparatively little importance. The house having been decided upon, the task of furnishing was vigorously gone into.

It now wanted but three weeks to the wedding-day, and the whole of the female portion of the Red House establishment was in a state of intense excitement. Frequent indeed were the visits which Charity and Ruth made to the town, and numerous were their purchases. Dressmakers were incessantly calling, and many were the secret meetings which were held with closed doors to consider, and discuss, and arrange points of difficulty as to wedding dress and costume. Mr. Thornbury was in part to blame for this, for he had resolved that his dear daughter should be provided with an outfit worthy of her, and he placed a most liberal sum at her disposal for that purpose. The preparations progressed in a perfectly satisfactory manner, everything being in readiness two days before the time.

When the wedding-day arrived, the ceremony passed off in a very satisfactory manner, Ruth acting as bridesmaid, and Edgar as best man. And Mr. Morecombe led from the altar of the parish church as beautiful and amiable a bride as had ever stood before it.

CHAPTER IX.—CHARITY IN HER OWN HOME.

THE newly-married pair, after spending their honeymoon in Paris, returned to England, and took up their abode at Elm Lodge, their new residence. Charity had had but little experience in the management of an establishment, but she became, after a little practice, a very excellent housekeeper. No small portion of her success, however, was due to the assistance she received from her sister Ruth, who was an almost daily visitor.

Although things appeared to go on smoothly enough at the Red House, there existed great cause for anxiety in Mr. Thornbury's mind. As we have said, he had promised to give fifteen hundred pounds as a wedding portion to Charity; and he faithfully kept his word. He had, however, experienced some difficulty in raising the money, and had had to mortgage one of his remaining farms to nearly half its value, thereby diminishing, to a very considerable extent, his own already straitened income by the payment of heavy interest on the money borrowed. The future career of Edgar was also a source of great embarrassment to him. From want of means he was unable to send him to college, or to start him in any profession; and the poor young fellow (sorely against his own inclination, for he had no lack of natural energy) remained loafing about at home, without any occupation, though fortunately keeping out of mischief. He frequently implored his father to find him some employment, no matter of what description, as he had a strong aversion to idleness; and Mr. Thornbury always promised that he would take the subject into his serious consideration. The difficult question, however, always arose as to the manner in which the necessary funds were to be obtained; and so many obstacles arose that the subject was invariably dismissed without any definite arrangement having been made. A time of agricultural distress also came on, and more than one of the tenants were in arrears of rent, and it was exceedingly difficult to obtain even the money required for keeping up the establishment at the Red House on the most economical footing.

At the Lodge everything progressed favourably, and a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Morecombe it would have been difficult to find. True, Charity's husband was frequently away on business matters, but of what description his wife did not clearly understand. As, however, he rarely remained from home more than two or three days at a time, his absence did not cause her any uneasiness.

Before the end of a year, Mrs. Morecombe became the mother of a fine boy. The infant was christened Walter, after its father. Mr. Thornbury was one of the godfathers, and Ruth was godmother. She, at least, resolved that the office should not be an honorary title merely. Charity, after her confinement, rapidly recovered, and an admirable young mother she made. The arrival of the little stranger was a source of great joy to the whole family. The grandfather and grandmother seemed pleased with

their new titles; and as for Ruth, had the baby been her own, she could not have lavished more fondness upon it; whilst her love for her sister seemed to have become the greater, even as if a still nearer relationship now existed between them.

Things, however, were not fated to go on without trouble at Elm Lodge, any more than at the Red House. The year following the birth of the infant, a circumstance occurred which caused great disappointment and grief to the whole family. Old Squire Morecombe died, but without leaving one shilling to his nephew. The rage of Mr. Morecombe knew no bounds, and he heaped upon the old man every possible term of execration. Great as was Mr. Thornbury's sorrow, he felt a good deal of commiseration for his son-in-law, and used every argument in his power to console him. His children hardly took the same view of the subject as he did. Ruth did not say much about it, except when endeavouring to console her sister, but it was evident that something had occurred to cause her great dissatisfaction; whilst her brother Edgar expressed no sympathy whatever for Mr. Morecombe's loss. Edgar was now nearly of age; and was, moreover, a shrewd young fellow. He thought he could detect that a good deal of the anger and disappointment of his brother-in-law was not genuine. He did not mention his suspicions to his father, but told Ruth, in confidence, that he should certainly make inquiries on the subject. This he did, with considerable tact, and at last arrived at the truth. He discovered that the defunct squire had been merely a small farmer, and always in debt, and that the most eccentric feature in his character was that he was constantly drunk without any apparently injurious effects to his constitution arising from it. So far from his being a man of property, his assets were not sufficient to pay his creditors a shilling in the pound.

A terrible scene took place between Edgar and his brother-in-law, on the receipt of this intelligence. Edgar insisted that Mr. Morecombe had imposed upon the family, whilst the latter indignantly denied the charge. In consequence of this quarrel, there was a total estrangement between them, and no argument or entreaty could induce Edgar to withdraw his charge or change his position.

Although Mr. Thornbury was far from being convinced of the perfect good faith of his son-in-law, he argued with himself, that no good could arise from cherishing angry feelings; and so, shutting his eyes to all disagreeable suspicions, he and Mr. Morecombe continued to live on terms of amity.

Two years after the birth of her child, Mrs. Morecombe became the mother of another boy, and Ruth's services were once more in requisition. Mrs. Thornbury was suffering so severely at the time from an attack of asthma, that she could not leave the house. But she was hardly missed, as Ruth combined with all the sympathy of an affectionate sister the attributes of a watchful and skilful nurse.

The christening of the child took place when it was about three weeks old. Charity at first wished to postpone the ceremony, as Mr. Morecombe was absent at that time, and not expected to return for some weeks. She afterwards thought, however, that this might be a good opportunity for taking a step towards a reconciliation between her brother and husband, by asking Edgar to stand godfather to the child, who was to be named after him. But she found her brother resolute in his determination not to be on friendly terms with her husband; though, out of love to his sister, he consented to stand with Mr. Thornbury as godfather to his little nephew, on condition that he should not be expected to return with the party to Elm Lodge, which he had resolved never again to enter. Her brother's resolution was a source of great sorrow to Charity; still, she could not help it, and was obliged to console herself with the hope that the fact of Edgar standing as sponsor for her baby might possibly, at some future time, help towards his reconciliation with her husband.

The mother and child having been reported by the doctor as doing well, Ruth prepared to take her departure. As she was on the point of leaving the house, a respectably dressed, though common-looking man, entered and inquired for Mr. Morecombe. Being informed that he was from home, the stranger requested to see Mrs. Morecombe. He was told she was engaged at the moment; but to this he replied that he would wait, as his business was of importance, and he must either see her or her husband. He then entered the parlour without the slightest ceremony, and seated himself in an easy-chair, with the air of a man who was resolved to execute to the letter the mission upon which he had come. Ruth, greatly surprised at his behaviour, endeavoured to draw from him the object of his visit, informing him that she was Mrs. Morecombe's sister, and that probably she would be able to give him an answer to any inquiry he might make. The man, however, declined to state his business to her. Finding him obstinate, Ruth ceased any further attempt, and left the house.

When she reached home, she did not mention to either her father or mother the extraordinary conduct of the man; but she became exceedingly anxious respecting the object of his visit, and began to blame herself for having left Elm Lodge without having satisfied herself on the point. Nor was she altogether without cause for anxiety, irrespective of the visit of the strange man. For more than a year past—in fact, since the death of old Jacob Morecombe—Ruth had noticed that a great change for the worse had taken place in Mr. Morecombe's behaviour towards her sister. He would now absent himself for a fortnight or three weeks at a time, on what he called business matters; and when at home he was often sullen and discontented even in Ruth's presence, while the frequently red, swollen eyes of Charity, suggested that his behaviour at other times might be even still more unkind. Ruth said nothing, but contented herself with trying, by

RUTH THORNBURY.

increased attention and affection, to assuage the evident sorrow of her sister.

That night Ruth did not sleep; so great was her anxiety about Charity. The behaviour of the man who had so pertinaciously insisted on seeing either Mr. or Mrs. Morecombe, had certainly somewhat puzzled her; but her uneasiness went far beyond anything his visit, taken by itself, could have occasioned. Without being able to account for the suspicion, she felt certain that her sister was at the time suffering under some great affliction. Again and again she attempted to drive away the presentiment, but in vain. At last she could endure the suspense no longer, and resolved to return the next morning to Elm Lodge, and satisfy herself whether any real cause existed for the anxiety she felt about her sister.

At the breakfast-table Ruth was silent and reserved. She answered dutifully enough the questions put to her by her father and mother respecting what had taken place at the Lodge during her visit; but she started no subject of conversation herself. In fact she felt somewhat embarrassed as to how she could break to Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury her desire to return to the Lodge, after so long an absence from home. She could see how glad her father and mother were to have her with them again, and she felt it would almost be an act of cruelty to leave them so soon. Still the wish to visit Charity was dominant, and she could not overcome it.

A circumstance soon occurred which relieved her from the difficulty. Before they had finished breakfast, a little cow-boy, who was employed at the Lodge, brought a letter from Charity. Ruth hastily opened it, and read as follows to her father and mother:—

"Dearest Ruth,—Pray come and see me immediately, as I wish particularly to consult you about a letter I have just received from Mr. Morecombe.

"Ever your affectionate sister, Charity."

Although the letter had nothing alarming in it, Ruth clearly saw from the handwriting that her sister had been greatly agitated at the time. She made no remark as to that, however; but folding up the letter, placed it in her pocket, and left the breakfast-table to prepare to go to her sister's.

On arriving at the Lodge, great was her surprise when the door was opened for her by the strange man of the day before. He had evidently not left the house since his arrival, and now appeared perfectly at home in it. He held a pipe in one hand, and, pointing with it to the parlour-door, said,—

"Mrs. Morecombe is upstairs, yon had better go in and sit down. I dare say she will not be long."

Instead of doing as she was requested, Ruth stood as if petrified, and gazed at the man with surprise; of which, however, he took not the slightest notice.

"You had better go in," he continued, "and rest yourself a little; I dare say you feel tired."

Ruth for a moment longer remained motionless; but hearing her sister's footstep rapidly descending the stairs, she mechanically obeyed the man. Charity followed the moment after, and closed the door.

A glance at her sister's face at once told Ruth that some terrible misfortune had befallen her. As soon as they were alone, Charity rushed into the arms of her sister, who clasped her to her breast; but neither for awhile uttered a word. At last Ruth said,

"Charity, who is that strange-looking man in the hall?"

"I don't know what you would call him," she said; "he has been sent here by the landlord to seize our furniture for the rent which is owing."

"For the rent owing?" inquired Ruth, in a tone of great surprise. "You surely do not mean that the rent of the house has not been paid?"

"No, dear, I am sorry to say it has not; and there is now more than a year due."

"Charity," said Ruth, reproachfully, "why have you not told me this before? You knew I would have assisted you if I could."

"Because, my dear, Mr. Morecombe has always been in the hope of receiving money; and, besides, he strictly desired that I should not mention the state of his affairs to anyone. I have often wished to inform you, but I dared not disobey him."

"Sit down, dear," said Ruth, to her weeping sister, "and dry your tears; we must now talk over the matter calmly, and see what can be done. How long will this man remain in the house before the furniture is sold? My reason for asking is this: I wish, if possible, to keep the affair from papa's ears; and, if there is time enough, I should like to write up to London, to sell out some of my funds there, and so pay the amount without its being bruited about the neighbourhood."

"My dear Ruth," said her sister, "it would be useless your doing anything of the kind. The man in possession has informed me that, besides the rent owing, he heard that there was a bill of sale on the furniture—and that, if the rent were paid to-morrow, the furniture would be seized for the other debt. Ruth, you have not heard all, and I have not the courage to tell you. I have this morning," she continued, "received this letter from Mr. Morecombe. Read it, and then tell me whether I have not cause to be unhappy."

Charity here placed the letter in Ruth's hand, who was horrified at its contents. It appeared to be the production of an utterly reckless and ruined man. He told his wife that it was perfectly useless to disguise matters longer—he had lost everything, and had not now a shilling in the world. Things, for some time past, had been going rapidly from bad to worse with him, and if she did not obtain some assistance from her father, it would be impossible for him to return home, as judgment had been taken out against him for more than one debt, and the bailiffs were already on his track.

After Ruth had read the letter, she remained for some time silent, while Charity wept bitterly. At last Ruth broke the silence with,——

"Charity, my dear, this is certainly terrible; but

I implore you to tell me the whole truth. How has Mr. Morecombe lost the money he received with you?"

"I can hardly tell you, Ruth. Indeed I cannot," she continued, noticing a strong expression of incredulity on her sister's face; "but——" here she hesitated for a moment, "I greatly fear it has been in some way connected with horse-racing."

"What makes you think so?"

"From his acquaintances being almost all on the turf, as they call it, and the numerous races he has left home to attend. But understand me, he has always been most reserved to me about money matters, and I never inquired into them, fearing that my suspicion of his being addicted to gambling would turn out correct."

"What can we possibly do?" said Ruth, now almost in despair. "I don't like to tell my father, lest he should become the fellow's victim: for I clearly see he is too bad a man to spare any one."

The sisters were again for some minutes silent—Ruth being evidently absorbed in thought.

"Charity," she said at last, "objectionable as the plan is, I see but one way by which we can get out of this difficulty; and that is, to place the state of Mr. Morecombe's affairs before my father, and ask him if he can assist us. His health for some time past has been so very infirm that I fear the shock may have a very bad effect upon him. It cannot, however, be avoided; he must hear it sooner or later; and it is just as well to let him know of it now, as when it may probably be too late for him to help us. As soon as I return home I will tell him all."

The news of Mr. Morecombe's ruin was a terrible blow to Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury—the more so, as it was totally unexpected. As may naturally be supposed, Mr. Thornbury was highly indignant at the conduct of his son-in-law; for Ruth had told him all without the slightest reservation. At first he resolved on offering his house as an asylum to his daughter and her children, resolving, at the same time, that he would never speak to Mr. Morecombe again. On second thoughts, however, he relinquished the idea as impracticable. He wrote a letter to Charity, saying, that in the present state of his affairs it was impossible for him to ward off the sale of her furniture, and that she had better immediately leave Elm Lodge in charge of the man in possession, and, with her children, take up her abode at the Red House. He added, that if her husband thought fit to accompany her after what had happened, he would also be received, though it was impossible for him (Mr. Thornbury) to give him the same welcome that he had hitherto done.

The letter being concluded, Ruth was despatched, with instructions to return home as soon as possible with her sister and the children. Mr. Thornbury also forwarded a sufficient sum of money by Ruth, to pay the servants their wages, and whatever little debts might be owing in the neighbourhood. A few hours afterwards poor Charity, with her two infants, returned home to her parents, utterly destitute, with the exception of a few clothes she had brought with her. Sad, indeed, was the meeting between Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury and their child; still, they did all in their power to console her, and made her as comfortable as her unhappy circumstances would allow. In the evening, Edgar (who had been absent for a few days, on a visit to a young friend in the neighbourhood) returned home, and was naturally much surprised to hear what had taken place. He expressed himself in very strong terms at the conduct of his unworthy brother-in-law. When he heard that his father had given Mr. Morecombe permission to reside at the Red House again, the language he made use of was hardly accordant with the respect due from a son to his father; and a violent altercation took place between them. Mrs. Thornbury and Ruth, assisted by Charity, attempted to pour oil on the troubled waters—but without success. The anger of both, when they separated for the night, was unabated; and Edgar declared, in spite of the entreaties of his mother and sisters, that the moment Mr. Morecombe put his foot under that roof, he would leave it, never to return.

CHAPTER X.—MR. MORECOMBE STARTS IN BUSINESS ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

If Mr. Thornbury had concluded that his son-in-law would abstain from joining Charity at the Red House, he was grievously mistaken. Delicacy was by no means one of that gentleman's weaknesses; and without the slightest hesitation he accepted Mr. Thornbury's very qualified invitation. As soon as he made his appearance, Edgar Thornbury, true to the threat he had made, left home, and took up his abode at the house of the young friend already alluded to. At first Mr. Morecombe's behaviour was of the most penitent and subdued description. He submitted with great resignation to Mr. Thornbury's anger; and with all the persuasive eloquence he was master of, he attempted to win over Ruth to his cause. He saw very little of Mrs. Thornbury, as her asthma, added to the shock of Charity's return in so destitute a condition, had thrown her on a bed of sickness, to which she was confined for several weeks. As far as Ruth was concerned, his attempts to regain her good opinion were a failure. Whenever he spoke to her she replied with great civility, and without the slightest anger, but her answers were always laconic, and she never on any occasion commenced a conversation with him.

But if Ruth was inexorable, not so Mr. Thornbury. Mr. Morecombe possessed to perfection one accomplishment of the swindler—plausibility; and he now used it with great tact and skill. He commenced operations by frequently expressing his regret at the disordered state of his affairs, and the unhappy habit of gambling he had been insensibly drawn into.

"I am not naturally a gambler," he would say;

"no man indeed can have greater objections to the habit than I have, and nothing shall ever induce me to make another bet—still, when a man commences running down hill, it is very difficult for him to stop himself just at the moment he wishes. I began playing merely for amusement, and for some years never staked more than I could conveniently pay, if I lost. In consequence, however, of a heavy bad debt I made before my uncle's death, I became in a very slight degree embarrassed, and when I found myself disappointed in receiving money at his decease, I made some heavy bets in the hope of retrieving myself, and lost again. Ill-fortune ever afterwards followed me, and at last I became a ruined man. Believe me, if you only knew half the misery and anxiety I have suffered lately, much and justly as you now blame me, you would pity me still more."

Mr. Thornbury—notwithstanding the discrepancies he could not fail to detect in Mr. Morecombe's description of his expectations on his uncle's death—listened with considerable sympathy; probably looking back to a certain episode in his own life, previous to his marriage. He began now to admit that there might be some excuse for his son-in-law. Mr. Morecombe was too good a tactician not to perceive the favourable impression he had made, and determined to follow it up. He gradually introduced the subject of his affairs to Mr. Thornbury; and often wished he could have the opportunity of starting in some respectable line of business. He would thereby maintain himself and his wife and family in independence and respectability.

"But in the present disordered state of your affairs," said Mr. Thornbury, one day, when his son-in-law had brought forward the subject, "how is it possible for you to enter into business? I presume you have many debts still unpaid; and with these hanging over your head, all you earned would go to the benefit of your creditors."

"That is unfortunately the case," he replied; "still, if I had a little ready money, I could easily effect a compromise."

"In what way?" asked Mr. Thornbury.

"I have already been in communication with my creditors about it," said Mr. Morecombe; "I owe in all about two thousand pounds, and a compensation of five shillings in the pound would be accepted. If I could pay that sum, and have a little over to start with, I am convinced I should be able to make my way in business."

"In what line would you propose to start?" inquired Mr. Thornbury.

"As a commission agent. It requires but little capital, and the profits are very great. From the vast number of acquaintances I have, I am persuaded I could easily form a good connection."

"And what amount would you require beyond the money necessary to compromise with your creditors?"

"One thousand pounds would be ample," said Mr. Morecombe. "I should take a small house in the suburbs of London, and furnish it cheaply; and with one room as an office in the city, I could do well enough. I should, of course, have to pay good interest on the money advanced, but the profits which would accrue from my business I am certain would easily allow me to do that, and also leave me a handsome surplus—more, in fact, than would be necessary for the maintenance of my wife and family."

Although the conversation then dropped, the scheme proposed by Mr. Morecombe made a strong impression on the mind of his father-in-law. He referred to it more than once afterwards, and on each occasion Mr. Morecombe painted the advantages likely to accrue from a speculation of the kind in still more glowing colours than on the previous one. At last Mr. Thornbury began to think seriously whether it would not be advantageous to assist Mr. Morecombe to carry out his plan; and one day he asked him what amount of interest he would give if he advanced the money.

"I am a poor man myself," said Mr. Thornbury, "and I should have to raise the money. Moreover, I could not afford to diminish the small income I now have. If I assist you, therefore, it must be entirely as a matter of business between us."

"And I would accept the advance on no other terms," said Mr. Morecombe; "the obligations I am already under to you are too great to allow me to accept another—especially one which might in the slightest manner injure you in a pecuniary point of view. I should propose to pay you eight per cent. for the fifteen hundred pounds, and I can assure you that the interest on that amount should be paid as regularly as the bank dividends."

After mature deliberation, the weak-minded man agreed to advance the required sum to his son-in-law. To do this, he was obliged to sell one of his remaining farms (he had but one now, besides that which was mortgaged), for which he received three thousand pounds. After setting aside the money promised to his son-in-law, he invested the remainder in government securities.

When Edgar heard of this arrangement, his anger knew no bounds. He was at his friend's house when the intelligence reached him, and he immediately hurried home, if possible, to stop the transaction being carried through. He was too late, however; not only was it completed, but Mr. Morecombe had already left the Red House for London to arrange with his creditors, and make preparations for commencing business. On Edgar's arrival at home, he sought his father, and a long and angry discussion took place between them which lasted for some time. At length Edgar said,—

"It is useless, I perceive, for us to speak longer on the subject. I have made up my mind what to do. I care but little for the money; within a few months I shall be of age, and my own master; but I can see clearly enough that my poor mother and Ruth will become in the end the victims of a

thorough-paced swindler. I am fully persuaded in a few years they will be totally ruined."

"I will not take that language from you, sir," said Mr. Thornbury; "either speak and behave to me with the respect which is my due, or leave the house, and do not again attempt to enter it until you know how to conduct yourself."

"I will obey you," said Edgar; "but let us part, if possible, without anger. Advance me the two hundred pounds I shall have of my own, and I will make my way in the world as best I can. I am thoroughly tired of doing nothing, and being led on by promises of assistance which are never fulfilled."

"And should I do so, in what way would you propose to act?" inquired Mr. Thornbury.

"I should immediately start for India. I have had the idea in my head for some time, and from what has taken place between us, I am resolved to carry it out. The money I am entitled to is quite sufficient to pay for the voyage and to provide an outfit. When once there, I know well enough there is room for every man to succeed who has courage, perseverance, and integrity to back him."

"A very nice idea, indeed," said Mr. Thornbury, with a sneer; "without recommendation or introduction, without friends or capital, India is certainly the place for a thoughtless, inexperienced young man to get on in. Nonsense! If you are sufficiently foolish to take a step of the kind, it is my duty, as your father and natural guardian, to prevent you. I shall not advance you a shilling of the money, trusting, that before you are fully of age, you will come to your senses."

"Let us clearly understand one another," said Edgar. "As my father, you have certainly the power to withhold the money from me for some months longer; but go I will. Either advance me the money, as I asked you, or before to-morrow evening I will enlist in the light cavalry regiment at present quartered in the town. Now, do what you choose; my fate is entirely in your hands."

"You may enlist as soon as you please," said Mr. Thornbury, doggedly.

Without saying another word Edgar snatched up his hat and left the room. Before he had reached the hall-door, however, Mr. Thornbury became alarmed lest his son should really do as he had threatened, and he called him back.

"Let us speak once more on the subject," he said to Edgar, as soon as he had re-entered the room. "If you positively insist on going to India I will advance you the two hundred pounds you require. Better that, at any rate, than have you disgrace your family by enlisting as a private soldier. But am I definitely to understand that you insist on having the two hundred pounds immediately, and that with it you will start for India? Remember, I have no acquaintances, and I cannot assist you."

"Once more, father, my mind is fully made up," said Edgar. "Go I will, and nothing shall hinder me. If I cannot go as a gentleman, I will, as I said before, enlist as a private soldier."

"The effect of your folly be upon your own head," said Mr. Thornbury. "I can do no more."

Before leaving the room Mr. Thornbury gave his son an order on his banker for the money; and the next day Edgar started for London. He used great promptitude in getting his modest outfit prepared, and he engaged his passage on board an East-Indiaman, which was to sail in about a fortnight's time for Calcutta. All his arrangements being at last completed, he returned to the Red House for two or three days, to take leave of his family. A painful parting it was for all; so much so, that had Edgar not been actuated by what he considered a sense of duty, it is more than probable he would have broken down at the last moment. Shortly before he left the house, he was closeted with his sister for some time, discussing in what manner Mr. Morecombe's baneful influence over their father could be neutralized. In her heart, Ruth had no higher opinion than Edgar of her brother-in-law, and although she was less demonstrative in her dislike, she promised to do everything in her power to prevent her father making any further advances.

"What has already been done," she said, "cannot now be helped. I feel as you do, that the money advanced will ultimately be all lost. Pray God it may be the last."

"Well, Ruth, do the best you can to prevent any more being thrown away on him. It would be a thousand times better for Charity and her children to come home again, than that my poor father and mother should be thrown destitute on the world. May God bless you, dear Ruth. Keep me well informed of everything that takes place. As soon as I have arrived in Calcutta, you shall hear from me; and remember, I expect a letter from you by every mail, which I promise punctually to answer. If I succeed, as I trust I shall do, I may yet be able to help you; and should I have the power, be assured I will do so."

Next morning, Edgar started for London, and a few days afterwards the ship in which he had taken his passage sailed for India.

During the next year no incident worthy of particular notice occurred to any of the Thornbury family. Ruth had received a letter from Edgar, announcing his safe arrival in India after a long and stormy passage. He had had great difficulty in obtaining a situation, in consequence of his being without letters of introduction. At last, however, he had been successful in getting a subordinate appointment in the house of an agent principally connected with the indigo trade, and at a salary so small that it required great economy on his part to avoid falling into debt. He did not, however, despair; he had now obtained a footing, and he was determined to keep it. At any rate, he could remain a sufficiently long time in his present situation to enable him to obtain a good reference, and then, as soon as he should hear of another and more lucrative appointment, he should

apply for it. Altogether, his letter, if not a very satisfactory one, proved that his courage was still high and that he had good hopes for the future.

Ruth's letter in reply gave a definite account of all that had taken place at the Red House since his departure. The facts she particularly dwelt upon were, that Mr. Morecombe had arranged satisfactorily with his creditors, and had afterwards started in business with, as far as she could understand, every prospect of success. She regretted to state that Mr. Morecombe had contrived to quarrel with her before Charity had left the Red House for London, so that she was afraid she should have but little opportunity of seeing her sister. Mr. Morecombe had candidly told her that in his opinion she was, to a great extent, the cause of the discontent Charity had for some time plainly shown, and that as he wished, if possible, to retain the affections of his wife unimpaired, he thought the less they saw of each other the better. However, her father intended shortly to visit London, and had promised he would then endeavour to make peace between her (Ruth) and Mr. Morecombe.

For more than a year, the affairs of Mr. Morecombe appeared to prosper; and very encouraging were the reports which from time to time Mr. Thornbury received from him on the subject. The interest on the money advanced was paid with the greatest regularity. Charity also frequently corresponded with her sister, and if her letters did not paint matters in such brilliant colours as those of her husband, there was at least nothing in them to cause any uneasiness. Mr. Thornbury, on his part, seeing the prosperity of his son-in-law, determined, if possible, to endeavour to increase his own income, which was now limited indeed. The lease of the farm, on which he had raised money by mortgage for Charity's wedding portion, having fallen in, he resolved to turn his attention to agriculture. True, he knew little or nothing of the management of arable land, but in stock farming he had acquired some little experience by turning to account the land which was attached to the Red House freehold estate. It required capital, however, to commence on a larger scale; and Mr. Thornbury for that purpose sold out the 1500*l.* he held in government securities. Things went on smoothly enough at the farm during the summer. The first year's harvest was a most productive one; and Mr. Thornbury began to congratulate himself upon the new speculation he had entered into. Unfortunately, he omitted to insure his stackyard; and one night the whole of the ricks were consumed by fire. It was strongly suspected that the destruction was caused by an incendiary—one of the numerous persons his bailiff had offended, for he was drunken and despotic. Of this, however, there was no clear proof; and the only certainty on the subject which remained for Mr. Thornbury, was that the whole year's crops had been lost, creating a large deficiency in his annual income.

Easily elated by any transient success, Mr. Thornbury was as easily depressed by any misfortune; and without attempting to retrieve his losses by better management, he resolved to throw up his plan of farming altogether. This he did, and found another tenant for the farm.

During the winter, Mr. Thornbury had another attack of the gout, which confined him to the house. Mr. Morecombe paid him a visit, leaving Charity and the children in London. He brought with him the half year's interest for the money he had borrowed of Mr. Thornbury; and gave his father-in-law such a glowing description of his transactions in trade, that poor Mr. Thornbury began to regret he had not invested more largely with his son-in-law, rather than have embarked in the farming.

"If you continue to succeed in this manner," said Mr. Thornbury one day to Mr. Morecombe, after the latter had been describing the enormous profits he had made in a certain transaction, "you will soon be a man of fortune."

"That, I am afraid, is impossible," said Mr. Morecombe. "I find that a commission agent, to do a large business, requires a large capital. As it is I am perfectly content, and can maintain my dear wife and children in comfort. I must admit, however, that occasionally I do feel annoyed when I see advantageous bargains slipping through my fingers, solely in consequence of my not having enough capital to entertain them."

"But," said Mr. Thornbury, "I thought a commission agent required little or no capital."

"So I thought," replied Mr. Morecombe, "when I first began business; but I find I was wrong. For example, suppose a man asks me to find a purchaser for some valuable commodity. Possibly at the moment, there is no buyer to be found; but the seller is in want of money, for which he is willing to pay a good rate of interest. Now, if I had the money to advance him at the time, always leaving a good margin on the transaction, I should have the management of the sale, and not only receive my commission on the sale, but the interest as well. Not having sufficient capital, however, I am obliged to let many such chances pass."

"Now," said Mr. Thornbury, trying to assume an air of mere curiosity, "what amount of capital would you require to enable you to extend your business, and carry it on in a satisfactory manner?"

"Well," said Mr. Morecombe, doubtfully, "I hardly know. I have never given the subject such thorough consideration as would enable me to speak decidedly, for I knew there was little prospect of my being able to raise more money. I should say a very few thousands—say two or three thousand pounds, would be ample. Yes, with that amount, I am sure I could make from two to three thousand a year profit in my business—taking into consideration the very large and respectable connexion I have formed."

The subject then dropped for a time; but it had been sufficiently discussed to prove to Mr. Morecombe, that the principal object which had

induced him to pay a visit to his father-in-law was likely to be gained. He was, however, too knowing to press the subject with anything like importunity—on the contrary, he appeared rather to avoid discussing it on more than one occasion when Mr. Thornbury brought it forward.

Shortly after Mr. Morecombe's return to London, he wrote a letter to Mr. Thornbury, informing him that he had in view a speculation so brilliant, and one which promised such perfect success, that he did not like to let it pass without making an effort to profit by it. The sum required would be about a thousand pounds more than what he could at that moment command. The security for the advance would be given on warrants for saltpetre, to three times the amount of the money required; and the interest would be large. If Mr. Thornbury liked to join him in the speculation, he should have great pleasure in insuring the profits to him; deducting nothing whatever for his trouble in the transaction.

On the same day, however, that Mr. Thornbury received this letter, Ruth also had one from Charity, strongly advising her to set her face against any further advance of money being made by Mr. Thornbury to her husband, but without giving any reason for her desire. Although Ruth did not quite understand her sister's motive for writing thus, she implicitly obeyed her injunctions; but as her father did not inform her of the nature of Mr. Morecombe's communication, she could only do so very vaguely and indirectly. Mr. Thornbury made no remark in reply; but contented himself with stating, that business of importance would oblige him to leave home on a visit to London for a few days.

Ruth immediately despatched a letter to Charity, informing her of her father's contemplated visit to London, and requested her, in her turn, to be upon her guard to prevent, if possible, any monetary transactions taking place between him and her husband. Unfortunately, this letter fell into Mr. Morecombe's hands; and his rage against Ruth was greater than ever. He did not inform his wife of the contents of Ruth's letter, so that when Mr. Thornbury arrived in London, he had full opportunity of communicating with Mr. Morecombe unrestricted by interference on the part of Charity.

Mr. Morecombe appeared delighted to see his father-in-law; at the same time he cautiously concealed from him that he was perfectly well aware of the object of his visit. By degrees, however—and merely as if in the course of casual conversation—he introduced the subject of his affairs; giving details of the most brilliant description as to the amount of money he was making, and his splendid prospects for the future. Mr. Thornbury of course expressed satisfaction at the intelligence.

"I am half afraid," said Mr. Morecombe, one day, after dinner, "you will be strongly inclined to believe that the account I have given of my success in trade must be somewhat exaggerated, but I assure you it is not. Rather than allow any ground to remain for such a suspicion, you would do me a great favour if you will come to the City with me to-morrow, and just cast your eye over my books: I promise you, I will conceal nothing from you."

"I shall, if you wish it," said Mr. Thornbury; "at the same time, do not for one moment imagine that I doubt in any way the truth of your statement."

"I am very pleased to hear it; but still I shall be more satisfied if you come to the conclusion from your own personal inspection of the books. To-morrow, then, after breakfast, we will go to the City together, if you have no other engagement?"

Mr. Thornbury, of course, had none; and next morning the two started for the City. Shortly after their arrival at the office, Mr. Morecombe spread out before his father-in-law the different account-books, and commenced describing them, pointing out his profits on the different transactions he had been engaged in during the time he had been in business.

The deeper Mr. Thornbury went into his son-in-law's affairs, the better he was pleased with them. He carefully examined the books—for Mr. Morecombe would allow him to pass over nothing in which there appeared any obscurity; and not only did the business appear to be progressing steadily, but everything seemed in a most satisfactory state. At last, Mr. Thornbury resolved to enter into partnership with his son-in-law. He broached the subject, and the proposal was readily entertained. A few days after everything was arranged between them. Mr. Thornbury was to have one-half of the profits of the business, on condition that he advanced another fifteen hundred pounds. The original debt was to be cancelled, and considered as added to the amount of capital employed in the partnership. Mr. Morecombe was to have the sole management of the business; but no transaction of any importance was to be entered into without Mr. Thornbury being advised on the subject, who could then, if he pleased, put his veto on it, or come up to town and investigate the project thoroughly.

Mr. Thornbury now sold his only remaining farm for three thousand pounds, and placed the amount agreed on in the business, but invested the balance in the bank; resolving that if the partnership turned out as flourishing a speculation as he hoped and believed, he would afterwards add the remaining money to it as well.

CHAPTER XL.—MORECOMBE AND CO.

It would be difficult indeed to name a mercantile firm which appeared to succeed better than did Morecombe and Co. for some time, for under that style Mr. Thornbury and his son-in-law traded. So perfect and sagacious were Mr. Morecombe's propositions, that not in a single instance had his partner to offer the slightest objection.

At stated periods Mr. Thornbury's share of the profits were forwarded to him, and so large were the amounts he received, that he determined to make his appearance in the hunting field again.

He was even in treaty for the purchase of a magnificent horse, quite up to his weight, which had greatly increased lately notwithstanding the anxiety he had had, when Ruth one morning received a letter from her sister, with an inclosure. The appearance of the letter caused her no little surprise and agitation, as she was aware that Mr. Morecombe had prohibited Charity from writing to her. Fortunately there was no one in the breakfast room when the letter arrived, consequently she could read it undisturbed by any questions.

In the letter Charity invited Ruth to come up to London and spend a few days with her, as she wished very much to see her and consult her about many things. She also stated, that Mr. Morecombe being from home, she was very dull, and Ruth would only be acting kindly if she did not delay coming, but would start off as quickly as possible. If Ruth's surprise was great on reading the letter, it amounted to absolute terror when she glanced at the inclosure. In it Charity told her sister that she had written the other for her father and mother to see, as she wished if possible to conceal from them all cause of anxiety, until the last moment, although they must ultimately learn it. Utter ruin, she said, awaited them all, and she very much feared disgrace also. Not only had Mr. Morecombe contracted many debts which he was unable to pay, but there was too much reason to believe that his reputation was blasted beyond hope of recovery. She would not explain more by letter, as there was a remote chance of its falling into other hands; and it was better to keep the affair secret as long as possible.

Ruth was perfectly thunderstruck at these tidings. Collecting her senses as quickly as possible, and assuming an expression of as little anxiety as she could, she placed the inclosure in her pocket, and gave Charity's letter to her father and mother to read when they entered the breakfast room. Somewhat to Ruth's dissatisfaction Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury seemed rather pleased at the idea than otherwise. They looked upon the invitation Ruth had received as indicative of a more friendly feeling towards her on the part of Mr. Morecombe. Charity was again expecting her confinement, and it would be a great comfort to have her sister with her. They advised Ruth not to delay her departure, but to start for London by that night's coach. Ruth of course made no objection, but immediately commenced her preparations for the journey, and before night she left home for X—— and arrived in London the next morning.

As soon as Ruth left the coach, she hailed a cab, and drove direct to Mr. Morecombe's house in Islington. On her arrival, she found the shutters closed, as though the family had not yet risen. This gave her but little surprise, as it was still early; but as she could not keep the cabman waiting, she told him to knock at the door. He obeyed her, and remained for some time expecting that it would be opened, but no one coming he knocked again, this time much louder than before. Still the door remained closed, nor was there the appearance of any one at the windows. Again and again the man knocked, but without any better success; and at length, he asked Ruth whether she was certain they had driven to the right address, as he thought the house must be deserted. But Ruth assured him there could be no mistake, and she began to feel extremely uneasy at finding that no one answered the knocking. A slight noise was at last heard in the passage, and the next minute the bolts were withdrawn by a shabby disreputable looking old man, still half asleep, and looking as if he had slept in his clothes.

"Does Mr. Morecombe live here?" inquired Ruth.

"No," said the old man, sulkily, "he don't;" and without further observation he closed the door.

The driver, in obedience to Ruth's instruction, again knocked. The old man opened the door, but evidently in a worse humour than before.

"My good man," said Ruth, who had now alighted from the cab, "I am sorry to trouble you, but you will greatly oblige me by telling me where I can find Mr. Morecombe, for he certainly did live here."

"Very likely," was the reply, "but he don't now."

"Is Mrs. Morecombe at home, then?"

"No, there is nobody here but me, and I'm in possession."

"In possession! and what for?" inquired Ruth, in a tone of great surprise.

"Well, for twelve months' rent, if you must know," said the man.

"Will you allow me to come in, then," said Ruth, "and wait till I can make some further inquiries?"

"Not unless you're a policeman with a search warrant; and you don't look much like that;" and with this the old man closed the door.

Poor Ruth, utterly bewildered, remained motionless on the pavement, the cabman quietly waiting her orders. Presently a milk-woman advanced, and noticing Ruth's indecision said, "If you're wanting the Morecombes, ma'am, they're gone from here."

"Can you tell me where I can find them?" inquired Ruth.

"I cannot, ma'am, exactly," said the woman with some hesitation; "what might you want with them?"

"I am Mrs. Morecombe's sister," said Ruth, "and I particularly wish to see her."

"Oh! that's different, ma'am," said the woman. "I thought you might be wanting money of her, a good many people do, and she has been almost harassed to death. She owes me a matter of thirty shillings, but I should be sorry to worry her for it, poor thing, for she's in great trouble now."

"And can you not tell me where I can find her?" said Ruth.

"Well, ma'am, as you're her sister, I can," was the reply. "If you take the second turning to the right, and the first to the left, you will find her at

No. 15, Mrs. Thornton's; you can't miss it, it ain't five minutes walk from here."

Ruth thanked the woman for her information, and again entered the cab. The first street into which they turned was mean and poverty stricken enough, but it was respectable compared with the one in which Charity lodged. The house itself was a miserable looking little green-grocer's shop; in fact, so squalid was it, that had the name of Thornton not been over the door, Ruth would have believed she had wholly mistaken the woman's instructions. On inquiring whether Mrs. Morecombe lived there, Ruth was answered in the affirmative, and was requested to walk upstairs and she would find Mrs. Morecombe on the first floor. Ruth, having dismissed the cabman, made her way, with difficulty, up the narrow staircase, leaving her trunk in the shop. As Ruth reached the door the eldest child sprang into her arms, and Charity turned round to ascertain what had made the child run from her side, and recognised Ruth. Uttering a pleased, though subdued exclamation of surprise, she rushed forward, and in a moment the sisters were in each other's arms. For some minutes emotion kept both silent. As soon as they had recovered a little, Charity said,

"How kind it is of you, dear Ruth, to come up! Oh! how earnestly I have wished to see you. We were turned out of our house yesterday, and I was going to write to-day, to tell you where to find us. How did you find us out?"

Ruth told her of her meeting with the milk-woman.

"You must have been very much surprised, dear Ruth," said Charity, "to find that we had moved, but, thank God, you are here now."

"But what has occurred to oblige you to quit your house?"

"It is a long story, Ruth, and a sad one. An execution for arrears of rent was put in yesterday, and the landlord insisted on our leaving the house immediately. Fortunately, Mrs. Thornton had pity on us, and has taken us in. If it had not been for her kindness, my poor children and myself would not have had a roof over our heads last night."

"But what right had he to turn you out of the house in that manner?" inquired Ruth; "surely that cannot be law."

"We had no one to protect us," said Charity; "and I could do nothing, for he threatened to send for the police, if I did not leave the house."

"But where is Mr. Morecombe," said Ruth, "that he has left you at such a moment?"

Charity looked in her sister's face, and her eyes filled with tears, but she remained silent. Ruth did not press the question, but contented herself with asking how they had fallen into such poverty.

"From the letters he wrote to my father," she said, "we all thought he was rapidly making a fortune."

"Ruth," said Charity, "I do not wish to speak against my husband if I can help it, but I am sorry to say that all he has written of his success in business was untrue."

"Why, then, did you not write to inform us of the real state of the case?"

"Because I was not aware of it myself," said Charity. "Mr. Morecombe was always most reserved to me about his affairs. True, we had lately been subject to a great deal of privation, but I thought it was only occasioned by temporary circumstances, or——"

Here she stopped, and looked imploringly in her sister's face.

Ruth was for a moment silent. She looked at the pallid faces of Charity and her children, and easily saw the truth of her sister's statement. Presently she said,

"But what do you intend doing, Charity? You cannot stay in this miserable place, kind though the people may have been to you."

"What can I do?" was the answer. "I have not a shilling, or even a penny in the world. Besides, they would not allow us to take anything from the house, so I have nothing to sell to procure food. The poor children have had no breakfast to-day."

Fortunately, Ruth, being naturally very economical, had been able to bring with her several pounds of her savings. She now ceased to ask any more questions, but quickly descended the stairs, and speedily returned again, having purchased some food. In a short time the breakfast was laid, and during the meal, the sisters, as if by mutual consent, abstained from speaking on family matters. When they had finished, Ruth addressed her sister:

"Now, dear Charity, I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but you must relate all that has occurred, that I may assist you, and that I may tell my father what it may be necessary for him to know. What has so suddenly ruined Mr. Morecombe?"

"I am afraid," said Charity, sorrowfully, "his ruin has not been sudden."

"Do you mean to say that the accounts he has been sending to my father, up to the last moment, have been false?"

"I am afraid it is too true," said Charity. "As I said before, I knew nothing of his affairs, not even of the letters you say he sent to my father. I only judge from the frequent applications I have had for some time past for money owing by Mr. Morecombe."

"Why did they not apply at his office?" said Ruth.

"I cannot tell, though I suspect that has been given up for some time."

"Why then," said Ruth, indignantly, "does he not come forward and meet his creditors openly, instead of keeping out of their way, and allowing his wife to be persecuted for his debts?"

Charity was silent.

"Where is he just now?" inquired Ruth.

Charity made no reply, but looked sorrowfully at her sister.

"You surely do not mean to say, Charity," said Ruth, now getting terribly alarmed, "that he has deserted you?"

"Worse than that, dear Ruth—far worse," said Charity, her eyes again filling with tears.

"Charity, explain yourself: this suspense is insupportable."

"Ruth," said Charity, "he is now in prison."

"And what for?" said Ruth. "Has he committed any act of dishonesty?"

"Worse, Ruth," replied Charity, now bursting into tears. "He is accused of having a wife living when he married me."

Ruth was so overwhelmed that she was on the point of fainting. Her sister, alarmed at her appearance, brought some water and bathed her temples. By degrees Ruth recovered a little, and attempted to ask Charity for further explanation, but it was some time before she succeeded. At last she was informed that Mr. Morecombe had been arrested about a week before on a charge of bigamy, which his first wife's relations were prosecuting against him in the Police Court; and that he had been committed for trial.

"I was afraid, Ruth, that you might have seen an account of it in the papers at the Red House; and, if so, I am sure it would have broken my poor father's heart."

"He must know of it, dear," said Ruth, sorrowfully; "but how we shall break it to him and my poor mother, I know not! But," she continued, "can Mr. Morecombe make no defence? It is impossible it can be true."

"I do not know, dear, what he intends doing. I have not heard one word directly from him since he was arrested."

"But do you not know the name of the magistrate before whom he was taken?"

"I do not, dear; but I heard that it was the Westminster Police Court, and that he is now in Tothill-fields Prison."

"How did you ascertain that?"

"From a newspaper which was left at our house."

"And you have not made any further inquiries about him?" said Ruth, astonished.

Her sister was silent for a moment, and then admitted that, on finding he was committed for trial, she had written to ask him if she might come and see him: but he had sent back word, that he did not wish to see her, or any one belonging to her.

"What shall we do?" said Ruth, utterly bewildered.

"I am sure I do not know, dear Ruth; I am completely broken down, and can think of nothing."

Ruth rose from her chair, and for some moments walked to and fro in the little room, without saying a word, the two children looking at her the while, with wonder. Suddenly she stopped.

"Charity, dear," she said, coming up to her sister, and kissing her affectionately, "this is the time for action, not for despair: we must be up and doing. In the first place, you must leave this house, and I will go at once and take a respectable lodging for you; after that, we will consult what steps we had better take."

Ruth now left her sister, and although a stranger in the place, she soon succeeded in finding rooms in a respectable house, to which Charity and her children removed, after settling with kind-hearted Mrs. Thornton. As soon as they were established in the new lodging, Ruth began to devise some plan of action, for her sister seemed to be unable to arrange her thoughts on any subject. The first thing to be discovered was whether Mr. Morecombe was really guilty of the charge, and to learn the real state of his affairs. The very fact of an execution for rent having being put in the house, and Charity and her children turned into the streets, besides the frequent applications made by Mr. Morecombe's creditors for money, seemed to prove that matters were in a most deplorable state. Still Ruth hoped on against hope that the case was not, perhaps, so bad as it appeared to be; and she determined to investigate matters as far as she could. But how to carry this out was a very difficult point. Presently she remembered the name of the solicitor who had formerly acted for her father, although she knew there had been no communication between them for some time past. To this gentleman she determined to apply for assistance, if she was unable to obtain the information by other means. She resolved first to call at Mr. Morecombe's office in the City, and find out whether Charity had been rightly informed as to his having given it up.

Ruth accordingly left the house, and taking a cab, drove to the office in the City. Having dismissed the driver, she inquired whether Mr. Morecombe had still an office there. She was informed that he had formerly rented a room in the house, which he had used as an office, but that it had been given up for more than a year, and that any letters for him were immediately forwarded to his house in Islington. Ruth now went to the house of the solicitor, and fortunately found him at home. She candidly informed him of the object of her visit, and implored him to give her what information he could.

"My dear lady," he said, "I would willingly assist you if I had it in my power, but beyond common report I am sorry to say I know little about his affairs. He has always avoided me, and from what I have heard of him, since his marriage with your sister, I have had very little desire to make his acquaintance."

"But in the first place," said Ruth, "can you tell me if there is any truth in the dreadful accusation brought against him?"

"All I know is from the newspaper reports, and from these, I fear there is very little chance of his escaping a verdict of guilty."

"What shall we do!" exclaimed Ruth in despair. "Have you heard anything of his private affairs?" she continued, addressing the solicitor.

"I am sorry to say, I have, and that from the evidence of one of my own clients, who has suffered by him. I will not disguise the truth from you," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "the

fellow is a thorough-paced scoundrel. I sincerely trust he has not drawn your father into any transaction with him?"

"I am sorry to say that he has, to a very considerable amount," said Ruth.

There was now a silence of some moments, which was broken by Ruth:

"There is but one course I can think of at present," she said, "and that is to see Mr. Morecombe himself, and get from him, if possible, the truth, both as to the state of his affairs and his alleged former marriage. Can you tell me if there would be any difficulty in my seeing him?"

"I should think not," was the reply. "Leave me your address, and I will send my clerk to make inquiries, and will forward a letter to you this evening, informing you what steps you ought to take to procure an interview with Mr. Morecombe in prison; and if I can be of any further use to you, pray command me."

Ruth, with many expressions of gratitude, now took her leave of the solicitor, and proceeded homewards. The letter informing her what steps to take to see the prisoner, was sent to her in the evening, and Ruth determined on the morrow that she would obtain an interview with Mr. Morecombe.

(To be continued.)

A RIDE THROUGH MONTENEGRO.

In the account of my visit to Cettignè,* I spoke of the hospitality of the Prince, and of my visit to the Bishop. It is only recently that these two offices have been separated. On this point a few words may be necessary. In the days of the Serbian monarchy, of which Montenegro formed a part, the country was governed by a Ban, or governor, who resided at Jablach. At the time of the fatal battle of Kossova (A.D. 1389) this office was held by Balcha, son-in-law of Lazar, the knes or king of Serbia; and when the independence of Serbia was lost on that disastrous field, the Montenegrin Ban was able to maintain the cause of freedom in the recesses of the Black Mountains, and there became an independent prince. The government of the principality remained in the family of this Prince until nearly the end of the fifteenth century, when, dispirited by the necessity of constant hostility against the whole force of the Turkish Sultans, then at the height of their power, George Tschernovitch abandoned his country, retired to Italy and died there. When he quitted the country, though the people had been able to maintain their independence, yet the limits of Montenegro had been greatly circumscribed, and its inhabitants had been driven from the sea-coasts and from the rich plains lying beyond the present frontier of the principality. Jablach was now no longer a safe residence for the court, and its nearness to the Turkish frontier had compelled Ivan, the father of George Tschernovitch, to remove to the more inaccessible post of Cettignè. On the flight or abdication of the latter Prince, the people rallied around their bishop, who refused to quit them, and he became henceforth their counsellor and ruler both in ecclesiastical and in secular matters. The country, thus deserted by its prince and by many of the chief families, became a prey to anarchy. Out of heart at the prospect of subjection to the Turks, many of the Montenegrins apostatised. Mahommedans now settled in several parts of the country, and Turkish armies swept over the whole principality in their march to and from Bosnia and Albania. This state of things lasted for about two hundred years, and the country seemed on the point of becoming subject to Turkey, when, at the beginning of the last century, an act of atrocity perpetrated upon their bishop roused the people from the lethargy into which they had sunk.

Daniel, or Danilo Petrovitch, born at Negush, had been chosen by the people as their bishop in 1697, and had been consecrated to that office soon after by the Serbian bishops in Slavonia. Having been invited by Demir Pasha to Podgaritza, in order to consecrate a church for the use of the Christians in that part of Albania, he was treacherously seized and was pressed to embrace Mahommedanism. On his refusal he was tortured and chained to a large piece of timber, which he was compelled to drag along the road from Podgaritza to Spush. At a heavy sum he was ransomed by his people. On his release the Montenegrins resolved to rid themselves of the presence of their oppressors. A general massacre of the Mahommedans, the native apostates, and the Turkish settlers, followed, and Montenegro became free, and Danilo its Prince-bishop. As the bishops throughout the Eastern Church, of which this bishopric is a portion, are chosen from the unmarried clergy, the succession to the chief power could not devolve in the same manner as in strictly secular monarchies, from father to son. In order, however, to escape from the evils of popular election, the bishop was authorised to nominate his successor, who was consecrated as the next bishop, and succeeded to the supreme power. This mode of government continued until the death of Peter the Second, who nominated as his successor his nephew, Danilo Petrovitch, then at Vienna. The young Prince-bishop elect, who was then but just of age—perhaps from some sense of unfitness for the sacred duties of his office, but certainly after having fallen in love at Trieste with a young Serbian lady of that city—had influence enough to put an end to this combination, and succeeded to the secular authority only. Prince

* See p. 57. of this volume.

Danilo was one of the most remarkable men of his time, and during the short period of his rule wrought wonders in the civilisation of his subjects. On his death, by assassination at Cattaro in 1860, the Princess Darinka, his widow, being left with only an infant daughter—the Princess Olga—proclaimed the present Prince, the nephew of her husband, as his successor, and thus avoided the evils of a disputed succession. Thus much in order to put the reader in possession of the leading events of Montenegrin history, and to make some of the references in my narrative intelligible.

As the great heat at the time of my visit to Montenegro rendered travelling in the middle of the day unsafe, it was late in the afternoon before I left Cettignè, in company with M. Vaclick, and attended by four or five of the Prince's guards. Our road on this occasion lay over the southern heights of the circle of rocks by which this city is surrounded, the way being for the most part of the same rough description as that which I had encountered the day before. Indeed, until Montenegro is free from the danger of Turkish inroads, which now occur every six or seven years, it would be the height of imprudence to make the roads at all easier for travellers. As the journey had not commenced until it was almost evening, and the twilight is short in this latitude, night overtook us with half our journey to accomplish, and although the moon was almost full, yet the depth of our descent after we had reached the ridge of the mountain, and the direction in which we were going, soon deprived us of any advantage from the moon. Could I have seen the road, I should have thought it necessary to go with caution; as I could not see the way, I had to trust to the sagacity of my horse. As, however, we stumbled over the stones which lay in our path, my companions broke the monotony of the journey by their stated amusement of firing off their pistols and rifles, and as my horse, strange to say, seemed unaccustomed to the noise, every shot made him start and plunge over the stones, so that I had some difficulty in keeping my seat, and at length, as the descent grew more abrupt, I was forced to dismount, and continue the rest of my journey on foot. In this way, by nine o'clock we had scrambled to Rjeka, which lies on the river of the same name, and were glad to find beds for the night in a small, half-furnished house of the Prince.

Next morning I rose early, in order to explore the town and neighbourhood. Rjeka is a small town, or as we should say, village, consisting for the most part of a row of houses built on the margin of the river which sweeps in a semicircle at this spot. The houses are some of them of the unwonted height of two storeys. A small bazaar and market-place lie behind the houses which front the river. Most of the embroidery work for the dress of the Montenegrins is done in this place, and the handsome features of the women here show what, but for early toil, the whole female population of the Black Mountains would be. Close to my lodging, in a kind of loggia on the ground, a man was busy in making leather girdles, and decorating them with large red cornelians. This place is the chief market in the principality for muslin, linen, cloth, and articles of dress. In a piece of low meadow-ground which skirts the river, and which can easily be laid under water, I passed in my morning walk two fields of rice, the property of Mirko, the father of the Prince. This is an experimental crop, which has only been introduced during the last few months. Higher up among the hills, a few days after, I passed another experimental crop—that of coffee. How far these two articles can be reared in Montenegro is as yet doubtful. Rice may probably succeed, but I should think it unlikely that the coffee-plant would flourish here. The attempt will show, however, that this people are alive to the necessity of introducing such new articles of commerce as can be reared on their rocky soil. I found on the opposite side of the river a small arsenal, chiefly used for the repair of the fire-arms of which every one in Montenegro possesses some specimen or other. On the heights above this manufactory I visited a church, remarkable as the only one to be found in the whole country with external transepts. At least I was told that this was so, and my own subsequent experience confirms this account. As the Montenegrin people are regular in their attendance at church, every village and small cluster of houses has its church, served by a priest, who has only a nominal stipend, and who supports himself and family, like the members of his flock, by agriculture. He has a house and small glebe, and is undistinguished by dress from the rest of the people. Indeed, were it not for the beard, which is worn exclusively by the priests, it would not be possible to distinguish between the clergy and laity of Montenegro. Close to the church at Rjeka is a school, maintained by Mirko, and on one side of the churchyard are some traces of the foundations of an ancient printing-office, destroyed long since during one of the forays of the Turks. At this town, and in this printing-office, the first book in the Slavonic language was printed, so that Rjeka is in this way the cradle of the literature of Russia, of Serbia, and of a large part of Austria. A copy of this book, the *Osmo Glasnik*, is in the library of Prince Nicholas. It was printed in 7001, of the Greek era, corresponding to A.D. 1493.

The river at this place is spanned by a bridge of three arches, built by Prince Danilo, which having been destroyed about five years ago by the Turks, has lately been rebuilt by Prince Nicholas. In its general aspect Rjeka recalls the memory of one of the smaller Dalmatian sea-coast towns. Having taken coffee, we set off about six o'clock for our journey to the southern frontier, our horses having being despatched by a road over the mountain, with directions to the men in charge to meet us at Jablach. As I left the house I saw a man drawing up his eel lines, and with them a magnificent eel of nearly a yard in length. The Rjeka, like most of the rivers

in Montenegro, abounds in fish. Having walked down the banks of the river, which is here fringed with the Raketa (*Salix caprea*, Linn.), gay with purple clusters of flowers, pomegranate bushes, with here and there a scarlet blossom, and fig-trees laden with their second crop of figs, we hired a boat in which we were to make the rest of our journey. The river here presented a more animated spectacle than usual, as the boats engaged in the trade between Skodra and Rjeka were taking in or discharging their cargoes of salt, wheat, fish, and dyewood. The river, however, soon grew solitary, and resembled a Highland river, except in the character of the vegetation on its banks, and in its greater breadth—widening into lake-like reaches, which seemed shut in on all sides by the grey sterile rocks rising immediately from its bed. The effect, however, of the breadth of the river is lost in consequence of the fields of rushes and water lilies, white and yellow, which cover the whole surface of the water except in the centre of the stream. These furnish a cover for gulls and other aquatic birds, and shelter numerous families of coots and water-hens. At the top of the hills on either side we frequently caught sight of earthworks—or rather breastworks, for earth there is none—thrown up by the Montenegrins in the late campaign, to arrest the advance of the Turks; and as we passed the mouth of the ravines which open upon the river, we had glimpses of white gabled cottages peeping out of clusters of fig-trees, and rising above the hedges of pomegranates, and of olives which surrounded them. Thus, with Serbian songs from our boatmen and attendants, especially the favourite one which answers to our "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," we dropped down the Rjeka, our attendants occasionally trying their skill by firing upon the water-hens, storks, and other birds which darted out of the covert of rushes, or rose from the margin of the river; and, truth compels me to add, almost invariably missing the object fired at. Indeed, the Montenegrin, from long use, requires a resting-place for his rifle, and leisure for a steady aim. Our sportsmen, who are accustomed to bring down birds when on the wing, would hold him in small esteem. On a little rock at the mouth of the river are clustered a number of fishermen's huts, forming the village of Plotcha, near which are found beds of good anthracite coal. The scoranza are taken in large quantities just below this village. These fish leave the lake of Skodra, and make their way up the Rjeka in September, when the fishery is formally commenced, the Prince and his Court coming to Plotcha to open the fishing-season with appropriate ceremonies. These fish are cured at this place, and are then exported to Albania, and other parts of Turkey, to Dalmatia, and even to Italy.

Passing out of the Rjeka, we entered the Karatuna and next arrived at Jablach, where we were joined by our attendants with the horses, and after a breakfast *al fresco* by the border of the river, we pulled down a little lower, landed at the frontier Turkish post, and waited on the commandant. By this time I was thoroughly exhausted and felt the full effects of my long day on the Lovchen, my evening ride and walk to Rjeka, and my early ramble round that village; so that I had hardly seated myself in the divan, and had received the congratulation of the Turkish Major who commanded the garrison, than I fell fast asleep, I imagine, to the astonishment of my host. However, he showed no signs of surprise, or if he did, he had recovered from them when, after a good half-hour's sleep, I awoke. Then came coffee and cigars—the latter I was allowed to decline—and when these were finished the attendants brought to us trays of melons, a fragrant yellow one and the common pink water-melon, which, cut up in square pieces, were very refreshing. Then, after hand-washing and another cup of coffee, we departed. The fortifications of this fort have been twice destroyed by the Montenegrins in recent wars, but have been lately repaired and considerably strengthened. We left this place at about half-past ten, under a blazing sun, and had to cross an arid Albanian plain without shade of any sort. The southern frontier of Montenegro makes a considerable bend inward, so that to go from one part of Montenegro to another on this frontier, the shortest road is to cross this part of Albania. After going through a field or two of maize, we rode along the banks of the Zievna, which we forded, and somewhat lower down crossed the Moratcha in the same way, disturbing large flocks of wild pigeons on the road. On this plain we passed many traces of the ancient occupants, patches of old roads ruined by neglect, fragments of Roman fountains and the hollows of half-filled wells. One or two remarkable bridges built by these masters of the old world are still used for traffic. As the Wednesday market was closing in the frontier-town, where we intended to rest for the night, the road, or rather track across the plain swarmed with passengers. We passed one or two hareems, groups of Serbian and Albanian peasants driving mules, and horses laden with wood, roughly made furniture, vegetables, and other commodities, with occasionally some Bashi-bazouks and soldiers of the regular army. The arid and wholly uncultivated plain is utterly barren except for the tufts of wild thyme, which are found in great profusion, and which, bruised by the feet of our horses, scented the air on all sides. As we rode along we saw great numbers of swallows on the wing, and large tortoises lazily crawling about amongst the stones.

At Podgaritza, the Turkish town on the frontier, we stayed for the night. This place is a flourishing town, with a good market attended by buyers and sellers from the whole of Montenegro, from the Herzegovina, and from all parts of Albania down at least as far as Skodra. This is the market, the day for holding which Prince Nicholas had lately succeeded in changing from Sunday to Wednesday. The town lies on the little river Ribnetza—or fish river, as its name means—which falls into the Moratcha at this point. It was of old the seat of the

powerful family of the Nemyana, which gave several kings to Serbia in the early days of the Serbian monarchy. As we approached the town the first object that caught our eye was the square tower, seemingly of a church, which rises far above everything else in the town. We found, however, on getting nearer that this was merely a watch-tower, apparently of Venetian work, standing alone like a Belgian belfry, or an Italian campanile; for, though minarets rise on all sides in this town, the Christian inhabitants are not allowed to have a church within the town itself, but are compelled to go about a mile and a half outside the town for worship. These Christians compose about a third of the population; formerly, and indeed in recent times, independently of those who lived in the town, there was a large Turkish population in the suburbs, but the whole of these have disappeared. In this particular, the town resembles most others in European Turkey. The Turkish quarter is one of utter decay; a large ruined citadel with extensive outworks crowns the heights on one side of the town, ruins of ancient baths and mills rise amid the poplars which fringe the north bank of the river: the Turkish houses are mostly ruins, the mosques and minarets are tumbling down from long neglect, and even the latticed windows of the hareems are dropping into the streets. On the other hand, in the Christian quarter the traveller sees new houses rising and others in course of repair or enlargement. In a narrow street we passed through a small shop, and having wended our way through a dark kitchen and darker brewery—or at least a place where something was being distilled—we crossed a small garden of some five-and-twenty feet, and found a new and spacious house building for the proprietor in the rear of his shop. On going over the half-finished building I was struck with the unnatural smallness and lowness of the windows; and on making inquiry into the cause I was informed that no Christian is allowed to have other than small and low windows, lest he should chance to overlook the garden of some Turkish neighbour. Here, at Nisch on the other side of Serbia, and in the other Turkish towns which I visited in the course of my present holiday journey, I noticed one unvarying circumstance. A Turk never repairs, at least I never saw a Turkish house in even decent repair. So that, judging from my own experience, if a traveller sees fresh mortar on a building, or any improvements going on, the enlargement of a house in progress, or even fresh paint being applied, he may be sure that the tenant is a Christian.

The fragments of Latin inscriptions, pieces of sculptured marble, bits of architraves, door-posts, and fractured carvings of classical design built into the walls of the houses in various parts of the town, indicate the neighbourhood of a Roman station—many of these fragments having most probably been brought from Dioclea, about half-a-dozen miles off. But as night was fast closing round us, we did not spend much time in examining these remains. Threading our way through the town, we reached a khan much frequented by the Montenegrins, where we were to rest for the night. We found everything in disorder—the front was being rebuilt, the apartments in the rear were being enlarged, and we had to ride over mounds of rubbish and to avoid piles of timber and new doors and rafters as well as we could. The front of the khan, which opened upon the main street, was used for a wine store and restaurant. The apartment for the use of travellers was immediately behind. The basement consisted of stables for horses; and store-cellars for goods: above these were the sleeping-apartments, entered from a gallery which ran round the building. Our room consisted, of course, of nothing save bare walls; but in deference to my necessities, or prejudices, a table and chairs were brought, and a piece of matting was spread upon the floor. On this matting we laid the rugs we had brought, and our beds were complete. The night was very warm, and we slept with the window and door open, placing the chairs at the door as a kind of barrier, whilst in front of these, in the open gallery, our attendants stretched themselves in all attitudes, and were soon in the land of dreams. For myself, the hard bed, or rather the floor, the howl of dogs under the window of our room, and the melancholy music of a small Turkish force which was under canvas close to the town, combined to prevent me from falling asleep until a late hour.

In the morning, before leaving Podgaritza, we waited on the Turkish authorities, and examined the ruins which compose a large part of the town. In doing this, *apropos* of nothing except my Frankish costume, a fanatic in one of the streets hurled a large stone at me, which providentially merely struck me on the wrist of my left hand, causing me pain and inconvenience for a time, but nothing more. At ten o'clock, later by four hours than we ought to have set out, we left Podgaritza, and a ride of about three-quarters of an hour along the banks of the Moratcha brought us to the point where that river receives the waters of the Zeta. On our way along the banks of the Moratcha we passed a beautiful Roman bridge; and as we came near to the ford where we were to cross the river we had to make our way over small mounds of rubbish and heaps of ruins, in which we could still trace the hands of the masters of the old world; and on reaching the opposite bank we stood at once amidst the ruins of Dioclea, an important station of the Romans in the time of the Emperors, and the reputed birth-place of the Emperor Diocletian. The whole plain through which the Moratcha has eaten a channel is composed of conglomerate, singularly coarse; so coarse, indeed, that at first sight it is difficult to decide whether the masses of pebble on the banks are the foundations of Roman buildings or the formation of nature. It is evident from the character of the ruins, as well as from records, that Dioclea was for many years a place of great importance, not only in classical times but far down into the period of the Serbian monarchy. At present it con-

sists of ruins only and of half-a-dozen cottages standing in the midst of vineyards and maize-grounds, which occupy the site of the imperial palace and the spacious basilica. Inscriptions and fragments of marble walls are found in great plenty, and some beautiful sculptured stones in a vault below the surface indicate the place of burial of the notabilities of this city. The bulk, however, of the marble which once covered the walls of the imperial residence has gone to a neighbouring cemetery. Here may be seen fragments of fluted columns cut into the requisite size and laid as tombstones. The covers and the bottoms of ancient stone coffins have been taken for the same purpose. Fine fragments of marble friezes, pagan altars, and in one place a magnificently carved console, serve the same purpose. The church round which the cemetery was first formed has for ages been in ruins; the churchyard, however, remains a favourite place for the burial of the villagers in the neighbourhood. These ruins deserve a careful examination. I regret that fatigue, exposure, and the great heat combined to bring on so sharp an attack of fever, that I was unable to explore the ruins as fully as I desired; although the Prince had placed a labourer at my disposal to assist in excavating any part which seemed promising. The remains of the old city stand at the junction of the Zeta with the Moratcha, on a site of an irregular triangular form, having the Zeta on the south-west and the Moratcha on the south-east, and a rivulet—the Siralija—on the north-west. To the north of the city is the old Roman cemetery, and to the east the burial-place of Rogame, still used by the Montenegrins. The great gate of the city is on the north side; the defences which remain along the whole extent of the ancient city, consist of a massive wall, strengthened at short intervals by square towers, the site being surrounded by a broad fosse on three sides. The two rivers which flow along the southern face of the city have eaten for themselves a course so far below the plain on which Dioclea stands that they add considerably to the strength of the fortifications. From the time of its Roman builders down to the fourteenth century the name of the city repeatedly occurs in the annals of the Greek and Bulgarian wars. It was the seat, for a time, of an archbishop. In 1199 a synod was held here; and it is frequently mentioned as the residence of one or another of the ancient kings of Serbia. Coins, medals, terra cotta seals, and intaglios are often dug up in and around the ruins. Prince Nicholas has a small collection of Roman imperial coins of silver mostly found here, and I bought from a peasant more than a hundred and fifty coins, the chief part only of late brass, but some were in very good preservation; I also brought home with me a large intaglio of early Greek work in chalcedony from the same remains.

Fatigued by the journey the day before, and by the excessive heat from which I had suffered in my ride across the Albanian plain, I had just fallen into a sound sleep under my tent, when I was awakened by a confused noise of shrieks and laughter and the drone of the gusle and the bagpipe, accompanied by vocal music. Looking out, I found that all the villagers had assembled and, under the light of a most brilliant moon, were taking their turns in the dance. As this dance had been "got up" in honour of my arrival, I thought it my duty to dress again and come out of my tent. The Montenegrin dance almost exactly resembles the old Highland reel. Two, or at the most four, dancers throw themselves into the circle, and dance with a might which says much for simple living and pure mountain air. The dancing was so energetic that each couple soon gave place to fresh and untired performers. One girl, however, the belle of the village, stamped and shrieked and threw about her arms and waved her handkerchief with a challenge to all comers for a couple of hours or more, seemingly without being conscious of fatigue. Before the dance was over I crept back again to bed. Next day I was unable to move from under my tent, or to eat or drink anything except the new milk and fresh ripe grapes which the kind villagers brought me without stint. When, however, the sun had almost set, and I was able to mount my horse and had ridden a mile or so up the sides of the mountains which rise almost immediately to the north of Dioclea, I wondrously revived, and felt nothing more of the fever.

About an hour after dark I reached the small monastery of Chelja, where I found shelter for the night. Next morning I was able to look around and examine the monastery itself. The Church and the half-a-dozen rooms which make up the monastery are situated on a small plateau of ground overlooking the Turkish territory near Spush. It has only one monk, who is thus at the same time Hegumon and simple monk, and has to enforce and obey his own rule. In a small apartment—a part of the belfry—however, I was introduced to an old bed-ridden monk, who has been blind for the last ten years, and has found an asylum at this place. Like everything else near the Turkish frontier, the outer walls of the monastery, the walls of the church within, and even the walls of all the apartments, are loopholed for defence. The church, as an inscription over the west door informs the visitor, was restored in 1848. In the choir is the coffin of a Montenegrin saint—one Stephen, who, flying from the persecutions of the Mahommedans in the Herzegovina, lived a saintly life at this place towards the end of the seventeenth century. On his death the people near built a church to perpetuate his memory, and canonized him, as it were, by acclamation. This is the case with most of the Montenegrin Saints, whose names will not be found in any Calendar save that popular one by means of which the people themselves retain the names of those who were revered for the holiness of their lives and for their works of mercy. The church is remarkable for a low stone synthronus behind the altar—the only one which I saw in Montenegro.

We left the monastery early, and rode along the slope of the mountain, over an interesting country, through villages almost hidden by hedges of fig and pomegranate—neither ripe, however, though the boughs were laden with abundant fruit. About noon we arrived at another monastery, in which is one monk. The monasteries indeed throughout Montenegro, with perhaps two exceptions—I am not sure that there are any exceptions—are but parish churches, served by unmarried priests. These priests, in addition to the care of the people within a certain district or parish, undertake the education of one or more lads, who are at the same time their pupils and assistants. The utter decay of the old monastic system of these countries is evident both in Serbia and in Montenegro. This arises from the disinclination of the people for the monastic life—a disinclination which will end in extinguishing the last vestiges of monachism in these countries before many years are over. The church, where we arrived at mid-day, was loopholed like the one in the monastery at which we had slept the night before. That the need for this still existed was evident from the person of the monk who had charge of it. The tombs around this church had been destroyed by the Turks in the last war, and the bodies of the dead torn up and dismembered. As soon as the Turks had retired, the remains of the dead, however, were collected as well as possible, and the tombs had just been restored as nearly as could be to their former state. This monk had been severely wounded in defending his church, and showed me the marks caused by the shots which had gone through his arms and body.

Having dined and refreshed ourselves with a siesta, we started in the early evening along the banks of the Zeta, for Ostrug, our sleeping-place for the night. On our way to this place we crossed a fine bridge of Roman or early Serbian work. Another bridge—the Hadzin Most, or pilgrim's bridge—which spans an arm of the Zeta, is a remarkable structure of one arch, and so lofty that most of the company preferred to ride down the banks of the stream and scramble across its bed instead of passing over the bridge. Soon after crossing this bridge we began to mount the heights, near the top of which the monastery is situated. The night was a fine moonlight one, so that the horses were able to pick their way easily over the stones and through two or three foaming mountain torrents which crossed our path. About nine o'clock we reached our destination. The monastery of lower Ostrug—for there is a higher and lower Ostrug—is perched on a small plateau formed by the falling of a portion of the mountain behind it. Two or three immense boulders, resembling the bastions of a regular fortification, lie in front of the monastic buildings, and shut out the sight of them from below. There, wedged between two of these boulders, one of which has been converted into a small garden and the earth which has accumulated in the crevices of its top planted with kitchen-vegetables, stands the little church dedicated to the Holy Trinity, rebuilt in 1840, after being partially destroyed by the Turks; the apartments of the monks lie on the one side of this church, and on the other are the storehouse and rooms for the monastic servants. At some distance from the monastic buildings the Prince has lately erected a long suite of rooms for the use of the pilgrims who on Trinity Sunday come in great numbers to Ostrug. Outside the gate of the monastery is another church—that of St. George—built in 1799; this, however, is seldom used: it seems to be the parochial church of the district, as distinguished from the monastic one.

Ostrug the higher, to which we climbed on Sunday morning, is scooped out of the face of the rock just below its summit. It is what we should call a hermitage rather than a monastery, except for the circumstance that the solitary monk who inhabits it solaces himself by descending at times to enjoy the company of his brethren below. The present monk has occupied his post for sixteen years, and during that time has been a rigid vegetarian, eating no meat, eggs, fish, or milk, but only garden produce. In the narrow dingy cell of this monk we found a few Slavonic manuscripts, and some early printed books from the press at Keiff. The small and singular chapel in which the services of the Orthodox Church are sung daily, is a cavern in the live rock, with a lean-to roof of wooden slabs, under which it is just possible to stand upright. Its shape is as singular as everything else in the hermitage. The altar, placed on a natural shelf in the rock, stands north-east. Adjoining the chapel is the powder magazine belonging to the district. A spring gushing from the rock in this out-of-the-way place affords an unfailing supply of water. A little garden of herbs, which is only accessible from this hermitage, supplies the hermit-monk with the necessary food. A loopholed wall, two or three rifles, besides piles of stones, conveniently placed for hurling on the heads of any intruders, make the place impregnable, whilst the garden and spring of water save it from the dangers of a blockade. It is said never to have been entered except for a short time during the last war. Mirko held this post with half-a-dozen men, and for eight days the cannon of the Turkish army played from the heights opposite upon the living walls of this monastic fortress. Three or four assaults were easily repelled, with great loss to the assailants, when Mirko withdrew without molestation in the face of thousands of hostile troops, who entered it after he had retired.

The chapel of upper Ostrug was hollowed out—I can hardly say built—by St. Basil, to whose memory it is dedicated, and was re-edified in 1774. His body, enclosed in a coffin, rests in the little choir of this miniature chapel. This St. Basil is not either of the theologians of that name, but a less distinguished local saint, formerly Metropolitan of the Herzegovina, who, tired out by the persecution of the Turks, took shelter in Montenegro somewhen in

the seventeenth century, and made this almost inaccessible spot his retreat. Here he died, and the little chapel or hermitage-monastery of upper Ostrug arose to his memory soon after. His shrine, and indeed the two monasteries of upper and lower Ostrug, are held in such veneration that it is said that sometimes as many as 20,000 pilgrims climb the heights and visit the churches there. These come from Bosnia, Albania, and the Herzegovina, as well as from all parts of Montenegro, and their great happiness is to be able to carry off little chippings of the rock for amulets. It is singular that the veneration for St. Basil is by no means confined to the Christians. The Bosnian Mahommedans esteem his shrine quite as highly as their Christian neighbours, and come, in sickness and distress, to pray before the coffin of the saint and to entreat the prayers of St. Basil for themselves, their family, or friends. The tenacity with which the Bosnians, who were compelled to embrace Mahommedanism, cling to these and other observances of their old creed distinguish them from the rest of the worshippers of the false prophet. On the Sunday that I spent at Ostrug, I found two sick persons who had been brought and placed in the shadow of the church in the hope of recovery. I trust their simple faith was rewarded. The annual offerings of the pilgrims is the chief source of revenue to these two monasteries, but in addition to these they possess some landed property in the neighbourhood of Dioclea, which is let out to tenants who return one-third of the produce by way of rent. A school is about to be built near this monastery for the use of the surrounding villages.

Three or four miles' ride from Ostrug brought us to the northern frontier of Montenegro at Gradatz, and gave me a spectacle which I hope, for the sake of our common humanity, cannot be paralleled in any part of the world. We pulled up our horses at the edge of a precipitous slope, and looked down upon the beautiful plain of Niksich in the Herzegovina, clothed in perennial green and interlaced by two or three small streams of water. To the north this plain is backed by a range of mountains—the true geographical frontier of Montenegro, but at present in the occupation of the Turks. This range was formerly wooded, and even yet remains of noble forests in some parts blacken the slope of the limestone mountains. When we looked at it, however, the whole range was almost concealed by dense clouds of smoke. For eighteen months these mountains have been burning, and the magnificent oaks and beeches which furnished the country around with the choicest timber are now almost wholly destroyed. This has been done by orders from Constantinople, in order to form a sterile frontier, but its effect will be to destroy the plain which lies at the foot of the mountains, and to reduce it to the condition of the arid plains of Albania on the other frontier of Montenegro. But it will do more than even this: it will dry up the tributaries of the Zeta which flow through Montenegro, and render barren much of the scanty territory possessed by these people. Such a flagrant injury to the country of a neighbour is surely contrary to the spirit if not to the letter of the law of nations, and now the Turk has been brought within the pale of civilisation such an act merits our strongest reprobation.

Returning to sleep at the monastery we set out next day for Danilograd, passing through the fertile plain of the Zeta, which river we forded in the course of our journey. The houses are mostly perched on the rocky sides of the mountains rising on either side of this plain. This is partly for defence, partly in order not to encroach upon the too scanty extent of cultivated soil. In our ride we crossed fields of potatoes, maize, melons, vines, tobacco, wheat, oats, barley, and capsicum, hedged with fig and pomegranate trees, with a few mulberry, cherry, pear, peach, cornel, and apple trees, and passed scattered cottages surrounded by gardens of kitchen-vegetables, out of which rose the tall conical hives which supply the Montenegrin peasant with a substitute for sugar. This is said to be almost the only parts of the country in which the plough is in use, the rugged character of Montenegro in general only permitting the use of the spade for turning up the ground. Here and there along this valley were cottages, still roofless, with charred rafters, blackened walls, and broken fences—the tokens of the last invasion by the armies of the Turk; but for the most part these have been restored, and the country when I passed through it was again smiling with the garb of peace.

Towards evening we reached a small hunting-lodge of the Prince, standing on a rising ground overlooking the Zeta. This had been built by Prince Danilo, with the expectation that Danilograd, as the village is called from its founder, might become the capital of the mountain principality, and that it might be possible for the Montenegrin court to leave the sterile plain and almost inaccessible village of Cettigné. The late war, however, showed that this desirable change cannot yet take place. The Turk is too near and the plain of the Zeta too accessible to a hostile army to allow the Prince to abandon the natural fortifications, where for nearly four centuries his predecessors have been compelled to live in order to preserve their independence. I trust, however, that the force of public European opinion may before long compel the Ottoman to respect the rights and liberties of this people more than he has hitherto done. It is no less the interest of Turkey than it is that of Montenegro, that an end should be put to the periodical attempts of the former power to subdue this mountain principality. Within the last three or four years, a circle of forty-eight small fortresses have been built close to the frontier of Montenegro,—to the injury of these people, indeed, but at an expense which the Turkish treasury can but ill afford; and the maintenance of these blockhouses and their garrisons is a perpetual drain upon the resources of the Sultan, which cannot for ever be met by loans on the exchanges of London and Paris.

After a night's rest we rose early, to ride across the mountains to Rjeka. On our way we passed large nursery grounds in which the Prince had planted great numbers of mulberry-trees, to be distributed to the cottars throughout the principality. As a large quantity of silk is annually exported, the growth of this tree is of prime necessity to the Montenegrins. Unfortunately for them, in the late war the soldiers of Omar Pasha singled out these trees for destruction, and wherever the mulberry was found, it was cut down by the Turkish troops, so that it will take years to repair the waste of war in this respect. In our route across the mountain we passed, I regret to say at some distance, a field where the interesting experiment is being made to ascertain whether the coffee-plant can be reared with success in Montenegro.

After about a six hours' ride, not over rough ground, but rather over the top of a rugged limestone rock, we found ourselves in the middle of the little village of Selo-Gradatz—glad to halt, to bait our tired horses and to prepare our own breakfast. We had hardly swept away the crumbs when a smart shower compelled us to take shelter in one of the cottages; and as it may be taken as a fair type of the ordinary residences of small Montenegrin proprietors, it may be well to describe it. The village road was of the same or even of a more rugged character than the mountain-way which we had just been traversing, and the only means of getting along was by leaping from one stone to another—a fatiguing feat, and one which sometimes required care, as the hard limestone—in fact, marble—was polished by use and heated by the sun until it was as smooth as glass. On one side of the road at the entrance of the village was a threshing-floor, raised some ten or twelve feet above the pathway, and resting on large uncemented stones. The space below the floor was used as a store-house for straw and maize stalks. The threshing-floor itself, like all others throughout Montenegro, was well cemented and finished with care, and surrounded by a wall of about two feet in height. A white mulberry-tree in the centre of the road flung its shade over the threshing-floor. On the other side of the way was a wall surrounding cottages. This was also of uncemented stones, flecked with lichens and half covered with blackberry bushes. Inside the wall a pigstye and another mulberry-tree filled up the little court. The house itself was one long apartment, partially divided in the centre by hurdles. It had two doors in front, so that it had the appearance of two small houses instead of one large one, and each end of the house was lighted by a small unglazed window or loophole. Behind, the roof of thatch kept down by means of bands and large stones, rested on the live rock. In front, the wall was of hewn stone, cemented together with care, with here and there a loophole for defence. In the room which I first entered, one or two logs and one wooden chair were all the ostensible seats; others, however, could be extemporised out of the boxes and large stones which lay on the earthen floor. Overhead were a few rafters, not however, intended to support a ceiling, for there was none, but ranged from wall to wall as a convenient means of supplying the place of cupboards. From these rafters hung strings of onions, a ham or two, some salted fish, and two or three curiously coloured sheets of paper, which looked as though they had been used by juvenile artists for their first attempts in water-colour painting. On close inspection, however, I found the paper to be covered with the eggs of the silkworm hung up for hatching. Two or three earthen jars for water, a wooden bicker for milk, a coarse woollen rug, a child's cradle of primitive and uncomfortable construction, a couple of reaping-hooks, a heavy horse-pistol and a rifle, were all visible through the dingy atmosphere. On one of the logs of wood sat a woman nursing her infant, two or three other children crowded behind their mother and peered over her shoulder with awe and astonishment at the strangers. In another part of the room, stretched at full length in a sound sleep, was a girl of some fifteen years, and at her feet lay a young calf in apparently the same state of unconsciousness, whilst a couple of dogs yelped and snarled and contested with the children the right of the occupancy of the floor. Behind the hurdle other members of the family had collected, to watch our movements from a safe distance. This apartment contained the rough boards on which the bedding of the various members of the family could be laid. A mass of rugs and other furniture for beds occupied one corner, and firewood was heaped up in another. On a fire at the end of the apartment was placed a pot, the steam from which announced that preparation for dinner was going on. What else there might be in the room I could not see, as the smoke from the beech logs obscured the room before it escaped by the regular outlets in the roof. Without any request, hospitality, as a right to be freely dispensed, was given us, at least to the extent of shelter, water, fair wholesome wine, and a glass of raki; and so, until the rain had ceased, my companion and myself, with our half-dozen attendants, made ourselves at home. It was just such a picture as Sir Walter Scott has left us of a highland cottage of the last century, or indeed such as several estates in Scotland can show at the present moment. The heaps of maize for man and pig, the mulberry-tree, the fig-branches trailing over the wall, the vine heavy with purple clusters of grapes, and the hedges of pomegranate bushes on fire with scarlet blossoms, were southern, and gave a local colouring to the scene; but apart from these it was easy to imagine oneself in some almost unfrequented spot, at a distance from railways, in the northern part of Great Britain.

Soon after leaving this village we came to the pass in the mountain looking down upon the Rjeka. Though I had gone down this river only two or three days before, I did not recognise it as I looked upon it from above. The fields of aquatic plants,

water-lilies and rushes had now the appearance of meadow-land, and the river was diminished to a mere silvery thread of water winding its way through a mountain gorge. Our ride of two or three miles to Rjeka lay along the side of and half way down the mountain, past small farmsteads, cottages, and tiny villas, over the same kind of rough path as I have already described, with a hedge on one side of fig and pomegranate, powdered and scented with clematis, and on the other a precipitous rock, with breaks at intervals giving us glimpses of bits of sylvan and pastoral scenery. As evening was closing in we reached Rjeka, where I was to pass the night in my old lodgings.

Next morning we traversed the same mountain road lying between this place and Cettignè, which we had passed over at the commencement of our journey. Then, however, it was dark night, now it was broad daylight, and the ride and scenery pleased me much. The country between Cettignè and Rjeka consists of two or three basins, each with an enormous girdle of rocks encircling a beautiful plain at the bottom. In these plains were the fields of cultivated land, belonging to the cottagers and farmers whose houses were for the most part perched halfway up the mountain. After a ride of about five hours we reached Cettignè. Here I rested until about four o'clock on the following day, when, having taken my leave of my kind friends, I set out on my return to Cattaro, with an escort of half-a-dozen men, and accompanied by one of the cousins of the Prince, who was on his way to Ragusa. Night overtook us at the top of the pass looking down upon the sea and the city on its border; and it was not until nine o'clock that we reached the barriers of the city, and after some delay, as the gates were closed, and we were now in Austrian territory and in a land of passports and suspicion, we obtained admission.

My stay in Montenegro had extended to a fortnight — long enough to make myself acquainted with the character of the scenery, to traverse the most interesting portions of these highlands of the Adriatic, and to make me regret the kind friends whom I was to leave behind. Beyond this, it requires but little to understand what are the causes of the poverty of the Montenegrins, and the reasons for their quarrels with the Turks. Montenegro is a chaos of sterile mountains; the plains below have gradually, by treachery or force, been seized by the Turks and reduced to utter barenness. Though the people make good mariners—indeed, the best seamen in the Austrian mercantile navy are of this race—they have no port for the sale of their goods, or by which articles of foreign growth or manufacture can be introduced into their country. The consequence is that they increase on a spot of territory which is narrowed from time to time, and which does not at the present moment grow sufficient food for their sustenance. They are in fact like the people of a large fortified city, living in perpetual blockade. At the foot of the mountains which make the western frontier of their country, are two or three small ports, which properly belong to Montenegro, though held by the Turks with little if any advantage to themselves, but which, if transferred to the people of this principality, would enable the brave mountaineers to find that employment which they now so greatly need. At the time of the Crimean war, Prince Danilo, it is well known, remained at peace with Turkey, although the straits to which that power was then reduced offered a tempting opportunity to the Montenegrin prince. It was believed that the service would have been acknowledged by the cession of a port, but peace was negociated and nothing was done. Indeed, so far from any acknowledgment of the friendly conduct of Prince Danilo being made by Turkey, as soon as peace was secured Omar Pasha was directed to invade Montenegro with a large Turkish army; and the good service rendered by Prince Danilo was returned by the devastation of some of the most fertile portions of the principality—devastations from which they have not yet recovered. Good faith and gratitude, if such a virtue is to be expected in a nation, required a different return. The cession of a port and the yielding the plains which lie at the foot of their mountains to the people of Montenegro, would not only be a measure of strict justice on the part of the Turks, but would also be consistent with the truest policy. The enormous levies of men which are fast depopulating the Turkish empire, are only needed because of the insane idea which holds possession of the Turkish authorities, and their belief that they can yet reduce the people of Serbia and Montenegro to subjection. Were a good understanding come to with these principalities, the armies which now drain the population of the empire and exhaust the treasury of the sultan would be to a great measure stayed.

But I have no intention to wander forth into politics. After a night's rest at Cattaro, next morning, leaving this city at six o'clock, I went on board the Austrian steamer for Trieste, and stopping as usual at Ragusa—long enough to pass two or three pleasant hours with our consul, Mr. Paton, who was amongst the first to direct attention to the people of Montenegro by the publication of his volumes of researches on the Danube and the Adriatic—at Spalato long enough to get a ramble, not only through the city, but some miles into the country—at Sebanico for service on Sunday morning at the Greek church, and at Zara for the afternoon service—I reached Trieste on Tuesday morning. Leaving Trieste on the evening of that day, I passed through some of the most romantic scenery of Styria, and reached Vienna on Wednesday afternoon, arriving there just too late for the train to Paris. I remained in that city until Thursday evening, when I left for England: and passing Passau, Nuremberg, Darmstadt, Mayence, Coblentz, Cologne and Brussels, arrived at Calais on Saturday at noon, and by five o'clock was at my home in London.

WILLIAM DENTON.

DUST HO!

A LADEN dust-cart is neither a picturesque nor an odorous object, but as it drawls along the road with its sluggish driver, reduced like the dyer's hand, to the colour of the material in which he works, we must regard it in an economical point of view, at least, as we would a chrysalis in its first stage of transmutation into a butterfly. "When things are at their worst," says the old adage, "they must take a turn for the better," and what to an ordinary observer can have descended lower in the material scale than the dust-heap? There mundane things seem to have reached the last stage of exhaustion, repulsiveness, and deformity.

Our painters, fond as they are of giving us pictures of still life, have never attempted a dust-heap, and yet nothing is so still as the dust. If a man might be allowed to moralise over such an unsavoury object, the first thing that would strike him would be the painful sense of desolation it exhibits. The absolute repose of the dust, the detritus of all earthly things, the fine grains of nothingness into which the world is day by day being ground down by the action of the elements and man, is in itself impressive enough. But a dust-heap is not all dust: there, for instance, is a rusty cage-like structure, the shattered ribs of which project from the heap—the fact that it is an old crinoline is patent enough, but what a tale it tells of past finery and flaunting pride, of human life in its exultant moments! Then again, we see perhaps an old bonnet, smudged and grimy, still retaining its artificial flowers. It is the contrast between the picture of the adornments of blooming life in the past, and the rotten stillness and desolation into which it has merged, which makes a dust-heap a matter upon which a wise mind may find food for thought.

Perhaps in a small compass, the refuse of our houses, if allowed to remain undisturbed, would afford to future ages a better idea of the domestic belongings, the comforts, and the contrivances, among us at different epochs, than any other physical record we may leave behind us. An example of the value of refuse heaps as records of cotemporary life, was afforded the other day at the exhumation of the Romano-British city of Uriconium. Here a dust-heap, near one of the public baths, was discovered, which assisted in no inconsiderable degree to eke out a picture of semi-civilised British life after the departure of the Romans, sixteen hundred years ago. In this ash-heap were found pieces of Samian ware, keys, chains, slates with the nails still remaining in them, hinges, even children's leaden toys, bodkins, bracelets, and a bottle of eye-salve, with directions for its use stamped upon the seal!

The middens of northern Europe again, are remarkable examples of remnants left to us of ancient life; and in the detritus found beneath the lake habitations of Switzerland, we have records transmitted to us of a period before even the tools were invented which could shape a recording stone. What would antiquaries give if they could find ash-heaps "of the period," ranging back at intervals of five hundred years, through the last three thousand years?

But whilst we have been talking of ash-heaps as valuable records, and moralising over them as Hamlet did over poor Yorick's skull, our dust-cart has got as far as Paddington, where the chrysalis, as we have termed the dust, begins the first of its series of wonderful transmutations—its resurrection from death to life.

Riders on the line of omnibuses which have their terminus at the Royal Oak, whilst passing over the bridge of the Paddington Canal, must have had their curiosity excited by a singular spectacle which may be noticed upon its banks. Here are situated the yards of the great dust contractors of the metropolis, and here from morn till dewy eve, may be seen a busy throng of men and women, who may be counted by hundreds, toiling and moiling with spade, and pick, and sieve, amid heaps of rubbish. At the distance it is not easy to discern the nature of their operations, but the view we lately obtained stimulated us to further inquiry, and with the permission of Mr. Ferguson, who is the largest metropolitan dust contractor, we were enabled to follow the dust-heap into its various elements, and to learn the different operations by which they rise again from their "ashes" to do service in the world.

The smell that greets the visitor as he enters the yard is so peculiar in its offensiveness, that with a scientific inquisitiveness we paused to analyse it. It was not sewer odour, it was not rotten cabbage odour, it was not the odour of decaying animal matter; but it was a combination of all three, with an after flavour of old boots and dirty dish-clouts. We defy Mr. Piesse to imitate it, cleverly as he imitates the odour of the most delicate flowers. Can the occupation be healthy? we inquired mentally. We shall answer the question hereafter.

Whilst we were in the yard several of the carts were driven in, and their contents were shot in heaps in all directions upon the ground. Upon these heaps the men immediately commenced working, clearing away the rougher articles, and preparing the dust for the operations of the women. The women—or rather those specimens of humanity so called, for they certainly do not belong to the gentler sex—use but one appliance, and remain almost constantly in a stooping attitude. They are mere machines for sifting. The men fill their sieves, but they have a diverse duty to perform. Surrounding each sifter are several baskets, into which the contents of the sieve are sorted. Let us watch a sifter at work. As she sifts, the fine dust and coal ashes descend: these are very important elements, the use of which we shall mention by-and-by. As the

smaller matters pass through, the coarser ones appear upon the sieve, and with great rapidity the woman sorts the different articles into the different baskets which surround her. First of all, there are the pieces of coal. The richness of this so-called refuse is according to the richness of the neighbourhood from which the dust is collected. In neighbourhoods where the poor reside, very few waste pieces of coal ever find their way into the dust-hole—the shovel is too often at work throwing up the ashes upon the fire to allow of any stray pieces of coal escaping; but it is far different with the richer districts, where Jeames does not pay the coal bill, and where, consequently, he does not demean himself to put such vulgar "refuge" as ashes on the fire. A dust contractor of any experience, by merely looking at a heap, can tell whether it comes from a poor neighbourhood or not. Belgravia and Tyburnia can be detected in a moment; and the awful waste that goes on in the article of coal where "pampered menials" are employed, gives a good idea of the general extravagance of rich households arising from the carelessness of servants. The waste coal is sold to the poor in the neighbourhood.

Now appear upon the sieve the curiosities of the dust-bin. There is a bone, a valuable piece of refuse. In Mr. Ferguson's yard alone 15 cwt. is collected weekly. These bones are sent to Lambeth to be boiled, for the purpose of extracting all the fat they contain, and the gelatine for size-making purposes and for the use of the lozenge-makers. That old bone, for instance, will yield as much gelatine as will go to make the transparent packet of sweets the little ones like so much. The bones themselves, if of the better sort, are used for a score of manufacturing purposes—nail brushes, handles of knives, buttons, &c., &c. Bones that are too small for manufacturing purposes are ground into powder and dissolved in sulphuric acid, and the product is a peculiar grey powder which sells for 16 guineas a ton as superphosphate of lime. This product is one of the most valuable fertilisers known. Mr. Symonds, in his curious book on waste substances, informs us that the county of Cheshire, which at the end of the last century had become almost sterile in consequence of the large quantity of phosphates taken out of the land in the form of corn and dairy produce, was restored by the application of bone-dressings. Thus the mouldy bone we see in the dust-bin returns to us in the bread we eat and the milk we drink, and, for the matter of that, in the light we strike, for the phosphorus of the lucifer-match also comes from old bones. Like the giant in the fairy tale, we grind our bones to make our bread. The circle of life is ever interchangeable; and when we look on the old Egyptian symbol of eternity, the serpent with its tail in its mouth, we see how the ancients instinctively hit upon a great truth which it required the knowledge of after ages to explain in all its bearings.

Bones are the very life of agriculture, and not only do we import immense quantities from abroad, whereby, as Liebig indignantly says, we drain the fair foreign fields of their very life-blood; but we also scour foreign battle-fields, and the remains of warriors who have helped to partition out Europe into its present limits, are now doing further service by rendering up their bones to make our bread.

But there are other things in the sieve besides bones, and we must make haste if we wish to keep time with the sifter. Next comes glass. All the broken pieces of white glass are kept by themselves; they go to the melters either to be re-melted, or to help "start the furnace," as it is termed, the sand and flint requiring some aid of this kind to make it fuse quickly. The bottles are also placed by themselves in another basket. There is nothing we throw away with greater pleasure than physic bottles; after a long illness, they are the reminders of our troubles, and we do not care what becomes of them as long as they are removed from our sight. Here they are washed, and then they go the dismal round of the sick room again and again. Ginger-beer bottles arise from their dust-bins, and refresh thirsty souls as of yore, and all stoneware articles, even down to the penny ink-bottles, if perfect, are picked out and cleaned with acid, and once more come into circulation. Even old boots and shoes are not without their value. The soles are sliced up by the shoemakers, to make the packings for the soles of new shoes. Some of the better shoes and boots taken from the dust-hole, go to the clobberers in Monmouth-street, who make their bread by patching them and concealing cracks by means of heel-ball; and now and then the more artful accomplish the same deception by means of a paste made from road sweepings, known in the trade as a "smother." Old goloshes are melted again for their rubber, and the fine rags so carefully seized upon by the sifter, together with the fine paper, go to the mills to be converted into paper. It is extraordinary the number of crinolines that find their way to the dust-yard. They are stripped of their cotton covering, and their steel finds a place among the old iron. Under that name what a heterogeneous heap of battered articles are to be seen here—old frying-pans, sauce-pans, tea-trays, housemaids' pails, old tin articles. But they are speedily restored to the manufacturing world. The tinware, such as house-pails, are first treated for the recovery of their solder, which is more valuable than tin. The old iron sometimes goes across the sea as ballast, to be melted abroad. Ten years ago we exported 365 tons to the Continent. Scrap-iron that has been beating about the world is far more valuable than new iron; for instance, the nails cast in the road from horses' shoes are invaluable for the purpose of making gun-barrels. All Stubbs' patent twist barrels are made of this iron, which derives great additional toughness from the hammering it gets against the granite paving. Scraps of tin, such as the corner pieces which are made in cutting out the tops and bottoms of sauce-pans, are passed through the fire for the purpose of melting off their tin, and the iron of which they are

composed being charcoal-iron is sold for a high price. A great deal of scrap-tin is used for a very singular purpose. There are many streams in the copper districts impregnated with copper held in solution. All this, if not intercepted, runs into the sea; but it has been discovered that the copper has a peculiar affinity for tin, and some clever people have utilised this fact by placing in the streams all the odd pieces of clean tin-plate they can obtain; in time, the copper is deposited upon this, and it is recovered by melting; the refuse tin is thus converted into a trap to secure the more valuable metal.

The sifters often find money, which of course they take care to keep. It has often been a puzzle to us to account for the number of Roman copper coins that are continually being turned up apparently from the surface of the ground. From the number of coppers found in the dust-bins, it is clear that the Roman coins we discover must have been accidentally thrown away in their dust-heaps, which have long since sunk to the level of the surrounding soil.

The coarser and more bulky articles of refuse, which are raked away by the men previously to the operations of the sifters, consist of what is termed soft core and hard core. The soft core is decaying vegetable matter, the sweepings of the markets. This stuff is sent off into the country by canal to make manure. A couple of barge-loads a day leave Mr. Ferguson's premises. The speedy manner in which this refuse is removed accounts for the healthy condition of the workers in these yards. The hard core consists of broken crockeryware, old panchards, stoneware, &c., and makes a capital foundation for roads.

Commercially speaking the most valuable refuse is the breeze and ashes. The breeze is used to burn bricks. Many of our readers have doubtless seen in the suburban brick-fields solid piles of brick, from which the smoke of an internal fire is continually arising. Newly made bricks are embedded in breeze, every brick being kept separate from its neighbour. The breeze is lighted from below and gradually smoulders away with a red heat: in this manner the bricks are baked in the kiln to the required hardness without causing them to vitrify.

Dust contractors are generally brick-makers as well, and the barge that takes away the breeze returns with the bricks it has helped to bake. The small coal-dust and ashes is mixed with the clay composing the brick, and in the process of kilning, burns away and helps the process of baking. As London is built entirely of brick, it may be said to arise from its own ashes as the phœnix is said to have done of old.

Among the more filthy sights of a dust-yard is the display of house-cloths, and other greasy woollen refuse, which are spread on the ground for the purpose of being dried. The destination of these worn-out and filthy articles are the Kentish hop-grounds. When a woollen rag is fit for nothing else, it serves as admirable manure; and the greasy cloth returns to us in the shape of the fragrant hop—in bitter beer we drink up our dish-clouts! But it must be very filthy and greasy indeed to find this final resting-place.

There are a number of mixed fabrics with warp of cotton and woof of wool, which not long since were worthless, as they could neither be converted into manure nor into paper; but by a very ingenious process these rags of mohair and alpaca are now reduced to their elements by the action of superheated steam exerted under the pressure of six atmospheres in closed digesters. The wool is reduced to a fine black powder know as an excellent manure, by the name of Ulmate of Ammonia, leaving the cotton intact and fit for the paper maker. An old woollen waistcoat or coat is sometimes raked out of the dust-heap; but this, if not too dirty, finds its way to the Yorkshire mill, where it is put into the "devil" and reground for shoddy. The material which furnishes most of the cheap garments of the shops, and for the matter of that, some of the fashionable Petershams, Tweeds, and Witneys are made out of this material. When a garment is too worn to be "revived," to this end it comes; and, as may be supposed, the manufacture of shoddy has grown into a mighty trade, which is carried on principally at the town of Batley, in Yorkshire. The amount of old clothes worked up afresh in these mills annually is equal to 20,000 tons of rag and wool; from this it will be seen what an enormous amount of fleeces we save by this simple reconstruction of what but a few years ago was a useless rag. Sometimes pieces of bread, if not too stale, are taken possession of by the women and placed in their wallets as one of their "perks," as they term the small articles they are allowed to take home with them. In France a very remarkable man has built up a colossal industry in this very article. Observing the amount of bits of bread that were wasted at every table, and at the same time noting the quantity of bread crumbs used in French cookery, he applied himself to the new industry of bread collecting; and by degrees his carts were seen all over Paris. He collected from the *chiffonnier's* basket, from the convent slop-tub, from the restaurant, from the private houses, &c., and he established bakeries, in which these refuse pieces were baked and then grated fine by young girls. There is scarcely a restaurant in Paris, excepting those of the highest class, in which, if you order *soupe au pain*, or *purée au croûton*, you will not be pretty sure to taste old crusts refreshed by the process of the ingenious Frenchman. The burnt pieces he converted into tooth-powder. He has long since retired with a splendid fortune; but the process is still carried on, and the carts in which the bread-scraps are collected are still to be seen going about Paris in every direction.

Of all the commodities rescued from decay by the ingenuity of the dust-contractor, the most valuable is the breeze, which makes the ashes of cities a source of revenue, instead of an obnoxious refuse to be got rid of at great expense. Its value of course

depends upon the amount of building going on; and as in London houses are springing up in every direction, this refuse must yield a large return to the parochial authorities. A chaldron of breeze, when in great demand, is said to be worth a guinea. If we had not been so improvident as to give away to a public company the greater portion of the sewage collected by the main-drainage scheme in the pumping-places in Essex, a splendid return might have been expected from this refuse in every sense of the word; and this, together with the dust, should have yielded a profit which would have cleared off the greater portion of our parochial rates. We are told that the refuse of Antwerp, which at one time cost the authorities 1000*l.* annually to cart away, is now sold for 40,000*l.* Now, considering the size of the two places, the refuse of the metropolis, reckoned at the same rate, ought to be, at least, worth a million of money annually—a sum more than sufficient to pay all parish expenses, and perhaps to yield something over to the ratepayer.

But we must not close this paper without saying something about the dust-men and women, as well as the dust: and first, of the ladies. The *chiffonnières* of Paris are said to be amongst the most savage and abandoned of that ungovernable population, and history has recorded the atrocious part they played in many a horrible scene during the Revolutionary days. The English *chiffonnière*, we fear, does not rank much higher morally than her French compatriot. But though gross and animal to the last degree, and so unsexed that you doubt whether she even be a woman, yet there is a touch in her of the national manly character. When these women fight among themselves, which is pretty often, there is none of the scratching and hair-pulling which distinguishes the usual contests of the sex: they are manly even in their rage. They simply go to work exactly as men would do. The lookers-on form a ring, the principals have backers, and they set to work with closed fists, and fight as fairly as Tom Cribb would have done. In the last century, there were professional boxers of the female sex, who fought for money, just as the men do now; but even these professionals do not appear to have conquered the female tendency to claw, as it was made a condition of each match, that the combatants should fight with money in their hands, which was forfeited to the opponent the moment it was dropped, thus providing against the use of the nails. But the modern dust-woman does not require this ingenious method of restraint, and she gives and takes with a gallantry and pluck, if we may use the term, which cannot be excelled by any member of the prize-ring. It is well to note even this spirit of fair play among them, for otherwise they form the lowest dregs, intellectually and morally, of the population. Their wages are only one shilling and twopence a day, and their "perks"—as they term their perquisites, which consist of one pailful of cinders, and as much refuse wood as they can carry home daily—are valued at about three shillings more weekly. Working so hard as they do for eight hours per day at such a repulsive employment, and getting such small pay, it may be concluded that their ranks are recruited from among the very lowest of the population. Nevertheless, they are not so low but that human sympathy and kindness may reach them, and we regret to find that as a class they have been utterly neglected by those worthy people who go about doing good. We do not allude to mere tea-meetings, for we fear that these alone, however well conducted, can have no permanent influence upon their life, but to that constant intercommunication with a fairer and more beneficent civilisation, such as some of our charitable visiting societies afford. At present they are as much outcasts from any species of culture, although living in its midst, as the Indian squaw.

We fear the dustman is no whit better than the dustwoman. They are, in fact, a sadly drunken lot; perhaps the nature of their occupation may, to a certain extent, excuse this. It seems now to be a practice with them never to empty a dust-bin without demanding twopence for drink-money, which they call their "sparrows," and if this is freely granted to them, or its worth in beer, which we fear is the case but too often, we may guess the amount of liquor they consume in the course of the day. There is a certain number of them who, knowing the value of the dust, call and take it away without any authority and sell it: these are called "flying dustmen," of course from the celerity of their movements whilst engaged in their surreptitious employment. We are glad to find that, notwithstanding the filthy nature of their occupation, there is very little sickness among them as a class. This, no doubt, is owing to the open-air nature of their occupation. The mere fact that the occupation is a nuisance to the public, as far as the smell and sight is concerned, is no proof whatever that it is unhealthy.

When the proprietor of a bone-boiling factory, at Lambeth, was indicted some time since on account of the nuisance it occasioned, he replied to the charge by producing in court a healthy family of young children, who had been brought up in the midst of the so-called unhealthy atmosphere. The dustman can make an equally good report of the scavenger's yard, for underneath that grimy coating of dust, he is ruddy and fat, far healthier-looking than the city clerk, who never soils his fingers with anything fouler than ink, and never exerts himself beyond getting up and down from a stool. Dr. Guy, indeed, who has considered the class from a sanitary point of view, says they are far healthier than the majority of working men, and that the master scavengers "are the healthiest set of men I have ever seen." Nevertheless, we do not think even this high authority will induce anybody to live near a "laystall" or scavenger's yard, which is certainly the most repulsive-looking place we have ever seen.

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART X.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE breakfast-table in the Cottage was as cheerful as usual next morning, and showed no premonitory shadow. Winnie did not come down-stairs early: and perhaps it was all the more cheerful for her absence. And there were flowers on the table, and everything looked bright. Will was absent, it is true, but nobody took much notice of that as yet. He might be late, or he might have gone out; and he was not a boy to be long negligent of the necessities of nature. Aunt Agatha even thought it necessary to order something additional to be kept hot for him. "He has gone out, I suppose," Miss Seton said; "and it is rather cold this morning, and a long walk in this air will make the boy as hungry as a hunter. Tell Peggy not to cook that trout till she hears him come in."

The maid looked perturbed and breathless; but she said, "Yes, ma'am," humbly—as if it was she who was in the wrong; and the conversation and the meal were resumed. A minute or two after, however, she appeared once more: "If you please, there's somebody asking for Mr. Hugh," said the frightened girl, standing, nervous and panting, with her hand upon the door.

"Somebody for me?" said Hugh. "The gamekeeper, I suppose; he need not have been in such a hurry. Let him come in, and wait a little. I'll be ready presently."

"But, my dear boy," said Aunt Agatha, "you must not waste the man's time. It is Sir Edward's time, you know; and he may have quantities of things to do. Go and see what he wants: and your mother will not fill out your coffee till you come back."

And Hugh went out, half laughing, half grumbling—but he laughed no more, when he saw Peggy standing severe and pale at the kitchen door, waiting for him. "Mr. Hugh," said Peggy, with the aspect of a chief justice, "tell me this moment, on your conscience, is there any quarrel or disagreement between your brother and you?"

"My brother and me? Do you mean Will?" said Hugh, in amazement. "Not the slightest. What do you mean? We were never better friends in our life."

"God be thanked!" said Peggy; and then she took him by the arm, and led the astonished young man up-stairs to Will's room. "He's never sleepit in that bed this night. His little bag's gone, with a change in't. He's putten on another pair of boots. Where is the laddie gone? And me that'll have to face his mother, and tell her she's lost her bairn!"

"Lost her bairn! Nonsense!" cried Hugh, aghast; "he has only gone out for a walk."

"When a boy like that goes out for a walk, he does not take a change with him," said Peggy. "He may be lying in Kirtell deeps for anything we can tell. And me that will have to break it to his mother——"

Hugh stood still in consternation for a moment, and then he burst into an agitated laugh. "He would not have taken a change with him, as you say, into Kirtell deeps," he said. "Nonsense, Peggy! Are you sure he has not been in bed? Don't you go and frighten my mother. And, indeed, I dare say he does not always go to bed. I see his light burning all the night through, sometimes. Peggy, don't go and put such ridiculous ideas into people's heads. Will has gone out to walk, as usual. There he is, down-stairs. I hear him coming in: make haste, and cook his trout."

Hugh, however, was so frightened himself by all the terrors of inexperience, that he precipitated himself down-stairs, to see if it was really Will who had entered. It was not Will, however, but a boy from the railway, with a note, in Will's handwriting, addressed to his mother, which took all the colour out of Hugh's cheeks—for he was still a boy, and new to life, and did not think of any such easy demonstration of discontent as that of going to visit Uncle Penrose. He went into the breakfast-room with so pale a face, that both the ladies got up in dismay, and made a rush at him to know what it was.

"It is nothing," said Hugh, breathless, waving them off, "nothing—only a note—I have not read it yet—wait a little. Mother, don't be afraid."

"What is there to be afraid of?" asked Mary, in amazement and dismay.

And then Hugh again burst into an unsteady and tremulous laugh. He had read the note, and threw it at his mother with an immense load lifted off his heart, and feeling wildly gay in the revulsion. "There's nothing to be frightened about," said Hugh. "By Jove, to think the fellow has no more taste—gone off to see Uncle Penrose. I wish them joy!"

"Who is it that has gone to visit Mr. Penrose?" said Aunt Agatha, and Hugh burst into explanation, while Mary, not by any means so much relieved, read her boy's letter.

"I confess I got a fright," said Hugh. "Peggy dragged me up-stairs to show me that he had not slept in his bed, and said his carpet-bag was gone, and insinuated—I don't know what—that we had quarrelled, and all sorts of horrors. But he's gone to see Uncle Penrose. It's all right, mother, I always thought it was all right."

"And had you quarrelled?" asked Aunt Agatha, in consternation.

"I am not sure it is all right," said Mary; "why has he gone to see Uncle Penrose? and what has he heard? and without saying a word to me."

Mary was angry with her boy, and it made her heart sore—it was the first time any of them had taken a sudden step out of her knowledge—and then what had he heard? Something worse than any simple offence or discontent might be lurking behind.

But Hugh, of course, knew nothing at all about that. He sat down again to his interrupted breakfast, and laughed and talked, and made merry. "I wonder what Uncle Penrose will say to him?" said Hugh; "I suppose he has gone and spent all his money getting to Liverpool; and what could his motive be, odd fellow as he is? The girls are all married——"

"My dear boy, Will is not thinking of girls as you are," said Mary, beguiled into a smile.

Hugh laughed and grew red, and shook his abundant youthful locks. "We are not talking of what I think," he said; "and I suppose a man may do worse than think about girls—a little: but the question is, what was Will thinking about? Uncle Penrose cannot have ensnared him with his odious talk about money. By-the-way, I must send him some. We can't let an Ochterlony be worried about a few miserable shillings there."

"I don't think we can let an Ochterlony, at least so young a one as Will, stay uninvited," said Mary. "I feel much disposed to go after him and bring him home, or at least find out what he means."

"No, you shall do nothing of the kind," said Hugh, hastily. "I suppose our mother can trust her sons out of her sight. Nobody must go after him. Why, he is seventeen—almost grown up. He must not feel any want of confidence——"

"Want of confidence!" said Aunt Agatha. "Hugh, you are only a boy yourself. What do you know about it? I think Mary would be very wrong if she let Will throw himself into temptation; and one knows there is every kind of temptation in those large, wicked towns," said Miss Seton shuddering. It was she who knew nothing about it, no more than a baby, and still less did she know or guess the kind of temptation that was acting upon the truant's mind.

"If that were all," said Mary, slowly, and then she sighed. She was not afraid of the temptations of a great town. She did not even know what she feared. She wanted to bring back her boy, to hear from his own lips what his motive was. It did not seem possible that there could be any harm meant by his boyish secresy. It was even hard for his mother to persuade herself that Will could think of any harm; but still it was strange. When she thought of Percival's visit and Will's expedition to Carlisle, her heart fluttered within her, though she scarcely knew why. Will was not like other boys of his age; and then it was "something he had heard." "I think," she said, with hesitation, "that one of us should go—either you or I——"

"No," said Hugh. "No, mother, no; don't think of it; as if he were a girl or a Frenchman! Why it's Will! What harm can he do? If he likes to visit Uncle Penrose, let him; it will not be such a wonderful delight. I'll send him some money to-day."

This, of course, was how it was settled; for Mary's terrors were not strong enough to contend with her natural English prejudices against *surveillance* and restraint, backed by Hugh's energetic remonstrances. When Winnie heard of it, she dashed immediately at the idea that her husband's influence had something to do with Will's strange flight, and was rather pleased and flattered by the thought. "I said he would strike me through my friends," she said to Aunt Agatha, who was bewildered, and did not know what this could mean.

"My dear love, what good could it do him to interfere with Will?" said Miss Seton. "A mere boy, and who has not a penny. If he had wanted to injure us, it would have been Hugh that he would have tried to lead away."

"To lead away?" said Winnie scornfully. "What does he care for leading away? He wants to do harm, real harm. He thinks he can strike me through my friends."

When Aunt Agatha heard this she turned round to Mary, who had just come into the room, and gave a little deprecating shake of her head, and a pathetic look. Poor Winnie! She could think of nothing but her husband and his intentions; and how could he do this quiet household real harm? Mary said nothing, but her uneasiness increased more and more. She could not sit down to her work or take up any of her ordinary occupations. She went to Will's room and examined it throughout, and looked through his wardrobe to see what he had taken with him, and searched vainly for any evidence of his meaning; and then she wrote him a long letter of questions and appeals, which would have been full of pathetic eloquence to anybody who knew what was in her mind, but would have appeared simply amazing and unintelligible to anybody ignorant of her history, as she herself perceived, and burnt it, and wrote a second in which there was still a certain mystery. She reminded him that he might have gone away comfortably with everybody's knowledge, instead of making the household uneasy about him; and she could not but let a little wonder creep through, that of all people in the world it was Uncle Penrose whom he had elected to visit; and then she made an appeal to him: "What have I done to forfeit my boy's confidence? what can you have heard, oh Will, my dear boy, that you could not tell to your mother?" Her mind was relieved by writing, but still she was uneasy and disquieted. If he had been severely kept in, or had any reason to fear a refusal;—but to steal away when he might have had full leave and every facility; this was one of the things which appeared the most strange.

The servants, for their part, set it down to a quarrel with his brother, and jealousy about Nelly, and took Hugh's part, who was always the favourite. And as for Hugh himself, he sent his brother a cheque (his privilege of drawing cheques being still new, and very agreeable), and asked why he was such an ass as to run away, and bade him enjoy himself. The house was startled—but after all, it was no such great matter; and nobody except Mary wasted much consideration upon Will's escapade after that first morning. He was but a boy; and it was natural, everybody thought, that boys should do something foolish now and then.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHILE this commotion arose in the Cottage, Will was flying along towards Liverpool in a curious state of mind. Not even now had the matter taken any moral aspect to him. He did not feel that he had gone skulking off to deliver a cowardly blow. All that he was conscious of was the fact, that having something to tell which he could not somehow persuade himself to tell, he was going to make the communication from a distance under Uncle Penrose's advice. And yet the boy was not comfortable. It had become apparent to him vaguely, that after this communication was made, the relations existing between himself and his family must be changed. That his mother might be "angry," which was his boyish term for any or every displeasure that might cloud Mrs. Ochterlony's mind; that Hugh might take it badly—and that after all it was a troublesome business, and he would be pleased to get it over. He was travelling in the cheapest way, for his money was scanty; but he was not the kind of boy to be beguiled from his own thoughts by the curious third-class society into which he was thus brought, or even by the country which gradually widened and expanded under his eyes from the few beaten paths he knew so well, into that wide unknown stretch of hill and plain which was the world. A vague excitement, it is true, came into his mind as he felt himself to have passed out of the reach of everything he knew, and to have entered upon the undiscovered; but this excitement did not draw him out of his own thoughts. It did but mingle with them, and put a quickening thrill of life into the strange maze. The confused country people at the stations, who did not know which carriage to take, and wandered hurried and disconsolate on the platforms, looking into all—the long swift moment of passage over the silent country, in which the train, enveloped in its own noise, made for itself a distinct atmosphere—and then again a shriek, a pause, and another procession of faces looking in at the window—this was Will's idea of the long journey. He was not imaginative; but still everybody appeared to him hurried, and downcast, and pre-occupied. Even the harmless country folks had the air of having something on their minds. And through all he kept on pondering what his mother, and what Hugh would say. Poor boy! his discovery had given him no advantage as yet; but it had put a cross upon his shoulders—it had bound him so hard and fast that he could not escape from it. It had brought, if not guilt, yet the punishment of guilt into all his thoughts.

Mr. Penrose had a handsome house at some distance from Liverpool, as was natural. And Will found it a very tedious and troublesome business to get there, not to speak of the calls for sixpences from omnibuses and porters, and everybody (he thought) who looked at him, which were very severe upon his slender purse. And when he arrived, his uncle's servants looked upon him with manifest suspicion; he had never been there before, and Mr. Penrose was now living alone, his wife being dead, and all his children married, so that there was nobody in the house who could identify the unknown nephew. The Cottage was not much bigger than Mr. Penrose's porter's lodge, and yet that small tenement had looked down upon the great mansion all its life, and been partly ashamed of it, which sentiment gave Will an unconscious sense that he was doing Uncle Penrose an honour in going to visit him. But when he was met at the door by the semi-polite suspicion of the butler, who proposed that he should call again, with an evident reference in his mind to the spoons, it gave the boy the forlornest feeling that can be conceived. He was alone, and they thought him an impostor, and nobody here knew or cared whether he was shut out from the house or not. His heart went back to his home with that revulsion which everybody knows. There, everybody would have rushed to open the door to him, and welcome him back; and though his errand here was simply to do that home as much injury as possible, his heart swelled at the contrast. While he stood, however, insisting upon admittance in his dogged way, without showing any feelings, it happened that Mr. Penrose drove up to the door, and hailed his nephew with much surprise. "You here, Will?" Mr. Penrose said. "I hope nothing has gone wrong at the Cottage?" and his man's hand instantly, and as by magic, relaxed from the door.

"There is nothing wrong, sir," said Will, "but I wanted to speak to you;" and he entered triumphantly, not without a sense of victory, as the subdued servant took his bag out of his hand. Mr. Penrose was, as we have said, alone. He had shed, as it were, all incumbrances, and was ready, unfettered by any ties or prejudices, to grow richer and wiser and more enlightened every day. His children were all married, and his wife having fulfilled all natural offices of this life, and married all her daughters, had quietly taken her dismissal when her duties were over, and had a very handsome tombstone, which he looked at on Sunday. It occurred to very few people, however, to lament over Mr. Penrose's loneliness. He seemed to have been freed from all impediments, and left at liberty to grow rich, to get fat, and to believe in his own greatness and wisdom. Nor did it occur to himself to feel his great house lonely. He liked eating

a luxurious dinner by himself, and knowing how much it had cost, all for his single lordly appetite—the total would have been less grand if wife and children had shared it. And then he had other things to think of—substantial things, about interest and investments, and not mere visionary reflections about the absence of other chairs, or other faces at his table. But he had a natural interest in Wilfrid, as in a youth who had evidently come to ask his advice, which was an article he was not disinclined to give away. And then "the Setons," as he called his sister's family and descendants, had generally shut their ears to his advice, and shown an active absence of all political qualities, so that Will's visit was a compliment of the highest character, something like an unexpected act of homage from Mordecai in the gate.

But even Mr. Penrose was struck dumb by Will's communication. He put up his hand to his cravat and gasped, and thumped himself on the breast, staring at the boy with round scared apoplectic eyes—like the eyes of a boiled fish. He stared at Will,—who told the story calmly enough with a matter of fact conciseness,—and looked as if he was disposed to ring the bell and send for a doctor, and get out of the difficulty by concluding his nephew to be mad. But there was no withstanding the evidence of plain good faith and sincerity in Will's narration. Mr. Penrose remained silent, longer than anybody had ever known him to remain silent before, and he was not even very coherent when he had regained the faculty of speech.

"That woman was present, was she?" he said; "and Winnie's husband—Good Lord! And so you mean to tell me Mary has been all this time—When I asked her to my house, and my wife intended to make a party for her, and all that—and when she preferred to visit at Earlston, and that old fool Sir Edward, who never had a penny—except what he settled on Winnie. And all that time you know Mary was—Good Lord!"

"I don't see what difference it makes to my mother," said Will. "She is just what she always was—the difference it makes is to me—and of course to Hugh."

But this was not a view that Mr. Penrose could take who knew more about the world than Will could be supposed to know—though his thoughts were usually so preoccupied by what he called the practical aspect of everything. Yet he was disturbed in this case by reflections which were almost imaginative, and which utterly amazed Will. He got up, though he was still in the middle of dessert, and walked about the room making exclamations. "That's what she has been, you know, all this time—Mary, of all people in the world! Good Lord! That's what she was, when we asked her here." These were the exclamations that were bursting from Uncle Penrose's amazed lips—and Will at last grew angry and impatient, and hurried into the practical matter on his own initiative.

"When you have made up your mind about it, Uncle, I should be glad to know what you think best to be done," said Will, in his steady way, and he looked at his adviser with those sceptical, clear-sighted eyes, which, more than anything else make a practical man ashamed of having indulged in any momentary aberration.

Mr. Penrose came back to his chair and sat down, and looked with respect, and something that was almost awe, in Will's face. Then the boy continued, seeing his advantage: "You must see what an important thing it is between Hugh and me," he said. "It is a matter of business, of course, and it would be far better to settle it at once. If I am the right heir, you know, Earlston ought to be mine. I have heard you say, feelings had nothing to do with right and wrong."

"No," said Mr. Penrose, with a slight gasp; "that is quite true; but it is all so sudden, you know, —and Mary— I don't know what you want me to do——"

"I want you to write and tell them about it," said Will.

Mr. Penrose put his lips into the shape they would naturally have taken had he been whistling as usual; but he was not capable of a whistle. "It is all very easy to talk," he said, "and naturally business is business, and I am not a man to think too much about feelings. But Mary—the fact is, it must be a matter of arrangement, Will. There can't be any trial, you know, or publicity to expose her ——"

"I don't see that it would matter much to her," said Will. "She would not mind; it would only be one of her sons instead of the other, and I suppose she likes me the same as Hugh."

"I was not thinking of Hugh, or you either. I was thinking of your mother," said Mr. Penrose, thrusting his hands into the depths of his pockets, and staring with vacant eyes into the air before him. He was matter of fact himself, but he could not comprehend the obtuseness of ignorance and self-occupation and youth.

"Well?" said Will.

"Well," cried the uncle, turning upon him, "are you blind, or stupid, or what? Don't you see it never can come to publicity, or she will be disgraced. I don't say you are to give up your rights, if they are your rights, for that. I daresay you'll take a deal better care of everything than that fellow Hugh, and won't be so confounded saucy. But if you go and make a row about it in public, she can never hold up her head again, you know. I don't mind talk myself in a general way; but talk about a woman's marriage,—Good Lord! There must be no public row, whatever you do."

"I don't see why there should be any public row," said Will; "all that has to be done is to let them know."

"I suppose you think Hugh will take it quite comfortable," said Mr. Penrose, "and lay down everything like a lamb. He's not a business man, nor good for much; but he will never be such an

idiot as that; and then you would need to have your witnesses very distinct, if it was to come to anything. He has possession in his favour, and that is a great deal, and it is you who would have to prove everything. Are you quite sure that your witnesses would be forthcoming, and that you could make the case clear?"

"I don't know about making the case clear," said Will, who began to get confused; "all I know is what I have told you. Percival was there, and Mrs. Kirkman—they saw it, you know—and she says Hugh himself was there. Of course he was only a child. But she said no doubt he would remember, if it was brought to his mind."

"Hugh himself!" said Mr. Penrose—again a little startled, though he was not a person of fine feelings. The idea of appealing to the recollection of the child for evidence against the man's rights, struck him as curious at least. He was staggered, though he felt that he ought to have been above that. Of course it was all perfectly just and correct, and nobody could have been more clear than he, that any sort of fantastic delicacy coming between a man and his rights would be too absurd to be thought of. And yet it cannot be denied that he was staggered in spite of himself.

"I think if you told him distinctly, and recalled it to his recollection, and he knew everything that was involved," said Will, with calm distinctness, "that Hugh would give in. It is the only thing he could do; and I should not say anything to him about a younger brother's portion, or two thousand pounds," the lad added, kindling up. "He should have everything that the money or the estate could do for him—whatever was best for him, if it cost half or double what Earlston was worth."

"Then why on earth don't you leave him Earlston, if you are so generous?" said Mr. Penrose. "If you are to spend it all upon him, what good would it do you having the dreary old place?"

"I should have my rights," said Will with solemnity. It was as if he had been a disinherited prince whom some usurper had deprived of his kingdom, and this strange assumption was so honest in its way, and had such an appearance of sincerity, that Mr. Penrose was struck dumb, and gazed at the boy with a consternation which he could not express. His rights! Mary's youngest son, whom everybody, up to this moment, had thought of only as a clever, not very amiable boy, of no particular account anywhere. The merchant began to wake up to the consciousness that he had a phenomenon before him—a new development of man. As he recovered from his surprise, he began to appreciate Will—to do justice to the straightforward ardour of his determination that business was business, and that feelings had nothing to do with it; and to admire his calm impassibility to every other view of the case but that which concerned himself. Mr. Penrose thought it was the result of a great preconcerted plan, and began to awake into admiration and respect. He thought the solemnity, and the calm, and that beautiful confidence in his rights, were features of a subtle and precocious scheme which Will had made for himself; and his thoughts, which had been dwelling, for the moment on Mary, with a kind of unreflective sympathy, turned towards the nobler object thus presented before him. Here was a true apotheosis of interest over nature. Here was such a man of business, heaven-born, as had never been seen before. Mr. Penrose warmed and kindled into admiration, and he made a secret vow that such a genius should not be lost.

As for Will, he never dreamt of speculating as to what were his uncle's thoughts. He was quite content that he had told his own tale, and so got over the first preliminary difficulty of getting it told to those whom it most concerned; and he was very sleepy — dreadfully tired, and more anxious to curl up his poor, young, weary head, under his wing, and get to bed, than for anything else in the world. Yet, notwithstanding, when he laid down, and had put out his light, and had begun to doze, the thought came over him that he saw the glow of his mother's candle shining in under his door, and heard her step on the stairs, which had been such a comfort to him many a night when he was a child, and woke up in the dark and heard her pass, and knew her to be awake and watching, and was not even without a hope that she might come in and stand for a moment, driving away all ghosts and terrors of the night, by his bed. He thought he saw the light under his door, and heard the foot coming up the stairs. And so probably he did; but the poor boy woke right up under this fancy, and remembered with a compunction that he was far away from his mother, and that probably she was "angry," and perhaps anxious about his sudden departure; and he was very sorry in his heart to have come away so, and never to have told her. But he was not sorry nor much troubled anyhow about the much more important thing he was about to do.

And Uncle Penrose, under the strange stimulus of his visitor's earnestness, addressed himself to the task required of him, and wrote to Hugh. He, too, thought first of writing to Mrs. Ochterlony; but, excellent business man as he was, he could not do it; it went against his heart, if he had a heart, —or, if not his heart, against some digestive organ which served him instead of that useful but not indispensable part of the human frame. But he did write to Hugh—that was easier; and then Hugh had been "confounded saucy," and had rejected his advice not about the Museum only, but in other respects. Mr. Penrose wrote the letter that very night while Will was dreaming about his mother's light; and so the great wheel was set agoing, which none of them could then stop for ever.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Hugh had left the Cottage the day after Will's departure. He had gone to Earlston, where a good

deal of business about the Museum and the estate awaited him; and he had gone off without any particular burden on his mind. As for Will's flight from home, it was odd, no doubt; but then Will himself was odd, and out-of-the-way acts were to be expected from him. When Hugh, with careless liberality, had sent him the cheque, he dismissed the subject from his mind—at least, he thought of his younger brother only with amusement, wondering what he could find to attract him in Uncle Penrose's prosaic house,—trying to form an imagination of Will wandering about the great Liverpool docks, looking at the big ships, and all the noisy traffic; and Hugh laughed within himself to think how very much all that was out of Will's way. No doubt he would come home in a day or two bored to death, and would loathe the very name of Liverpool all his life thereafter. As for Mr. Ochterlony of Earlston himself, he had a great deal to do. The mayor and corporation of Dalken had come to a final decision about the Museum, and all that had to be done was to prepare the rooms which were to receive Francis Ochterlony's treasures, and to transfer with due tenderness and solemnity the Venus and the Psyche, and all the delicate wealth which had been so dear to the heart of "the old Squire." The young Squire went round and looked at them all, with a great tenderness in his own, remembering his uncle's last progress among them, and where he sat down to rest, and the wistful looks he had given to those marble white creations which stood to him in the place of wife and children; and the pathetic humour with which he had said, "It is all the better for *you*." It was the better for Hugh; but still the young man in the fulness of his hopes had a tender compunction for the old man who had died without getting the good of his life, and with no treasures but marble and bronze and gold and silver to leave behind him. "My poor uncle!" Hugh said; and yet the chances were that Francis Ochterlony was not, either in living or dying, sorry for himself. Hugh had a kind of reluctance to change the aspect of everything, and make the house his own house, and not Francis Ochterlony's. It seemed almost impious to take from it the character it had borne so long, and at the same time it was his uncle's wish. These were Hugh's thoughts at night, but in the fresh light of the morning it would be wrong to deny that another set of ideas took possession of his mind. Then he began to think of the new aspect, and the changes he could make. It was not bright enough for a home for—well, for any lady that might happen to come on a visit or otherwise; and, to be sure, Hugh had no intention of accepting as final his mother's determination not to leave the Cottage. He made up his mind that she would come, and that people—various people, ladies and others—would come to visit her; that there should be flowers and music and smiles about the place, and perhaps some one as fair and as sweet as Psyche to change the marble moonlight into sacred living sunshine. Now the fact was, that Nelly was not by any means so fair as Psyche—that she was not indeed what you would call a regular beauty at all, but only a fresh, faulty, sweet little human creature, with warm blood in her veins, and a great many thoughts in her little head. And when Hugh thought of some fair presence coming into those rooms and making a paradise of them, either it was not Nelly Askell he was thinking of, or else he was thinking like a poet—though he was not poetical, to speak of. However, he did not himself give any name to his imaginations—he could afford to be vague. He went all over the house in the morning, not with the regretful, affectionate eye with which he made the same survey the night before, but in a practical spirit. At his age, and in his position, the practical was only a pleasanter variation of the romantic aspect of affairs. As he thought of new furniture, scores of little pictures flashed into his mind—though in ordinary cases he was not distinguished by a powerful imagination. He had no sooner devised the kind of chair that should stand in a particular corner, than straightway a little figure jumped into it, a whisper of talk came out of it, with a host of imaginary circumstances which had nothing to with upholstery. Even the famous rococo chair which Islay had broken was taken possession of by that vague, sweet phantom. And he went about the rooms with an unconscious smile on his face, devising and planning. He did not know he was smiling; it was not *at* anything or about anything. It was but the natural expression of the fresh morning fancies and sweet stir of everything hopeful, and bright, and uncertain, which was in his heart.

And when he went out of doors he still smiled. Earlston was a grey limestone house, as has been described in the earlier part of this history. A house which chilled Mrs. Ochterlony to the heart when she went there with her little children in the first forlornness of her widowhood. What Hugh had to do now was to plan a flower-garden for—his mother; yes, it was truly for his mother. He meant that she should come all the same. Nothing could make any difference so far as she was concerned. But at the same time, to be sure, he did not mean that his house should make the same impression on any other stranger as that house had made upon Mary. He planned how the great hedges should be cut down, and the trees thinned, and the little moorland burn should be taken in within the inclosure, and followed to its very edge by the gay lawn with its flower-beds. He planned a different approach—where there might be openings in the dark shrubberies, and views over the hills. All this he did in the morning, with a smile on his face, though the tears had been in his eyes at the thought of any change only the previous night. If Francis Ochterlony had been by, as perhaps he was, no doubt he would have smiled at that tender inconsistency—and there would not have been any bitterness in the smile.

And then Hugh went in to breakfast. He had already some new leases to sign and other business matters to do, and he was quite pleased to do it—as pleased as he had been to draw his first cheques. He sat down at his breakfast-table, before the little pile of letters that awaited him, and felt the importance of his new position. Even his loneliness made him feel its importance the more. Here were questions of all sorts submitted to him, and it was he who had to answer, without reference to anybody—he whose advice a little while ago nobody would have taken the trouble to ask. It was not that he cared to exercise his privilege,—for Hugh, on the whole, had an inclination to be advised—but still the sense of his independence was sweet. He meant to ask Mr. Preston, the attorney, about various things, and he meant to consult his mother, and to lay some special affairs before Sir Edward—but still, at the same time, it was he who had everything to do, and Mr. Ochterlony of Earlston sat down before his letters with a sense of satisfaction which does not always attend the mature mind in that moment of trial. One of the uppermost was from Uncle Penrose, redirected from the Cottage, but it did not cause any thrill of interest to Hugh's mind, who put it aside calmly, knowing of no thunderbolts that might be in it. No doubt it was some nonsense about the Museum, he thought—as if he himself was not a much better judge about the Museum than a stranger and business-man could be. There was, however, a letter from Mary, which directed her son's attention to this epistle. "I send you a letter directed in Uncle Penrose's hand," wrote Mrs. Ochterlony, "which I have had the greatest inclination to open, to see what he says about Will. I dare say you would not have minded; but I conclude, on the whole, that Mr. Ochterlony of Earlston should have his letters to himself, so I send it on to you uninvaded. Let me know what he says about your brother." Hugh could not but laugh when he read this, half with pleasure, half with amusement. His mother's estimate of his importance entertained him greatly, and the idea of anything private being in Uncle Penrose's letter tickled him still more. Then he drew it towards him lightly, and began to read it with eyes running over with laughter. He was all alone, and there was nobody to see any change of sentiment in his face.

He was all alone—but yet presently Hugh raised his eyes from the letter which he had taken up so gaily, and cast a scared look round him, as if to make sure that nobody was there. The smile had gone off his face, and the laughter out of his eyes,—and not only that, but every particle of colour had left his face. And yet he did not see the meaning of what he had read. "Will!" he said to himself. "Will!" He was horror-stricken and bewildered, but that was the sole idea it conveyed to him—a sense of treachery—the awful feeling of unreality and darkness round about, with which the young soul for the first time sees itself injured and betrayed. He laid down the letter half read, and paused, and put up his hands to his head as if to convince himself that he was not dreaming. Will! Good God! Will! Was it possible? Hugh had to make a convulsive effort to grasp this unnatural horror. Will, one of themselves, to have gone off, and put himself into the hands of Uncle Penrose, and set himself against his mother and her sons! The ground seemed to fail under his feet, the solid world to fall off round him into bewildering mystery. Will! And yet he did not apprehend what it was. His mind could not take in more than one discovery at a time. A minute before, and he was ready to have risked everything on the good faith of any and every human creature he knew. Now, was there anybody to be trusted? His brother had stolen from his side, and was striking at him by another and an unfriendly hand. Will! Good heavens, Will!

It would be difficult to tell how long it was before the full meaning of the letter he had thus received entered into Hugh's mind. He sat with the breakfast things still on the table, so long, that the housekeeper herself came at last with natural inquisitiveness to see if anything was the matter, and found Hugh with a face as grey and colourless as that of the old Squire, sitting over his untasted coffee, unaware, apparently, what he was about. He started when she came in, and bundled up his letters into his pocket, and gave an odd laugh, and said he had been busy, and had forgotten. And then he sprang up and left the room, paying no attention to her outcry that he had eaten nothing. Hugh was not aware he had eaten nothing, or probably in the first horror of his discovery of the treachery in the world, he too would have taken to false pretences and saved appearances, and made believe to have breakfasted. But the poor boy was unaware, and rushed off to the library, where nobody could have any pretext for disturbing him, and shut himself up with his secret, his first secret, the new horrible discovery which had changed the face of the world. This was the letter which he had crushed up in his hand as he might have crushed a snake or deadly reptile, but which nothing could crush out of his heart, where the sting had entered and gone deep:—

"My dear Nephew,—It is with pain that I write to you, though it is my clear duty to do so in the interests of your brother, who has just put his case into my hands—and I don't doubt that the intelligence I am about to convey will be a great blow, not only to your future prospects but to your pride and sense of importance, which so fine a position at your age had naturally elevated considerably higher than a plain man like myself could approve of. Your brother arrived here to-day, and has lost no time in informing me of the singular circumstances under which he left home, and of which, so far as I understand him, you and your mother are still in ignorance. Wilfrid's perception of the fact that feelings, however creditable to him as an indivi-

dual, ought not to stand in the way of what is, strictly speaking, a matter of business, is very clear and uncompromising; but still he does not deny that he felt it difficult to make this communication either to you or to his mother. Accident, the nature of which I do not at present, before knowing your probable course of action, feel myself at liberty to indicate more plainly, has put him in possession of certain facts, which would change altogether the relations between him and yourself, as well as your (apparent) position as head of the family. These facts, which, for your mother's sake, I should be deeply grieved to make known out of the family, are as follows: your father, Major Ochterlony, and my niece, instead of being married privately in Scotland, as we all believed, in the year 1830, or thereabouts—I forget the exact date—were in reality only married in India in the year 1837, by the chaplain, the Rev. —— Churchill, then officiating at the station where your father's regiment was. This, as you are aware, was shortly before Wilfrid's birth, and not long before Major Ochterlony died. It is subject of thankfulness that your father did my niece this tardy justice before he was cut off, as may be said, in the flower of his days, but you will see at a glance that it entirely reverses your respective positions—and that in fact Wilfrid is Major Ochterlony's only lawful son.

"I am as anxious as you can be that this should be made a matter of family arrangement, and should never come to the public ears. To satisfy your own mind, however, of the perfect truth of the assertion I have made, I beg to refer you to the Rev. Mr. Churchill, who performed the ceremony, and whose present address, which Wilfrid had the good sense to secure, you will find below—and to Mrs. Kirkman, who was present. Indeed, I am informed, that you yourself were present—though probably too young to understand what it meant. It is possible that on examining your memory you may find some trace of the occurrence, which though not dependable upon by itself, will help to confirm the intelligence to your mind. We are in no hurry and will leave you the fullest time to satisfy yourself, as well as second you in every effort to prevent any painful consequence from falling upon your mother, who has (though falsely) enjoyed the confidence and esteem of her friends so long.

"For yourself you may reckon upon Wilfrid's anxious endeavours to further your prospects by every means in his power. Of course I do not expect you to take a fact involving so much, either upon his word or mine. Examine it fully for yourself, and the more entirely the matter is cleared up, the more will it be for our satisfaction as well as your own. The only thing I have to desire for my own part is that you will spare your mother—as your brother is most anxious to do. Hoping for an early reply,

"I am,

"Your affectionate uncle and sincere friend,

"J. P. Penrose."

Hugh sat in Francis Ochterlony's chair, at his table, with his head supported on his hands, looking straight before him, seeing nothing, not even thinking, feeling only this letter spread out upon the table, and the intelligence conveyed in it, and holding his head, which ached and throbbed with the blow, in his hands. He was still, and his head throbbed and his heart and soul ached, tingling through him to every joint and every vein. He could not even wonder, nor doubt, nor question in any way, for the first terrible interval. All he could do was to look at the fact and take it fully into his mind, and turn it over and over, seeing it all round on every side, looking at it this way and that way, and feeling as if somehow heaven and earth were filled with it, though he had never dreamt of such a ghost until that hour. Not his after all—neither Earlston, nor his name, nor the position he had been so proud of: nothing his—alas, not even his mother, his spotless mother, the woman whom it had been an honour and glory to come from and belong to. When a groan came from the poor boy's white lips it was that he was thinking of; Madonna Mary! that was the name they had called her by—and this was how it really was. He groaned aloud, and made an unconscious outcry of his pain when it came to that. "Oh, my God, if it had only been ruin, loss of everything—anything in the world but that!" This was the first stage of stupefaction and yet of vivid consciousness, before the indignation came. He sat and looked at it, and realised it, and took it into his mind, staring at it until every drop of blood ebbed away from his face. This was how it was before the anger came. After a while his countenance and his mood changed—the colour and heat came rushing back to his cheeks and lips, and a flood of rage and resentment swept over him like a sudden storm. Will! could it be Will? Liar! coward! traitor! to call her mother, and to tax her with shame even had it been true—to frame such a lying, cursed, devilish accusation against her! Then it was that Hugh flashed into a fiery, burning shame to think that he had given credence to it for one sole moment. He turned his eyes upon her as it were, and looked into her face and glowed with a bitter indignation and fury. His mother's face! only to think of it and dare to fancy that shame could ever have been there. And then the boy wept, in spite of his manhood—wept a few, hot, stinging tears, that dried up the moment they fell, half for rage, half for tenderness.—And, oh my God, was it Will? Then as his mind roused more and more to the dread emergency, Hugh got up and went to the window and gazed out as if that would help him; and his eye lighted on the tangled thicket which he had meant to make into his mother's flower-garden, and upon the sweep of trees through which he had planned his new approach, and once more he groaned aloud. Only this morning so sure about it all, so confidently and carelessly happy—now with not one clear step before him to take, with no future, no past that he could dare look

back upon, no name, nor rights of any kind—if this were true. And could it be otherwise than true? Could any imagination frame so monstrous and inconceivable a falsehood;—such a horrible impossibility might be fact, but it was beyond all the bounds of fancy;—and then the blackness of darkness descended again upon Hugh's soul. Poor Mary! poor mother! It came into the young man's mind to go to her and take her in his arms, and carry her away somewhere out of sight of men and sound of their voices—and again there came to his eyes those stinging tears. Fault of hers it could not be; she might have been deceived; and then poor Hugh's lips, unaccustomed to curses, quivered and stopped short as they were about to curse the father whom he never knew. Here was the point at which the tide turned again. Could it be Hugh Ochterlony who had deceived his wife? he whose sword hung in Mary's room, whose very name made a certain music in her voice when she pronounced it, and whom she had trained her children to reverence with that surpassing honour which belongs to the dead alone. Again a storm of rage and bitter indignation swept in his despair and bewilderment over the young man's mind; an accursed scheme, a devilish hateful lie—that was how it was; and oh horror! that it should be Will.

Through all these changes it was one confused tempest of misery and dismay that was in Hugh's mind. Now and then there would be wild breaks in the clouds—now they would be whirled over the sky in gusts—now settled down into a blackness beyond all reckoning. Lives change from joy to misery often enough in this world; but seldom thus in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. His careless boat had been taking its sweet course over waters rippled with a favourable breeze, and without a moment's interval it was among the breakers; and he knew so little how to manage it, he was so inexperienced to cope with winds and waves. And he had nobody to ask counsel from. He was, as Will had been, separated from his natural adviser, the one friend to whom hitherto he had confided all his difficulties. But Hugh was older than Will, and his mind had come to a higher development, though perhaps he was not so clever as his brother. He had no Uncle Penrose to go to; no living soul would hear from him this terrible tale; he could consult nobody. Not for a hundred Earlstons, not for all the world, would he have discussed with any man in existence his mother's good name.

Yet with that, too, there came another complication into Hugh's mind. Even while he actually thought in his despair of going to his mother, and telling her any tender lie that might occur to him, and carrying her away to Australia or any end of the world where he could work for her, and remove her for ever from shame and pain, a sense of outraged justice and rights assailed was in his mind. He was not one of those who can throw down their arms. Earlston was his, and he could not relinquish it and his position as head of the house without a struggle. And the thought of Mr. Penrose stung him. He even tried to heal one of his deeper wounds by persuading himself that Uncle Penrose was at the bottom of it, and that poor Will was but his tool. Poor Will! Poor miserable boy! And if he ever woke and came to himself and knew what he had been doing, how terrible would his position be. Thus Hugh tried to think till, wearied out with thinking, he said to himself that he would put it aside and think no more of it, and attend to his business; which vain imagination the poor boy tried to carry out with hands that shook and brain that refused to obey his guidance. And all this change was made in one little moment. His life came to a climax, and passed through a secret revolution in that one day; and yet he had begun it as if it had been an ordinary day—a calm summer morning in the summer of his days.

This was what Hugh said to his mother of Mr. Penrose's letter:—"The letter you forwarded to me from Uncle Penrose was in his usual business strain—good advice and that sort of thing. He does not say much about Will; but he has arrived all safe, and I suppose is enjoying himself—as well as he can, there."

And when he had written and despatched that note he sat down to think again. He decided at last that he would not go on with the flower-garden and the other works—till he saw; but that he would settle about the Museum without any delay. "If it came to the worst they would not recall the gift," he said to himself, brushing his hand across his eyes. It was his uncle's wish; and it was he, Hugh, and not any other, whom Francis Ochterlony had wished for his heir. Hugh's hand was wet when he took it from his eyes, and his heart was full, and he could have wept like a child. But he was a man, and weeping could do no good; and he had nobody in the world to take his trouble to—nobody in the world. Love and pride made a fence round him, and isolated him. He had to make his way out of it as best he could and alone. He made a great cry to God in his trouble; but from nobody in the world could he have either help or hope. And he read the letter over and over, and tried to recollect and to go back into his dim baby-memory of India, and gather out of the thick mists that scene which they said he had been present at. Was there really some kind of vague image of it, all broken and indistinct and effaced, on his mind?

CHAPTER XL.

While all this was going on at Earlston, there were other people in whose minds, though the matter was not of importance so overwhelming, pain and excitement and a trembling dread of the consequences had been awakened. Mary, to whom it would be even more momentous than to Hugh, knew nothing of it as yet. She had taken Mr. Penrose's letter into her hand and looked at it,

and hesitated, and then had smiled at her boy's new position in the world, and redirected it to him, passing on as it were a living shell just ready to explode without so much as scorching her own delicate fingers. But Mrs. Kirkman felt herself in the position of a woman who had seen the shell fired and had even touched the fatal trigger, and did not know where it had fallen, nor what death and destruction it might have scattered around. She was not like herself for these two or three days. She gave a divided attention to her evangelical efforts, and her mind wandered from the reports of her Bible readers. She seemed to see the great mass of fire and flame striking the ground, and the dead and wounded lying round it in all directions; and it might be that she too was to blame. She bore it as long as she could, trying to persuade herself that she, like Providence, had done it "for the best," and that it might be for Mary's good or Hugh's good, even if it should happen to kill them. This was how she attempted to support and fortify herself; but while she was doing so Wilfrid's steady, matter-of-fact countenance would come before her, and she would perceive by the instinct of guilt, that he would neither hesitate nor spare, but was clothed in the double armour of egotism and ignorance; that he did not know what horrible harm he could do, and yet that he was sensible of his power and would certainly exercise it. She was like the other people involved—afraid to ask any one's advice, or betray the share she had taken in the business; even her husband, had she spoken to him about it, would probably have asked what the deuce she had to do interfering? For Colonel Kirkman, though a man of very orthodox views, still was liable in a moment of excitement to forget himself, and give force to his sentiments by a mild oath. Mrs. Kirkman could not bear thus to descend in the opinion of any one, and yet she could not satisfy her conscience about it, nor be content with what she had done. She stood out bravely for a few days, telling herself she had only done her duty; but the composure she attained by this means was forced and unnatural. And at last she could bear it no longer; she seemed to have heard the dreadful report, and then to have seen everything relapse into the most deadly silence; no cry coming out of the distance, nor indications if everybody was perishing, or any one had escaped. If she had but heard one outcry—if Hugh, poor fellow, had come storming to her to know the truth of it, or Mary had come with her fresh wounds, crying out against her, Mrs. Kirkman could have borne it; but the silence was more than she could bear. Something within compelled her to get up out of her quiet and go forth and ask who had been killed, even though she might bring herself within the circle of responsibility thereby.

This was why, after she had put up with her anxiety as long as she could, she went out at last by herself in a very disturbed and uneasy state to the Cottage, where all was still peaceful, and no storm had yet darkened the skies. Mary had received Hugh's letter that morning, which he had written in the midst of his first misery, and it had never occurred to her to think anything more about Uncle Penrose after the calm mention her boy made of his letter. She had not heard from Will, it is true, and was vexed by his silence; but yet it was a light vexation. Mrs. Ochterlony, however, was not at home when Mrs. Kirkman arrived; and, if anything could have increased her uneasiness and embarrassment, it would have been to be ushered into the drawing-room, and to find Winnie seated there all by herself. Mrs. Percival rose in resentful grandeur when she saw who the visitor was. Now was Winnie's chance to repay that little demonstration of disapproval which the Colonel's wife had made on her last visit to the Cottage. The two ladies made very stately salutations to each other, and the stranger sat down, and then there was a dead pause. "Let Mrs. Ochterlony know when she comes in," Winnie had said to the maid; and that was all she thought it necessary to say. Even Aunt Agatha was not near to break the violence of the encounter. Mrs. Kirkman sat down in a very uncomfortable condition, full of genuine anxiety; but it was not to be expected that her natural impulses should entirely yield even to compunction and fright, and a sense of guilt. When a few minutes of silence had elapsed, and Mary did not appear, and Winnie sat opposite to her, wrapt up and gloomy, in her shawl, and her haughtiest air of preoccupation, Mrs. Kirkman began to come to herself. Here was a perishing sinner before her, to whom advice, and reproof, and admonition, might be all important, and such a favourable moment might never come again. The very sense of being rather faulty in her own person gave her a certain stimulus to warn the culpable creature, whose errors were so different, and so much more flagrant than hers. And if in doing her duty, she had perhaps done something that might harm one of the family, was it not all the more desirable to do good to another? Mrs. Kirkman cleared her throat, and looked at the culprit. And as she perceived Winnie's look of defiance, and absorbed self-occupation, and determined opposition to anything that might be advanced, a soft sense of superiority and pity stole into her mind. Poor thing, that did not know the things that belonged to her peace!—was it not a Christian act to bring them before her ere they might be for ever hid from her eyes?

Once more Mrs. Kirkman cleared her throat. She did it with an intention; and Winnie heard, and was roused, and fixed on her one corner of her eye. But she only made a very mild commencement—employing in so important a matter the wisdom of the serpent, conjoined, as it always ought to be, with the sweetness of the dove.

"Mrs. Ochterlony is probably visiting among the poor," said Mrs. Kirkman, but with a sceptical tone in her voice, as if that, at least, was what Mary

ought to be doing, though it was doubtful whether she was so well employed.

"Probably," said Winnie, curtly; and then there was a pause.

"To one who occupies herself so much as she does with her family, there must be much to do for three boys," continued Mrs. Kirkman, still with a certain pathos in her voice. "Ah, if we did but give ourselves as much trouble about our spiritual state!"

She waited for a reply, but Winnie gave no reply. She even gave a slight, scarcely perceptible, shrug to her shoulders, and turned a little aside.

"Which is, after all, the only thing that is of any importance," said Mrs. Kirkman. "My dear Mrs. Percival, I do trust that you agree with me?"

"I don't see why I should be your dear Mrs. Percival," said Winnie. "I was not aware that we knew each other. I think you must be making a mistake."

"All my fellow creatures are dear to me," said Mrs. Kirkman, "especially when I can hope that their hearts are open to grace. I can be making no mistake so long as I am addressing a fellow sinner. We have all so much reason to abase ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes. Even when we have been preserved more than others from active sin, we must know that the root of all evil is in our hearts."

Winnie gave another very slight shrug of her shoulders, and turned away, as far as a mingled impulse of defiance and politeness would let her. She would neither be rude nor would she permit her assailant to think that she was running away.

"If I venture to seize this moment, and speak to you more plainly than I would speak to all, oh, my dear Mrs. Percival," cried Mrs. Kirkman,—"my dear fellow sinner! don't think it is because I am insensible to the existence of the same evil tendency in my own heart."

"What do you mean by talking to me of evil tendencies?" cried Winnie, flushing high. "I don't want to hear you speak. You may be a sinner if you like, but I don't think there is any particular fellowship between you and me."

"There is the fellowship of corrupt hearts," said Mrs. Kirkman. "I hope, for your own sake, you will not refuse to listen for a moment. I may never have been tempted in the same way, but I know too well the deceitfulness of the natural heart to take any credit to myself. You have been exposed to many temptations——"

"You know nothing about me, that I am aware," cried Winnie, with restrained fury. "I do not know how you can venture to take such a liberty with me."

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Percival, I know a great deal about you," said Mrs. Kirkman. "There is nothing I would not do to make a favourable impression on your mind. If you would but treat me as a friend and let me be of some use to you: I know you must have had many temptations; but we know also that it is never too late to turn away from evil, and that with true repentance——"

"I suppose what you want is, to drive me out of the room," said Winnie, looking at her fiercely, with crimson cheeks. "What right have you to lecture me? My sister's friends have a right to visit her, of course, but not to make themselves disagreeable—and I don't mean my private affairs to be discussed by Mary's friends. You have nothing to do with me."

"I was not speaking as Mary's friend," said Mrs. Kirkman, with a passing twinge of conscience. "I was speaking only as a fellow sinner. Dear Mrs. Percival, surely you recollect who it was that objected to be his brother's keeper. It was Cain; it was not a loving Christian heart. Oh, don't sin against opportunity, and refuse to hear me. The message I have is one of mercy and love. Even if it were too late to redeem character with the world, it is never too late to come to——"

Winnie started to her feet, goaded beyond bearing.

"How dare you! how dare you!" she said, clenching her hands,—but Mrs. Kirkman's benevolent purpose was far too lofty and earnest to be put down by any such demonstration of womanish fury.

"If it were to win you to think in time, to withdraw from the evil and seek good, to come while it is called to-day," said the Evangelist, with much steadfastness, "I would not mind even making you angry. I can dare anything in my Master's service—oh, do not refuse the gracious message! Oh, do not turn a deaf ear. You may have forfeited this world, but, oh think of the next: as a Christian and a fellow sinner——"

"Aunt Agatha!" cried Winnie, breathless with rage and shame, "do you mean to let me be insulted in your house?"

Poor Aunt Agatha had just come in, and knew nothing about Mrs. Kirkman and her visit. She stood at the door surprised, looking at Winnie's excited face, and at the stranger's authoritative calm. She had been out in the village, with a little basket in her hand, which never went empty, and she also had been dropping words of admonition out of her soft and tender lips.

"Insulted! My dear love, it must be some mistake," said Aunt Agatha. "We are always very glad to see Mrs. Kirkman, as Mary's friend; but the house is Mrs. Percival's house, being mine," Miss Seton added, with a little dignified curtsey, thinking the visitor had been uncivil, as on a former occasion. And then there was a pause, and Winnie sat down, fortifying herself by the presence of the mild little woman, who was her protector. It was a strange reversal of positions, but yet that was how it was. The passionate creature had now no other protector but Aunt Agatha, and even while she felt herself assured and strengthened by her presence, it gave her a pang to think it was so. Nobody but Aunt Agatha to stand between her and impertinent intrusion. Nobody to take her part before the world.

That was the moment when Winnie's heart melted, if it ever did melt, for one pulsation and no more towards her enemy, her antagonist, her husband, who was not there to take advantage of the momentary thaw.

"I am Mary's friend," said Mrs. Kirkman, sweetly; "and I am all your friends. It was not only as Mary's friend I was speaking—it was out of love for souls. Oh, my dear Miss Seton, I hope you are one of those who think seriously of life. Help me to talk to your dear niece; help me to tell her that there is still time. She has gone astray; perhaps she never can retrieve herself for this world,—but this world is not all,—and she is still in the land of the living, and in the place of hope. Oh, if she would but give up her evil ways and flee! Oh, if she would but remember that there is mercy for the vilest!"

Speaker and hearers were by this time wound up to such a pitch of excitement, that it was impossible to go on. Mrs. Kirkman had tears in her eyes—tears of real feeling; for she thought she was doing what she ought to do; while Winnie blazed upon her with rage and defiance, and poor Aunt Agatha stood up in horror and consternation between them, horrified by the entire breach of all ordinary rules, and yet driven to bay and roused to that natural defence of her own which makes the weakest creature brave.

"My dear love, be composed," she said, trembling a little. "Mrs. Kirkman, perhaps you don't know that you are speaking in a very extraordinary way. We are all great sinners; but as for my dear niece, Winnie——My darling, perhaps if you were to go up-stairs to your own room, that would be best——"

"I have no intention of going to my own room," said Winnie. "The question is, whether you will suffer me to be insulted here."

"Oh, that there should be any thought of insult!" said Mrs. Kirkman, shaking her head, and waving her long curls solemnly. "If any one is to leave the room, perhaps it should be me. If my warning is rejected, I will shake off the dust of my feet, and go away, as commanded. But I did hope better things. What motive have I but love of her poor soul? Oh, if she would think while it is called to-day—while there is still a place of repentance——"

"Winnie, my dear love," said Aunt Agatha, trembling more and more, "go to your own room."

But Winnie did not move. It was not in her to run away. Now that she had an audience to fortify her, she could sit and face her assailant, and defy all attacks. Though at the same time her eyes and cheeks blazed, and the thought that it was only Aunt Agatha whom she had to stand up for her, filled her with furious contempt and bitterness. At length it was Mrs. Kirkman who rose up with sad solemnity, and drew her silk robe about her, and shook the dust, if there was any dust, not from her feet, but from the fringes of her handsome shawl.

"I will ask the maid to show me up to Mary's room," she said, with pathetic resignation. "I suppose I may wait for her there; and I hope it may never be recorded against you that you have rejected a word of Christian warning. Good-bye, Miss Seton; I hope you will be faithful to your poor dear niece yourself, though you will not permit me."

"We know our own affairs best," said Aunt Agatha, whose nerves were so affected that she could scarcely keep up to what she considered a correct standard of polite calm.

"Alas, I hope it may not prove to be just our own best interests that we are most ignorant of," said Mrs. Kirkman, with a heavy sigh—and she swept out of the room following the maid, who looked amazed and aghast at the strange request. "Show me to Mrs. Ochterlony's room, and kindly let her know when she comes in that I am there." As for Winnie, she burst into an abrupt laugh when her monitress was gone—a laugh which wounded Aunt Agatha, and jarred upon her excited nerves. But there was little mirth in it. It was, in its way, a cry of pain, and it was followed by a tempest of hot tears, which Miss Seton took for hysterics. Poor Winnie! She was not penitent, nor moved by anything that had been said to her, except to rage and a sharper sense of pain. But yet, such an attack made her feel her position, as she did not do when left to herself. She had no protector but Aunt Agatha. She was open to all the assaults of well-meaning friends, and social critics of every description. She was not placed above comment as a woman is who keeps her troubles to herself—for she had taken the world in general into her confidence, as it were, and opened their mouths, and subjected herself voluntarily to their criticism. Winnie's heart seemed to close up as she pondered this—and her life rose up before her, wilful and warlike—and all at once it came into her head what her sister had said to her long ago, and her own decision: were it for misery, were it for ruin, rather to choose ruin and misery with *him*, than peace without him? How strange it was to think of the change that time had made in everything. She had been fighting him, and making him her chief antagonist, almost ever since. And yet, down in the depths of her heart poor Winnie remembered Mary's words, and felt with a curious pang, made up of misery and sweetness, that even yet, even yet, under some impossible combination of circumstances—this was what made her laugh, and made her cry so bitterly—but Aunt Agatha, poor soul, could not enter into her heart and see what she meant.

They were in this state of agitation when Mary came in, all unconscious of any disturbance. And a further change arose in Winnie at sight of her sister. Her tears dried up, but her eyes continued to blaze. "It is your friend, Mrs. Kirkman, who has been paying us a visit," she said, in answer to Mary's question; and it seemed to Mrs. Ochterlony that the blame was transferred to her own shoul-

ders, and that it was she who had been doing something, and showing herself the general enemy.

"She is a horrid woman," said Aunt Agatha, hotly. "Mary, I wish you would explain to her, that after what has happened it cannot give me any pleasure to see her here. This is twice that she has insulted us. You will mention that we are not—not used to it. It may do for the soldiers' wives, poor things! but she has no right to come here."

"She must mean to call Mary to repentance, too," said Winnie. She had been thinking with a certain melting of heart of what Mary had once said to her; yet she could not refrain from flinging a dart at her sister ere she returned to think about herself.

All this time Mrs. Kirkman was seated in Mary's room, waiting. Her little encounter had restored her to herself. She had come back to her lofty position of superiority and goodness. She would have said herself that she had carried the Gospel message to that poor sinner, and that it had been rejected; and there was a certain satisfaction of woe in her heart. It was necessary that she should do her duty to Mary also, about whom, when she started, she had been rather compunctious. There is nothing more strange than the processes of thought by which a limited understanding comes to grow into content with itself, and approval of its own actions. It seemed to this good woman's straitened soul that she had been right, almost more than right, in seizing upon the opportunity presented to her, and making an appeal to a sinner's perverse heart. And she thought it would be right to point out to Mary, how any trouble that might be about to overwhelm her was for her good, and that she herself had, like Providence, acted for the best. She looked about the room with actual curiosity, and shook her head at the sight of the Major's sword, hanging over the mantel-piece, and the portraits of the three boys underneath. She shook her head and thought of creature-worship, and how some stroke was needed to wean Mrs. Ochterlony's heart from its inordinate affections. "It will keep her from trusting to a creature," she said to herself, and by degrees came to look complacently on her own position, and to settle how she should tell the tale to be also for the best. It never occurred to her to think what poor hands hers were to meddle with the threads of fate, or to decide which or what calamity was "for the best." Nor did any consideration of the mystery of pain disturb her mind. She saw no complications in it. Your dearest ties—your highest assurances of good—were but "blessings lent us for a day," and it seemed only natural to Mrs. Kirkman that such blessings should be yielded up in a reasonable way. She herself had neither had nor relinquished any particular blessings. Colonel Kirkman was very good in a general way, and very correct in his theological sentiments; but he was a very steady and substantial possession, and did not suggest any idea of being lent for a day—and his wife felt that she herself was fortunately beyond that necessity, but that it would be for Mary's good if she had another lesson on the vanity of earthly endowments. And thus she sat, feeling rather comfortable about it, and too sadly superior to be offended by her agitation down-stairs, in Mrs. Ochterlony's room.

Mary went in with her fair face brightened by her walk, a little soft anxiety (perhaps) in her eyes, or at least curiosity,—a little indignation, and yet the faintest touch of amusement about her mouth. She went in and shut the door, leaving her sister and Aunt Agatha below, moved by what they supposed to be a much deeper emotion. Nobody in the house so much as dreamt that anything of any importance was going on there. There was not a sound as of a raised voice or agitated utterance as there had been when Mrs. Kirkman made her appeal to Winnie. But when the door of Mrs. Ochterlony's room opened again, and Mary appeared, showing her visitor out, her countenance was changed, as if by half-a-dozen years. She followed her visitor down-stairs, and opened the door for her, and looked after her as she went away, but not the ghost of a smile came upon Mary's face. She did not offer her hand, nor say a word at parting that anyone could hear. Her lips were compressed, without smile or syllable to move them, and closed as if they never would open again, and every drop of blood seemed to be gone from her face. When Mrs. Kirkman went away from the door, Mary closed it, and went back again to her own room. She did not say a word, nor look as if she had anything to say. She went to her wardrobe and took out a bag, and put some things into it, and then she tied on her bonnet, everything being done as if she had planned it all for years. When she was quite ready, she went down-stairs and went to the drawing-room, where Winnie, agitated and disturbed, sat talking, saying a hundred wild things, of which Aunt Agatha knew but half the meaning. When Mary looked in at the door, the two who were there, started, and stared at her with amazed eyes. "What has happened, Mary?" cried Aunt Agatha; and though she was beginning to resume her lost tranquillity, she was so scared by Mrs. Ochterlony's face that she had a palpitation which took away her breath, and made her sink down panting and lay her hands upon her heart. Mary, for her part, was perfectly composed and in possession of her senses. She made no fuss at all, nor complaint,—but nothing could conceal the change, nor alter the wonderful look in her eyes.

"I am going to Liverpool," she said, "I must see Will immediately, and I want to go by the next train. There is nothing the matter with him. It is only something I have just heard, and I must see him without loss of time."

"What is it, Mary?" gasped Aunt Agatha. "You have heard something dreadful. Are any of the boys mixed up in it? Oh, say something, and don't look in that dreadful fixed way."

"Am I looking in a dreadful fixed way?" said

Mary, with a faint smile. "I did not mean it. No, there is nothing the matter with any of the boys. But I have heard something that has disturbed me, and I must see Will. If Hugh should come while I am away——"

But here her strength broke down. A choking sob came from her breast. She seemed on the point of breaking out into some wild cry for help or comfort; but it was only a spasm, and it passed. Then she came to Aunt Agatha and kissed her. "Good bye: if either of the boys come, keep them till I come back," she said. She had looked so fair and so strong in the composure of her middle age when she stood there only an hour before, that the strange despair which seemed to have taken possession of her, had all the more wonderful an effect. It woke even Winnie from her preoccupation, and they both came round her, wondering and disquieted, to know what was the matter. "Something must have happened to Will," said Aunt Agatha.

"It is that woman who has brought her bad news," cried Winnie; and then both together they cried out, "What is it, Mary? have you bad news?"

"Nothing that I have not known for years," said Mrs. Ochterlony, and she kissed them both, as if she was kissing them for the last time, and disengaged herself, and turned away. "I cannot wait to tell you any more," they heard her say as she went to the door; and there they stood, looking at each other, conscious more by some change in the atmosphere, than by mere eyesight, that she was gone. She had no time to speak or to look behind her; and when Aunt Agatha rushed to the window, she saw Mary far off on the road, going steady and swift with her bag in her hand. In the midst of her anxiety and suspicion, Miss Seton even felt a pang at the sight of the bag in Mary's hand. "As if there was no one to carry it for her!" The two who were left behind could but look at each other, feeling somehow a sense of shame, and instinctive consciousness that this new change, whatever it was, involved trouble far more profound than the miseries over which they had been brooding. Something that she had known for years! What was there in these quiet words which made Winnie's veins tingle, and the blood rush to her face? All these quiet years was it possible that a cloud had ever been hovering which Mary knew of, and yet held her way so steadily? As for Aunt Agatha, she was only perplexed and agitated, and full of wonder, making every kind of suggestion. Will might have broken his leg—he might have got into trouble with his uncle. It might be something about Islay. Oh! Winnie, my darling, what do you think it can be? Something that she had known for years!

This was what it really was. It seemed to Mary as if for years and years she had known all about it; how it would get to be told to her poor boy; how it would act upon his strange half-developed nature; how Mrs. Kirkman would tell her of it, and the things she would put into her travelling bag, and the very hour the train would leave. It was a miserably slow train, stopping everywhere, waiting at a dreary junction for several trains in the first chill of night. But she seemed to have known it all, and to have felt the same dreary wind blow, and the cold creeping to the heart, and to be used and deadened to it. Why is it that one feels so cold when one's heart is bleeding and wounded? It seemed to go in through the physical covering which shrinks at such moments from the sharp and sensitive soul, and to thrill her with a shiver as of ice and snow. She passed Mrs. Kirkman on the way, but could not take any notice of her, and she put down her veil and drew her shawl closely about her, and sat in a corner that she might escape recognition. But it was hard upon her that the train should be so slow, though that too she seemed to have known for years.

Thus the cross of which she had partially and by moments tasted the bitterness for so long, was laid at last full upon Mary's shoulders. She went carrying it, marking her way, as it were, by blood-drops which answered for tears, to do what might be done, that nobody but herself might suffer. For one thing, she did not lose a moment. If Will had been ill, or if he had been in any danger, she would have done the same. She was a woman who had no need to wait to make up her mind. And perhaps she might not be too late, perhaps her boy meant no evil. He was her boy, and it was hard to associate evil or unkindness with him. Poor Will! perhaps he had but gone away because he could not bear to see his mother fallen from her high estate. Then it was that a flush of fiery colour came to Mary's face, but it was only for a moment; things had gone too far for that. She sat at the junction waiting, and the cold wind blew in upon her, and pierced to her heart—and it was nothing that she had not known for years.

DELIVERANCE.

DELIVERANCE.

I.

As some poor captive bird, too weak to fly,
Still lingers in its open cage, so I
My slavery own.
For evil makes a prison-house within;
The gloom of sin, and sorrow born of sin,
Doth weigh me down.
Ah, Christ! and wilt not thou regard my sighs,
Long wakeful hours, and lonely miseries,
And hopes forlorn?
Let not my fainting soul be thus subdued,
Nor leave thy child in darkened solitude,
All night to mourn!

II.

He hears my prayer! the dreary night is done,
I feel the soft air and the blessed sun,
With heavenly beams.
He comes, my Lord! in raiment glistening white,
From pastures golden in the morning light
And crystal streams.
O let me come to Thee!—from this dark place,
And see my gentle Shepherd face to face,
And hear his voice.
So shall these bitter tears no longer flow,
And thou shalt teach my secret heart to know
Thy sacred joys!

H. R. HAWEIS.

SENSITIVE PLANTS.

THOUGH the composition of Animal and Plant life differs in many respects, there is one property common to both the great divisions of organised nature. This is the means by which the function of nutrition is carried on through the cellular tissue. Vegetables seem to be governed by the same law as animals, and though unable to protect themselves or resist destruction to the same extent, yet, as we showed in our paper on "Curious forms of Fruits," many of them are provided with a certain means of protection by the prolongation of some of their parts or the addition of others.

Though sensitiveness or excitability is not so general or so intense amongst plants as it is amongst animals, it will be seen from the examples we are about to give that where it does occur it is so marked that there is no mistaking its presence. As to tenacity of life, plants are quite as fully endowed as animals, or perhaps even more so. We know that two distinct vegetable forms which in the process of grafting may have had their tissues ruptured by being cut, will unite and become as one plant, the circulation passing freely from one to the other. Again, many plants may be considerably reduced in weight by drying, while yet they are capable of being restored to perfect life and vigour. De Candolle mentions an instance of a plant of *Sempervivum cæspitosum* growing after having been shut up amongst other dried plants in a herbarium for eighteen months. In many seeds too we have proof of this tenacity of life when we see that after they have been kept for a length of time, and consequently become dried and shrivelled, or perhaps subjected to severe cold or frost, they germinate with the greatest facility. This tenacity of vegetable life is partly borne out by the hygrometric properties of some plants. Among cryptogams many instances are known of a revival of the plants after a lengethened suspension of the most important vital functions. We shall have occasion to refer more fully to these various functions when we come to speak of the individual plants so affected.

Of those plants which come under the designation of irritable or sensitive, none is more popular than the *Mimosa pudica*, which is commonly known as *the* "Sensitive Plant." It is a native of

Sensitive Plant—Mimosa pudica.

Brazil, but is very frequently to be seen in cultivation in our hothouses. *M. sensitiva* is also found in cultivation, but it is not nearly so sensitive as *M. pudica*. Most of our readers have, no doubt, watched the closing and opening of its leaflets; and many a lesson of humility may have been learnt from its voluntary motion. The meek, subdued manner in which it receives an injury, appeals in a gentle but decided way to our own feelings. The plant, if ill used, cannot retaliate by inflicting injury in return—as we have shown many plants can do by their armed fruits—but it simply droops, looks withered and dead as if to shame its assailant. After a short time, however, it revives, carefully and gradually opening its leaflets to the same extent as before. The following lines, from the pen

of Erasmus Darwin, eloquently set forth the delicate habits of the *Mimosa*:—

"Weak with nice sense the chaste Mimosa stands,
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands,
Oft as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
Alarm'd, she trembles at the moving shade,
And feels, alive through all her tender form,
The whisper'd murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night,
And hails with freshen'd charms the rising light."

The plant, as will be seen from the cut, has compound bipinnate leaves, and four partial leaf-stalks starting from one common petiole.

If a leaflet be touched at the apex, or the sun's rays concentrated upon it by a lens, it will immediately move upwards, and the opposite leaflet will have a simultaneous motion until the upper surfaces of the two leaflets are brought together; the next pair lower down will likewise follow a similar course of closing, and so on, one pair after another, increasing in rapidity till the last pair has closed, when the partial petiole itself will drop downwards, after which the influence is transmitted to the entire leaf, and the main petiole suddenly drops, like the arm of a railway semaphore. If the leaflet be touched at the base instead of the apex, the motion will be in the opposite direction. The stem of the plant does not appear to be directly concerned in this sensitiveness. It may be wounded or injured in various ways without producing any effect upon the leaflets, but the application of a chemical agent, as a fluid or acid, which can be absorbed by the cells of the tissue, will cause the leaves to become depressed. The mechanism by which, so to speak, this motion is carried on, is contained in the lower part of the swollen base or joints of the petiole. The upper part may be touched, or even cut away, and the leaf remains erect; but if a similar injury occurs to the lower part, the drooping of the leaf immediately follows. "Hence it appears that the elevation and depression of the leaf is owing to the elasticity of the tissue, of which the swollen joint is composed; and that the stimulus employed to produce motion tends to weaken the upper part of these joints in the case of the leaflets and partial petioles, but the lower part of those belonging to the main petioles—the contrary sides continuing elastic as before." How the effect is produced, and the causes which regulate its action, have been much investigated questions, and numerous explanations have been given by scientific men. Dr. Dutrochet, however, has perhaps gone more fully into the subject, in its chemical and physiological bearings, than any other writer, and we cannot do better than quote his opinions on this point, as given in the "Botanical Register":—"The principal point of locomotion, or of mobility, exists in the little swelling which is situated at the base of the common and partial petioles of the leaves; this swelling is composed of a very delicate cellular tissue, in which is found an immense number of nervous corpuscles; the axis of the swelling is formed of a little fascicle of tubular vessels. It was ascertained by some delicate experiments, that the power of movement, or of contraction and expansion, exists in the parenchym and cellular tissue of the swelling, and that the central fibres have no specific action connected with the motion. It also appeared that the energy of the nervous powers of the leaf depended wholly upon an abundance of sap, and that a diminution of that fluid occasioned an extreme diminution of the sensibility of the leaves. Prosecuting his inquiry still further, the author ascertains that in the movements of the sensitive plant there are two distinct motions—the one of locomotion, which is the consequence of direct violence offered to the leaves, and which occurs in the swellings already spoken of; the other, nervimotion, which depends upon some stimulus applied to the surface of the leaflets, unaccompanied by actual violence, such as the solar rays concentrated in the focus of a lens. As in all cases the bending or folding of the leaves evidently takes place from one leaf to another with perfect continuity, it may be safely inferred that the invisible nervous action takes place in a direct line from the point of original irritation, and that the cause by which this action of nervimotion is produced must be some internal uninterrupted agency. This was, after much curious investigation, determined by the author to exist neither in the pith nor in the bark, nor even in the cellular tissue filled with nervous corpuscles, and on which he supposes the locomotion of the swelling at the base of the petioles to depend. It is in the ligneous part of the central system, in certain tubes supplied with nervous corpuscles, and serving for the transmission of sap, that Dr. Dutrochet believes he has found the true seat of nervimotion, which he attributes to the agency of the sap alone, while he considers the power of locomotion to depend upon the nervous corpuscles alone."

The sensibility of the plant is greatly diminished by continued shaking, or other agitation; if it is exposed to the wind it gets used to the motion, and after a short time fully expands its leaves. Another proof of the power of arresting its sensibility may be had by carrying the plant in a vehicle. At first it droops and looks withered, but it soon gets accustomed to the continued motion and fully opens its leaves.

Another very interesting plant is the "Moving Plant," *Desmodium gyrans*. It is a native of the East Indies and belongs to the same natural order as the Sensitive Plant. Its movements, however, differ from those of the Mimosa, inasmuch as the leaves have a rotary motion instead of a collapsing or drooping one. Again, the Sensitive Plant, to put it in motion, requires some outward mechanical agency, such for instance as being touched, or breathed upon. In the *Desmodium* the motion is voluntary, for some of the leaflets appear never to be at rest even where there is no wind or air to set them in motion. Indeed the movements are most

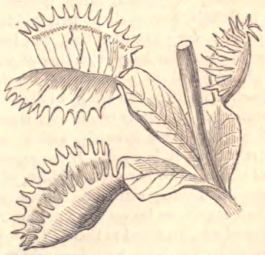
apparent in plants growing in a closed hothouse, where the sun has undiminished power. The leaves are ternate, that is, composed of three leaflets; sometimes one of these leaflets will be in motion while the others are still. At other times two will

Moving Plant—Desmodium gyrans.

be moving, and at other times all three; so that there is no regularity in the motion of the leaflets, and they may be seen moving either steadily or by jerks in every possible direction. Linnæus's description of the peculiarities of this plant is worth quoting, as it shows the accuracy and acute observation of that great naturalist. He says:—"No sooner had the plants, raised from seed, acquired their ternate leaves than they began to be in motion in every direction; this movement did not cease during the whole course of their vegetation, nor were they observant of any time, order, or direction; one leaflet frequently revolved, whilst the others on the same petiole were quiescent; sometimes a few leaflets only were in motion, then almost all of them would be in movement at once; the whole plant was very seldom agitated, and that only during the first year. It continued to move in the stove during the second year of its growth, and was not at rest even in winter."

Though, as we have before said, the motion of this plant is distinctly different to that of the Sensitive Plant, it seems that some of the causes of their motions are similar. Thus, for instance, heat, as derived from the sun's rays, has a similar effect upon both. It is, however, singular that mechanical action is required to set one in motion, and not the other. *Æschynomene viscidula* and *Æ. sensitiva* have also sensitive leaves: the first is a native of Florida, and the latter of the West Indies. Like the "Sensitive" and "Moving" plants, they belong to the *Leguminosæ*, or pea family; and it is remarkable that many others of the same order have a similar habit of opening their leaflets during the day, and closing them during the night. These facts would seem to go to establish the theories of some authors that the motion of plants, even under mechanical treatment—we mean by being touched—is to be referred to what is called the sleep of plants. Hoffman's opinion is that the sleeping and awaking of leaves is to be attributed to temperature, and that light affects the change only so far as it contains calorific rays. Many plants are familiar to us as opening and closing either their leaves or flowers at dawn and dusk, but there are none equal in beauty to the night-flowering cacti. *Cereus grandiflorus*, a native of the West Indies, is the most common of these kinds; but *C. Macdonaldiæ* is by far the most beautiful. The flowers of this species when fully expanded are quite fourteen inches across. The petals are of a delicate white, backed by radiating sepals of bright red and orange. The stamens are very numerous, and, drooping from the centre, give a graceful feathery appearance to that part of the flower. The stems of the plant are no thicker than the finger, and appear scarcely strong enough to support the mass of flowers, for upon a well-grown plant as many as twelve or eighteen flowers may be seen at one time. The plant requires a wall or trellis-work to grow upon, and in this way it will cover a very large surface. In the Botanic Garden, Kew, there is a very fine plant, which flowers profusely during the months of May and June; but it labours under this disadvantage, that by the time it opens its blossoms the public are excluded from the gardens. Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening it usually prepares for its display, and by eleven o'clock is fully blown—fading, and the petals dropping, by daybreak next morning.

Venus's Fly Trap (*Dionæa muscipula*) is a well-known and very striking example of vegetable irritability. The plant is a native of the swamps of



Venus's Fly Trap—Dionæa muscipula.

North Carolina, and belongs to the natural order *Droseraceæ*. It is frequently in cultivation in our hothouses, not for the magnificence or splendour of its flowers, but solely on account of the interest excited by its peculiar movements. The entire plant is very small, and has radical leaves arranged in a cluster, from the centre of which the flower-spike springs. These leaves have long winged footstalks, as will be seen by the cut.

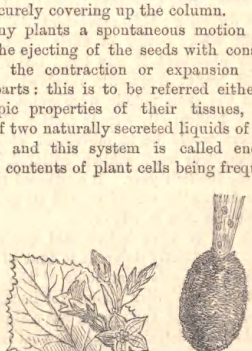
The true leaf is the irritable part, and this is seated at the apex of the winged petiole, in a similar position to the Pitchers mentioned in our first paper; it is divided by a continuation of the mid-rib into two nearly semicircular lobes, the edges of which are fringed with a single row of stiff hairs. In the

centre of each of these lobes, on the upper sides, are three hairs, or short fine bristles, arranged in the form of a triangle. It is in these hairs that the irritation exists, and they are so delicately sensitive, that the least touch will bring the two halves of the leaf closely together. The best way of witnessing this interesting motion is when a fly or other small insect settles or crawls upon the leaf, and so touches the fine hairs. Then the two lobes will immediately collapse, completely and securely enclosing the intruder until he is either dead or has ceased to struggle, when the sides again open and resume their former position. A similar movement of course can be produced by lightly touching the hairs on the lobes with a fine straw or needle. This, then, is the trap from which the plant derives its name. Indeed, it has been presumed that a sweet liquor exuded by the little glands, which are only to be distinguished by the aid of a lens, on the upper surface of the leaf, is the means of tempting insects to their destruction; and these insects dying in the plant and being decomposed, act as naturally gotten manure. But before accepting this last theory as a sound one, further confirmation is needful. A very beautiful example of the perfectness of nature's work is to be seen in the alternate clasping of the hairs of the edges when the lobes are brought together in a perfectly similar manner to the clasping of the human hand; by this arrangement much strength is gained to resist the struggles of the insect inside.

The Sundews, of which three species are indigenous to Britain, have a slight irritable tendency. The genus is a very peculiar one, the leaves are covered with glandular hairs, the tips of which are bright red, enclosed in a colourless viscid fluid, which attaches itself to the wings of flies or other small insects, and gradually bends over them. The leaf itself slightly curls inwards, and so holds its prey securely until it is dead. If we examine any number of plants of *Drosera rotundifolia*, which is a British species, having rotundate leaves, we shall scarcely find one whose leaves have not an insect, or the remains of one, attached to them. These peculiar plants, which grow in bogs, were formerly valued for reputed medicinal properties. Gerarde, in his Herbal, speaks of the Sundew as a remedy for consumption and various other diseases. The viscid juice was also considered efficacious for removing sunburns, freckles, warts, &c. Though the juice is undoubtedly acrid, the properties assigned to it seem to be imaginary rather than real, as is also the notion, once prevalent, that it was the cause in some districts of the disease in sheep called rot. This disease, however, would seem more likely to be derived from the miasma arising from the unhealthy situations in which the plants are usually found, and where the herbage is largely interspersed with moss, rushes, and similar vegetation.

Some of the foreign species of *Drosera* have a very striking appearance; *D. binata*, for instance, which is a native of Tasmania, has very long stem-like leaves, which, in their young state, are rolled up in a similar manner to the fronds of a fern. These are thickly covered with fine hairs, each one tipped with red, and the whole covered with a viscid fluid—so clear that they look like little spikes of crystal. These hairs are very beautiful objects under the microscope. The flowers are small and inconspicuous; their parts are in fives, and the styles from three to five cleft. The name of the genus is derived from the Greek *drosos*, dew, in reference to the dewy appearance of the hairs, to which the English name of Sundew also refers. Vegetable irritability occurs more or less in many other plants, but the examples we have given are those in which the movements are most apparent, and they are, moreover, plants which can readily be seen in any well-kept collection: so that most of our readers could without much difficulty examine the living specimens. Plants having this power of motion are found in widely distinct natural orders; even in the *Orchidaceæ*, movements of a similar nature have been found to take place, though perhaps they are not to be referred to the same causes. In the genera *Caleana* and *Spiculæ*, both terrestrial orchids of Australia, the lip of the flower bends back in fine weather, or when undisturbed, and so leaves the column uncovered; but as soon as it rains, or the plant receives any motion by being jarred or otherwise, the lip instantly drops down, securely covering up the column.

In many plants a spontaneous motion is seen, such as the ejecting of the seeds with considerable force, or the contraction or expansion of their several parts: this is to be referred either to the hygroscopic properties of their tissues, or to a contact of two naturally secreted liquids of different densities, and this system is called endosmose. The fluid contents of plant cells being frequently of



Squirting Cucumber—Ecbalium agreste.

different degrees of density, and the freer passage of a thin liquid through the membranous divisions of the cells to the denser fluid—which movement is constantly going on in the cells of plants, so as to cause an interchange in their contents—is frequently attended with such results as we see in the squirting cucumber, *Ecbalium agreste*, the fruit of which

separates from the stalk, either spontaneously or upon the least touch, when they have arrived at maturity, and eject their seeds with great force through the aperture caused by the rupture from the stalk. A very common example of the motion is seen in the curling up of the ripe fruit of the balsam, *Impatiens noli-me-tangere*.

As to the hygroscopicity of tissue, a more striking example cannot be given than the so-called Rose of Jericho, *Anastatica heirochontica*. It is an annual, belonging to the natural order *Cruciferæ*, and grows in the deserts of Arabia and Egypt. The plant is small, with obovate leaves. The flowers are white, borne on small spikes. During the flowering period, the plant grows vigorously, but at the time the seeds ripen the whole plant begins to coil itself up like a ball. The root is easily torn up by the wind, and the plants are blown about on land, or carried into the sea or some pool of water, where they expand, and the little ripe fruits open and throw out their seeds: so that when the plants are cast on shore by the tide, the seeds frequently germinate in situations far removed from their original position. So soon as the plants become dry, they immediately coil up again, and they retain this hygrometric property for years. In Palestine, a tradition prevails that this plant opened at the birth of our Saviour. The fronds of *Lycopodium lepidophyllum* and *L. squamatum* curl inwards, and fold themselves tightly together in dry weather, opening again at the least approach of moisture.

We cannot do better than finish these papers with a brief notice of a most interesting aquatic plant, the *Vallisneria spiralis*. It is found widely distributed in warm and tropical regions, and is frequently seen cultivated in water-tanks and aquaria in this country for the sake of the interest attached to the process of fertilisation. The plant is a perennial, and has long narrow leaves, as will be seen by the cut. They are frequently over a yard long. These leaves are a favourite object for the microscope, the cellular tissue being so very transparent that the movements of the contents of the cells are distinctly visible. The plants propagate themselves freely by suckers: they are dicœcious, that is, having the two sexes in different plants. The male flowers are very small, and appear as nothing more than little white globular forms arranged on a general stalk, and enveloped in a kind of spathe; when ripe this opens

Vallisneria spiralis.

by valves, and the flowers also become detached, rising to the surface of the water, where they expand, and the anthers burst, setting the pollen free. The flowers float about on the water till they are attracted by the female flowers, upon the stigmas of which the pollen is shed, and so fertilisation is produced. The female flowers are much larger than the males, and though floating on the surface of the water are not free, but are attached by long spiral stalks to the base of the plant: these stalks grow in length and produce a number of coils equal to the depth of the water in which the plant grows, so that when uncoiled the flower may float either in deep or shallow water. The most singular part of the process is that, after the pollen from the anthers of the male flowers has become attached to the stigmas of the female, the spiral stalk coils up, taking the flower again to the bottom of the water, where it finishes its maturing process—producing a small berry-like fruit, from half an inch to about two inches in length.

The expansion and contraction of this spirally twisted stalk has no relation to the instances mentioned in other parts of this paper; but, as a striking and singular provision of nature, we were tempted to introduce it.

JOHN R. JACKSON.

CADGERS AND TRAMPS.

"Big fleas have small fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
And these fleas have other fleas,
And so on ad infinitum."

"One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." The more we see of life, the more we see the truth of this popular saying. The Parliamentary Report on Vagrancy, just out, gives us a picture of the habits and customs of a class of people living in our midst, but of whom we know as little as we do of the savages of the interior of Africa. To an ordinary observer, all classes of English men and women of the more respectable order have certain ideas of living and enjoyment in common. The first nobleman in the land lives in a house, and eats and drinks, and has his duties and his responsibilities, like the workman, or the porter at his gate; in all the essentials of life there is an

almost painful uniformity in the manner the various grades of the population spend the twenty-four hours of the day. The curious Blue-book just issued has, however, introduced us to a new tribe of people—a race paying no taxes, calling no man master; having no house to cover them, no friends to help them; feeling no love for any human thing, but a great deal of hate; buying no food, owning no bed to lie down upon—in short, a people as unproductive and almost as naked as the moment they came into the world. When we hear of the state of society two or three hundred years ago, when certain classes on the Borders used to live by levying black-mail, we fancy what extraordinary times they must have been—how unlike our own. The only difference really between those times and these, is to be found in the fact that in a lawless time a certain portion of the population took toll of our substance in a lawless manner, whereas now, in a time of law and respect for the rights of others, we have a class who do exactly the same thing in a perfectly lawful manner—nay, we have a most perfect machinery under a national board to further their views and to legalise their plunder. Vagrants, cadgers, and tramps—the poetic temperament has always had a leaning towards this erratic class, and Charles Lamb had more than a sneaking regard for them. To roam about the country, not knowing what adventures may turn up or where you may lay your head, the idea has fired many a lad and lass of a romantic turn in their teens; but what shall we say to a class of people so devoted to this nomade existence that they continue in it to the latest period of their lives, without having the slightest feeling of romance, and with a full knowledge that the end of every day's ramble will be terminated by a night in the tramp-ward, passed in a tumultuous fight with all kinds of creeping things, a meal of dry bread in the morning and a basin of skilley, painfully earned by three hours' stone-breaking, oakum-picking, or the cleaning out of water-closets! There certainly is no romance in this, neither is there any adequate recompense in the way of food, one would think, to induce a man to seek such parish hospitality night after night for years together. But that such a class exists, and is, if anything, on the increase, the returns of the poor-law inspectors testify. That they are for the greater part known to each other, and that they have some mysterious means of intercommunication, is also certain. The chief constable of the city of Chester, writing to Andrew Doyle, Esq., one of the poor-law inspectors, gives a curious example of this. "The perfect system of communication among tramps is surprising. I have tested it, and found that about two days are sufficient to promulgate a new regulation, &c., among the fraternity. My test was causing every male to be searched, and burning pipes and tobacco found amongst them. Every professional tramp carries a favourite pipe, and, as a rule, has half an ounce of tobacco per day. After two or three nights, not one of the applicants had either pipe or tobacco, having hidden those luxuries before entering the police-office. The second test was searching for money, and with a like result. Cadgers and tramps generally travel in companies of twos and threes—often a man with his putative wife, and perhaps a child or two. It is their habit, when they have money or anything else about them they do not wish taken away, to leave the things in charge of one of the gang who sleeps outside whilst the others seek admission in the casual-ward of the Union." The same writer gives the following curious account of the class of people who apply for this kind of temporary relief. He says: "The public are totally unaware what class of persons apply for this kind of relief. Estimated roughly, I am decidedly of opinion that 75 per cent. of them *never* work, but spend their time in tramping from Union to Union. In fact, I have at this moment the names, or rather the nicknames, of between thirty and forty men and women who are known as the 'Long Gang,' and who work Cheshire and North Wales in pairs, visiting Liverpool when they get possession of anything they can dispose of safely elsewhere." These tramps generally leave behind them in the workhouses some handwriting on the wall, by which those who come after them are informed of the character of the various workhouses in the neighbourhood. Some of these places have a particularly bad name among the fraternity. Congleton Workhouse, near Sandbach, is thus spoken of in one of these wall inscriptions:—

> "Oh Sanbach, thou art no catch;
> For like heavy bread, a —— bad batch,
> A nice new suit for all tear-ups,
> And stones to break for refractory pups."

The bad and good points are carefully noted in the neighbouring workhouses, just as in towns the traveller records the treatment he has received; the only difference being that, as a rule, the traveller says nothing but pleasant things—the tramps quite the contrary. Thus, the bare boards of some vagrant wards are distinguished from the good padding of others; and notice is given that in certain Unions named, the "tear-ups" will not get new suits. The term "tear-ups" alludes to those tramps who, before being sent out in the morning, tear up their old rags, which are generally covered with vermin, well knowing that the master of the Union will not send them adrift naked. But this convenient system of obtaining a change of clothes at the expense of the community is sometimes frustrated by the master having old sacks and bags made up for them, in such a manner as to insure decency, but by no means elegance in their fit or general appearance. We have given an example of a condemnatory notice of one workhouse, we now quote a poem in approbation of the Seisdon Union at Trysull:—

> "Dry bread in the morning, ditto at night,
> Keep up your pecker and make it all right.
> Certainly the meals are paltry and mean,
> But the beds are nice and clean.

Mind don't tear these beds, sheets, or rugs,
For there are neither lice, fleas, nor bugs
At this clean little union at Trysull.
But still at the place there is a drawback,
And now I'll put you on the right track,
For I would as soon lodge here as in Piccadilly,
If along with the bread they give a drop of skilly,
At this clean little union at Trysull.
So I tell you again, treat this place with respect,
And instead of abusing pray do it protect;
For to lodge here one night is certainly a treat,
At this clean little union at Trysull."

The writer of this, who signs himself "Bow Street," is certainly a jolly beggar of a humorous turn, and must be a prime favourite among the fraternity. His doggrel is scrawled over many of the workhouses, and he seems to be no more able to keep down his rhyming propensities, than he can repress his turn for mendicancy.

Mr. Doyle gives a curious collection of the announcements and appointments he has copied from the workhouse walls in his district, some of them are very curious :—

"Private Notice.—Saucy Harry and his mate will be at Chester to eat their Christmas dinner, when they hope Saucer and the fraternity will meet them at the Union. 14th November, 1865."

"Spanish Jim, the —— fool who robbed the two poor —— tramps in Clatterbridge Union, were here on the —— find it out."

"The Flying Dutchman off the Brum for a summer cruise at the back doors, or any other door."

"Wild Scotty, the celebrated king of the cadgers, is in Newgate, in London, going to be hanged by the neck till he is dead. This is a great fact—*written by his mate.*"

"Never be ashamed of cadging. I was worth five hundred pounds once, and now I am glad to cadge for a penny, or a piece of bread.—LANKY TOM."

"If rag-tailed Soph stays here (Shiffnall), come on to Chester."

"Shaver here, bound for Salop, to see the Rev. Henry Burton, a most benevolent minister of the Church of England, and may the devil fetch him."

The gentleman is no believer in tramps, hence the polite wish at the end of Shaver's notice.

"Beware of Ludlow,—bare boards—no chuck."

"Bowney will not have none of Prince Charles this winter. He is bound for Westmorland and Cumberland. All pudding cans in that county: no dirty rags and boards."

"Boys, look here! There's Long Lank working at Warrington for two or three rags of clothes, and taking the bread out of other mouths."

Nothing seems to be so infamous as to work among the fraternity. This Long Lank is the gentleman who tells his mates never to be ashamed of cadging, but he appears to have thought better of it, and is denounced accordingly. Some of these gentlemen find their time hang heavy on their hands just before festive seasons. A fellow who signs himself Westminster Cockney, for instance, pathetically says, "I don't know where to go, to put over the time untill Christmass, but there is too dry service in Yorkshire to please me; I shall take my likeness to Bristol for the next two months." It is customary to regale the inmates of workhouses on that happy day with roast beef and plum-pudding, and we see in the public papers flourishing announcements that certain charitable people have sent money to the workhouses for that purpose. We here see some of the kind of people who lie in wait for such good things. What the meaning of the following announcement can be, we leave to the reader's discrimination :—

"Harry Heenan was here, hafter being off the ropes for twelve months. 13th September, 1865."

"The Yorkshire Rodneys coming down into Cheshire to spoil the splendid country, after filing their —— guts with good cheese and bacon.—BUTTERMILK."

The irrepressible "Bow Street," who seems to have made acquaintance with all the Unions in this district at least, evidently has a vein of humour, and a touch of sarcasm in him which would have earned for him a better livelihood in the literary world, we should think, than padding the hoof can do. Here, for instance, are a few words from his pen, worthy of some of the jolly scoundrels in the old dramatists : "Bow Street and two other ragamuffins slept here on the night of the 12th of April, and was quite shocked at the clownish impudence of the old pauper at the lodge. The thundering old thief denied us a drink of water. So help me Bob;" and then he adds, with a rare vein of irony, "What noble institutions these Poor-law Unions are; and how they succour distress, opening arms—Yes, over the left; plenty of pump, but little grub, and a nice warm breakfast in the morning. Don't you wish you may get it?" But there is a dismal touch about this vagabond, which proves that his genius is versatile as well as jolly. Perhaps, for the sake of enjoying a little solitude and reflection after the freedom of the cadger life, he graduated for a prison; and we find him thus apostrophising it in a strain too life-like not to be drawn from personal experience :—

A PRISON.

"No sun, no moon,
No morn, no night,
No sky, no earthly blue,
No distant-looking view,
No road, no street,
No tother side the way,
No dawn, no dusk,
No proper time of day,
No end to any row,
No top to any steeple,
No indication where to go,
No sight of familiar people,
No cheerfulness, no healthy ease,
No butterflies,
Nor yet no bees."

After that, who shall say there are no Laureates among the beggars? "Bow Street," however, is a very remarkable exception—a ne'er-do-well possibly of a better class, who loves vagrancy for itself. The majority of the tramps and casuals are simply rogues and vagabonds, who never have worked, and never would, even if it were offered them. It is a singular feature in human nature, that a distinct

class should exist who beg their way through life with a labour and an earnestness that would insure them good wages in any honest occupation. A poor, wretched looking creature, clothed in filthy rags, with two or three miserable children dragging behind her, will now and then be seen trudging along the road on a rainy day accompanied by a low-browed tramp, who whines for halfpence in a voice that you know is simulated, and could in a minute be exchanged for oaths and blasphemies. The broken victuals, and the coppers they collect, and the buggy bed of the casual-ward at night, with skilley and cold water for breakfast, make up the sumptuous fare upon which they live from year's end to year's end. What can there be in this gipsy roving life to give zest to such a manner of passing one's days? It will, perhaps, be said that begging is a more profitable occupation than we imagine, or that the cadger enjoys his orgies now and then as well as his betters.* Granted, but in the long run the life must be hard—far harder than that of the labourer who lives by the sweat of his brow. We can only account for the strange life of the cadger on the supposition that he really possesses some Bohemian blood in him, which irresistibly leads him to wander, beg, and steal. We know that likenesses to ancestors that have lived generations back now and then come up in families. Why may not the tramp inherit a taint of vagrancy from his great-great-grandfather? It must be a disease of the blood, as it is too hard a life to be selected from choice. The late Charles Buller—who looked upon the cadging tribe as a class of rogues and vagabonds who lived upon the charity of weak people in the daytime, and on the hospitality of the poor-law guardians at night—endeavoured to put an end to their indiscriminate relief by the promulgation of the following rules:—

"1. The refusal of relief to all able-bodied young men who, in the opinion of the relieving-officers or the masters of workhouses, were not actually destitute.

"2. The exacting of a task-work suitable to the capacity of the casual poor who are relieved.

"3. The employment of police-officers as assistant relieving-officers.

"4. Requiring the production of passes or certificates, except under exceptional circumstances, from all those who applied for relief as casual poor."

These rules worked well during the lifetime of Mr. Buller, especially the one systematically refusing relief to professional tramps; but with his death they fell into disuse, and any applicant is now considered entitled to relief if he is not found to be in possession of money. The evidence of nearly all the poor-law inspectors is in favour of reverting to the plan of employing the police as relieving-officers. It may be feared that, by so doing, the deserving casual poor may be confounded with the worthless tramps and cadgers, who now form three-fourths of those who apply for relief.* If this were the case, it would of course be a fatal objection, inasmuch as we have no right to place any of the deserving poor under police surveillance. But those who have had any experience of the two classes can no more confound them than a veterinary surgeon could confound a pony with a donkey. A cadger and professional tramp is self-conscious; he is betrayed by his tone of voice, his clothes, his very walk. There is no remnant of that independence which is always observable in the casual poor walking from place to place in search of work. Under the present state of things, indeed, this deserving class scarcely ever apply to the workhouse for a night's lodging, unless they are in the last extremity of want. The brutal language, the fearful vermin,† and the indecent conduct of many of these wretches, make our workhouses too loathsome for the most destitute of the honest poor, and they prefer to seek shelter in low lodging-houses rather than endure it.

Mr. Doyle, the poor-law inspector, makes an excellent proposition. He suggests that a classification should be made of the casuals demanding admittance. The true cadger should be turned over to the attentions of the police relieving-officer, and the deserving poor should be received and lodged in a separate room. A return might advantageously be made, he thinks, to the old form of certificate of character. "The deserving class of poor may be furnished with such evidence of their character and circumstances as might afford a fair presumption of the truth of their plea of destitution. A wayfarer of this class might, at the place where the cause of destitution occurs, be enabled by those who are cognisant of it to obtain a certificate from some proper authority, setting forth his name, the cause of destitution, and the object of the journey." The "casual" bearing such a certificate, as Mr. Doyle justly observes, should be entitled to some better treatment than the mere cadger who will not work. It certainly is a monstrous thing that an honest, but destitute, traveller should be subjected to the

* Blind beggars, we know, live sumptuously, earning large sums daily, through the compassion of the kind-hearted public, which they spend on mere animal enjoyments. Many of the fellows we see tapping their sticks along Regent Street, if followed home would be found eating their rump steaks, drinking the best stout, and waited upon by a couple of "doxies." It is a fortune to a cadger to lose his eyes.

* The letters of "An Amateur Casual," published in a cotemporary, has had the singular effect of calling forth a perfect crowd of persons anxious to contribute to the journals their experience of workhouse life. Among these, to the writer's knowledge, was a clergyman and a medical man, both of whom are now partaking of the hospitality of the guardians. The letters of some of these casuals prove that they have been well educated, and that no class is safe from the descent into pauperism.

† In the refuges for casuals supported by voluntary contributions in the Metropolis, a very expeditious method is adopted of getting rid of vermin. The applicants for relief are put into a warm bath; meanwhile their clothes are baked in an oven. If the poor law authorities were to imitate this simple process, there would be more comfort and fewer "tear-ups."

treatment which is invented to deter the professional tramp. A poor starving creature in search of work is certainly entitled to better fare than a hunch of dry bread (often mouldy) and water for supper, and skilley or gruel for breakfast. Moreover, they should not be subjected to the temptations these cadgers put in their way. What should we say to the authorities of an hospital who placed physically depressed creatures, suffering also from mental fear, in the wards of a cholera hospital, cheek by jowl with poor creatures in a state of collapse! Yet this is just what we do by our present regulations, morally speaking, with our travelling poor. When they are at the lowest point of Fortune's wheel, we place them for the night in the company of the cadger, who boasts his earnings by day, and tempts them by the tales he tells of their vagabond life. Can it be wondered at that so many poor creatures fall victims to the teaching the law throws in their way?

If the cadger class could be banished from our workhouses, there would be ample funds for giving a good meal to the destitute traveller, without increasing the rates by one penny. The cadger is the human wolf of this century—the creature that eats up our substance without making any return for it, unless it be to tear up his clothes, or burn the wheat-rick, out of revenge for some fancied slight on the part of the master of the workhouse—and, like the wolf who used to eat up our mutton, he should be ruthlessly destroyed. But our poor-law management seems to have fallen into a fearful state of neglect. Immense sums are paid in the form of rates annually, and those for whom they are raised get no benefit from the money. Like our Admiralty and our Army, enormous sums are thrown away on establishments and the machinery of a bad system; and just as in the case of those establishments, which can neither furnish us with ships, sailors, or soldiers, our workhouses are so managed, that the deserving poor, for whom the relief they afford was intended, avoid their doors as they would the gates of a prison. But even the machinery and rules for casual relief afford a specimen of disorder and want of system which can scarcely be matched in any other national institution in the country. Having to do with the same class of worthless tramps, who wander from one end of the kingdom to the other, one would naturally think that the same rules as to lodging, feeding, and task-work would be carried out. Nothing of the kind. Every workhouse manages these matters as it likes; there appears to be no kind of general supervision; and one is lost in wonder as to what may be the labours of the Poor-law Board, and what the nature of the duties of that exalted individual, the President of that board.

In some Unions, no labour is demanded of the vagrant in return for his food and lodging; in others, they are put to work three hours before receiving it. In some, no food is given; in others (Penrith), only on Sundays! In other points, there is the greatest diversity: 3½ ounces of bread are given in some Unions; 16 ounces in another, night and morning. In some, milk; in others, pea-soup; in some, gruel or skilley. In the Bala Union, the tramp gets porridge, treacle, 8 ounces of bread, 3 ounces of cheese, 7 ounces of bread, 1½ pint of gruel, and ½ an ounce of treacle for supper and breakfast. At Bridgnorth, they get only bread and water! In short, there is far more diversity as regards the quantity and quality of the food in our different workhouses than travellers find in our hotels; and we are obliged to say there is the same diversity in the bedding. Some have bare boards, inclined at an angle, to sleep upon, with rugs to cover them; others have only straw mattrasses, with rugs and blankets. To some is accorded the luxury of iron bedsteads, with mattresses, sheets, and rugs. There is a fire in some vagrant wards; in the majority, none at all. In some places the sleepers have no covering! In short, the housing, feeding, and employment of tramps is a regular hodge-podge, and the tramps know it, and "spot" those houses which are to be avoided or frequented, as we have said before. The consequence is, that whilst some Unions never see a tramp, others are regular houses of call, by which the equality of the burthen thrown upon the rate-papers may be imagined. If the relief were alike all over the country, things would be more equalised, and the "Bow Street" worthies would no longer be able to find any theme for sprightly verse. It is probable that, if policemen were made assistant relieving-officers, the tramp would be driven to open courses of thieving; but this would be better than his present unsatisfactory state—a nominal wayfarer, but an active rogue, succoured by the Poor Law, as at present administered, instead of being punished, as he would be if deprived of that eleemosynary assistance which he takes out of the mouths of the really deserving travellers.

That we shall always have among us a certain number of professional beggars, as long as there are so many givers, we by no means doubt; but they should not, at least, be fostered in their laziness by the resources of the state. They have organisation enough, without such aid, as it is.

We are all of us familiar with the cadger's map, published as a frontispiece to the little volume, the "Slang Dictionary," and we mark the manner in which the houses of charitable people are hieroglyphically indicated, and *vice versâ*. There is one practical remark anent this custom we wish to make. If the reader has ever given anything to a tramp, and then finds him making any mark upon his premises, let him rub it out at the first convenient opportunity, unless he wishes to be the victim of perpetual morning calls by this class of people. If he has given nothing, let him cherish such marks as they may make, as they will certainly not be to his advantage in a charitable sense, although they may be in a financial sense.

A late writer in *Notes and Queries* throws much

light upon mendicant freemasonry; he says: "Let any one examine the entrances to the passages in any town, and there he will find chalk marks—unintelligible to him, but significant enough to beggars. If a thousand towns were examined, the same marks will be found at every passage entrance. The passage mark is a cipher with a twisted tail: in some cases, the tail projects into the passage; in others, outwardly—thus seeming to indicate whether the houses down the passage are worth calling at or not. Almost every door has its mark: these are varied. In some cases, there is a cross on the brickwork; in others, a cipher. The figures 1, 2, 3, are also used. Every person may test for himself the accuracy of these statements, by the examination of the brickwork near his own doorway—thus demonstrating that mendicity is a regular trade, carried out upon a system calculated to save time, and realise the largest profits." It is only in provincial towns these marks are to be found, however, as Londoners are considered to be too "fly" (experienced) to be taken in by them. We have heard of a clergyman who, having learned the meanings of these signs, turns them against the beggars, by making, on the piers of his parsonage gate, the signs of gammy (unfavourable, mind the dog), and flummuxed (sure of a month in gaol), and as a consequence no cadgers or beggars ever trouble him. There are no "Bow Street" poets out of doors, as within the walls of the Union, but a mysterious language is certainly prevalent, which they partly borrow from the gipsies, who undoubtedly adopted hieroglyphic signs, even in England, in times past, in order to give private information to each other by hand-writing on the wall.

In conclusion, may we not remark that, when Dean Swift penned the droll lines at the head of this article, his prophetic eye must have seen the cadger in all his modern vigour? For this creature not only preys upon the better classes, but is a miserable parasite, stealing the substance even from the most destitute.

ANDREW WYNTER.

THE "CORNWALL AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL ASSOCIATION OF JAMAICA."

DEPLORABLE events have, within the last twelvemonth, suddenly recalled the attention of the English people to an island, once deemed one of the richest jewels in England's colonial crown. It would be probably foreign to the purposes of GOOD WORDS to go into the still vexed question of the true character of the sanguinary collision which took place in October, 1865, between the white, the coloured, and the black race in the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East. Suffice it to say that, if we adopt the statements of the Royal Commissioners, whilst eighteen persons were killed and thirty-one wounded by the coloured rioters in or about the Court-house at Morant Bay on the 11th October, to whom must be added three other persons killed, or who lost their lives through wounds and exposure, and two wounded elsewhere in the course of the following days, making in all twenty-one who lost their lives and thirty-three who were wounded (several of whom were themselves coloured, and one a negro),—the "total number of deaths caused by those engaged in the suppression amounted to 439,"—the number of persons flogged "could not have been less than 600,"—the "total number of dwellings burned" amounted to 1000, and no attempt seems to have been made by the Commissioners to estimate the number of persons wounded, short of death, by any other means than the lash, with or without pianoforte wire twisted round it. So that, in brief, to quote the concluding words of the Commissioners, "the punishments inflicted were excessive,"—"the floggings were reckless, and at Bath, positively barbarous," and "the burning of 1000 houses was wanton and cruel."

It would hardly have been necessary to refer to these disturbances, confined as they were to the single parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East, whilst the proclamation of martial law which they gave occasion to did not extend beyond the county of Surrey, in which that parish is situate, forming the eastern extremity of the island, except to observe that the movement to which I wish to call attention belongs to the county of Cornwall, which comprises the western extremity, were it not for a curious incident in the history of the movement, which has earned for it a place in a recent Blue-book. But it is necessary to state here, at the outset, that the Black River district, in which the movement has its focus, has at present scarcely any interest in common with the parishes of the eastern end of the island. Although the total area of Jamaica (4,256 square miles) is less than that of York county, yet its configuration, stretching lengthwise 150 miles on an average width of about forty, the absence of roads, or the bad condition of many, and the generally imperfect means of locomotion (which render the journey from Black River to Kingston one of two days), keep the people of the island so far apart that numbers, even of the educated and well-to-do, spend their lives without seeing more than a corner of their own country, and perhaps a couple of chief towns. Before, however, the nature of the movement in question can be understood, it appears needful briefly to indicate the general condition of the island.

It would be difficult perhaps to show this under one of its aspects more effectively than in the words of a gentleman who has recently returned from Jamaica,

Mr. W. Morgan, a well known Birmingham solicitor, in a letter (May 26, 1866) to the secretary of the Anti-slavery Society: "It was truly melancholy to see that an immense portion of the island is wholly uncultivated, although everywhere its wild and luxuriant vegetation gave us abundant proof of the capacity of the soil . . . It is not easy to carry to our own countrymen a popular notion of the extent of this abandonment. More than half the large estates that were growing sugar and coffee in 1834 are now thrown up." And he goes on to quote figures which show that whilst in 1805 Jamaica had 859 sugar estates in cultivation, and exported 137,000 hhds. of sugar, and 24,000,000 lbs. of coffee, these figures had already declined in 1834 to 646 sugar estates in cultivation, and an export of 79,465 hhds. of sugar, and 17,859,277 lbs. of coffee; that in 1862 the export of sugar had sunk to 33,097 hhds. and finally in 1865 to 23,750 hhds., grown on 300 estates; and that, since the hogshead of sugar costs in wages about 11*l.*, the diminution of 10,000 hhds. in four years shows in that time a reduction of wages to the labouring population of 110,000*l.* The population meanwhile has in the last quarter-century increased by 100,000 souls; so that "a larger population has had a smaller amount of wages to expend; and this at a time when there has been an immense advance in the price of clothing and other articles of import."*

A gloomy picture certainly, and one which, as sketched for the Anti-slavery Society by one of its own temporary delegates, seems abundantly to confirm all the anticipations of evil from the emancipation of coloured labour which the advocates of slavery used to proclaim. But in human society fortunately, as in nature, there are few flat surfaces, such as a single picture can adequately represent; the effect varies with every change of the point of view; and we must go round most things, in order to know what they really are. Now, if we go round, so to speak, this terrible abandonment and decay which is pictured to us, we shall find, I think, that it is not so much a fact as a process; that out of this death life is already unfolding itself.

"My own opinion," writes Governor Eyre himself, in a despatch to Mr. Cardwell of Aug. 19, 1865—"is (greatly as I regret being compelled to admit it) that Jamaica, like some of the other smaller West India Islands, is in a state of transition . . . that it is, in fact, gradually passing into the hands of quite a different class of proprietors from that which held possession some thirty years ago." And this change,—which the late Governor of Jamaica thus openly regrets—is described in a far different spirit by his predecessor, Sir Charles Darling, a West Indian himself, in a despatch of December 26, 1860, which will be found in a Blue-book of reports on "the past and present state of Her Majesty's Colonial Possessions," presented to Parliament, May, 1861. "I look upon it as a settled point," wrote that governor, "that the great mass of the emancipated population and their descendants are betaking themselves to the cultivation of the soil on their own account, either as a source of profit or as the mere means of subsistence . . . The proportion of those who are settling themselves industriously on their own holdings, and rapidly rising in the social scale, while commanding the respect of all classes of the community, and some of whom are, to a limited extent, themselves the employers of hired labour, paid for either in money or in kind, is however, I am happy to think, not only steadily increasing, but at the present moment is far more extensive than was anticipated by those who are cognisant of all that took place in this colony in the earlier days of negro freedom. There can be no doubt, in fact, that an independent, respectable, and, I believe, trustworthy middle-class is rapidly forming." And he concludes the despatch in question by these remarkable words: "Thus it is that Jamaica presents, as I believe, at once the strongest proof of the complete success of the great measure of emancipation, as relates to the capacity of the emancipated race for freedom, and the most unfortunate instance of a descent in the scale of agricultural and commercial importance as a colonial community."

Let us take an instance of this change. Mr. Samuel Rennalls, custos of St. Thomas-in-the-Vale, in a letter of March 23, 1865, (forming one in a huge crop of replies to a circular despatch of Governor Eyre's, called forth by the transmission of a certain celebrated letter of Dr. Underhill's,) says: "In the district in which I reside for a portion of the year, and in which I possess property realising a rent-roll, from land tenanted by negroes, of between 200*l.* and 250*l.* a year, the population numbers from 5000 to 6000 souls, according to the last census of 1861. There are no sugar estates, nor are there any properties, of any extent, carried on by the owners in the cultivation of coffee or any other export. The lands are rented out in small lots (generally from one to five acres each) to labourers; and immediately upon emancipation they purchased freeholds, now planted with coffee, arrowroot, and the usual ground provisions, as well as [Indian] corn, to a very considerable extent of acreage. In fact, they are formed into a numerous middle class, and I do not believe that they would ever be induced, under any circumstances whatever, to become, in the general acceptation of the term, a labouring class."

It is the fact that the minor staples of the island, and coffee to a great extent, are already in the hands of the small freeholders. Thus, Governor Eyre himself, in a despatch of April 10, 1865, after speaking of

* And food generally. "I have never known every description of food to be at such high prices all at the same time as it has happened lately. The native ground provisions, flour and meal, salt fish and pickled fish, all scarce and dear at the same time,' wrote, August 5, the custos of St. James's parish, in reply to some inquiries from Governor Eyre. (See "Papers relative to the Affairs of Jamaica," presented to Parliament, Feb. 1865.)

the imports of the then last five years, says that "the labouring classes, by the cultivation of coffee, honey, bees-wax, ginger, and other products have themselves largely added to the value of the general exports of the colony during the same period." Dr. Hamilton, a member of the Executive Committee—*i. e.*, ministry of the island—says, in an inclosure to a despatch of Governor Eyre's of May 23, 1865: "Since emancipation a large number of the then existing coffee plantations have been thrown out of cultivation, and yet since 1860 the average exports of coffee have not diminished. Had Dr. Underhill, or his correspondents, travelled through the coffee districts they would have found that this was due to the number of small settlers who now grow coffee on their 'little freeholds'; and if the exports of ginger, bees-wax, honey, &c., are considered (*all of which are the produce of the small freeholders*), it will be apparent that these branches of industry are not in the deplorable condition Dr. Underhill would have us believe." In proof of which, Dr. Hamilton subjoins a table of exports, from 1849 to 1864, of coffee, ginger, arrowroot, bees-wax, honey, cocoa-nuts, and pimento. Mr. Shaw, inspector of prisons, expresses himself to the same effect (April 20, 1865): "Native products have maintained full prices for some years past, and are likely to continue to do so; I mean ginger, coffee, yams, plantains, and corn (maize)." Nay, it is certain—however opinions may differ as to the advantage of the system,—that the small settlers are rapidly becoming, in many districts, sugar producers. "We are assured by those best acquainted with the country," writes Dr. Bowerbank, custos of Kingston (March 15, 1865), "that the cultivation of sugar on a small scale, and by a middle and better class of labourers, is rapidly increasing. . . . An American workman, in a distant parish, has manufactured and put up forty small sugar-mills, and is now engaged erecting six more. The rollers and frame are of wood, with iron cog-wheels. They can be made and put up for 5*l.* or 6*l.* a set. The demand for mills at this price is more than he can meet, and so pressing is the demand for them that he has at present engaged extra tradesmen in manufacturing them. Hundreds of these small mills are already in operation." This fact is testified to by other custodes also. Mr. Lewis Mackinnon, custos of Vere,—judging, I fear, too much from his own neighbourhood,—declares (March 17, 1865) that "the island is gradually getting covered with nice cottages and thriving settlements, where not only vegetables, but sugar and coffee, are grown to a considerable extent." The Rev. D. B. Panton, quoted by Archdeacon Stewart in his reply to inquiries from the Bishop of Kingston (March 7, 1865) says in like manner of "the peasantry of the mountains of the parish of St. George," that "each year more land is cleared for the cultivation of coffee, sugar, arrow-root, &c." So, again, the custos of St. Mary's, Mr. A. J. Lindo (March 20, 1865): "The peasantry here not only raise ground-provisions, but many produce the staples of the colony, sugar and coffee, bees-wax, cocoa, arrow-root, starch, tobacco, cotton, and other minor products." And Mr. Salmon, custos of St. Elizabeth, asks (March 28): "Whence is the entire crop of ginger, a large portion of the coffee, and much pimento? who grows the sugar consumed by all classes of colour and by many white families, the arrow-root, the starch? from whence comes the raw material of all the pickles and preserves which are exported?"—obviously implying that all these articles are produced by the coloured population on their own account.

From these statements, which I have been careful to borrow from official sources alone so far, it must be clear that what seems at first sight to be an abandonment, is in fact only a displacement of labour and cultivation. And we may now perhaps be interested to find that Mr. Morgan, although looking at what he saw from a different point of view, bears witness to the very same facts:—

"The labouring class," he says, "by how slow and painful steps we can scarcely imagine, has been gradually finding out for itself new sources of gain and outlets for industry. . . In spite of obstacles, the people are gradually bringing a large portion of the abandoned estates into cultivation again. . . An English proprietor of extensive sugar and coffee properties, who has resided in Jamaica for more than thirty years—in speaking of the difficulty which he had experienced in obtaining a supply of labour—said he could not blame the people, for they were doing better for themselves in cultivating their own little patches than by earning such wages as he could afford to pay; and he offered to show me thirty little sugar-mills, all at work, belonging to peasant proprietors, within three miles of his own house. The following morning, in the course of a delightful ride on horseback among the mountains, my friend's promise was amply fulfilled. At one point we could distinctly see at a glance, on the various hill-sides, twelve or fourteen small mills; and the industrious negroes were in all directions cutting, carrying, and crushing their little crops of sugar-cane. We visited several of these peasant proprietors, and I came away with the conviction that, although undoubtedly poor, because they are employing themselves in the production of an article which does not at present bring a remunerative price, yet nothing can fairly be alleged against either their industry or their skill."

We must therefore admit the fact that the soil of Jamaica is passing into the economic condition of peasant proprietorship. From this condition there is at present no escape. The larger planters may still talk about assistance by loan from the mother-country; but Governor Eyre, who, as we have seen, regrets the change, expressly says, in a before-quoted despatch of August 19, 1865, "I have myself no faith in the resuscitation of the by-gone prosperity, and still decaying interests, of the Jamaica planters through the instrumentality of any adventitious stimulus, such as a government loan is intended to be." There remains, then, only to make the best of that which is. The large planting interest is decaying, dying. The small planting interest is alive and growing. To the small planters, then, we must look for the future of their noble island.

Now, without entering here into any lengthy disquisition as to the advantages or disadvantages of the peasant proprietor system, which have been largely discussed by Mr. Mill and other economists,

it is sufficient to say that the drawbacks of the system seem all to turn on the absence of accumulated capital, combined labour, and directing skill. And the only possible counteraction to these drawbacks lies in association, which rolls up the small capitals into a large one, distributes and economises labour by combination, and by selection winnows out those powers of management which in the many are wanting, and which ran to waste before in the few. Accordingly, Dr. Underhill, in his famous letter of January 5, 1865, to Mr. Cardwell, suggested that the Governor might be instructed to encourage, by his personal approval and urgent recommendation, the growth of exportable produce by the people, on the very numerous freeholds they possess,"—amongst other means, "by the formation of associations for shipping their produce in considerable quantities."

But the power to associate is itself, in fact, a skill of no mean order,—nay, it is *the* human skill above all others,—and the truest measure of human civilization lies in the extent to which man is capable of associating with his fellows. We need not, therefore, be surprised if a people like the coloured race of Jamaica, scarcely separated from slavery by the interval of a generation, and amongst which every man who was over thirty-two on August 1, 1865, may have been born a slave, should be deficient in associative power. This is insisted on by some who most strongly urge the need of combination amongst them. "Were the peasantry capable of association," wrote Dr. Hamilton in a before-quoted paper, "and were they to organise bands of labourers to go from one district to another, under the guidance of some one among them of sufficient intelligence to manage their affairs, there would be no cry of want of labour on the part of the planter, or of want of employment on the part of the labourer." But "a total want of confidence in each other is a prevailing fault of the peasantry of Jamaica, and they have a still greater distrust of any person or society of persons who may endeavour to get them to form associations, either for the disposal of their produce or any other cause, in which money is concerned. Thus small coffee-growers, though ready to acknowledge the advantage they would derive from combining their produce, and having it fitted for market in the manner employed upon the larger properties, will still each man dispose of his own particular portion, with 'all faults,' for which he obtains a price no greater than what would be obtained for the lowest quality if properly prepared. So in labour each man works for himself." And Governor Eyre again, speaking of "the absence of roads and bridges in the remote or mountainous districts, where the peasantry chiefly reside," says that "much might be done by the people themselves to remedy the evil they complain of, if they would only combine together;" but they are stated "to be disinclined to association, to be suspicious of, and to have no trust in, each other."

There is only one testimony, in the Blue-book from which I have hitherto quoted, which seems to run counter to the received opinion, that the small settlers of Jamaica are incapable of combination. And curiously enough, it comes from a quarter which appears to be entirely given up to them. In a letter already quoted, Mr. S. Rennalls, custos of St. Thomas-in-the-Vale, speaking of that district above referred to, in which, amongst a population of from 5000 to 6000 souls, there are no sugar estates, nor "properties of any extent carried on by the owners in the cultivation of coffee or any other export," says: "I do not think it will be out of place here to state that a system prevails, especially at the season of planting ground provisions, &c., of families and neighbours joining together in large numbers for digging the yam-hills, so that considerable patches of land become prepared and planted. There is a reciprocity of labour among them, no money passes, and thus the great extent of provision cultivation in this parish is readily to be accounted for."

This is certainly combination, but in a very loose and rudimentary form only. But if we now turn to Mr. Morgan's testimony, we shall find a good deal more to the same effect. He speaks of having seen "the managers of an association, formed at Black River, for collecting the people's produce, and superintending its shipment to England, and conversion into money." He speaks of having personally visited, and inspected the books and rules of a negro *bank* (or, perhaps more properly, loan society), established in 1862, on a capital of 40*l*., subscribed by its members, to be lent out again at interest amongst them, and whose funds have now increased to 624*l*., lent out to 103 different persons; the treasurer and secretary of the establishment being a former slave, now a successful sugar-planter on a small scale. And he adds, "I could multiply instances of this spirit of co-operation."

It is of the former of the two establishments thus specially noticed by Mr. Morgan, that I propose to speak here. I have before me its minute-book, coming down to May 19, 1866; of which I can only say, that if it had been reproduced at length in those "Papers relative to the Affairs of Jamaica," presented February, 1866, from which I have hitherto been quoting, it would have greatly improved the staple of the contents of that Blue-book. A more genuine, touching picture than it affords of a people's earnest efforts to raise themselves, both morally and materially, I have never met with.

This strange Joint Stock Company's minute-book opens by a private circular letter, dated St. Elizabeth, July 11, 1865, from W. Brydson, C. Plummer, and R. G. Tomlinson, to each of themselves, and to S. W. Holt and three other persons. It runs as follows:—

"In order that we make some efforts against the present difficulty, and also make a way that shall ultimately carry us out of our generally depressed condition, it is necessary that every one who feels an interest in the matter should join in giving expression to the views which he entertains, and particularly to state what course of action he believes to be the readiest and most practicable for the accomplishment of some good for the island.

To this end it appears that we should carefully consider our respective positions, with a view to find out what each one can do, and answer to ourselves the questions that are set forth on the other side, so that when we meet at a time and place to be appointed, we shall the more readily be able to arrive at something definite, and thus unite our efforts for a common good. For the present this movement will be confined to the persons only named below, until such time as it shall be necessary to enlarge it. . . A reply, expressive of your willingness to co-operate, is requested by the 10th instant, as it is deemed always best to do quickly what is to be done.

"QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.

"Influence—what kind; whether of money, property, interest of friends, position, &c., &c., and in what direction would you exercise it so that it may be available to its full extent in every conceivable way, and yet be productive of good to all classes?

"Which is the step first to be taken, or plan best for adoption?

"Whether it would be best to limit our attention to one particular thing, or to several? and, if so, state them."

Such is the starting-point of the movement. Three men—all coloured natives of Jamaica—trusting each other and four men besides, wish to lay their seven heads together, to consider what is "the readiest and most practicable" course of action "for the accomplishment of some good" for their island; and as a first step, to take stock of their respective resources, in order that their influence "may be available to its full extent in every conceivable way, and yet be productive of good to all classes." An undertaking should not grow much awry, which springs from such a root.

An answer to the circular, dated July 11, next appears. The writer does not "believe that we are in a lost condition. Unity, with intelligence, can work wonders. We are not powerful; but we will have enough power, if we form ourselves into a confederacy, to benefit ourselves, and then the public generally." He is himself, in agriculture, "both scientifically and practically learned, having tried every plant almost." Commercially, he can vouch for his correspondent. A third probably knows as much as both. The queries put are replied to with great frankness:—

"1. I possess a good deal of influence among the middling and labouring classes, especially of my immediate district, which is densely populated by both of the above classes. I possess little or no capital in money; all my available means are invested in my property, which is a very extensive freehold. I possess also an influence with a moneyed friend, who will extend a helping hand, yet at so ruinous a rate of interest that, unless the case required urgent and immediate assistance, I think it is best to get on without it. . . . .

"2. This influence could only be directed and expended on my own property, which while it is serviceable and profitable to myself, yet is also beneficial to those who partake of the privilege. I engage parties who work on the *métairie* system, *i.e.*, who take up land and cultivate it on halves. It is the most advantageous system of cultivation to both proprietor and tiller. The several little privileges to the cultivator are of immense importance, although of little money value.

"3. The first and best step to be taken would be to procure capital, which is the basis of all enterprise, to allot to each certain amounts to be expended solely on cultivation or rearing of stock,—or, more properly speaking, farming.

"4. I do not think it advisable to limit our attention exclusively on (*sic*) any one particular object. If we look at the names referred to, we will see that they are scattered over or throughout the parish, and that they possess such a variety of soil and climate that it would be wiser to allow every man to adopt that best suited to his locality. I would recommend, firstly, that a capital be raised on loan or otherwise (the best means for doing this must be left for our discussion at our meetings). . . . . Secondly, a system of visiting each member from time to time to tender advice, &c., upon the principle that two heads are better than one. . . . . Thirdly, as commerce is a handmaid to agriculture, and that we must dispose of our goods, I would recommend that a commercial agency be established to ship our produce and import our goods, and that we pledge our honour to support such agency, taking our share in its profit or its losses. Let every man pledge his word and honour to be true and faithful in all his dealings one with another, and encourage one another to the best of his ability."

From a second letter, dated July 20, I extract one characteristic passage:—

"You propose to have a meeting during next week. Now, although I like dispatch, yet I think the first day of August would be the fittest day. Although I am not superstitious, still I have an unaccountable liking for certain names, months, and days. Now, 'August' sounds well, and Tuesday is Mars' day,—a proper day to commence a battle against the ills that are weighing down every one. Still I am not anxious nor willing to allow my predilections to weigh against the joint wish of others."

It was not necessary for one coloured citizen of Jamaica to remind another of what some of my readers may need to be reminded of, namely, that the 1st of August was the day of Freedom for the British West Indian slave.

Of the next letter, dated July 22, the following are the main portions:—

"Commerce and agriculture being inseparable in promoting the prosperity of a nation, I think our efforts must be directed to both of these important objects,—first, to establish commercial interests abroad and at home; and immediately after, agricultural pursuits . . . . to co-operate with and assist us in the former. Considering, then, that neither of these interests can be established without some capital at home* to begin with, I would suggest that this all-important mainspring of our machinery be obtained by or from shares of 10*l.* each, to be paid up either in cash or produce, with which to procure a reasonable cargo of the products of this island, to be exported to England under the personal supervision and management of a respectable deputation, chosen from amongst us, who shall have full power so to consign, sell, or use the same there as to induce capitalists to aid us with such advances in money or merchandise as to increase our means of establishing our second, or agricultural interests. This I think could be done by establishing in Jamaica, out of the funds raised abroad, a respectable mercantile establishment from which loans, either in cash or merchandise, could be obtained on good security by agriculturists, to enable them to cultivate their lands and aid in supporting the said mercantile establishment with their products. These two interests, thus combined, would materially aid and support each other, whilst they would at the same time afford the means of employment to a good number of persons, and ensure to the small planters who may take part with us a ready and profitable market for their produce. . . . . I agree with you that, considering the generally depressed condition of our beautiful and most prolific island and its inhabitants, whatever efforts are to be made for her

* "Home," I need hardly point out, means, for the writer, Jamaica.

edemption and ours should be made without delay. . . . . With our trust in God,—with unity, integrity, and perseverance regulating and governing our actions,—we have nothing to fear."

Another reply to the circular is also dated July 20 :—

"It is one of the articles of my creed," says the writer, "that the prosperity and happiness of the people of a country depend principally on an earnest co-operation of every department to promote the general good, not influenced by considerations for classes, sections, or particular interests. How far this course has been pursued in this island may be fairly judged by simply viewing its present condition,—a condition which every one agrees in pronouncing to be most deplorable, and, if anything, apparently growing worse. . . . . The necessity, however, arises for all good men and true to begin to bestir themselves, and do something to save the country from such a wretched state of poverty. Our country is as beautiful a spot as you will hear of in the western hemisphere. . . . . The productiveness of the soil is unquestioned. Day by day we witness ships departing from our shores laden with the produce of our island, and yet day by day the country is getting poorer, and the small producers become generally more circumscribed (*sic*). On all sides the cry is 'No money! What is become of the money? where does it go to? Surely some one connected with the produce, labourer and producer, must get it?' Yes, both get some of it; and they part with it for salt pork and salt fish, and other things from abroad, sold by men who get the money and keep it. And are we to be continually parting with our hard earnings to enrich men who behold with indifference the languishing state of the land, and will not loan (*sic*) one shilling of the money they get from us and through us for its cultivation, or join in erecting objects of public utility as a small token of gratitude to the country that has treated them so well? men who will not afford the use of their money at all for any purposes that tends to benefit the country? Now, then, if the men who live and grow fat by means of the money we spend, will not assist us, we must find some other more considerate customers. We must manage so that we sell to ourselves and buy from ourselves."

The suggestions of this writer as to constituting what he terms a "local board of trade for the purpose of centralising the produce of the small settlers of the country," freighting a ship with produce for England, to be accompanied by a deputation, &c., do not differ materially from those of the previous one. He continues :—

"Having already visited England and made some interest, particularly in Manchester, that, in connection with the general knowledge which the people of Cornwall have of me, and my own experience of business, particularly in respect of shipping, I consider, are sufficient influences to be brought in exercise at the present moment. In respect of cultivation, I consider that each member would pursue it on his own account, and not in the form of an association, though perhaps in some cases two or three united might be desirable, particularly in renting a property. It would be a duty incumbent on every one to interest himself in a friendly manner, devoid of officiousness, in the labours of his neighbour, so that the chances of failure will be obviated as much as possible; and meetings held as often as convenient to hear the progress each party to the present movement is making. And may God assist us in these efforts!"

A postscript says : "Let there be no longer cause given to the British people to say that the people of Jamaica are good for nothing."

The correspondence bore fruit, for on the 1st of August appears the minute of "The inauguration of a meeting of a committee, to take into consideration the crippled state of our country, and the best means to extricate ourselves from the difficulties that beset us," at which "were present as committeemen—William Brydson (in the chair), Richard G. Tomlinson, Nicholas Tomlinson, Rev. Samuel Holt, Charles Plummer, secretary *pro tem.*; also Thomas Henry, and James Kinlock, as friends of the association.

"The business of the meeting having been opened with an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Samuel Holt," resolutions were passed, naming the society as above, appointing W. Brydson president, C. Plummer vice-president, a treasurer, secretary, and directors. It was further resolved :—

"That the above-named association of shareholders be a trading firm, having for its object the creation of an agency for the exportation of the produce of the small and other settlers of the country, and the importation of goods from abroad : the profits from such transactions to be divided amongst the shareholders. It will also, consistently with its means, make advances to cultivators of the soil under proper guarantees, and will embrace the buying of produce and other articles of trade."

The capital was fixed at 50,000*l.*, in 10,000 shares of 5*l.* each, with power to increase to 20,000 shares; meetings to be held "on the first day of every month, unless it happens on a Sunday, when the second day of the month shall be the day of meeting." It was also resolved :—

"That, as soon as a sufficient number of shareholders is obtained to warrant the committee in its judgment to take action for the benefit of the association, a vessel be chartered and loaded for England, with a cargo of the produce of this island; and that a commission be appointed to resort to England for the purpose of making business arrangements on behalf of the association."

The correspondence above referred to appears to have been adopted, by universal consent, as indicating the basis of the association, since it stands copied at the head of its minutes.

The association was now fairly started, 105 shares being subscribed for at this first meeting, by twenties, tens, and one five. The first monthly meeting took place at the Court-house of Black River, on Sept. 1, three more "friends" being present. One resolution deserves especial notice : "That the president and vice-president be a deputation to wait on his honor the custos, to request him to become a patron of the association." A solicitor was appointed, and extraordinary meetings fixed for six different localities in the parish. From henceforth, the minutes of almost every meeting are followed by applications for shares : here 8, there 5, elsewhere 41, 29, 15, 18, 12. By the 1st of November, the association has entered into an agreement for wharfage, and for renting an office.

But whilst the "Cornwall Agricultural and Commercial Association" has been thus quietly growing at the western end of the island—giving the lie to those who declare the coloured men incapable of useful combination—the disturbances of St. Thomas-in-the-East have occurred, and have

found their way into the minute-book of the association. The minutes of Oct. 18 (Berlin) conclude with these words: "Every member expressing his sincere regret of the late barbarous occurrences in St. Thomas-in-the-East, in this island." Those of Oct. 19 (Burns' Savannah), in like manner: "The members and friends of the association having severally expressed the utmost indignation against the murderous malcontents in St. Thomas-in-the-East, and their determination to maintain their loyalty through life, and to set forth (*sic*) every effort for the capture of Paul Bogle, the ringleader of the said insurrection, he being known in this district." At the close of the meeting of Nov. 1, the president "expressed his earnest hope that the late disturbance in St. Thomas-in-the-East has been finally suppressed, in which he was heartily joined by every member present." On the 22nd of November, the president "addressed the meeting, explaining that it must be distinctly understood that this association discards all connection or interference with politics; and that it be considered as specially an association for the promotion of the agricultural and commercial interests of this island, and for the general good of all classes of its inhabitants." And it was resolved, "That this association is fully sensible of the evil consequences to the island by the late unfortunate rebellion in the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East, and probably to the interests of the association, and therefore it the more feels the necessity of a combined and firm exercise of its efforts to counteract any influences that may be of a prejudicial nature."

Many persons will probably feel that, for a practical body like the "Cornwall Agricultural and Commercial Association," it was not only going out of its way, but self-contradictory, to be passing resolutions about "the late unfortunate rebellion," professing loyalty, or expressing a determination to use efforts for catching Paul Bogle. But Jamaica rejoices in a form of Bumbledom unknown to the mother-country, that of 'custodes'—a kind of diminutive lord-lieutenants set over every parish, and of course self-important to the full extent of their lilliputian honours. Hence it is not from the minute-book of the association, but from "Papers relating to the Disturbances in Jamaica," Part I., presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, February, 1866, pp. 120-1, that I have now to extract two delicious bits of official tom-foolery:—

"MR. SALMON TO GOVERNOR BYRE.

"Malvern, October 31, 1865.

"YOUR EXCELLENCY,—Meetings, I am informed, have been called at several places by a Mr. Plummer, a Mr. Brydson (a magistrate), a man Gilling,* of this parish, of the inhabitants and small settlers, black and coloured. The persons attending are informed that the growers of produce are imposed upon and cheated. To enable the small proprietor to receive a full value for his produce, a commercial and agricultural association is said to be formed, and shares are offered and recommended, value 5*l.* each, by which the shareholder is to realise the value of his exports through the hands of the above-named persons, who constitute themselves the managers. On a sufficient sum being subscribed, Brydson informs the meetings he is to go to England to take all the money subscribed, which, if enough, is to purchase a vessel and bring out goods the members of the association require, and which they are to obtain at a much less price than they are sold for in the stores. The object of the managers of this association is to press Dr. Underhill's statements, that the negro is cheated in the value of the produce he has to dispose of, that he has no opportunity of sending his produce to the home markets.—The carrying out such object will materially injure general society, as the members of the association are to pledge themselves not to dispose of any oil-nuts, coffee, ginger, or other produce to any white person;* it will foster and continue distrust and suspicion, and prevent the intercourse at present profitable to all. Its result can easily be foreseen: the consequences will be disastrous to the members, and may be also troublesome to the peace of the district, for the small settler will be cheated out of his subscriptions, and also his produce, by men of straw, who have no capital and no character entitling them to conduct such an undertaking, even if it were legitimate and honest. It is so barefaced an attempt as not to be mistaken for a piece of rascality.—Is the association at such a time as the present, and the meetings, legal? The people are ignorant, and only the other day were represented as suffering so dreadfully from the drought that they had nothing to eat, and now are called on to provide 5*l.* each to be admitted to the prospective benefits to arise under the management of Brydson, Plummer, and Gilling. To obtain this amount to purchase a share in the association, men are desirous of selling horses, or what they may possess or have disposable, and they will be swindled.—Perhaps your Excellency would direct me to be informed what course would be legal or right at such a time. I have had several coloured people applying to me as to what they should do. I have told them I believe they will be swindled; but they are dissatisfied and fretted, and kept unsettled, and say they should be told 'if the thing be good, and for their good; or bad, and to take their money.'

(Signed) "JOHN SALMON."

Bumbledom in all countries is capable of incredibly stupid things. But I doubt if there be a village churchwarden in England so stupid as to suppose that it can be illegal for a number of farmers to agree to club their funds together for sending their produce to market, or for buying the supplies they want. Again, Mr. Brydson's position as a magistrate of many years' standing† should at least have secured him from being libelled behind his back as a swindler by the chief official of his parish to the Governor. But instead of the moral reproof which he deserved, Mr. Custos Salmon obtained in reply the Attorney-General's opinion, dated Nov. 2,

* I am utterly unable to discover any person of this name in the minute-book. The nearest approaches to it are Grindley, Gittoes, Green, Kinlock.

* This extraordinary statement appears to arise out of the simple fact, that the members of the association were to pledge to it the consignment of all their produce. Of course, if they were all coloured persons, this might practically be a pledge not to dispose of produce to the whites. But as there was nothing whatever to prevent white persons from subscribing, it would be their own fault if such were the result.

† Another magistrate, Mr. S. G. Greaves, although not a shareholder, had recently expressed at a public meeting his "entire approbation of and co-operation with the association."—(Minute of October 19.)

1865,—pooh-poohing, indeed, his legal crotchets, but even more offensive to the men who were so earnestly struggling to retrieve their country's prosperity than the custos's own letter :—

"I see nothing illegal in the proposed association. Trade is free, and ought to be so. It is very certain, however, that a dead loss will accrue to all the shareholders, even supposing the managers to be perfectly honest, and even if they give their services gratuitously. But as by foolish or wicked counsels the small producers seem to have lost confidence in the mercantile capitalists, I know no better way of enabling them to find out their own blunders than that they should try their experiment. Even if, by an extraordinary rise in the produce-market, the first attempt should be successful, a very little further trial will restore the equilibrium of educated commonsense. And no time better than the present could be chosen, when there is a strong force in the country to preserve the peace against any attempt against it which should arise from the dissatisfaction of the industrious producers at the result of their own folly.—If the custos and other gentlemen of position unconnected with trade and commerce were to explain to the intended shippers the length of time that must elapse before they can have any returns or advances on their shipments for the interest of the invested cargo, the difficulty of selecting the latter for each shipper, or the otherwise inevitable necessity of establishing another association for the sale of their imports, and the expenses of sailing their ship, port dues, import duties, seamen's wages, long credits, and bad debts, it is not unlikely that the sway of common sense will prevail, and the proposed society become an abortion. If it should really succeed, which I think no reasonably well-educated man can conceive to be possible, so much the better for the benefit of honest competition and the general good. Viewed in its most favourable light, this is a miserable repetition of the French organisation of labour under Fourrier (*sic*), or of Owen in England twenty-five years ago. There is no occasion for legal preventive measures to prevent the objects avowed.

(Signed) "ALEXANDER HESLOP."

Mr. Attorney-General Heslop is himself, I understand, a coloured man ; I trust not to be taken as a sample of such as only are deemed fit for office. It is not worth while going into his off-hand opinion, much of which turns upon a mis-statement of Mr. Custos Salmon's, that a ship was intended to be *purchased*, whereas the minutes of the association show clearly that the only thought was of chartering one. Let it not be forgotten that in its innocency the association had actually asked the custos to be its patron, so that any mis-statement of its nature and objects was as inexcusable on his part as the Attorney-General's strictures upon it, on the strength of information received only at second hand, were unbecoming.

It must, however, be observed that the members of the association were quite unaware of this correspondence whilst it was going on, and only became acquainted with it when the Blue-book, in which it stands recorded, reached Jamaica in the following spring. But they were not left unmolested—the houses of one or two were searched ; a third, who happened to be a full black, and to have known G. W. Gordon, was asked publicly "if he were not hanged yet ?" whilst strenuous exertions were made by the custos and others to hinder their coloured brethren from subscribing to the association. Hence the origin—perhaps the necessity—of those otherwise uncalled for professions of loyalty which I noticed above. The members persevered, however, and the minutes continue to show the holding of fresh meetings to beat up subscribers, and fresh subscriptions for shares,—as many as forty being taken up after a single meeting, and one application coming in from Mexico ; one unbeliever, however, withdrawing from the association. Communications were opened by the president with the "Cotton Supply Association" of Manchester, and samples of cotton forwarded—cotton being apparently rather a hobby with the president, Mr. Brydson. In January, 1866, a cargo of produce for shipment in April begins to be made up, and we find entries of the receipt of "one bag of coffee, said to weigh 100lbs.," "one half-ton logwood," &c., or again, "two pieces cement, one piece coal, to be tested." In March, sufficient produce is in hand to have become worth insuring for 300*l.*, besides 300*l.* on the buildings of the association. Governor Eyre having been meanwhile superseded by a man of sense, one of the directors of the association, Mr. Holt, summoned to give evidence at Spanish Town, had an interview with Sir Henry Storks, who expressed a wish to see the books and papers of the association. The president was at once appointed to wait upon the Governor, and gave an account of his mission to a meeting on May 1, stating that "his Excellency Sir Henry Storks was much pleased, and expressed himself much gratified at the formation of such a society, and wished it every prosperity." At the same meeting a deputation was appointed to proceed to England, and 150*l.* granted for its expenses. The last minute recorded is of May 19. By that time over 500 shares had been subscribed for.

That deputation, consisting of the above-named Messrs. W. Brydson, C. Plummer, and the Rev. S. W. Holt, is in England at the time of my writing. The two former are coloured men, freeborn ; the first, as before stated, has been for years a member of the island magistracy ; the second is the owner of 2000 acres of land, cultivated on half-profits with the actual producers, an inspector of schools, and the author of a little catechism on the products of Jamaica ; both educated and intelligent men, the former already acquainted with England. The last is a pure black, slave-born, self-educated, self-made, stiff-backed, minister of a small congregation in connexion with the Baptist body. All three bear the highest moral character, and cannot, in my humble judgment, though libelled as swindlers by Mr. Custos Salmon, fail to inspire, by their very demeanour, confidence in their integrity ; Mr. Plummer is a member of the Church of England ; Mr. Brydson, like Mr. Holt, a Baptist. They have safely brought with them 600*l.* worth of Jamaica produce, and sold it at a very handsome profit ; more is on the way, and more still preparing for shipment. They have found and made friends, and a company has been established—in which the "Cornwall Agricultural and Commercial Association" may to some extent become merged—to act as an agency for

disposing of its produce and shipping goods to its order. I won't say more, lest any of my readers should be tempted to wish for shares in it; although, considering Mr. Attorney-General Heslop's legal opinion that "no reasonably well-educated man" can conceive it possible for such an undertaking to succeed, I ought not to suppose them ignorant enough to do so.

For myself, I do not hesitate to say that in this association of the small settlers of Jamaica to sell for themselves and purchase for themselves, so long as it is regulated by the honest and high purpose of the founders of the "Cornwall Agricultural and Commercial Association," I see a germ of salvation not only for their own beautiful island, but for all other West Indian colonies, which are passing into the same condition of peasant proprietorship,—I might say for all the West Indies,—and should not despair of these coloured fellow-subjects of ours in Jamaica realizing on a wider scale the marvellous example set by the "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers."

One word more: I have preferred to put the claim of the "Cornwall Agricultural and Commercial Association" to our interest in its efforts on the simple ground of their associative character, as a combined attempt of the coloured population to develope the resources of their country. There are many special features about the trade of Jamaica which, however, invest the undertaking with a character of almost necessity. It is impossible, I think, for anyone who inquires into the facts to resist the conclusion that the small coloured settlers are the victims of a vast amount of fraud in their dealings, both as sellers and purchasers. The larger island houses for the most part disdain, sometimes absolutely reject their produce, so that they fall into the hands of smaller and less respectable dealers, mostly Jews, who even when they seem to deal with them on favourable terms too often defraud them in weight and measure. It will be sufficient for me in this respect to quote the words of the respected Chief-Justice of the island, Sir Bryan Edwards, the representative of an old planter-family (to be found in the Papers relative to the affairs of Jamaica, February, 1866):

"Every one must concur with Dr. Underhill in desiring to see the efforts of our small settlers, in the production of articles of exportable value, encouraged and extended. It is a direct and positive advantage to the colony; and *I am inclined to believe that his suspicion of gross and systematic fraud practised by the purchasers in dealing with them has a good deal of foundation.*"

But the undertaking which they have entered upon is one which will tax their best and utmost efforts. Apart from all hindrances of ill-will, opposition, and calumny from without, they have to encounter a far more fiery trial within. No one knows how difficult it is for a man to co-operate with his fellows until he has tried to do so. Fair as I believe are the prospects of the "Cornwall Agriculture and Commercial Association," internal discord, or merely distrust, is a rock on which it must always fear to split. Only if it will act up to the above-quoted words of one of its founders will it really secure success; but with "trust in God, —with unity, integrity, and perseverance, regulating its actions," it will truly "have nothing to fear."

J. M. LUDLOW.

HOME AT LAST.

THE ship is sailing, the moon is shining;
Low on a level with the deck
She swims through the white cloud breakers, leaping
About her hull as about a wreck.

The ship is sailing, the moon is sinking;
All will be dark ere she touch the strand:
"Yonder's the pier," says the sailor steering,
As dark through the darkness looms out the land.

"We're in at last, mate," whispers the steersman;
"We're over the bar, and may slacken sail:
I wish it had been in the fair broad daylight,
Or that even a voice our ship would hail.

"We've been held in the death-grip yonder,
Among the ice of the frozen seas;
Been blown and beaten and tossed and tumbled,
And now we are coming to rest and ease.

"And yet my heart will keep sinking, sinking—
It's three long years since we left them, Ned—
Yon land is not like the land of the living,
And this is the sea giving up its dead.

"The ship is sailing, my heart is sinking;
Ned, you ne'er knew me feel thus before:
We're home at last! but I wish 'twere morning—
There's something waiting for me ashore."

T. CONGREVE.

HOME AT LAST.

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ST. PAUL'S REFERENCES TO ROMAN LAW.

I.—THE SON.

"Now I say, that the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father."

ST. PAUL, himself a Roman citizen, and in his letters addressing persons who either themselves enjoyed or were familiar with the privileges conferred by citizenship, has in his writings made use of terms of Roman Private Law which, conveying to the English reader modern ideas only, have deprived the passages in which they occur of much of their original significance. It is proposed to examine the meaning of some of these terms, and see whether by lifting the veil which conceals from our view the Roman Family system, we can clothe words so familiar and precious to us all, with a fresher and deeper meaning for the student of the New Testament.

The Roman citizen had public and private rights. With the former of these we are not now concerned, although it is important to note how St. Paul on two well-known occasions availed himself of it, to escape degrading and unjust punishment* or to secure a more impartial trial.† On both of these occasions it is interesting to observe how the possession by the apostle of this great civil privilege, and its prompt exercise by him, was instrumental in the propagation of the Gospel. On the first occasion he was sent from Jerusalem for trial before the Procurator Felix, and thus had an opportunity of making that striking apology for his life and doctrine which we have handed down for the instruction of the Church in the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: on the second,—by availing himself, in the technical form made use of in Roman Law, of his right of appeal to the Emperor himself in the last resort, he was enabled to preach the Gospel in the city of Rome, the seat of intellectual atheism, the centre of the civilized world. It is, however, with the Private Law of the Romans, to which St. Paul alludes so frequently, and from which many of his most striking illustrations are drawn, that we have now to do.

The power with which under the *jus privati*, a Roman citizen who was *pater familias*, the head of a family, was invested over every subordinate member of the family group, is, whether we regard its completeness or its severity, one of the most singular phenomena in the history of civilization. Under the old civil law as it existed during the Republic and up to the commencement of the Empire, he was proprietor—*dominus*—of his children as of his slaves, and had over both the power of life and death. While he lived, his wife, his children, his son's children,‡ were all "under power" as the phrase was; had no capacity of acquiring or retaining property, could not make a valid testament or take under one, had in short no civil rights whatsoever—was a thing, a *res*, a chattel. This authority,—empire rather,—of the father was supreme. His was the *jus vitæ necisque*, the absolute control over the life and property of his sons. He could sell, expose, or abandon them; transfer them by adoption into another family, or, as a domestic judge from whose sentence there was no appeal, even punish them capitally. "Under the domestic relations," observes Mr. Maine, in his *Antient Law*, "created by Private Law, the son lived under a domestic despotism which, considering the severity it retained to the last, and the number of centuries through which it endured, constitutes one of the strangest problems in legal history."

In proportion as the citizenship was extended by the Emperors throughout the Provinces, this remarkable power was transmitted along with it; and the rights it conferred were eagerly caught at, and interwoven with the social life of those nations who were gradually incorporated into the Roman Empire, until under Caracalla the citizenship was granted to the whole of the civilized world. And this wide diffusion of the *patria potestas* was as remarkable as the tenacity with which the Roman people clung to an institution peculiarly their own, but which, singular to say, they succeeded in inducing other countries most alien to them in language, manners, and disposition, not merely to acquiesce in but eagerly to adopt. At the time at which St. Paul wrote, this power of the Father was in its full vigour. Its influence over the son's person was but slightly lessened; over his property—save towards one class of persons, namely, soldiers on service—hardly at all. The Jew of Tarsus and Alexandria, the Greek of Ephesus or Corinth, the African, the Spaniard, the Gaul, who had received the citizenship by gift, purchase, or inheritance, placed themselves under the Roman Law of Persons, and were invested with an authority within the circle of their families, of which, in its complete supremacy, the history of civil society presents no other example. Well therefore, and not as an artifice of rhetoric, but with technical exactness, could the Apostle say when writing to the Galatian Church, as stating a fact within the cognizance of and underlying the social and political life of all, "Now I say that the heir, as long as he is a child—νηπιος, *infans*, a minor—differeth nothing from *the slave*, though he be lord of all."*

* Acts xxii. 25. † Acts xxv. 11.

‡ A daughter's children were not of her *familia:* they were under the power of their father or paternal grandfather.

* It is interesting to remark, as bearing on the significance of this illustration as addressed to the Galatian Church, that Gaius, the commentator on Roman law, although mentioning the Patria Potestas as distinctively of Roman origin, yet finds in the Asiatic Galatæ traces of an institution more analogous than was found in any other of the various races that were brought into subjugation to the Roman people.

But let us, following the train of thought suggested by the succeeding clause of the verse, examine into this subject somewhat more particularly. The Apostle proceeds to say, "But is under tutors and governors until the time appointed by the father." These terms correspond generally* to the tutor and curator of the Roman Law; to the former of which was entrusted the personal guardianship, to the latter the care of the goods of the heir, the management of business, and the power of giving validity to his contracts; and they lead us to the consideration of the power of the father as exercised over the son either by himself, or by means of guardians appointed by him in these two aspects of Person and Property.

1. Of Person.—And here at once we meet with two words of most deep interest to us, and full of significance—"adoption" and "emancipation." They are both technical terms of the Roman Law of Persons; and have a far deeper meaning than in their ordinary employment is conveyed to the English reader. We speak of a child being "adopted," that is to say, taken to live with, be brought up and educated by, and perhaps even succeed to the property of, persons generally who have no children of their own; and of a person being "emancipated," that is, freed from control, become "his own master," with no one to stand between him and society, so as to prevent responsibility attaching to his conduct and position in life. And in so speaking we convey something of course of the meaning which a Roman Paterfamilias would understand belonged to the words. But we stop far short of that meaning. Let us see how far. And first, what did a Roman citizen, what did St. Paul mean, by "adoption?"

Adoption was one of those legal fictions to which society in its archaic state had recourse, in order to its own preservation and extension. Notably in the history of Rome a whole community of foreign origin was in early times incorporated with the two tribes which at first formed the nucleus of the commonwealth. And so long did this custom exist, and so deeply did it enter into the public as well as the private life of the community, that in the later period of the Empire, down even to the time of Justinian, we find the succession to the Imperial throne secured and kept up by the employment of this fiction of law, the adoption by the reigning prince of his successors into his family. "The earliest and most extensively employed of legal fictions," says Mr. Maine, "was that which permitted family relations to be created artificially, and there is none to which I conceive mankind to be more deeply indebted. If it had never existed I do not see how any one of the primitive groups, whatever were their nature, could have absorbed another, or on what terms any two of them could have combined except those of absolute superiority on one side and absolute subjection on the other. . . The expedient which in those times commanded favour was that the incoming population should *feign themselves* to be descended from the same stock as those on whom they were engrafted; and it is precisely the good faith of this fiction, and the closeness with which it seemed to imitate reality, that we can never hope to understand."*

This method of enlarging the circle which in the infancy of law was applied first to the family, the type of archaic society, and afterwards to entire communities, became, as the legal system of which it formed a part was developed, a means of widely extending the power of the Father. For the persons thus amalgamated theoretically by adoption, were both by law and public opinion as perfectly held together by the principle of implicit obedience to the authority of the highest living ascendant, father, grandfather, or great-grandfather, as if they had been born under his power. Between the obligations incident to the tie of sonship by nature, and by adoption, the Roman law of Persons recognised no difference whatever. Probably the practical exercise of this power was softened by causes with which we are but imperfectly acquainted, and doubtless in a large number of cases by the influence of natural affection. Decency also and public opinion would require that when the son was filling high civil offices in the state, he should not be subjected to a vexatious and indeed degrading subordination, which by an active employment of the *patria potestas* would interfere with his duties to the state. Soldiers also would be, and during the Empire were, employed during long intervals either in the military occupation of, or in assisting to colonise, remote provinces; and thus distance of place and time would put him in a position of comparative independence, and render the father's power neutral. Still it remained, after every allowance made for exceptional cases, the prominent feature of Private Roman Law, penetrating and influencing every relation and minute circumstance of domestic life, and preserving through the family and the social system, a vast net-work of subordination to which modern ideas and habits of life present no parallel whatever. The son, "the heir," is while "under power" a slave: and the son by adoption is as completely and entirely a slave as the son by kinship.

This singular system is brought into still greater contrast with modern conceptions of sonship, when we consider the method by which the son is "emancipated" from the power of the father. Here again the son and slave ideas are combined. The method employed was nothing more or less

* Strictly speaking, these officers were appointed over those who were *sui juris*, but who had not attained their majority. Here, in order to exhibit the dependent position of the heir, the Apostle, in order as it were to cover the whole of the minor's life until he was of age, regards him as subject as well to the father when living as to the "tutors and governors" who, as it were, perpetuated the father's authority after his death, until the "time appointed," *i.e.*, for the termination of their office.

* Antient Law.

than *a sale*. The father sold his son three times in succession, (*ter venumduit* was the technical phrase,) to the purchaser—the adopter—and thus the son passed from under the father's power, was withdrawn from the *patria potestas*, and was said to be "in mancipio," in itself a species of slavery. The act of adoption required, however, for its consummation a further process in the nature of a fictitious suit or feigned recovery, termed *cessio in jure*. The adopter claimed the son as having bought him; the father made no defence, and the magistrate declared that the child was the son of the Adopter. A procedure very closely analagous to this, with reference to a different species of "property," was for hundreds of years made use of by English lawyers; and it is curious, as a feature in the history of society, to see how legal fictions reproduce themselves, and similar expedients are presented in historical periods far apart, when we find the triple sale, and feigned surrender in the case of the person of the Roman heir under power, paralleled by those famous Fines and Recoveries which, as methods of conveyance of interests in land, were for so many centuries familiar to the English lawyer. It was not until the time of the Emperor Justinian (cir. 500 after Christ,) that the fictitious sale ceased to be part of the process of adoption; and in its place was substituted a simple declaration on the part of the *paterfamilias* before a magistrate. The corresponding fiction in English law was in active operation down to the middle of the present century; and it was not until the year 1834, that the act was passed for the abolition of Fines and Recoveries, and the substitution in their place of a simple Deed of Transfer.

So far as regards the son's Person: and now as to his property, and the Power of the Father as connected with it.

Whatever influences may have softened insensibly the father's authority over the son's person, as given him by law, with respect to property there was nothing whatever at the time St. Paul wrote, to impede its fullest exercise. The son, as has been already said, could acquire nothing for himself. His father was entitled to take the whole of any property he may have come into possession of, and to reap the benefits while he was not exposed to the disadvantages of any contracts he may have entered into. The possibility of children "under power," having an ownership separate from the parent, or of holding property apart from him, was never contemplated by the ancient law of Rome. But this state of things, however suited to an archaic society when the family was the chief unit, becomes wholly anomalous in, and one would have thought incompatible with, if not destructive to, a people in an advanced state of civilisation. But such was not the case with Rome. The slowness with which these private rights were broken in upon, is even more curious than the extent of the power they conferred on the individual. It was not until the first years of the Empire that any innovation was attempted; and then the acquisitions of one class only—namely, of soldiers on service—were withdrawn from the influence of the *patria potestas*, and the power of disposing by will of what was gained in camp was granted to the soldier,—doubtless, as Mr. Maine observes, as a part of the reward of those armies which had overthrown the free commonwealth. An interval of three hundred years elapsed before a similar indulgence was accorded to persons in the civil employment of the state; and the privilege thus extended from the military to the civil professions received no further enlargement until the time of the Emperor Justinian, more than five hundred years after the foundation of Christianity.

Once more do the son and the slave meet in the Roman Law of Persons, in connection with this subject of property. The permissive property over which this qualified and dependant ownership was granted, was called by the special name of *peculium*; a term applied to those savings and perquisites, for which they, the son and the slave, were not compelled to be responsible in the household accounts. In the case of the slave, we have reason to think that the remissness or indulgence of masters in some cases permitted these savings to accumulate until they reached a considerable value: indeed, we know that some of the higher slaves, in a large Roman household, had others of an inferior kind amongst their *peculia*, and that, in this way, they were frequently enabled to acquire property of sufficient value even to purchase their freedom.* But the son had, with certain few exceptions, no such opportunity within his reach. Unless he was a soldier on service, and in that capacity possessed a *castrense peculium*, as it was termed, he was merely a channel through which property was acquired for the Father. Later, indeed, in the history of the Empire, and long subsequent to the period at which St. Paul wrote, other *peculia* were added, extending, as was done by Constantine, the privileges awarded to soldiers, "under power," to property acquired either in the service of the Emperor or Empress—*quasi castrense peculium*—or from other adventitious sources, *peculia adventitia*. But not even under the enlarged rights conferred by Justinian, and which we find stated in the Institutes, was anything approaching to the modern idea of full control over property granted, while the head of the family was living to appropriate the son's acquisitions and take advantage of, without sustaining loss by, the contracts he entered into.

Such was the condition of the "son under the power of the father," the "heir as long as he was a child;" an "infant" in the legal and strict sense of the word, one who could not answer, or go through the legal forms, for himself; subject to degrading servitude—for it could amount to little less—notwithstanding the glorious inheritance of citizenship to which he was born, and on which at the "time

* Tacitus, Annal. xiv. 42.

appointed by the father," he was to enter. Capable of exercising no rights, of acquiring no property, liable to be punished, sold, even put to death, he was for all the practical purposes of life assimilated to a slave, and the difference between the two states was accurately described by the apostle, as "nothing,"—*ουδεν διαφερει*—though the heir was to be "lord of all."

See how this description brings out into sharp and vivid contrast, the opposite idea of the citizen, *sui juris;* the son arrived to the possession and enjoyment of the citizenship, the *πολιτεια*, in all the wide extent of its privileges; the heir, when the "fullness of time" had come. No illustration can be conceived that would more aptly convey in its perfectness something of the nature of the Christian sonship, than this one of the Roman citizen-son, when the power of his ascendant had ceased. It was in truth a favourite illustration of the apostle, and used by him sometimes under less peculiarly Roman forms than he here employs. Elsewhere writing to communities, as for instance to the Ephesians, where the Greek element entered into the population more largely, and the Greek idea of civil privileges predominated, St. Paul, in his anxiety to bring out the full idea of the Christian sonship, uses terms such as "citizen," "fellow-citizen," "of the household;" words which the native of Athens or Ephesus would well understand as having a national meaning of their own, and one opposed to the "stranger" or "foreigner," whose home was not in their lovely cities, and who stayed there subject to alien taxes, and shut out from political or civil rights. But no example could be brought, nowhere could an image be found so adapted to the truth intended to be taught, no parallel drawn so close in its conveyance of that idea of the divine state, to the contemplation of which the Christian was to be drawn, as that of the Roman citizen-heir when a slave-child under curators and tutors, and the heir when slavery no longer held him, but he became "a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God."

It is a remarkable feature in the theology, corrupt as it was, of Rome, and of communities which had adopted Roman ideas, how the idea of the Father interpenetrates the whole system. There are deities to represent every passion, every want, every desire pure and impure, virtuous and vicious; but underlying the whole of this Pantheism, there is the one idea of Jove the Father, arbiter of gods and men; the Supreme controller of events, the Avenger and Protector of their city. From what hidden and mysterious source was this idea, all but universal as it was, incorporated into the civil and religious life of this great nation of antiquity? May not the cause of this be found in the traces of a higher theology and a purer faith, which taking its rise in that East which was the scene of the first and direct intercourse of God with man, found its way through nations whose origin is lost in obscurity, and whose history and very names are unknown to us, until i found a new expression in the leading idea of the religion of Rome? Certainly it is a remarkable circumstance that forces itself on the student of history, that alike in the case of the Roman Republic, and those republics of Greece from which has been derived so much that is intellectually great and noble, so soon as the great and leading idea of the one Superintending Father, who was not far from every one of them, although they knew him not and erected altars to Him as "The Unknowable,"* had ceased to enter as a principle into the political or family life of those ancient states, so in proportion did their manners become corrupt, and they hastened by marked step to that decline and ultimate fall which more than almost any other event in ancient times has been the subject of the historian. They fell, not again to appear as powers among the nations of the earth. Their influence over us is still great, but it is of the past. Greece fell before Macedonia and Rome; Rome in her turn, before the wild force of Germany, and the tribes of the north.

To conclude; in the light of the preceding explanation, the whole passage of St. Paul's epistle which has been the subject of our remarks, will read as follows:—"Now I observe that the heir, as long as he is an infant—a minor—differeth nothing from a slave, although he be lord of the entire inheritance, but is under tutors and curators until the time appointed (in the testament or will,) by the father. And so we also, when we were infants, were slaves to the elements of the world (*i.e.*, of outward phenomena, *τον κοσμου*). But when the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that he might purchase up those that were under the law, that they might receive the sonship by adoption. And because ye are (now) sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba: Our Father. Wherefore you are no more a slave, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." Compare Romans viii. 15, 23; Ephesians i. 5.

II.—THE SLAVE.

"Slaves, be obedient to your masters, according to the flesh."

"Masters, give unto your slaves that which is just and equal."

A SLAVE! What is a slave? It is when the entire being and personality of an individual—his faculties educated or uneducated—are in bondage to the supremacy of another. It is a condition which, though of great antiquity, and existing in the midst of a very high degree, not merely of civilisation and refinement, but of civil and religious freedom, yet has its origin in one of the coarsest motives that can influence mankind; the desire, namely, to use the services, bodily and mental, of a

* Acts, xvii. 23, *Αγνωστῳ Θεῷ*.

fellow creature to minister to our necessities and increase our wealth. It has found a place in the most opposite political systems, and amongst races of men differing most widely in language, manners, institutions, and laws. In the history of Rome we find it existing under the kings, the Republic, and the Empire; and it forms the subject of certain clauses in the code of Justinian, 500 years after the foundation of Christianity. It has been incorporated into the simpler despotism of the Asiatic princes, the tyrannies of some of the Hellenic states, and the democracies of others. The rugged oligarchy of Lacedæmon, and the theocracy of Judaism: all these forms of government, so various and disparate, have recognised—the last two, indeed, in a mitigated form—and adopted the slave state as a prominent and even necessary element in the structure of their societies; while, in tracing its history to more modern times, we find it amongst ourselves in the serf and villein of the Anglo-Saxon race; and, finally, at the present day, in the nineteenth century, it flourishes, or until very recently has flourished, in its most marked and repulsive form, in the Southern States of America.

From the outset, however, the moral consciousness of mankind, in however blunted a form, seems to have been instinctively aware that some apology for the institution was necessary; and two chief theories have, therefore, been advanced, which it was considered would go far to justify the existence and maintenance of the slave state in the midst of highly civilised communities. The Romans started with the admission that in a state of nature, and under the law of nature, all men were equal; but affirmed that the necessities of society gave birth to institutions inconsistent with and hostile to the primary law. Amongst these was slavery. It sprang, their jurisprudence taught, from that law of nations as applied to civilised states, under which, although all were originally free, yet that freedom was by the *jus gentium* forfeited to a conqueror whose property, as taken by the strong hand, *manu capta*, were the lives and fortunes of his prisoners. If, therefore, he spared their lives, they became by the law of nations, *servi*, (*servati*) slaves; and were in fact considered as having purchased existence on the condition of entailing perpetual servitude on themselves and their descendants. Other methods belonged more peculiarly to the Civil Law: these were when slavery was inflicted as a punishment, as for open and disgraceful crimes, such as theft—*furtum manifestum*—or where, as under the law of the Twelve Tables, the debtor who made default in payment after a certain period, was delivered over—*addictus*—as a slave to his creditor. But, generally speaking, the state or condition of a slave was, in view of the Roman jurisprudence, regarded as having its origin in the Law of Nations, and as a result of the right of life and death possessed by a conqueror over his captives.

The other theory was that of Race. The Greek, the Asiatic, and, in our time, the American, held that certain races were *born slaves;* that perpetual servitude was their normal state, and freedom, if ever they obtained it, an abnormal condition from which, from the very nature of the case, there never could be any long or sustained departure. Nature herself, it was and still is affirmed, had marked them out for slaves by the presence of certain physical and mental characteristics, and the absence of others. Complete as this theory is, it was, it will be seen, by far the baser and coarser conception of the two. Absolute as was the dominion which the Roman master exercised over his slave, yet there could still be discerned in the institution as the Roman jurists viewed it, a desire to trace back its commencement to an original agreement, rude and coarse though it might be, to which both were parties, and in which can be traced the idea of *contract;* an account of the matter which, though obviously a refinement, and based on a legal fiction, was yet intellectually far in advance of the opposite theory, at the root of which lay the assumption that as the enslaved race never had been, so they never could be, on anything like an equality, or have any rights whatever in common with those whom they served.

Let us, however, leaving this larger question, examine more closely the position which the slave held in the Roman family, with reference to the allusions to and illustrations drawn from his condition in the Pauline Epistles: bearing in mind that in each of the passages in which the word "servant" occurs in the authorised version as the meaning of δουλος, the rendering should be "slave." This correction is absolutely necessary in order to the bringing out in each case of the meaning of the Apostle.

The power given to the master over his slaves by the Roman Private Law was spoken of as the *dominica potestas*, as that of the father over his descendants was termed *patria potestas*. Its severity, to the extent sanctioned by law, was very great; and it was not until the time of the Antonines—some years after St. Paul wrote—that any attempt was made by Imperial rescript to place a limit on its exercise. When, therefore, we find in the Epistles exhortations to the slave to be obedient and the master to be just, we can but understand the value of these precepts, and the extent to which the softening influence of Christianity was needed in the Roman household to enforce their observance, when we bear in mind that at the time these passages were written, the "dominion," as it was called, of the master was supreme. Subsequently, indeed, by a constitution of the Emperor Antoninus, he who, without any reason whatever, but simply from wantonness, killed his slave, was to be punished equally with one who killed the slave of another; and the same emperor decided, when consulted on the point by some governors of provinces, that if the severity of masters should appear excessive—*si intolerabilis videatur sævitia dominorum*

—they might be compelled to sell their slaves on favourable terms, so that the master should not, when deprived of his authority over the slaves, fail at the same time to receive the full value of his property. But even this decree, favourable as was its influence on the slave's condition, was prefaced by the emperor with the admission that in his view the power of the master should be preserved unimpaired, and that it was for *their* interest, equally with that of the slave, that excessive severity should be restrained, and relief granted against cruelty, inasmuch as it was for the public good that property should not be suffered to depreciate in value. The slave, regarded in this view, was treated with humanity, not from any sense of *an obligation*, moral or otherwise, on the part of the master so to treat him, but from the regard which, in such a highly civilised state as was Rome under Hadrian and the Antonines, was paid to property of any kind—any depreciation in which was regarded as so much subtracted from the national wealth.

We have before remarked, when speaking of the position of the son under the power of the father, how nearly his position was assimilated to that of the slave. One of these meeting points was the question of property. Both were permitted, by the connivance rather than the sanction of the law, to acquire the species of property termed *peculium;* but while that of the son received, at least during the later empire, legal recognition as far as regarded property acquired in military service or from employments about the court, that of the slave remained at all times at the absolute disposition of his master, who could seize or control it at his pleasure. Still, that the slave was allowed either by the indulgence or connivance of his lord, to acquire an interest in any degree partaking of the nature of property or wealth was one of those redeeming features in the institution itself as it existed amongst the Romans, in which it contrasts most favourably with the gross and unrefined subjection under which slavery meets us in modern communities who yet claim to have reached a higher grade of civilisation. Nor was this *peculium*, their savings, of insignificant value. The slaves in a Roman household were divided into two classes: those to whom special duties or offices of trust were assigned, —*servi ordinarii*—such as the cook, butler, baker, &c., and those in a subordinate capacity termed *vicarii*, who were the attendants of the others, and even formed part of their *peculia*. It may easily be imagined that an intelligent and active slave would gradually so insinuate himself into the favour of his master, and so identify himself with the management of his property, as to be in a position to amass a considerable sum; and we know, on the authority of Tacitus, that the *peculia* were often of sufficient value to enable the possessor to purchase his freedom.* They not unfrequently occupied such positions of trust as that of physician, and instructor or caretaker of the children of the family;* and one of the most striking of St. Paul's illustrations (the meaning of which is wholly concealed under the authorised version) is taken from the employment of a chief slave in such confidential duties, when he speaks of the law, not as it is erroneously rendered, as "the schoolmaster," but "the slave that led us to the school of Christ:" παιδαγωγος, whose duties ended where those of the schoolmaster, or instructor began. Indeed it may be observed as marking the domestic position which the slave held, that in classical Latinity one of the chief meanings of the word *familia* is the slaves of the household. But the most singular proof of this is given in the well-known fact that under the Roman Private Law the slave had the power of succeeding, on failure of the legitimate heirs, to the property and responsibility of his master as heir in the last resort when all others had failed: the *hæres necessarius*, as he was termed, because the law, while conferring on him freedom together with the heirship, did not allow him to refuse to enter on the inheritance, but insisted on his becoming the heir whether he would or not. In fact, the inheritance vested in him the instant the testator died. To understand fully this position of the slave would require a more technical knowledge of the Roman law than the reader can be assumed to possess: it is enough to observe, by way of explanation of this curious expedient, that the institution of the heir was the most essential feature in the devolution of property amongst the Romans. He was not only put into possession of the goods, but was liable to the creditors of the deceased. Frequently therefore the inheritance was far more burdensome than advantageous, for which reason the legitimate heirs declined to enter on it: and in order to ensure that the affairs of the deceased should be wound up in a legal and proper form, it was provided that the most necessary person in the whole transaction, the heir, on whom the responsibilities, and indeed the *persona* or legal existence of the testator devolved, should be always forthcoming. In short, the "necessary heir" was appointed when the master knew that his *hereditas* was so encumbered that no one else would accept it. But this capacity of being heir in the last resort was an incident in the slave's position which marks the refinement of the institution as it is found when moulded, not only by the high civilisation, but also by the great legal genius possessed by the Roman people; and the possibility, which must have been contemplated in many households of the government of the family devolving under a certain state of circumstances on a bondman, must of itself have, in some slight degree, contributed to the ele-

* Tacitus, Annal. xiv. 42.

* Not *tutors;* a term which had a technical meaning in Roman law, and referred to the position of the son, or heir, before reaching majority, and meant one who was appointed for the purpose of supplying what was wanting in the legal position, the "*persona*," of the minor: hence he was spoken of as having "*auctoritas:*" he filled up, *augebat*, what was wanting in the pupil's persona, or legal existence.

vation of his place in the fabric of Roman society. "It may," says Mr. Maine, and the observation is interesting as lying at the root of the difference between Roman and American servitude, "be asserted with some confidence, of advanced and matured codes, that wherever servitude is sanctioned the slave has uniformly greater advantages under systems which preserve some memento of his earlier condition than under those which have adopted some other theory of his civil degradation. The point of view from which jurisprudence regards the slave is always of great importance to him. The Roman law was arrested in its growing tendency to look on him more and more as an article of property by the theory of the law of nature; and hence it is, that wherever servitude is sanctioned by institutions which have been deeply affected by Roman jurisprudence, the servile condition is never intolerably wretched. There is a great deal of evidence that in those American states which have taken the highly Romanised code of Louisiana as the basis of their jurisprudence, the lot and prospects of the negro population were better in many material respects (until the letter of the fundamental law was overlaid by statutory enactments passed under the influence of panic) than under institutions founded on the English common law, which, as recently interpreted, has *no true place for the slave*, and can therefore regard him only as a chattel."

Insensibly therefore, under the combined influence of a civilisation refined and generally humane, a keen sense of the value of property incident to advanced communities, and a jurisprudence which, for its completeness and the flexibility with which it adapted itself to every portion of the framework of society, has had no equal in the history of mankind, the Slave rose to no unimportant place in the domestic and political life of the Romans. But a higher advancement was yet to be his. It remained for a great Christian Teacher to elevate him to a position, not of possible succession to an encumbered inheritance which all but he rejected, or to a freedom so restricted as to be all but worthless, but to a larger citizenship, to wider privileges, than any which an Emperor could give. But this teaching had formidable obstacles to encounter, arising from the very constitution of a Roman household, and the daily habits and manners of Roman domestic life. It was a great advance in ethical knowledge and in the moral education of the family, when as between the master and the slave, the two extremes of their system, absolute authority on the one hand and absolute servitude on the other, was brought in for the first time the idea not only of moral, but of Christian obligation. It will be seen that the chasm thus bridged over was wide; for obligation is founded on contract, and contract implies moral responsibility. Henceforth whatever might be the legal tie, the *nexus*, which bound the slave to his master, there were correlative rights and duties based on a higher law than the Roman, subsisting between the two. But, at the time, the innovation on existing modes of life and habits of thought to which the words of St. Paul pointed was very great; and the relative positions of Master and Slave were broken in upon to a degree to which we who live under forms of modern civilisation are simply strangers. To the Master of a household at Rome, at Ephesus, or Corinth, it would be something strange and almost startling to be called on *as a duty* to give to his slave what was "just and equal"; to be urged to do so by the reflection that corresponding obligations rested on *him* for which he would have to account: and—which would be stranger than all—to be told that his slave was in the Christian view of his position, no longer a mere chattel, a thing to have property in, to buy and sell, to caress with capricious indulgence or to punish with wanton severity, but a rational being, clothed with rights which the law of Christ would not suffer to be set at naught, and above all invested equally with those to whom he was in bondage with a capacity of attaining unto that true citizenship, that eternal inheritance of Sonship, in the city of God.

And as by such teaching as this a great instrument of moral and Christian elevation was brought to bear on the large and corrupt mass of polished and cultivated heathenism, so, to look at the other pole of the system, the faculties of the slave himself were appealed to and brought out, and every act of his servitude was, as it were, ennobled and placed on a higher platform. Henceforth the principle of the obedience which he was in all its strictness still required to render, and that subordination to his master according to the flesh, which it is to be observed no word or expression of St. Paul ever tends to weaken, was made to spring, not from that fear which prompted a servile watching of eye and hand, of look and gesture, that προσωποληψία which, while pleasing to men, yet with God found no favour, but from that simplicity or singleness of heart, the result of the centering of every faculty on the one object—the true Master—the real Freedom.

One amongst our own Christian writers and poets, George Herbert, has the same thought:

> "All may of Thee partake,
> Nothing can be so mean,
> But with this tincture (for thy sake)
> Will not grow bright and clean.
>
> "A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine,
> Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
> Makes that and the action fine." *

Of such results we have one memorable instance recorded. There was amongst St. Paul's dearest companions a fugitive slave, by name Onesimus, the property of a Christian member of the church at Colosse. He had robbed his master of a considerable sum of money, and had fled to Rome.† Here he met with St. Paul, and became a Christian.

* The Elixir.

† Paley, Hor. Paul., on Ep. ad Philemon, 10—12.

Observe now, in the light of the preceding sketch of the Roman law of Servitude, the influence of the Gospel on the relations of the slave and his master, and it will be seen to what extent Christianity had penetrated the great barrier which still legally was interposed between them. St. Paul, careful not to infringe on the legal rights of Philemon, although anxious to retain Onesimus in the service of the Gospel (ver. 13), insists on his returning to his master. But, at the same time, he himself offers to repay the sum which the slave had stolen (ver. 20). But in what spirit does he write of this slave to his master, Philemon? "No longer," he says of Onesimus, "a bondman, but above a bondman—a brother beloved; very dear to me, but how much more to thee, being thine both in the flesh and in the Lord." And here we have the answer to those who would argue in favour of the perpetuation of the slave condition from the absence of any condemnation of it, and the recognition of the authority of the master, in the New Testament. This kind of reasoning, if it can be called such, is based upon a total misconception of the office of the preachers of the Gospel, and the relation in which they stood to existing states of society, or modes of government. They had, in truth, nothing to do with the comparative right or wrong, advantage or disadvantage, of political systems or grades in social life. These were slight matters compared with that great mission which was entrusted to them. To the Apostles and first teachers of the truth it in one sense signified but little, whether the world, the Roman empire, was under the tyranny of a Nero, or the mild despotism of Hadrian or the Antonines; whether the converts they made were slaves or masters; in the camp or in Cæsar's household. Their business was not to abolish these relations, or to substitute more enlightened forms of social or political life in their place, but to see that, whatever were the domestic institutions or methods of government which they found to prevail in the countries in which they preached, the spirit of Christianity should thoroughly saturate and influence them all. It was for them to see that the principles of truth and Christian freedom should silently and imperceptibly, but not the less radically, leaven the whole mass, then rotten to its very core, of Roman Heathenism. And if this were done, slavery, and tyranny, and oppression would of themselves cease; and gentleness with authority in its highest form and most beneficent exercise would take their place among the nations of the earth.

III.—THE WIFE.

"Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands."

In no respect was the departure from the ancient strictness of manners amongst the Roman people more conspicuous than in the gradual relaxation which crept in to the relation of husband and wife. The laws respecting marriage, at first marked by extreme rigour, were, towards the end of the Republic, gradually relaxed, until at length they became mere formalities, and fell eventually into all but complete desuetude. In tracing this out, it is curious and instructive to observe how enactments which, in their original freshness and severity, may have been suited to the then condition of society, as soon as they have survived the habits and manners from which they sprang, degenerate into a mere formal procedure, are habitually set aside, and thus become insensibly the means of their own destruction.

The position of women under the early Roman law was one of great restraint. They were not only excluded from all public transactions, but their domestic activity was confined within the narrowest limits. They could not undertake any private business without the "authority," or legal presence, of those under whose power they were: husband or father.* They could not be witnesses to a will or testament, because they were excluded from taking part in those public solemnities which were necessary to its ratification.† Their manners in the seclusion of their own homes were guarded with the same spirit of jealousy and caution. A woman who drank wine—a practice which among the Greeks, as many passages in Aristophanes prove, was regarded as eminently venial—was visited with the same punishment as that inflicted on an adulteress. Gradually, however, this severity fell into disuse, and in its place succeeded that laxity of conduct and disregard of restraint with which every reader of the works of the Roman Satirists is familiar. And so inveterate became at length amongst Roman women the habit of mixing in all transactions, that legislative restrictions were enacted for the purpose of placing some check on an activity which was wholly at variance with the secluded position which, in the view of the law, was the only one which a Roman matron could properly occupy;‡ and a law was accordingly passed in the Senate under which women were forbidden to enter into legal obligations, or become bound for others.

During the Republic there were three kinds of marriage-ceremony in use among the Romans; although it should be observed that at no time was marriage considered as otherwise than a civil contract, depending for its validity solely on the mutual consent of the parties. Religious ceremonies and nuptial rites formed no part of the essence of the tie itself, but were merely accessories of that which formed the binding relation between the parties.§ Whenever two persons capable of entering into the contract mutually consented to do so, and

* As the technical phrase was *comitiis interesse non potuerunt*.

† Liv. Hist. lib. 34, c. 2.

‡ The Senatus Consult. Velleianum. Dig. 16, 1—7; Heinrecius, Ant. Rom. Lib. 3, tit. 21.

§ Just. Inst. Sand. Ed.

evidenced their consent by any mode recognised by law, the *justæ nuptiæ*, as it was termed, the legal marriage, was complete. These three kinds of marriage were termed *confarrateo*, *coemptio*, and *usus;* the signification of which terms will be presently explained. In the mean time, we may remark, as a general characteristic of each of these three methods of entering into the marriage state, that under them —and they obtained more or less general acceptance until the end of the Republic—the husband acquired more extensive rights over the person and property of his wife than any system of modern jurisprudence has conferred upon him. And here again that singular domestic supremacy termed the Power of the Father, so peculiar to and cherished by the Roman people, meets us no less remarkably in the case of the wife than it did in the cases of the son and the slave. The relation of the wife to the husband under whose power she had come, was that of a ward to a guardian, of a child to his ascendant.* She passed out of her own family, and ceased any more to belong to it, and entered that of her husband, under whose power, or dominion, she henceforth found herself. He was invested by the law with an authority little short of absolute: it has, in fact, been considered that he possessed over her, as over his children, the power of life and death;† but this authority he exercised not in the legal view of his position as a husband, but as a Father. Such amongst the Romans was the place of a woman whose marriage was formed by one of the three modes stated above, down to the Empire.

The first of these methods, termed *confarrateo*, was the most solemn: it was the only marriage of a directly religious kind; it invested the children of the marriage with certain privileges, and the tie thus formed could only be dissolved by a ceremony of peculiar solemnity, which was regarded with dread.‡

The second method, termed *coemptio*, was that generally employed in marriages between Patricians and Plebeians during the Republic, after the Canuleian law (B.C. 445) rendered such alliances legal. This was the highest form of a purely civil marriage; and here again the power of the head of a Roman household is illustrated by the mode being nothing more or less than a simple sale of the wife to the husband, in presence of a certain number of witnesses, and accompanied with certain ceremonies.§

The third and lower form of the purely civil marriage, was what was known as *usus*: this was nothing but a continuous co-habitation in the husband's house for one year, from which the intention to enter into the contract of marriage was inferred. Under these three forms of entering into a matrimonial contract, the wife, as has been said, left her own family, and passed under the power, the *manus*, of her husband; as completely subject to his authority as if she were a slave, or his son: her legal position that of a daughter, as being included amongst those who came under his *patria potestas*: her property his, inasmuch as all right over it vested in him absolutely; and he had the power of prolonging his authority so that it should exist even after his death, for—unless he gave the wife the option of choosing her own guardian*—she became subject to the tutelage of the guardian appointed by his will. If she had not this option given to her, and no testamentary guardian was appointed, the wife was by the law of the Twelve Tables placed under the guardianship of the husband's nearest male relations. Thus arose that well-known feature of Roman Private law, termed the perpetual tutelage of women. Under this system, though relieved from the authority of her parent by his decease, she continued for her life under subjection to the next of kin in the male line, or to the guardian nominated by the father. In fact, this perpetual guardianship was nothing more than an artificial prolongation of the power of the father, the *patria potestas*, after for other purposes it had ceased to exist. So completely was the whole machinery of the domestic life of the Romans made to revolve around this leading principle of the subordination of every member of the family group to the Power of its Head.

The working of this system, as regarded the position of the married woman, was, as may be supposed, too harsh and artificial not to be frequently evaded; and the law itself respecting the guardianship of the person of the wife was finally abolished by the Emperor Claudius.† Before, however, its formal abolition, a legal fiction was the means adopted in order to enable the wife to escape from its severity. This fiction consisted in a contract on the part of the wife of a feigned marriage, and a subsequent sale of her person by the pretended husband to a third person, termed a *tutor fiduciarius*, by whom she was at once emancipated.‡ Originally, perhaps, no obligation rested on the trustee to carry out the intention of the parties to this transaction, though, as a matter of fact, he always did so; but the procedure was soon considered as being purely formal and of course, and as such received legal recognition, for the Prætor considered the tutor bound in conscience by the trust he had undertaken, and compelled him to execute it. But the expedient adopted for thus extricating the wife from the entanglement with an artificial subjection, was eminently consistent with the spirit of Roman jurisprudence, and it is noticed here as being very illustrative of the position, subordinated and almost servile as it was, which the wife occupied in the Family during that period in the history of the Roman people when, while the Republic lasted, manners were purer, and domestic

* Gaius, I. 110.
† Tacitus, Ann. 32.
‡ The children were termed Patrimi and Matrimi.—Tacit. Ann. 4, 16; Plutarch, Quæst.; Rom. 50.
§ Gaius, I. 113.

* Livy, 39, 9; G. I. 150.
† Gaius, I. 171.
‡ Gaius, I. 114.

and political life less corrupt and venal, than in the later and more luxurious times of the Empire.

But these three forms of marriage, under which the husband acquired more extensive rights over the person and property of his wife than any system of modern jurisprudence has conferred upon him, proved at length too severe for the decaying virtue of Roman civilisation. They subsisted in more or less general acceptance until the close of the Republic, and then fell gradually into disuse; so that under the most splendid period of Roman greatness, that of the Empire, they had entirely given way to a species of marriage which, though of considerable antiquity, had not up to this time been regarded as reputable. We have seen that the lowest of the civil forms was that of *usus*, or simple co-habitation for a year uninterruptedly, which was considered sufficient to raise the presumption of the intention of the parties to contract a marriage. What took the place of this method—to which the incidents of subjection to the power of the husband, and tutelage were, it has been seen, annexed—was a modification which amounted in law to nothing more than a temporary deposit of the woman in her husband's house. She absented herself for a certain given period in the year,* and the legal effect of this expedient was held to be that she never passed away from the power of her own ascendant, or into that of her husband, her property never became his, her rights remained unimpaired, and though she was subject still to the tutelage, yet it was that of guardians appointed by her parents, whose authority was paramount to that of her husband. Hence the position of the Roman wife, under this later and all but universally adopted form of marriage, was one of great independence, and its effect was to reduce the power of the guardian nominated by the husband to a nullity, while the form of marriage adopted between the parties conferred on him no compensating superiority;† and by degrees the tone of public feeling in this matter fell lower and lower.

It might have been thought that a tie formed with so little ceremony as this was, would hang with sufficient looseness around those who bound themselves by it, and would satisfy the conditions of a society so far removed from any standard of high principle as was that of Rome at the time of St. Paul. But there was recognised in the Roman law of marriage a still lower grade, a yet easier method of entering into a convenient union, to which no conditions of embarrassing strictness were annexed, and which demanded no very high example of virtue on the part of those who adopted it. This was a species of concubinage, not such as we are familiar with as existing among Oriental nations, but which rather resembled the custom still to be found in Northern countries which is termed a left-hand marriage. The legal incidents to concubinage, for it was a state sanctioned and regulated by law, and wholly distinct from unlawful union, were these:—there could not be more than one concubine; the parties must both be free; the children were not under their father's power; a capacity must exist in both the parties at any time to contract a more formal marriage; and their children—which were termed natural (*naturales*), could be legitimated by the subsequent marriage of their parents. This connection also might be dissolved at the simple will of both parties, without any formal divorce or act of renunciation. It will be observed that traces of a connection not wholly dissimilar to this exist at the present day amongst us in the law of Scotland, which is highly tinged with the maxims of the Civil Law, and which admits of this method of subsequent legitimation of children. But it was common at Rome; received, as we have seen, legal sanction, and in fact differed from the lowest form of civil marriage merely as a matter of evidence. Both unions were recognised by law; both were formed by mere consent, and consent alone; and hence the question whether it was a case of lawful marriage or concubinage, depended on this consideration only, whether the husband *intended* to take the woman as his wife or his concubine: as the maxim was, *concubinam ex solâ animi destinatione æstimari potest.*‡ Such was the state of Roman society and its law of marriage at the time St. Paul wrote: relaxed in morals; exhibiting symptoms of decay in the very centre of its domestic life; given up to the dominion of an artificial refinement which every day became more severe in its exactions; advancing with rapid strides to that decline and ultimate fall which at length overtook the most splendid example of heathen civilisation which the world has ever seen.

This sketch of the Roman law of marriage and the insight which it gives us into the state of manners which that law was instrumental in forming, will place the reader in a position to perceive more clearly the significance of the apostolic injunction,† "Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands as unto the Lord." This language in truth denotes just as great a stride in ethical conceptions, and as complete a revolution in existing habits and manners, as we have seen took place in the relations of the Son to the Father, or the Slave to his Lord. From the very first, indeed, the Christian teachers, especially St. Paul, himself in the enjoyment of the privileges of citizenship, set themselves vigorously to narrow the remarkable liberty accorded by Roman custom and jurisprudence to married persons; and looked with disfavour on a marital tie which was, as a learned writer has observed, "the loosest that the western world had ever seen."‡ Accordingly they proceeded to elevate the marriage state to the very highest level at which it could be placed. The Christian Bishop or Presbyter, for example, was required, as

* Three nights.
† Maine, Antient Law, p. 152; Just. Inst., Bk. I. tit. 10.

* Just. Inst., Bk. I. tit. 10.
† Ep. ad Ephes., v. 22; Ep. ad Col., iii. 18.
‡ Maine, Ant. Law, p. 152.

a condition precedent to the exercise of the sacred functions of his calling, that he should be the husband of one wife; by which injunction is obviously to be understood a prohibition against the election to these sacred offices of anyone who had availed himself of the corrupt facilities for divorce given by the Roman law, and who thus might have more than one woman standing to him in the relation of a wife living at the same time. The Christian neophyte had his thoughts directed to the contemplation of its original institution when man was as yet innocent: to the examples supplied by ancient Jewish story and record of the subjection of pious women to their husbands; and to the consecration, as it may be considered, which the institution received at the hands of their divine Master himself by His presence at the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee, when His supremacy over the kingdom of inanimate nature was asserted and proved by the first miracle. From this starting point, in itself a prodigious advance in ethical conceptions and on the maxims of a corrupt society, and, with all its boasted symmetry, an imperfect jurisprudence, they proceeded to a stage as far removed from the archaic or Jewish views of marriage, as those were in advance of the heathen. The union is no longer civil; it is not merely simply religious. It has indeed annexed to it civil rights and sanctions; it is also religious in a sense in which it never was before. But it has become almost divine in the meaning with which it is invested, the symbol of higher things, pointing to a higher state; in a sense sacramental, for it is made to shadow forth that mysterious union of Christ and His church, on which the thoughts of all Christian people dwelt then as they dwell now, and to which their hopes converged as do scattered rays to a mirror's polished surface.

In England chiefly, amongst other modern countries, do traces exist of that ancient severity and merging of all other rights in the universal authority conferred by the *patria potestas*, which deprives a married woman, unless where equitable as distinct from purely legal principles are allowed to have effect, of all control over her property. This still obtains as a rigid rule of the English common law; and is a consequence of the influence of the canonists, who in the position which they assigned to women had it for their object to place a curb on the extreme laxity of manners which was characteristic of Roman jurisprudence. In their anxiety to restore to the institution of marriage as much as possible of the Christian element, they departed as widely from the spirit of secular jurisprudence in the restraint which they imposed on the persons, as on the disabilities which they placed on the enjoyment of property by married women. But the two are quite distinct, and stand on a widely different basis; and the circumstance that they exist as they do now in combination under the English common law, is, as has been observed, the vestige of a struggle between ecclesiastical and secular principles in which the former obtained the ascendency.

But no other system of law in modern Europe exhibits the same consolidation of maxims in their very nature distinct. The Code Napoleon allowed women all the powers of dealing with property which Roman jurisprudence had granted; but the law of Scotland and that of Denmark and Sweden have not accorded to them a position of similar freedom, although these codes are far less rigorous than the English law, which, it is interesting to observe, in the disability it imposes on the acquisition and tenure of property by women, serves more clearly than any other existing system to picture that great institution termed the *patria potestas* which we have seen occupied so large a place in Roman society, and which was in its full vigour at the time St. Paul lived and wrote. "I do not know," observes Mr. Maine, "how the operation and nature of the ancient *patria potestas* can be brought so vividly before the mind, as by reflecting on the prerogatives attached to the husband by the English Common Law, and by recalling the vigorous consistency with which the view of a complete legal subjection on the part of the wife is carried by it, where it is untouched by equity or statutes, through every department of rights, duties, or remedies."*

And in what condition, it may be asked, in pursuance of a train of thought which this subject naturally suggests to us, is our own country, England, at the present day, with regard to an institution which is so closely entwined with the fabric of national and domestic happiness and prosperity? Is the vigilance which of old, in the earlier and purer days of Roman story, guarded the marriage state, still preserved amongst ourselves; or is it gradually, year by year, degenerating into a mere civil contract, comparatively easy of dissolution, appealing to no high sanctions, and carrying with it merely civil rights, obligations, and penalties? We have seen with what closeness an historical parallel can be drawn between the law of England and that of the Roman Republic as bearing upon the rights of the husband, and the legal position and disabilities of the wife, and how those rights and disabilities were worn away, until in times of greater luxury and less public virtue, they ceased altogether. But in addition to this historical case we also trace an ethical parallel; and must we look for a gradual laxity of manners, impatience of restraint, and an eagerness to escape from obligations which a keener sense of pleasure, and a greater abundance of national wealth added to a corresponding desire for its speedy enjoyment, have made distasteful? There are not wanting both in formal acts of the legislature and in the tone of society, indications of a departure from that high standard of morality and Christian principle with which, on its original institution, this the most solemn and binding obligation that can be entered into by man was invested. The influence of the Roman code, with that singular vitality that marks the great legal

* Antient Law, p. 159.

genius of the people, still exists and makes itself felt amongst us; and this circumstance has in a measure been the cause why a lower view of the marriage contract has found a place in our legal system. This aspect, however, of regarding marriage is, it should be constantly borne in mind, to be traced to a Heathen not a Christian source, and to have taken its rise when Paganism not Christianity was the religion, if it can be called so, of the world. It should not be allowed to gain strength amongst us: it should be kept in check by the efforts of Christian teachers and Christian writers; by all, in a word, who desire to see English society and domestic life in a sound and healthy condition, and to aid Englishwomen in reaching that purity of life and manners after which they are bidden by St. Paul to strive.

WILLIAM DE BURGH.

A SOCIETY TO RESCUE GIRLS FROM THE WORKHOUSE.

How great is the amount of good to be done, and how difficult it is to do it well! A good intention is an excellent thing, but the right talent for carrying it out is certainly not less excellent, and experience proves that these do not always go together. We are short-sighted creatures, and often delude ourselves by the idea that in the measure our hearts are enlarged, our wisdom is increased. But though our charity may expand so as to embrace the whole human race, we may yet be as deficient as ever in the knowledge of the right way to carry out even so much as one work of charity. There are many most important things which we never think of in the first rise of our charitable feelings, but which nevertheless often cause us to break down or render our efforts a source of evil instead of good. We too often forget that each action is a root which has many branches; that each effort produces a series of consequences which are so complicated, have often such antagonistic influences, that a great deal of prudence and reflection is required so to connect our endeavours with the world around, as to effectually secure the good object aimed at.

Nobody, I believe, will deny that the originators of the workhouses were animated by the desire to do good. The peace and safety of society, and the sympathy human nature must ever feel towards the homeless, the helpless, and the fatherless, imperatively demanded the establishment of such houses. They were founded, therefore, and the doors were opened to those who needed a shelter, a bed, work, and bread. Schools were instituted for the children; wards were fitted up for the sick, and work-rooms for the able-bodied; and the whole was placed under the management of trustworthy officials. It was thought the work was now done and the poor admirably provided for. Some far-sighted individual may perhaps, even in those days, have had his misgivings and have shaken his head, thinking that it might prove a more serious thing than was fancied, to deal with a thousand or two thousand persons, male and female, of all ages, and amongst them the very dregs of society, within the walls of one large building. This feeling of serious apprehension, it seems, was not shared by the general public, who were only too glad that there were such things as workhouses. Gradually, however, serious symptoms manifested themselves; there were such shocking and alarming revelations, that the whole population was roused and became indignant. Workhouses had at first been founded to rescue the poor from starvation and death; now societies are founded to rescue them from the workhouses.

It was such a society Miss Louisa Twining founded in 1861, for the establishing of an Industrial Home for Girls, in New Ormond Street, Red Lion Square. This lady was led, thirteen years ago, to visit the sick in the female wards of the workhouses. From the state of things she then witnessed she felt impelled to do what she could to form a workhouse visiting society, and for this purpose she united with her several other ladies. The object of the society was to introduce, as much as possible, religious influence into those institutions. The principle on which Miss Twining proceeded was the only one that could contribute anything truly effective towards meeting the fearful evils of which the workhouses have become the abodes. Though she could not hit upon such administrative measures as would restore the workhouses to a satisfactory condition, it was clear to her that the preaching of Christ, and the manifestation of Christian love to the sick and the suffering, were the first means to be tried. So Miss Twining's society continued for some years, trying all their might to diffuse the saving, quickening, and consoling influences of the Gospel among the inmates of the workhouses.

But Miss Twining and her friends soon found that their work would only resemble the labour of the Danaides, unless some further step was taken towards preventing the spread of the evil which they so zealously endeavoured to check. The great fault of the workhouses—a fault which may be regarded as the chief cause of all their other faults—is the indiscriminate amalgamation of the inmates. No regard is had to the respective moral character and development of the various persons who find their way into these houses. Now, as all the individuals who take refuge in them are not degraded characters, this was a serious defect. Many a respectable widow with her numerous family is driven into the workhouse from sheer necessity; many an irreproachable servant girl, sick or out of

her situation, goes into it from the want of a home; and many orphans of respectable parents are sent into it by the parish guardians. It is true that there are schools and special places for children in all workhouses, where they are trained and kept separate from the adults. But the laws require them to step over into the adult wards as soon as they have reached the age of fifteen,* and here they find themselves among the worst company that can be imagined. Every day they must hear the foulest possible language, and witness the most disgraceful spectacles. It really would seem as if the intellectual faculties of those poor creatures were for fifteen years sharpened for no other purpose than that they might the better take in the pernicious teachings of that wicked company.

Efforts were made to bring about such a separation, but in vain. They were rendered powerless by the rules of the workhouses, which admitted of no such improvement without some legislative enactment. So Miss Twining and her friends soon had the conviction forced upon them that they must work quite independently of the Poor Law Board. The establishing of a home for girls above the age of thirteen was the scheme which engaged their earnest consideration. That home was to be a means "to lift these girls out of the workhouse, and to give them some other point of attraction and centre, for their thoughts and affections." The means required for hiring and fitting up a suitable house, were easily obtained by a society, amongst whose members Miss Burdett Coutts and other influential and generous ladies were found, and which numbered five bishops amongst its promoters. Miss Burdett Coutts, the Hon. Mrs. W. Cowper, Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Tait and the Hon. Miss H. Waldegrave, formed the committee of this Home, while Miss L. Twining, as the lady-superintendent, undertook its direction and daily control.

Now it would have been an easy matter to have got such a house filled with poor homeless girls, if the doors were opened to every workhouse-girl that would apply, and no payment were required. But the Society rightly judged that an injustice would be done to the benevolent supporters if girls were admitted who had a legal claim on the boards of guardians of the poor. The Home was not intended to be a private workhouse, supported by voluntary contributions, and re-modelled on the principles of Christian philanthropy. It was meant to be a home for such girls as were actually left to the charge of the guardians of the poor: and for the support of whom the ratepayers were actually contributing, and for whose support, consequently, it would be unjust to charge the ratepayers again, through an appeal to their liberality. It is true the boards of guardians were legally bound to send those girls to the workhouses, but the Society hoped that the guardians would feel justified in disregarding that wrong regulation. So a circular was addressed to the different boards, requesting them to commit girls to the care of the Society, at the same sum as they cost in the workhouse—*i.e.*, four shillings a-week. The opportunity of getting a poor homeless girl well taken care of was, of course, also held out to benevolent private individuals; but such cases were exceptional. The bulk of the inmates of the house, it was hoped, would consist of girls who otherwise would have been thrown amongst the objectionable company of the workhouse population.

The expectation of the ladies did not prove too sanguine. Their proposal met with a favourable response on the part of eleven unions, which, in the course of the first year, sent them forty-one girls, while twenty-three were sent by private individuals. And this was a very encouraging result. Sixty-four young girls were thus preserved from the contagion of the very worst company, and placed under the influence of a Christian family life. Would it have been a wonder if, from various quarters, cries had risen for more such homes?

But such cries were not heard. On the contrary, there was in some quarters, if not positive opposition, at least, criticism and contradiction. Some boards of guardians kept aloof; some positively refused to send girls. "The workhouse education," it was said, "was not so bad as to necessitate such homes. The children there were well instructed in the schools, and many of them had afterwards turned out good servants and tradespeople," &c., &c. These, and similar objections, clearly proved that those who raised them understood scarcely anything of the question at issue, and were firing away shot and powder where there was no enemy.

The reports of Miss Twining breathe the spirit of honesty. I have read many reports of many societies, but I must say of the reports of *this* Society, that they excel in their simplicity, candour, and veracity. Of the tendency so often noticeable, and perhaps excusable in reports, that of giving a rose-coloured tinge to everything, I could not discover a trace. On the contrary, the sincerity of the ladies went so far as to elicit the remark, "that they deserved no credit for what they were doing, because they dealt only with the best girls, leaving the others to their fate and their hopeless degradation, so that there was nothing extraordinary in their pupils turning out well on the whole." Indeed, some amount of Christian meekness and self-possession is required to be able to keep one's temper under such kind observations. What did the ladies answer? "Just so," they replied; "we do not in the slightest degree attempt to deny what you have said. It has, from the very first, been our intention only to take the best girls. But is there no merit, and no object, in the task we

* Though the legal age is fifteen, girls are practically sent into the adult wards often much sooner. If sent out to place and they return, they are seldom put back into the school.

do set before ourselves, which is to save the hitherto uncontaminated from swelling the numbers of those hopeless ones? Is it nothing to keep those who have been educated at great public expense, in the right path, and to launch them into independence, instead of leaving them to be lifelong burdens to ratepayers, and a national disgrace?" Ay; this was an answer, each word of which was well weighed and effective. Prevention is better than cure; and it is not the habit of Christian charity to leave a good work undone because something extraordinary cannot be made out of it. Why, a charitable society, which is thankfully content with ordinary work and results, if only that ordinary work be good, is, in my opinion, a very extraordinary society in the present time.

With this view of the spirit and object of the Society we can easily understand that Miss Twining must be very particular in selecting the girls for admission, the more so that the Home offers only accommodation for about thirty-five. If, after two or three months' trial, a girl gives the ladies little hope of being able to recommend her to a respectable situation, she is returned to the workhouse, if she has no relations to receive her. Girls whose reputation is not quite good are not admitted at all. The Society would undermine its own work if it did not strictly adhere to this rule. The Home is not a reformatory, nor is it a school. Of course the girls, while staying in the house, are engaged in needlework and in household work, and those who are deficient in reading and writing obtain instruction in these branches every evening. But they are, as a rule, not longer in the House than three or six months; such as stay for twelve are exceptions. It is not the object of the Home to give the girls a complete training as servants. It is only meant to be a link between respectable workhouse girls and respectable mistresses of the middle class. Whatever is required to make them accomplished servants they must themselves learn in their situations. The Home only gives them a little preparatory training, a little push to help them to begin life and to go along smoothly. The Society aims at launching them into independence as quickly as is compatible with reason and circumstances.

Now certainly this is a very good principle. It is well known that children who have spent their life amongst people who did nothing for their own support, are prone to think that this is the best way of getting through the world. They commonly show a tendency towards leaning upon others, instead of standing upon their own feet. Admission into a Home like this is anything but a cure for that evil. It is exactly the thing they like; and the longer they stay in it, the more they are pleased. The best way to unteach them that habit of dependence is to throw them upon their own resources. Moreover, an establishment life—though the establishment may be ever so good—is never commendable for a child. The sooner the child is taken away the better, provided it can be placed in a good family. Miss Twining's Home approaches the family form much more than those large establishments, in which hundreds of children are crowded together like soldiers in barracks. Still even such a comparatively small Home is too large to keep the barrack style fully out. "Do what we can," says Miss Twining, in her second report, "we can never make an institution exactly like a household." This is a truth of great importance. If it had always been clearly understood, our philanthropic and educational schemes would have been guarded against gross defects. I do not know whether, or in how far, Pastor Bräm's system,* which has proved, and is still proving, such a blessing both to the children and the families with which they are boarded, would be practicable in England. Miss Twining's Society, it appears to me, is a considerable step towards realising Bräm's idea in London, inasmuch as that Society proceeds on the principle of keeping the girls as short time as possible in the Home, and of spreading them as soon as possible amongst respectable families. There is, however, a great difference between Pastor Bräm's society and Miss Twining's. The former is a strictly educational society, which boards the children from their infancy up to their sixteenth year with good families, for the purpose of getting them trained up in the spirit of the Gospel; whereas in Miss Twining's Society the educational element occupies a secondary place, its chief object being to help its pupils as soon as possible into a respectable independence. The consequence of this difference is, that in Bräm's society the regular and constant *visiting* of the families by the members and by agents, specially appointed for the purpose, forms an essential part of its operations; whereas the work of Miss Twining's Society ends with having provided the girls with respectable situations. It is true, Miss Twining continues to keep up as much as possible a friendly relation with the girls after they have been sent out: some of them visit the Home from time to time on their holidays; once a year, on the anniversary of the Institution, they are all invited to spend a day at the Home; several come every Sunday to a Bible and singing class, and, when any of them are out of situations, the Home proves once more a true home to them, up to the age of eighteen. But regular visitation of the girls *in* their situations, and of the families with whom they live, does not constitute a part of the Society's work. Nor could such visits be paid here on the same footing as Bräm's friends and agents pay theirs, since Miss Twining's pupils are not boarders, but servants. Still, it appears to me that such visits, if performed in a spirit of discretion and with kind cordial sympathy, would be welcome and beneficial to many heads of families,

* See vol. ii. p. 79, *seqq.*, of my work on "The Charities of Europe," in which a description of Pastor Bräm's excellent Society for the Education of Indigent Children is given.

as well as to the girls. In this way it could be ascertained whether the circumstances and peculiarities of a family were such as to exercise a favourable influence upon the character of the girl. An excellent opportunity would also be afforded for introducing the blessings of the Gospel into families which, though respectable, are often sadly ignorant of the spirit and principles of a truly Christian household. Such a scheme would, perhaps, hardly be practicable, if the families to which the girls are sent belonged to the higher class, or if the girls were all of them adults. But it is not so. The families belong to the lower middle class, so that no *etiquette* would obstruct the visiting agent. And the girls, averaging from thirteen to sixteen, are at an age which places them in the greater need of supervision and advice, because they often find themselves in a state of independence, which, as a rule, is not quite natural to that period of life.*

It is clear, that if any such missionary labour is to be connected with this excellent Institution, it must keep its stand on the ground of voluntary Christian Charity. The Home was, in 1863, sanctioned by a certificate of the Poor Law Board under an Act of Parliament, so that any doubt on the part of the boards of guardians, as to the legality of their sending the girls to the Home, is fully removed. This gives to the Home the advantage of a legal position, as well as the inspection and counsel of duly qualified inspectors. Still, I fully concur with what the Rev. J. E. Kempe, rector of St. James' and one of the guardians of the poor, said on the occasion of the first anniversary of the Home; he "could not help thinking, that if the Home were taken out of the hands of the Society by the guardians, it would lose a great deal of its wholesome influence." Strange to say, notwithstanding the sanction of the Home by the government, the number of boards of guardians which sent girls has not only not increased, but the number of girls sent by them has decreased. The accompanying table gives the names of the unions, and the numbers of the girls which they sent during the five years of the existence of the Home. It shows a strange fluctuation, owing, I hope, not to unsteadiness in the sympathy of the guardians with the Home, but to other, perhaps inexplicable, causes. St. George-in-the-East has faithfully kept its first place all through, but the Strand Union, which the first year sent thirteen girls, has sent only one in each of the two past years. West London, Holborn, Bishop's Stortford, the City, and Wandsworth, sent girls the first year, but then dropped off altogether. The number of girls sent by the guardians diminished so much in the third year, that the total number sent by them, which in the second year amounted to 74, dwindled down to 28. The Society, upon finding that the supply from the London unions threatened to cease altogether, applied to the country unions, which, in the fourth year, brought up the number to 61. But this fresh source did not continue to flow so copiously as at first, for in the next year the number again fell to 39. The Home received only nine girls from the London guardians in 1865, when we exclude St. George-in-the-East. I was glad to learn that since the foundation of this Home, similar Homes have been founded in the neighbourhood of London, and in the country. If this fact accounts for the decrease of the numbers, we may look upon that decrease as a sign of increasing interest in the object of the Society.

Unions.	1861-2.	1862-3.	1863-4.	1864-5.	1865-6.	Total.
St. George-in-the-East	8	19	12	18	14	71
West London	2	..	..	..	..	2
Strand	13	8	2	1	1	25
Holborn	5	..	..	..	..	5
Bishop's Stortford	1	..	..	..	..	1
Fulham	2	1	1	2	..	6
St. James, Westminster	4	4	..	1	..	9
Stepney	3	2	2	2	4	13
Poplar	3	11	3	1	3	21
City of London	1	..	..	..	..	1
Wandsworth	1	..	..	..	..	1
Hackney	..	12	..	2	1	15
Windsor	..	2	..	3	2	7
Lambeth	..	3	2	..	..	5
Coxheath	..	5	..	..	..	5
Neath	..	1	..	..	..	1
Manchester	..	3	..	..	..	3
Anerley Schools	..	3	..	..	..	3
Mile End	..	..	1	..	..	1
Kingston	..	..	1	..	..	1
Bradfield	..	..	1	..	..	1
Berkhampstead	..	..	2	1	..	3
Basingstoke	..	..	1	..	5	6
Guildford	..	..	..	3	..	3
Alverstoke	..	..	..	13	4	17
Kettering	..	..	..	1	..	1
Bristol	..	..	..	1	..	1
Great Yarmouth	..	..	..	3	..	3
Blything	..	..	..	5	4	9
Wilton	..	..	..	2	1	3
Worcester	..	..	..	1	..	1
Hemel Hempstead	..	..	..	1	..	1
Total	43	74	28	61	39	245

I have with great pleasure visited the Home in New Ormond Street. It is one of those substantially-built old houses, with large, lofty apartments, and therefore suited well for such a purpose as this. The matron, a kind, simple-hearted woman, appeared to me to be exactly such a person as is required for the management and control of such an establishment, combining the firmness of a ruler with the tenderness of a mother. Her hands proved that she was not only used to bid the girls work, but also to show them how to do it. I found a dozen of girls engaged in sewing under the control of a teacher; others

* The above lines were in type, when I was informed that a work such as Pastor Bräm's is successfully carried on in Ireland and Scotland, and, through the influence of two members of Miss Twining's society, in Wiltshire and in Suffolk.

were engaged in household work. They wear no uniform, as they continue to use their own gowns; their under-clothing however is supplied by the house. The bed-rooms, the kitchen, the wash-house, &c., were what such apartments ought to be. I need not say that a Home under the superintendence of Miss Twining leaves nothing to be desired in this respect.

I saw a portion of the sewing-room separated from the rest by a curtain, behind which there were five or six beds. This place was formerly used as a little hospital for incurable and infirm women, and the girls were taught there how to nurse them. This scheme was originated by the visiting society, it being found that the noisy and bustling sick wards in the workhouse were no fit places for such invalids. The Society found the means to hire a house adjoining the Home, and to fit it up for the accommodation of 16 women. It now contains 27. Up to the present year 56 such women, all belonging to the respectable servants or trades class, have been received into this truly beneficial establishment. They pay 20*l.* a year, and are here enabled to finish their last days in quiet repose, under the care of Christian benevolence. All the house-work and part of the nursing, is done by the girls of the Home. One of the rooms in the Industrial Home is also fitted up as a chapel. Here Miss Twining, or one of the ladies who attend to the invalid women, conduct family worship every morning and evening. The chaplain of the Home, the Rev. Geo. Akehurst, also conducts Bible classes and prayers once in the week; and the Litany is read every Wednesday and Friday, at 12 o'clock.

As to the result of the work among the girls, the bad cases form, on an average, one-tenth of the number of those admitted and re-admitted. Perhaps, if the Society would apply Pastor Bräm's regular visiting system, the result would turn out even more favourable. However, the Society gladly encourages the girls to keep in the good way.* Rewards are given to those who continue for some time in their situations. It is very gratifying to read that most of the girls are very conscientious in repaying to the Home the expense of their clothing. They also stand in such good reputation, that families are anxious to obtain servants from the Home. The demands amount annually to upwards of two hundred, a number which of course far exceeds the power of the Society to supply.

It can easily be imagined that the cost of the Home cannot be met by the moderate sums paid for the board of the girls. They do not even cover the half of the expense. In 1865-6 the Home cost the Society a trifle above 702*l.*, whereas the payments for the girls amounted only to 290*l.*; while 53*l.* came in for washing, and 7*l.* 10*s.* for registry fees. Still, owing to 368*l.* from voluntary contributions, &c., the yearly balance closed with a surplus of 215*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* For the above mentioned sum of 702*l.*, fifty-nine girls were supported.

In the Home for Incurable and Infirm Women, twenty-eight invalids were provided for during the year. They cost the House 887*l.* 11*s.*, towards which the inmates paid 478*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*, and voluntary contributors, 307*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*

I can understand, after having seen Miss Twining's noble and excellent work, how the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the anniversary meeting in 1864, should close his address with the cordial declaration: "That he was sure that all the guests present felt as he did, very proud and happy to meet Miss Twining, and to congratulate her on the success which had attended her efforts, and to express to her and the other ladies their earnest hope and confident expectation that its advantages would be much more extended."

J. DE LIEFDE.

TWO YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF THE MAORIES.

By AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

Two years and a half have elapsed since we left England, and we are now under orders to return home. In a few days we shall embark on the noble vessel which is to convey a living cargo of some four hundred souls round the Stormy Cape, through the glittering ice-bergs, over the pathless ocean, till we see the white cliffs of Albion once more. Some of us may never see them again; we have invalids on board, men who have broken down under the fatigues and privations of war; but there is something cheerful and reviving in the very idea of home, which wards off gloomy thoughts and brings the flush of hope to their pale cheeks. They look better already; the voyage may set them up again, and if they are spared to return to their native villages, they will have strange stories to relate of Maori warfare.

What a powerful hold England has over the heart of every one of her sons! The Atlantic cable may fail or succeed, but there are millions of invisible wires extending from the old country to every quarter of the globe, to every island of the ocean, to every spot of God's earth frequented by our countrymen, and we feel the electric shock when the word home is telegraphed to us across the waste of waters. We may be reconciled in a measure to colonial life, we may have formed new ties and new friendships, we may believe

* While these pages are going through the press, I learn that the regular visitation of the girls by a lady residing in the Home, was carried on for the first three years, but, owing to circumstances, was given up. It is hoped, however, that it will be resumed again, as Miss Twining herself is a decided advocate of the plan.

ourselves to be contented and happy; but the prospect of revisiting home makes the blood circulate through our veins with fresh vigour, and awakes something of that buoyancy of spirits and exuberant joy which schoolboys exhibit on the arrival of breaking-up day. We pity those who remain behind; we leave them to sing the Song of the Exile:

"The palm-tree waveth high, and fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Maori maid the bush with music rings;
But I dinna see the broom wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang o' my ain countrie!"

And yet, compared with other countries, the exile's lot in New Zealand may be regarded as enviable. There cannot be two opinions regarding the climate; the moisture of the atmosphere covers the earth with an unfading carpet of green; the bright sunshine makes the mere animal process of living a pleasurable sensation; and the fertility of the soil is so great that "you have only to tickle its ribs with a hoe to make it burst out a-growing." The great obstacle to the material progress of the colony is the want of roads; the colonist who settles in the bush has often no means of communicating with, or conveying his produce to, the capital. Mrs. Mudie has told us something of the *désagrémens* of bush-life in Canada; our readers may safely take it for granted that it is not more attractive in New Zealand. A friend of ours, a member of one of the learned professions, tired of civilisation, and holding with the poet that

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,"

came out to settle on the forty acres which the Colonial Government liberally bestows on every applicant. He had as much difficulty in finding his allotment as Martin Chuzzlewit had in discovering the delightful city of Eden; the savage wildness of the place would have tried the temper of Mark Tapley himself. But our friend was resolved to come out strong under trying circumstances. He had brought with him into the bush an axe, a small tent, a barrel of salt junk, and a bag of biscuit. He pitched his tent, sharpened his axe, and began to hack at the trees as if they had been his natural enemies; he might have cleared the forest in time, if the rain had not begun to pour down in torrents, and continued to do so without cessation for two months. Time might have hung heavily on his hands if his tent had not been invaded by an army of rats which left him no peace by day or by night, switched his face with their tails when he was dropping asleep, cut their way to his beef and biscuits, and soon disposed of the whole. Hunger drove him back to the haunts of civilisation, and he is now occupying a position worthy of his talents and education. A Life in the Bush, like a Life on the Ocean Wave, sounds amazingly well in song; but the reality is something very different. My friend has given up reading Rousseau, and is cured of all his romantic ideas.

It is a mistake for gentlemen to come out here to settle, unless they be possessed of a moderate amount of capital. Officers in the army, who know nothing of the country, are often tempted to sell out and settle in New Zealand by the offer of four hundred acres of land; they are invariably disappointed. Their land is usually situate in some wild part of the bush, where there are no cultivations, no roads, no means of transport; it would be folly to settle on such a spot, and their only ambition now is to obtain some humble appointment under Government. If they fail in this, they sink deeper and deeper in the social scale, till they disappear and are lost for ever. The other evening we were seated on the sloping side of Mount Eden, admiring the charming landscape which extends from the Waitewata to Cape Colville, when we were startled by the words, "Will you buy a mirror, sir? You may have it for fourpence." There was something so incongruous in the idea of buying a mirror for fourpence, that I turned laughingly round to the person who addressed me; the sight of him at once sobered and saddened me. He was unmistakably a man of gentle breeding; you could tell it at once by his hands, his feet, and his features; certainly not by his dress, which was not worth the price of the small shining glass which he dignified with the name of mirror. He was as ragged as a scare-crow, though his clothes had evidently been made for him, and still retained a sort of disreputable air of fashion. He was a man of good family and liberal education, the son of a London physician. At home he had been "rather fast," and now he was reaping the fruit of what he had sown. There are hundreds of these "rather fast" young men sent out here to reform; this one was a kind of living illustration of the reformation they undergo. They continue their reckless course till their means are gone, when they disappear, no one knows where or cares to know. The present war was a great wind-fall for these roving gentlemen; many of them obtained commissions in the Waikato regiments without much inquiry being made about their antecedents, but now that retrenchment is the order of the day they will be thrown on their own resources a second time.

At the present moment, this colony is overcrowded with immigrants, introduced at the public expense, for the purpose of occupying the land confiscated from the natives. Most of these men have no previous knowledge of agriculture, and they would literally starve in the bush, where they are located, if they were not supplied with rations and employed on public works. This unhealthy state of things reminds us of the *ateliers publiques* which were opened for the unemployed at Paris after the revolution of 1848, and must necessarily be attended with the same demoralising effects; no man can become the recipient of charity without losing his self-respect. There is no field here, at present, for the mere labourer; but the skilled artisan and the small farmer, with a fair amount of capital and a numerous progeny of sons, must always succeed.

New townships are daily springing up, and large tracts of confiscated land will soon be exposed to public competition. Men who could never have possessed a single acre at home, may become founders of families and fathers of future squires in New Zealand.

Millions of acres have been confiscated in the districts occupied by the rebellious natives, and it is only just that they should contribute to the expenses of the war. They will still be allowed to retain a larger tract of territory than they are ever likely to occupy or to turn to any profitable account. The charge has often been brought against the colonists, that they incited the natives to rebellion from the selfish desire to obtain possession of their lands. There may be some foundation for this charge in individual cases, but it is evidently unjust as applied to the great body of the colonists, who had nothing to do with the origin of the war. Governor Gore Browne initiated that struggle, which began at Taranaki in 1860, and was brought to a close at Wanganui in 1866, by attempting to solve by force of arms a question of disputed property, which ought to have been decided in a court of law. It was often asserted that a contest for supremacy between the two races was inevitable, and it was only a question of time when it should begin. This may be quite true, but it was unfortunate that, when it did begin, we had not justice on our side. We have felt this disadvantage all along, nor was our position improved by the restoration of the disputed piece of land to the original claimant; this act of justice came too late. The beginning of strife is like the letting out of waters; none can arrest the torrent when it has once begun to flow.

Since our occupation of this island, about a quarter of a century ago, we have been involved in four different wars with the natives. The war with Heke, in the north, in 1845, was caused by that chief having thrice cut down the British flag, which, as he believed, prevented ships from entering the harbour of Rororarika with the usual supply of blankets and tobacco; the others have arisen, more or less directly, from disputes connected with land. The New Zealand Company sold in London vast tracts of land to which they had not the shadow of a claim; no wonder then that the colonists met with opposition from the true owners of the soil. At Taranaki the natives offered only a passive resistance by throwing their arms around the trees, and thus preventing the settlers from cutting them down; elsewhere they drove them by force from the lands to which they believed themselves legally entitled. It has been said that the natives have received a fair price for their land: the average sum they have received, in the shape of purchase money, does not exceed a farthing an acre, which can scarcely be called an extravagant price, even at the antipodes. When they discovered the impositions which had been practised upon them, they lost all confidence in the Pakeha, and formed themselves into an anti-land-selling league. Governor Gore Browne tried to suppress that league by force; and thus brought on that inglorious struggle which has extended over six years, and left the natives more estranged from us than before. After the expenditure of millions of money, and the sacrifice of many valuable lives, the Maories are only worsted, they are certainly not vanquished. There are many who hold *qu'ils ne reculent que pour mieux sauter*, and we ourselves are inclined to that opinion. At a great meeting of the rebel chiefs, recently held at Hangitikei, it was agreed that the war should be discontinued, but *only for the present.*

The colonists have injured their own cause by affecting to be more virtuous than they really are. The Philo-Maori phylacteries which they occasionally assume, only serve to render them ridiculous; they appear to far more advantage when they present themselves in their natural character, with all the ordinary virtues and vices of the Anglo-Saxon race. They are just the same as other Englishmen would be under the same circumstances; neither better nor worse. If the members of the Aborigines' Protection Society were living in the midst of the native population, we venture to say they would soon be brought to think, to speak, and to act very much in the same way as those colonists whom they have denounced. It is easy to be philanthropic when it costs you nothing, and there is a great deal of this cheap philanthropy in the world at the present day. The philanthropy of the most philanthropic Pakeha would speedily evaporate if he were brought into daily contact with the Maori. While we readily concede to the latter the possession of certain savage virtues, we can easily understand how an industrious settler would not look upon him as a desirable neighbour. His land is overrun with thistles; every breeze carries the seed into the settler's well-cultivated fields, and diminishes the value of his crops. He keeps a pack of half-starved mongrel curs which worry the settler's sheep; he breaks down his enclosures for firewood; he makes a pathway wherever he chooses; he walks into his house and seats himself at his table without saying "By your leave," or waiting for a formal invitation. He has his savage virtues, as we have said; but he is not exactly the style of man whom a member of the Aborigines' Protection Society would invite to dinner, or introduce to his wife and daughters. He knows as little of cleanliness as he does of godliness; the missionaries have not been able to teach him either of these two virtues, which are said to be so closely related. In short, the Aborigines' Protectionist would find him, as the colonist has found him, a highly objectionable and extremely disagreeable neighbour. He might bear with him long, but his patience would at length be exhausted. We have all heard the story of the Quaker captain, who, when his ship was boarded by a pirate, said, "Friend, thou hast no business here," and, without a moment's hesitation, pushed him overboard. The Aborigines' Protectionist is peaceful as the Quaker; but if he were to return from the field

some day like a second Esau, and find a noble savage devouring his porridge, we suspect he would at once seize him by the shoulders and push him out of doors. He would not kill him; he would only wish to get quit of him; and that is exactly the feeling of the colonist toward the Maori. He says to him, firmly and frankly, "My friend, you are an irreclaimable savage; you are unfit for the society of civilised men; but the world is wide enough for us all; fall back to your native forests, and leave me to till my acres in peace." The Maori may resent this candour, and refuse to fall back: in that case there comes a push, a blow, a fight, a war. It is always better to tell the truth: the colonists gain nothing by affecting to be more inoffensive than Quakers or Aborigines' Protectionists. Their assumed airs of mock philanthropy have done them more injury than all the attacks of their enemies.

Hitherto, in New Zealand, the Maoris have formed a sort of *imperium in imperio*. They have been allowed to retain their own institutions, customs, and laws; they have frequently waged war upon one another, and been guilty of the greatest atrocities, without interference on our part; the native tribunals have even recently condemned innocent persons to death for witchcraft and other imaginary crimes; no powerful arm has been stretched forth to avert their doom. It is only when some Pakeha has been the victim, that public opinion has demanded the punishment of the murderers: so long as crime was confined to the natives themselves, it was connived at and overlooked. It is a singular fact, that there are men in this colony, of rank and position, visionary enough to believe that the permanence of the Maoris as a race can only be secured by the establishment of a native state, governed by native laws, and free from Pakeha control. Without stopping to expose the absurdity of this idea, which can never be realised, and would be attended with an exactly opposite effect, if it were, we cordially adopt the principle that for the future the Maori and the Pakeha shall be subject to the same law, impartially administered without reference to race. We are now in a position to enforce this principle, which we have never been before, and any hesitancy or vacillation in doing so would be cruelty toward the weaker race. We hail the punishment of the murderers of Völkner and Fulloon as the inauguration of a new *régime*, as an assertion of the supremacy of British law.

In half a century—it may be in less time—the Maoris will have passed away, and given place to a more energetic race. There are Spanish gentlemen in South America who glory in the fact that the blood of the Incas is flowing in their veins: among the future aristocracy of New Zealand may be found descendants of Hongi, Heke, or Rewi, equally proud of their origin. In this sense the Maori race would always survive, as there are 2000 half-castes in Ireland, the offspring of European fathers and native mothers; but the Maori race *pur sang* are fast dying out. They are subject to the same law of mortality which is sweeping away the natives of all the South Sea Islands. When Cook visited Tahiti, it could boast of 200,000 inhabitants: the population has now been reduced to 7000. A quarter of a century ago the population of this island was estimated at 150,000: at the present moment it certainly does not exceed 40,000, and the mortality is rapidly on the increase. The war has done much to produce this result, but disease and drunkenness have done more. A feeling of delicacy prevents us from entering on a more minute analysis of the causes of Maori decay.

In a few years there will be no New Zealander left to take his stand on London Bridge to verify Macaulay's prediction; the Maori will be as much a creature of the past as the Moa. If the intercourse between the two races had been duly regulated at first, he might have been saved; we have no faith in the revolting theory, that savage races must ever succumb before civilised. If such were the case, it would be far better to leave them in a state of barbarism, than to force upon them a civilisation which can only lead to their destruction. We must distinguish between the results of civilisation and the results of the vices of civilised men; the former tend to ennoble the savage, the latter to destroy him. The due regulation of the intercourse between civilised and savage nations, is a subject worthy of the study of the most enlightened philanthropists of the day; as hitherto that intercourse has been fraught with misery, suffering, and death to the latter.

The missionaries, who have devoted their lives to the regeneration of the Maori race, speak mournfully and despairingly of the future. The fierce outburst of Pai Marire fanaticism swept away the superstructure they had so laboriously raised, and left nothing but a foul sediment of impurity behind. One of them ascribes the decay of the race to "uncleanness—inwardly and outwardly—in diet, dress, and habitation, in body and mind, in all their thoughts, words, and actions." This language will not appear unnecessarily strong to any one who is cognisant of the facts of the case; though, to a stranger, it may seem somewhat exaggerated. The colonists, apart from immigration, are increasing more rapidly than the Anglo-Saxon race in any other part of the world; it seems as if a supernatural effort were made to fill up the void of human life. There is no physical reason why the Maoris should not increase at the same rate, as the climate is equally adapted to both races; for four centuries they continued to multiply and replenish the earth, till the fatal hour when the Pakeha landed on their shores, and introduced among them the vices and diseases of civilised life.

We are not to suppose, however, that the decay of this interesting race is to be attributed to foreign influences alone; it may be traced partly to certain vitiating causes which lie at the foundation of their whole social system. They are a race of Communists,

they have adopted the principles of St. Simon, without having ever heard of his name, and in their case, socialism has produced its natural and legitimate results. They have no homes, no individual property, no vested rights, and very few children that reach maturity. Sir George Grey, in one of his very plausible and clever despatches, speaks of the Ngatiawas as fighting for "their hearths and homes;" the old Latin *pro aris et focis* doubtless suggested an expression which, as thus applied, is singularly ludicrous, and strikingly inappropriate. The Maori has neither home nor hearth to fight for; he has no conception even of what a home or a hearth is. He cooks his food in the open air, he occupies a *whare* or hut, in common with the other members of the *hapu* to which he belongs. It is not unusual to find twenty or thirty Maories of different ages and sexes huddled together at night in the same hut; the moral, or rather the immoral, results of this state of things may be easily conceived. The missionaries have grappled with this evil, but they have been worsted in the struggle, and led to tolerate a system which is utterly subversive of morality and self-respect. Some of the best men among them have given up the struggle in despair, and left the colony in search of a more promising field of labour. It was only recently that one of these men, in preaching his farewell sermon, declared, with manly candour and singular honesty, that the bitterest reflection on his mind, was the knowledge, that after labouring twenty-five years in New Zealand, he left it with the Maori no more Christianised than he was when he first landed. He was one of the ablest members of the missionary body, and his truthfulness of spirit is beyond all praise.

It has been asserted that the Maories have been corrupted and demoralised by the new form of fanaticism, which sprung up during the recent war; but this assertion is grounded on a misconception of the true state of things. In point of morality, Pai Marireism has left the Maori exactly where it found him; the only difference is that it has sanctioned and ratified a state of things which was felt to be inconsistent with the religion previously professed. Marriage, for example, is now abolished; but it may be doubted whether that institution ever exercised much restraining influence over the Maories as a race. In many cases it was set at nought, in others it was soon violated. With that happy facility of imitation, for which half-savage races are remarkable, the Maori would sometimes go in for marriage after the Pakeha fashion; he would have groomsman, bridesmaids, favours, gloves, ring, everything in short which etiquette demands on similar occasions; throughout the ceremony he would acquit himself with the calm serenity of a man equal to his fate; when it was over, he would write his name in the *puka-puka* in the most approved fashion; but we had rather not follow the other details of his married life. The poorest Englishman who takes a woman to be his wife "for better and for worse," has always some home to lead her to; it may be only a garret or a cellar, but it is sanctified to him as his home; it belongs to him alone, no stranger can force himself within its sacred precincts. The wealthiest Maori, on the other hand, has no place which he can call his home; married or single, he can only occupy part of the filthy raupo hut, where all and sundry may spread their blankets and mats on the floor. That fierce outburst of fanaticism known as Pai Marireism, has much to answer for; but it has not demoralised the Maori race, it has only lent its sanction to an immorality which already existed.

The idea of property, like the idea of home, lies at the foundation of all social progress. The Maori has no such idea: he has nothing in this world which he can call his own: all that he has belongs to him only in common with his tribe. The social system of which he is the slave, is a system of the purest socialism; it is the embodiment in actual society of those principles which Fourier and St. Simon taught. He has no motive for acquiring property, which would only go to enrich his tribe, and not himself as an individual. If he advances beyond his fellows, their envy is excited, and the law of *muru* is at once applied. *Muru* is only another name for legalised robbery, and some pretence will always be found for exercising it. A case in point recently occurred in one of the northern districts. A native, a frugal, industrious man, took to himself a wife, and built a hut for his own separate use. This unsocial procedure excited the ridicule of the tribe, but as yet he had done nothing to incur their displeasure. As winter was approaching, he laid in a sufficient stock of provisions for the use of his family: his improvident neighbours failed to do so, and soon found themselves in want. It was intolerable that they should fast while he was feasting, but everything was done in the most legal manner. He was placed under surveillance, and it was soon reported to the *runanga*, or village council, that he had been guilty of a grievous offence; one evening, in leaving his *whare*, he had touched the foot of a woman who was standing near the door. In the interests of morality, it was resolved that he should be subjected to a heavy fine—heavier, in fact, than he could possibly pay; in default of payment, all his provisions were seized and devoured on the spot.

It is evident that, under such a system, the Maoris can make no progress in civilisation or in material prosperity. A man has no motive for acquiring property, when he knows that it will not belong to himself, but to his tribe; and to the tribal system must be traced much of the squalid misery everywhere visible in the native villages. A Maori has literally nothing which he can call his own; he can only boast in a share of all that belongs to his tribe. If he buys a new coat, he may wear it the first day: the next, his neighbour may be seen disporting himself in it—it goes the round of the whole tribe, and when it returns to

the original owner, it is not worth much. His wife visits Auckland and buys a new hat; within a fortnight after her return to her *bassa*, it has been worn by every woman in the pa, and its beauty is gone for ever. In either case it would be a solecism in manners—a breach of all the conventionalities of social life—for the purchaser to offer any objection. Where the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* is practically set at nought, there can be no property, no progress, no civilisation.

> "Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
> And, unawares, Morality expires;
> Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
> Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine."

Until the tribal system be broken down, no reasonable hope can be entertained of the regeneration of the Maori race; it lies at the root of their whole social system, and is the organic cause of their decay. It is so interwoven with their national life, that both must perish together, and in a very brief period of time, the weaker must be absorbed by the dominant race. We know of only one Maori who has won the affections of an Englishwoman: but there are hundreds of Englishmen who have married Maori wives. At one time, such marriages were prohibited by law, and the dowry given by the tribe was confiscated by the Government: the dowry might be returned, if the parties lived in a state of concubinage. This immoral law has now been abolished, and both races enjoy equal rights.

P. C. B.

THE PRAISE OF THE LORD'S GOODNESS.

AN AUTUMN MEDITATION ON THE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTH PSALM.

THERE seem to be three ways of reading this Psalm. There is the literal, which most readers will probably take up the first, and think of desert tracks where the caravan has been buried in the sand, and unclaimed bones lie bleaching in the sun; then of stone cells, and the cross-barred light, and clank of iron fetters; of sick rooms and the shaded window, the hush, and light footfall, and scared faces that are turned upon the dying; of wild nights upon the ocean, and the hissing of angry waters, and the shivering of the strained ship—thinking of cries that scarce can pass through the slaked and blackening lips, and yet pierce in their faintness and from the great lonely waste into Heaven, and draw down angels to the rescue; of men whose haughty sin has fretted against prison walls till they grew maddened, and their terror called round them the spectres of past misdoings to company with them in their solitude and God shone in upon their hearts and pardoned them; of sorrows hovering like a cloud over the threshold, waiting only the stroke of the hour that is to ring out the knell of a dear life, and how Christ's face glanced through them as He came with virtue and healing in His track; of sailors in the storm that howls upon an iron coast, when the stars have gone out, and there is no light but the misty gleam of the breakers, until like a flash the moon unveils, and the harbour is gained, and they are safe; of Hagar and her child, of Jairus' daughter, of Peter's mother, and the boat upon Genesareth, and how one Divine eye bends over all.

There is the historical, which was the clearer reading to the Jew. It was on a historical basis, to commemorate historical facts, that the Psalm was written. The Jew would recognise in it, wilderness journeys, sore travail of his fathers, weary wanderings through other lands, hunger and thirst, the manna, and the water of Horeb; he would recognise in it Assyrian bondage, military rule, desolated fields, the men made conscripts and the women slaves, the land without Sabbaths, the people grinding in the prison-house; he would recognise in it the exile, the harp hung upon the willows while the singer's tears ran down into the river, the decay and great sickness of his people verging almost on extinction, the struggle and pain of their return, the straggling ships that bore heavily through the sea from Egypt; and over against all these—for the desert and the moving of the tents, he would set the slopes and vineyards of Tabor and Jerusalem throned upon its hills; for the bands of affliction and iron, the recovered air and elastic step of freedom; for the slow dying out of a captive nation, a march of the captives home; and for the perils of the way, a quiet rest under the old skies of Canaan. Or, taking up the history nearer to his own time, he would see in it four pictures of the exile; four pictures of return; from the east and from the north, from the west and from the south; from waste places without inhabitant; from the crushing of despotic ownership; from pestilent regions where the plague smote them down; from the way of the sea;* and another might see in it not merely characteristics of the localities of the exile, but a fourfold image of exile life under the guise of a wilderness, a prison, sickness and the sea.

It is with this last impression that a third reading is connected, the spiritual, which finds here symbolised the conditions and strivings of the soul, and its final deliverance by the Lord; and not only the first deliverance and translation into light, but those successive rescues which the Christian experiences when he is plucked from each backsliding, though

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* It is noticeable here that the sea-picture, while it is so graphic that, for example, the word for quiet occurs again only in the description of the storm in Jonah, is also the landsman's view of it, just such as his unfamiliar imagination would lay hold of and vividly retain; just such as Jews would feel when they came back by this, to them, untrodden way.

often "saved only so as by fire." And the third reading in no way conflicts with the former two, nor they with one another; but each is very beautiful and true by itself. Yet, to our fuller light, the literal meaning alone is shallow, and the historical alone is narrow; while the reading of the Church includes both in itself, embracing all varieties of temporal deliverance, and the story of the Jew in the wider story of the body of Christ.

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness."

The words form part of a chorus, which is repeated at regular intervals, a burst of praise which could not otherwise find expression, the only change being in the second verse of the chorus, which alters each time in harmony to the character of the preceding thoughts. Each Divine work draws to it this holy jubilee.

I. *Hungry and thirsty souls wandering in the wilderness are fed and guided to a city.*

To picture the world that most men live in as a wilderness, its joys like cast out and withered flowers, the flow of its pleasures like the fantastic imagery of the air, its pomp and dignity like shadows, its resonant and stately speech and words of power like flying echoes in their vanishing; to show it as a barren dreary plain where the streams sink into the sand, and the grass is withered or gone, and people are straying like men struck blind; would only excite derision. Men would appeal against such a view of the world, by what they have or what they hope to have, or what at least they have seen others have, and the impulse that is on them to take their ease, eat, drink, and be merry. Yet the child who reads God's Word may tell us that God sees a worldly life to be nothing better than that picture, and that into that wilderness He sent His Son to seek and save the lost. Jesus is a Shepherd, and has a fold of sheep that hear His voice and that He leads into green pastures; but these sheep, He says, are in the wilderness. The prodigal was starved in the far country where he lived and rioted. We hear of broken cisterns there, that hold no water. The life of which this is spoken may be a pleasant, simple, country life, with its sowing, and its reaping, and its gathering into barns; it may be engrossed in business, in the buying and selling of lawful trade; of workmen earning their bread in the grimy smoke and crush of the city; or thinkers brooding over such problems as thought may solve. Men are incredulous of that, but they are not therefore right. The innocent lad that leaves his home and goes out into life far away, and before long falls into the hands of a gang of swindlers, does not believe that they are rogues. He fancies them the gentlemen they pretend to be, or he would fly from them. Yet they are thieves. We must trust the larger experience, the wiser head, the sincerity of love. We have the simple word of a Father for what living for the world is; we may either trust that, or the tempter whispering at the ear, "Eat, and ye shall be as God," or "Eat and drink, for to-morrow ye die."

Some, at least, have found that God is not deceiving them, that worldliness is as empty and delusive as He has said. They have lost interest in it, not because they are satiated, but disappointed. Where will they turn? They are hungry and thirsty, not because the world has nothing to give, for it has so many interests, and aims, and occupations, and thoughts on which the mind is fixed, that in the eagerness of youth we are only struck by the lavish, bewildering profusion. But they hunger and thirst for real food and drink, for thoughts that will fill their souls, for what will last them and serve their higher needs, for truth, holiness, love, divine things. They would slake their thirst at a muddy pool if they felt that the water had fallen from the sky. They are content to take what any stammering friend or teacher may say to them. And, because of this hunger and thirst, they wander, impelled by a gnawing pain and yearning, and the first cries are wrung from them to God to guide them; for as soon as they get to know that the world is a wilderness, they know it is pathless. Then they come to a path that seems plain enough, and that they never saw before, nor could have seen but that God led them to it by a way which they knew not. It is Jesus the Way. "No man," He saith, "cometh to the Father but by Me." On this way they are fed with living bread, and can drink of living water; they have supplies of never-failing grace; their souls have reached thoughts that can worthily occupy them; they have righteousness, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost; and what they have is theirs for ever, and cannot break, but by its very nature must infinitely surpass its early promise. The road leads them—they are *pilgrims* indeed now, but not *wanderers*—to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem; from very far, for faith is keen-sighted, they may behold its gates; the shining glory about it flings a visionary light upon their journey; issuing bands of angels may flash sometimes across their dazzled eyes; and it may be some murmuring sweetness of its song has already stolen to their ears. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

II. *Souls in prison are brought out of the darkness, and their bonds are broken in sunder.*

When we were children we could have wept over Samson, the poor sightless giant, grinding in the prison-house, and jeered at through the windows by the cruel Philistines. We might fancy Christ weeping over the race of men endowed with faculties so noble, of strength and wisdom so marvellous, of nature so Godlike, and heirs of immortality, yet poor and blind, and grinding at the world's task-work, taunted by the mockery of devils. Men say that they are rich and have need of nothing. Their hearts are stout and high, and they could do with-

out God. "Can we not think as we please? Are not our actions our own? Who is Lord over us?" Yet they are then in prison. "Is not the world wide and roomy? Can we not go where we would? even follow whims and idle conceits? are we not free?" While they say that, they are in prison. The prison is sin, a real dungeon, with its narrow blank walls, and its cheerlessness, and its gaoler, who is the devil. And we think life so spacious, like a world, because we are blind: Satan has blinded us. What is our freedom? To toil and strain year by year for something we were told would make us happy—make our fortune, perhaps we phrase it; and when the years have grown older, and our energies have decayed, to toil still, passively, unable to stop. And who told us but he who tempted us by evil whispers, or smooth lies; tempted us and set us our grinding work, and mocked at us as we slaved for him? Are we free from habit, are we free to give up a vice, are we free to leave worldly society, even when we feel it worthless? Let those who still think they are free, and have never learned "Without Me ye can do nothing,"—let them try; it may be, in trying they will stumble against the prison-wall, and realise the horror of confinement. For that *is* a horror that comes over a man when, unexpectedly, in some despair or fiercer effort, he may hit against his cell, while he wanders half stupidly all round, groping with his hands, and finds no outlet, and sits down to realise he is in prison; when he feels sin holds him, and he is fettered by it; that the doors are strong, and the keeper Argus-eyed; when he thinks of the clasp of bands about him, and tries if only one step can be taken loose of these chains; when he thinks he hears hideous laughter of the guardian spirits, and in frenzy will pull some sin from off him, and finds simply the pain and the knowledge that he cannot; and he cries miserably, "Who shall deliver me?" Then Christ comes, breaks the gates of brass, and cuts the bars of iron in sunder, and the sinner, who is sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, finds the door yield—that door of his heart that has been barred against the Lord, and feels a touch upon his eyes, and looks up into the love of Jesus, and walks out free. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! For He hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder."

III. *Souls in great sickness are healed.*

There is an element introduced here, as well as in the preceding image, which may not be passed over without the risk of infinite confusion in this matter. In the eleventh verse it is written that men are prisoners by their own fault, by the just punishment of their own offence. Here it is written that fools are afflicted, but because they have through transgression made themselves fools; "those who, because of their transgressions and because of their iniquities are fools, are afflicted." God's judgments do not light merely on the transgressing fool, but on him who by transgression has made himself a fool. Prisoners may murmur, Why am I in prison? Wanderers may say, Why am I in the wilderness? The sick may cry, Why am I afflicted? How is it that I am thus, and that God is love? Because thou hast "rebelled against the words of the Lord, and contemned the counsel of the Most High." Look into thy heart. Is not the secret there? Look into thy ways. Do they not convince thee of thy folly? "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores."

That is the state into which the fool has brought himself, his "soul abhorring all manner of meat, and drawing nigh unto the gates of death." And who is he? The man whom men laugh at for his easy good-nature till it brings ruin upon him, and then they—pity him? The man who is called "a perfect child in matters of business?" The man who lays up nothing, neither gains nor wisdom in the summer, and is left destitute in the evil day? The man who is hot-brained and, headstrong and light-headed, unsteadily pursuing hobbies, too obstinate for warning, too rash to be let alone? Perhaps so; but just as likely the cool and prudent and nicely calculating, whom the world would never suspect of a mistake; sagacious counsellors, thoughtful, reasoning, unprejudiced people, the brilliantly wise, who leave great names and a trailing glory on the earth behind them. For the folly is their sin. There is a wild haughty word of Goethe: I hate all bungling like sin. Sin is crime: and evil is a far deeper and more awful thing than bungling. Yet the sinner is a fool: sinning is the saddest, supremest folly. And it brings with it its own punishment. The laws of God are all in league against it, from the lower laws of nature up to the moral government of God and the necessities of His own being. It is for ever punishing itself. It makes the world "a room of sickness and unrest." It creates the diseases of the soul, and spreads them with an irresistible contagion. We may see the wise, or beautiful, or famous, or noble, or genial, or happy; but when Christ came into the world He saw the palsied, the lame, the lepers, the fevered, men with an infirmity of years, and women with a bloody issue; not the purple and fine linen, but loathsomeness, ill concealed by beggars' rags. And it is through that world and among those, that He is ministering, pouring balm into open wounds, binding up broken hearts, and throwing still as He passes the gracious shadow of His presence, where miserable men lie sick upon beds of their own making. The Lord despises the folly, but He does not despise the fool; He hates sin, but He does not hate the sinner: He hears them, and delivers them from their destruction. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and His wonderful works to the children of men. And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare His works with rejoicing."

IV. *Souls that reel to and fro in the storm are brought unto their desired haven.*

When the voyage of life is earnestly begun, it is mostly earnest pleasure, youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm. The little waves that dance round the vessel's sides are lit by the sun, and playful and chiming in with the dance of young hope in the heart. But God commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, the ship is a mere toy tossed from billow to billow or floundering in the trough of the water. Out in the world, thrown hither and thither by its fluctuation, getting conscious at last that it is a strife between wind and waves, and that there is probability of utter wreck, men may look for a haven. But the world grows more uneasy, the storms more boisterous; they make for one harbour after another, manhood now, old age again, retirement this year, travel the next: the harbours are exposed, and the anchors drift, and men fear they will never reach land. There is a time even when we may part from all former anchorages; when what held us gives way, or is rudely cut, our affections, our interests in life, our childhood's memories. Old thoughts, old reasonings, are weak and useless. We are adrift among speculations of the stormiest kind, it may be on the wild sea of unbelief. We live in an age of magnificent triumphs and vast projects, nobler perhaps than any other, richer in charity and wisdom: but its brilliance and restlessness are mixed with doubt. Minds, that would have rested hitherto, are touched with the unsettled motion. Timid and ill-prepared men may find themselves voyaging over troubled and unknown waters.

Or, if it be not doubt that tosses a man's soul, it may be conscience. A time comes when a man knows that he is wrapped in the tempest of sin, when it is to him like the shriek of storm-fiends, the bubble and seething of raging seas, darkness in the waters, and darkness over the waters, and he cannot tell whither he is whirling; it is all sin—his sin, and he is paralysed with fear.

However it be, there is the Christ walking out in the evil night, and at the first cry He is seen walking to us, and the waves lie under His Divine feet, and the winds fold themselves to sleep about His head; and so He bringeth us into our desired haven. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, for His wonderful works to the children of men."

V. *The spring of all these works—the Divine spring and the human.*

1. The Divine—the goodness of the Lord. Up to that we must trace our blessings, track them with a patient faith through each winding and beyond each earthly source, till they recede into the goodness of God. It is never our wit that helps us, for we are at our wit's end (ver. 27); it is never our friends, for there is none to help (ver. 12); it is never our strength, for our soul had fainted in us (ver. 5.); it is never the length of our life, for we had drawn near unto the gates of death (ver. 18),—it was simply God. This goodness of the Lord, because it reaches over so vast an area, and if we view it chiefly as expressed by pardon may well be indistinct to us; may not even express any notion so real as the goodness of a living man. Nay: it must be indistinct so long as God is not *our* God and Father,—so long as we associate another notion of goodness with Him than we do with Jesus Christ. But if it be apprehended with any clearness, there is surely an unspeakable pleasure and blessing in dwelling on that one thought, and watching how the character and near relation of God to us expand from it; how this goodness brings Him into contact with us; how it seems to run with a smile over the sky and the green earth, and sad hearts too, until we wonder that all things are not lighted by it, and lifted up to it, as flowers would to fill their cups with sunbeams. It is this goodness that is the spring here. It is to this goodness that the rescued sinner turns. It is by this goodness that God comes closer when we have got so far as to think He must abhor us. It is in this goodness that He "spared not His own Son, but gave Him up to death for us all." "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and His wonderful works to the children of men!"

2. The human—the cry of prayer.

All the romance of history and life seems gathered within the compass of this psalm: wandering princes, beggars on the throne, the perishing of empires, the blessing of kingdoms, personal straits, national episodes; life in the desert, the ocean, the prison-cell, the sick-room; the play and shifting of things, the little incidents that slip unnoticed, events that become the public talk, whatever we can conceive of varying fortune that goes on over the earth or has gone on over it; the one little knot binds them all together, one little key opens all their secrets and reveals their order—prayer. We do not understand much about that yet. God has been teaching us of late rather how little we know than how much to pray. (1.) It is the last thing a sinner or backsliding saint is forced to. The prodigal had taken to be a swineherd, sunk down to the dregs of society, and then been brought to hunger before he could bring himself to say, Father, I have sinned. David had to be made condemn himself, and be humbled by a prophet, and threatened with loss of his child, before he would cry, Have mercy upon me, O God! When the heart is brought down, when no other escape is possible, when the soul is melted because of trouble, when the gates of death are swinging open,—not till then men cry unto the Lord. (2.) It is the first thing God attends to. He heeds apparently none of the groanings or piteous looks or hardships of the situation. It seems as if He will give no sign while the sensitive heart is on the rack, while shame is burying men in despair, while their condition would provoke all pity. They must cry to him; be it ever so feeble, an upturned eye, a word, a sigh; then the answer comes rushing down. That is very plainly written here, and surely it has its practical lesson;

to put that first which we put last; to cry to God. It is not because it appears at the end He hears it, but because it is prayer. It is not that we must go through a certain course of training, before we can come with a broken heart and broken voice, that can only falter, Mercy! but it is that we come with the heart and utterance. Let it be at the beginning. It is our fault, our misery, that so much falls between, that we have to be driven step by step over our reluctance. And let us never dream that because we are so wretched, God will compassionate us without our asking. The gift is ready, the love is unchanging, the compassion never faileth. One thing only is lacking—our prayer. Further, we cannot fail to notice the power of prayer. It is becoming a common expression now. Let it never lose its meaning in its commonness. There is always danger of the word, the name, slipping into the place of the thing, the truth. We may think of the power of the sun, generating, fructifying, lightening: but that is slow. We may think of the power of electricity, the cloven path of the lightning: that is irregular, and we see it seldom. We may think of the power that wills and rules a European strife, of the power of kings, or governments, or gold. We may think of a power that controls the world of stars, urging them to a speed from which we start back appalled, and holding them as easily as a mother holds her child's hand. These do not bring home to us the power of prayer. Only knowing it and feeling it will realise it—it is so unlike any other. A contrite sigh will set a thousand agencies in motion. Tempest and calm, rain and sunshine, pestilence and famine, passion, lust, wrath, armies and tyrants, sun and moon, the seasons and men's hearts, are all within the sphere of prayer. The little child that can scarcely lisp Our Father, may burst open the prison-house of a soul; and the man that has only returned from the far country, or from wallowing in the mire, utters some feeble speech, and, in a moment, a Father's arms are round him.

This may be an autumn song; when the fields are golden with the grain, and the reapers are binding the sheaves, and the orchard swings its load of fruit, and the path to the church leads past the bending ears; when the farmer's care is over, and nature in the clear weather, and with the full lustrous moon of the harvest, offers her thanksgiving to God. For we owe all to the goodness of the Lord; and the grain is His, and the bread we eat, and the gold we win. It may speak to us of a larger harvest and of richer fruits. It spoke to the Jews of a wonderful deliverance; of a sowing in tears and a reaping in joy. We picture the long files of the procession as they swept through the streets and up to the temple singing their burden, and how as they passed within the gate a new song met them from the inner choir, and the great shout was caught up and swelled to heaven in one harmony, pealing within and echoing far without, and as it died caught up again, and old men who had seen the exile dropped tears of joy and bowed in prayer as the chant swung by, and children who had been born in Babylon sang it with clear sweet voices,—"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" And we of the Church of Christ may think of a shout of joy that goes up over the world this day, swelling from redeemed souls, leaping from village to village, and from hamlets in the mountains to hovels in the city, from once ribald haunts and once prayerless homes, and caught away by angels, and echoing on into the praises that are singing round the Lamb; and down many cheeks the silent tears are trickling, and loving souls give thanks; and children's voices ring in it, and there is the quavering tremor of old age, and mothers' eyes are filling as they gaze upon their twice-born sons, and husband's that have watched for unborn wives, and there is one heart, one cry, one thought—"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

W. F. STEVENSON.

ADELINE COOPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUAKER PHILANTHROPY."

VAST as are the changes which have of late years taken place in the aspect of London by the formation of new streets, railway termini, and other improvements, perhaps there is not a district which has undergone a more complete metamorphosis than that of St. Margaret's, Westminster. Thirty or forty years ago there was not a parish in the Metropolis which had obtained (and perhaps justly) a wider reputation for poverty and degradation. A large proportion of the land was held by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster—a body which in those days was composed of a very different order of men from the gentlemen who fortunately have succeeded them. They and their predecessors appear to have taken but little interest in the spiritual and social condition of their tenants; things being allowed pretty much to take their course, provided the quit-rents and the heavy fines imposed on the renewal of leases were regularly paid. These fines were so onerous, and the duration of the leases on which the houses were let so short, that their tenants and sub-lessees were to a great degree precluded from building good houses on the ground. The result was that the quarter was crowded with streets, alleys, and courts of a most miserable and squalid description, while the inhabitants who flocked to

them, in consequence of the demolition of houses in the western parts of the Metropolis, and the natural increase of the population, were of a character only too well suited to the dwellings which had been erected for their reception. In the mean time the parochial authorities took little interest in the matter. The guardians of the poor, though nominally elected from the parishioners at large, were in fact no better than self-elected. They were generally chosen from small tradesmen in the locality, who, so long as they could enjoy their parish dinners in peace and comfort, cared but little about the moral condition of the poor under their guardianship; and if occasionally a member somewhat more public-spirited than his brethren proposed some amelioration of the disgraceful state of things then existing, his attempts were soon stopped by the indifference which pervaded the majority. By degrees, however, a different state of feeling began to develop itself among the parochial authorities. Some innovators, who were looked upon by the old parish magnates as little better than disturbers of the public peace, began to take exception to the amounts recorded in the parish balance-sheet for feasting and other outlays. Again, another most disagreeable fact began to thrust itself upon the notice of the guardians. Although they admitted that a large proportion of the inhabitants were most demoralised, still vice could not go on without the expenditure of money, and as tradesmen they had hitherto had but little to complain of. But fresh population continued to flow into their parish, and the new comers were invariably of the poorest order, so that, although retail trade continued to flourish, the poor's-rate increased in a still greater ratio; and while they benefited as traders by the increase in the number of the inhabitants, as ratepayers they suffered in a still greater proportion.

The parochial authorities now roused themselves in good earnest to meet the difficulty, although the plan they adopted was hardly of a nature to be commended. The sole object they seemed to have in view was to drive the poor out of their parish, and that by the exceedingly simple process of destroying their dwellings. To effect this, by aid of an act of Parliament, an arrangement was entered into with the Dean and Chapter, on whose estate the worst portion of the poor were congregated, for the formation of a broad new street reaching from Westminster Abbey to Pimlico. Great difficulties, however, had to be encountered before the scheme could be carried out, but at last they succeeded; and many thousands of the poorest individuals to be found in the Metropolis were driven out of the parish. Still, in a moral point of view the movement was not so successful as its promoters had anticipated. Although the poor's-rates were certainly to a great degree reduced by it, and a vast number of bad characters got rid of, yet many, and those of the worst class, remained behind; and from the scarcity of house accommodation they became more crowded, and in consequence more demoralised. The overcrowding—as shown by the returns of the medical officer of health—is even at the present day utterly disgraceful. Model lodging-houses on a grand scale have certainly been built, but regulations were established by their promoters very adverse to their being really successful. All persons getting their means of living in the streets, such as petty hawkers, costermongers, and others of the same class, were precluded from being tenants, and thus the great evil remains almost untouched. Not the slightest better provision was made for these poor creatures, and the result was that, both physically and morally, they fell from bad to worse, till at last, to be as great a thief as a Tothill Fields costermonger, became a common phrase of abuse among the lowest and most degraded.

But while misery and vice thus continued to exist with little apparent abatement, there was no lack of effort on the part of the resident clergy of all denominations for the reformation of the inhabitants. But these efforts had comparatively little good effect when compared with the vast amount of labour employed. Nor was this to be wondered at while the magistrates licensed gin palaces by the score; and the authorities, governmental or parochial, availed themselves of every pretext for destroying the dwellings of the poor to carry out some contemplated improvement.

Those who were already overcrowded were thus packed still closer together, and the moral and social evils, already too notorious, were greatly increased. Notwithstanding this unfavourable state of affairs, there were still many benevolent persons who believed that the population of the district was as capable of being raised to respectability as any portion of the community, if only common justice were done them. And considering the injustice of municipal legislation, and the numerous licences, they were probably right. Still nothing very conclusive was done in the matter till a young lady—Miss Adeline Cooper—undertook to prove the truth of this opinion; and most triumphantly has she succeeded in her truly honourable self-imposed mission.

The history of Miss Cooper's labours among the poor of Westminster furnishes a singular example of that tenacity of purpose so often found among our countrywomen. No opposition seems to terrify them; no obstacle too vast for them to surmount. About ten years ago some benevolent persons interested in a Ragged School in Westminster were on the point of closing its doors for want of funds. One of them, however, proposed that before doing so they should apply to her friend Miss Cooper for advice and assistance on the subject, as Miss Cooper had had great experience in the management of schools for the children of the poor in the neighbourhood of Pimlico. The lady's advice was acted on, Miss Cooper readily accepted the invitation given her, and by dint of united efforts the school was kept open. While engaged in teaching these poor children, Miss Cooper had an opportu-

nity of becoming acquainted with many of the inhabitants of the district, and she resolved to do something to raise them out of the abject poverty and degradation in which they were sunk. For this purpose she rented two little cottages in a court in Old Pye-street—since swept away by the improvement commissioners—and she there commenced day and night Sunday-schools, as well as a mothers' meeting. Not only had she plenty of applicants, but the rooms became so overcrowded that she was obliged to look for more extensive accommodation. She had some difficulty in succeeding, but she at last found a building which for size and situation was admirably adapted for the purpose. Singularly enough, in this new building she found an opportunity to point a moral —and a forcible one too. The house she had selected had formerly been the "One Tun," a notorious public-house, which was then vacant in consequence of the tenants' having decamped without paying their rent, and stealing everything they could possibly take away with them. At the outset Miss Cooper experienced great opposition from a number of roughs who had been accustomed to drink and gamble at the "One Tun." They voted the school a nuisance, and openly threatened the teachers that if they did not "clear out of it" they should be driven away by force. No notice was taken of this threat, and Miss Cooper and her assistants kept steadily on their course, when the angry feeling among the roughs began to gradually subside, and they afterwards showed many acts of kindness to the resident teachers. And it is only justice to them to add, that on no occasion did they ever subject the ladies connected with the school to the slightest annoyance.

Noticing the terrible effects of intemperance in the neighbourhood both on old and young, Miss Cooper, after taking the temperance pledge herself, established a band of hope for the children, which was also attended with marked success. The reason she gave for becoming a teetotaller was, not that at the time she considered the moderate use of fermented drinks objectionable, but that it would not be right on her part to ask persons who were badly fed and ill-clothed and housed, exposed to drenching rain or burning heat, and subjected to every kind of temptation, to give up the habit while she herself had every comfort. Her efforts to inculcate sobriety on the adults were not so encouraging as she could have wished. True, they advised their children to abstain, and even admitted that her arguments as applied to themselves were worthy of grave consideration, but, unfortunately, as they generally chose the tap-room as the locality for discussing the matter, it may be easily imagined that Miss Cooper's reasoning in such an atmosphere lost a considerable portion of its effect. She attempted to induce the men to attend her meetings in the school-room at the "One Tun." They were all civil enough when invited, but they still stayed away, while the room was nearly filled with women and children. By degrees Miss Cooper ascertained some of the reasons which operated against her. First, it was thought *infra dig.* to go to a school; secondly, on that special evening some might have to work all night; others might have had a bad day in selling their wares, and were obliged to try again in the evening; while the majority, when asked, gave for an excuse that they had forgotten all about it.

Annoyed at her want of success, but still not discouraged, Miss Cooper determined to try another plan to induce the men to become sober. She resolved on establishing a club in a different locality, where the men might have full opportunity of meeting together in commodious, well-lighted rooms, and where they might be free from the temptation of the public-house, and be able to coolly reason on the advantages of sobriety. For some time she could find no house suitable, but at last she heard that a piece of ground in Duck Lane, Westminster, was to be let on a building lease. This, with the assistance of some friends, she took a lease of, and on it was built a handsome, lofty room, well lighted, warmed, and ventilated, and with every convenience attached to it. In this building Miss Cooper established her costermongers' club. In its organisation she was considerably assisted by several gentlemen who had always been her warmest supporters. Possibly the regulations which Miss Cooper would have liked to have seen carried into effect might have been somewhat more stringent than those advised by her male friends, several of whom, having had experience of the working of the West End clubs, advised her to allow the members to form their own code of regulations unbiassed by any surveillance or restrictions whatever. Miss Cooper readily agreed to this suggestion, and one of her friends, a civil engineer, assisted in drawing up a code of regulations somewhat like those of the Reform Club, of which he was a member. These rules were merely offered to the members for their guidance in forming their own rules, for the power was left them to adopt or accept these as they might think fit.

A meeting of the members was now called to take into consideration the formation of a code of laws by which the affairs of the club were to be regulated, a sufficient number of members having enrolled themselves to allow of its being opened. The different rules were then put *seriatim*, and all were carried without difficulty. At last a question was brought before the meeting which caused poor Miss Cooper the greatest anxiety. The question was whether they should apply for a beer licence for the club, and her trouble was still further increased at finding that the first person who rose to speak on the subject was far better known for his industry and shrewdness than his sobriety. He addressed the meeting in something like the following words:—

"Now, I'll tell you what my opinion about this beer licence is. I aint a tetollar, and I don't intend being one; and when I want a pint of beer I

intend having it, providing I can afford to pay for it. Now, if I want a pint of beer, I can go to a public-house for it; but if I want to keep away from beer, and I very often do, I can come here. Now, if beer's sold here, I don't see the difference between this and a public-house, or what's the use of my being a member any longer, so I shall hold up my hand against any beer licence being had."

All the other speakers followed in the same tone, and on the question being put, "whether a beer licence should be applied for," Miss Cooper had the unspeakable gratification to find that it was unanimously rejected. But more remains to be told. The luxury of being able to *get away from beer* soon began to be felt by the members of the club, while several finding they could do without beer, gave it up altogether, and became teetotallers. On the evening of the meeting for passing the rules the club, which numbered one hundred and twenty members, counted among them only twenty-five teetotallers; a few weeks afterwards, more than half the members had taken the pledge.

The more Miss Cooper saw of her new acquaintances, the costermongers, the more fully she became convinced that a very great injustice had been done them by the estimate the public had formed of them. True, they had many faults, and were prone to many vices, but the dishonesty of which they were accused was not common among them. On the contrary, many instances came under her notice of honourable actions which would have been creditable to any class of society. Again, a very singular feature was noticeable in their behaviour to each other. The Westminster costermonger, being generally a man of weakly constitution, is obliged to wage the battle of life by aid of his cunning and address. Accustomed from his early youth to mercantile transactions, which though in a very small way are possibly quite as intricate and require as much tact in their management as those of greater magnitude, he naturally becomes a very clever financier, seldom entering into any bargain without a clear prospect of gain. Yet, notwithstanding all his shrewdness, Miss Cooper found him continually giving up, perhaps as much as half his capital in loans without interest to a brother costermonger in temporary distress; and the readiness with which he advanced his money was usually the greater in proportion to the possible inability of the borrower to repay it. She further noticed the great kindness and solicitude which they showed towards each other when in sickness, and the prompt manner in which they would get up subscriptions for the widows or orphans of any deceased members of their class. These and other evidences of Christian feeling being so obvious to Miss Cooper she attempted to inculcate upon the members of her club a more religious tone, and in a short time a very efficient Bible class was formed in it. In the mean time the temperance movement progressed rapidly among the members, and in this Miss Cooper received great assistance from the celebrated George Cruikshank, the artist, who joined her committee and used frequently to take the chair at the meetings, making himself exceedingly popular among the costermongers, thus doing good service in the cause of sobriety.

Meanwhile the schools established in the "One Tun" continued to flourish. The band of hope also continued to prosper. Miss Cooper established among the members of the band a penny bank, which was held in high favour among the young teetotallers. They encouraged it to such an extent that last Christmas she had the satisfaction of returning to them more than eighty pounds which they had saved during the year.

Miss Cooper now fondly hoped that her labours would go on without further impediment, but she was doomed to be greatly disappointed. A terrible onslaught was made by the police on the costermongers who were wont to ply their trade in the Broadway, Westminster. This attempt of the police at the time roused great indignation among many of the well-wishers of the poor, and the police received from all sides great blame for their arbitrary conduct. The police at first tried to defend themselves by pleading that the costermongers and hawkers whom they had driven away were little better than thieves, but Miss Cooper and her friends roundly asserted that this was not the fact, and challenged them to prove their case. The police then shifted their ground and stated that the hawkers and costermongers caused great impediment to the traffic and also severely injured the trade of the legitimate shopkeepers in the vicinity. This last assertion, however, was fully disproved by the shopkeepers themselves, who said that these poor people, so far from being an impediment to the retail trade of the neighbourhood, rather brought customers than drove them away.

While Miss Cooper was devoting all her energies to the defence of the oppressed, she received another rebuff, which would have damped the courage of any one less determined than herself. One morning a notice was sent her from the improvement commissioners, that it was necessary her club-house should give way to make room for some alterations they proposed to effect, and that she would shortly be obliged to leave it. At the same time an intimation was conveyed to her, that she would be fully compensated for her interest in the building. Annoyed but not discouraged, she now looked around her to find some other spot in the neighbourhood to which she could remove. She was without success, however. The value of land had so much increased in Westminster, that the compensation she had received from the improvement commissioners was insufficient for the purpose of re-establishing her institution near the spot from which she had been ejected. For some time she was at a loss what steps to take, when a friend sprung up where she had little expected to find one. The report of her exertions on behalf of the friend-

less poor, had reached the ears of the Marquis of Westminster. After making inquiries on the subject, and finding the statements he had heard as to the good she had effected were quite true, the marquis kindly offered to lend her 7600*l.*, at 3 per cent. interest. It is almost needless to say, the noble marquis' offer was accepted with gratitude by Miss Cooper, in fact she looked upon it in the fullest sense of the term as a Godsend to her. She was now, not only in a position to re-establish her club, but to unite to it a model lodging-house, for those of the poor who were unable to become tenants of other model lodging-houses in the neighbourhood.

She now sought for some other locality in which she could commence operations. She at last discovered a vacant piece of freehold ground, and four old houses, situated in the corner of Pye Street and St. Anne's Lane, which were purchased for 2260*l.*, and on this she not only erected her club, but also a dwelling house sufficiently large to accommodate fifty or sixty of those families who were ineligible, from the lowness of their weekly wages, or their daily avocations, for any other model lodging-house, Mr. Peabody's included, where none but men earning from eighteen to twenty shillings a week can be admitted. The expense of the whole building, beyond the cost of the freehold land, was 6300*l.*, including 163*l.* for stoves, and 333*l.* for iron joists, the whole with legal and other expenses amounting to nearly 9000*l.*

Few who are acquainted with the general aspect of working-men's clubs, would recognise at first sight that erected for the costermongers, street hawkers, and others of the poorest class in Westminster. The building was designed by Mr. Henry M. Eyton, of Buckingham Street, Strand, and of Ipswich, and would not disgrace the handsomest street in the Metropolis. The portion of the building set apart for the club, has a general room thirty-two feet by twenty-four, and thirteen feet high, with a lavatory and other accommodations attached, also a kitchen and library. Over the club-room is a lecture-room thirty-two feet by twenty-four, and also a committee room and office. In the dwelling house, which is entered from St. Anne's Lane, there are seventeen single tenements, thirty-eight with two rooms, five with three rooms, let off at one and ninepence, three shillings, and four and sixpence a week. The entrance to each tenement is at the back, from stone external galleries; on each landing are two water-closets, a washing-sink, and a tap with water laid on to both, also two dust-shafts. Each of the living-rooms has one of Nicholson's grates with oven and boiler, a lock-up larder, and a coal-closet; one of the most remarkable features in the building, and perhaps the most to be commended, is the wash-house placed on the top floor, by which arrangement the inmates of the dwelling-houses are not annoyed by the steam from the washing. It is a large and lofty room with seven coppers and washing troughs, also two drying closets properly fitted up; all the floors in the building are of iron and concrete boarded over, and the lintels of strong bar iron, no timber being used in the construction; and the stairs are of York stone, built into the walls on both sides, so that as far as practical, the building is fire-proof.

In a portion of the building, forming the angle of Old Pye Street and St. Anne's Lane, is a handsome double fronted shop, in which the members have established a co-operative store; this also promises to be a success. It has been open only a month yet, but more than 160*l.* has been taken over the counter.

Including children, there are 242 persons in the dwelling-house; and of these, 60 are married couples. If the integrity or respectability of tenants can be proved by the punctual payment of their rent, and the good order and cleanliness of their abodes, there is little more to be desired in those of the Pye Street model lodging-house. Greater cleanliness than pervaded the whole at the time of our unexpected visit we have rarely met with; and, on inquiry of the manager, we found there was not a tenant one week in arrears in rent. Yet the class from which they are taken may be better understood when we state that among the tenants we found twenty-six hawkers and costermongers, two grinders, four blind street-musicians, two cabmen, two chair-menders, one china-mender, six widows—most of them charwomen, and the rest made up of persons in a similar grade of life. Pride and discontent might find many a useful lesson by visiting this establishment. We found two poor widows thankful for the mercy they received in having obtained full employment. One laboured from six in the morning till six at night, sifting cinders in a dust-yard in Paddington, for a wage of ten-pence a day; the other was in full work making skewers for butchers at seven-pence halfpenny a thousand. Not the slightest surveillance or espionage is kept over these poor people, the regulations of the lodging-house, which they are bound to obey, being merely such as are necessary for their mutual comfort. In such high reputation is the establishment held that every room in it was occupied twenty-four hours after it was opened; and applications sufficient to have filled a building ten times the size are on the books from persons waiting for admission.

In the club and dwelling house, several collateral societies have been formed. A loan society has been established among them—the operations of which now amount to a sum of considerable magnitude, no less than 328*l.* 18*s.* having passed through Miss Cooper's hands in the course of the last year. There is also a temperance Sick Benefit Society, which is in favour among the teetotallers; and a barrow club, by which members, through paying up small weekly subscriptions, may in time become the freeholders of good substantial barrows. Within the last two years no fewer than fifteen barrows have been bought and paid for in this manner. The penny

bank is also a flourishing institution, there being no fewer than 1,110 deposits.

No one can with justice dispute the fact that Miss Cooper has worked out her problem in a most satisfactory manner. She has proved that the poorest and most neglected are capable of becoming as respectable and well conducted as any other class of society; that the street hawker, the costermonger, the charwoman, the crossing-sweeper, and the cinder-sifter have all elements of good among them easily capable of development, if they are taken by the hand, and instructed with judgment and discretion. All the ministers of religion in the vicinity of her labours speak of her with respect and affection. Miss Cooper has further added another proof how powerful is judicious female agency in all well-matured religious and social undertakings. She has set an example well worthy of imitation; let us hope that the lesson will not be lost on those who have the welfare of their poorer fellow citizens at heart, and are possessed of the ability to further it.

RUTH THORNBURY; OR, THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, Author of "De Profundis," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. MORECOMBE IN HIS TRUE CHARACTER.

THE demeanour of the two sisters at the breakfast table next morning, presented, in more ways than one, a singular contrast. Charity, naturally cheerful and lively, was now completely broken in spirit. She tasted nothing, and beyond paying attention to the immediate wants of the children, seemed incapable of the slightest exertion, either of mind or body. Ruth, on the contrary, ordinarily mild and staid, now appeared the very embodiment of determination and energy. If she did not eat with appetite, she at least did so as a duty, that she might thus obtain physical support for the labours she was about to undertake.

Little conversation passed between the sisters during their meal. Sorrow seemed to have thrown a lethargic influence over Charity, and Ruth was too busy with her own thoughts to keep up a conversation; besides, on what subject could she have conversed unless some very unpleasant one? She could say nothing to Charity respecting the inquiries made the day before, that would not rather tend to increase her sorrow than allay it. As for Ruth, such a thought as submission to the adverse circumstances surrounding them, did not for one moment enter her mind. To nothing would she succumb, except the positive certainty that her efforts were useless.

Breakfast over, Ruth left the room to prepare for her visit to the prison; but it was not until she was on the point of leaving the house, that Charity inquired where she was going.

Ruth hesitated for a moment, and then she answered, firmly, "I am going to see Mr. Morecombe, dear, and to try if possible to obtain from him a true statement of his case, so that we may know how it really stands. Surely he is not so great a villain as circumstances, at the present moment, paint him."

"Pray God you may be right," said Charity; "but I am afraid he will be very angry when he sees you."

"I do not fear his anger," said Ruth, "nor have I the slightest reason to dread it."

"Ruth," said Charity, her eyes filling with tears, "pray return as soon as you have seen him, and let me know all that takes place. It is better to know the worst than to be thus in doubt."

Ruth now left the house, and hiring a cab, drove to the prison. It might have been expected that as she neared it she would feel anxious as to the result of her interview with Mr. Morecombe. This, however, was far from being the case. She was one of those beings who are retiring and timid in the extreme when there are no especial circumstances to call out their energies, but who become cool and determined in proportion to the difficulties they have to encounter. When she had dismissed the driver, she made her application at the prison-gate without the least perturbation. An officer was sent with her to the cell in which Mr. Morecombe was. He was leisurely looking over some documents he had in his hand. He started up when he saw her.

"What, Ruth!" he said in a jaunty tone of voice; "is that you? You have come to have your revenge, I suppose. You are rather early though, I am not yet tried, and there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, as I dare say you have heard before."

"If you imagine, Mr. Morecombe, that I came here with any intention of the kind, you do me an injustice," said Ruth. "The object of my visit is to ascertain from you, not only for my sister's sake, but also for the sake of the rest of her family, whether the accusation which has been made against you is well-founded; and also to know in what position my poor father now is relative to the business transactions which have taken place between you. At present he is not aware of what has occurred, and I wish, when I write to him, to explain the exact position he is in."

"As to your first question, Ruth," he answered, in an off-hand manner, "I must decline entering into particulars, especially in the presence of my friend here," pointing to the officer, who had remained with them; "for information on the subject

I must refer you to the newspapers, in which, I have no doubt, you will find a full, true, and particular account of all that has taken place in connection with that somewhat unpleasant affair. As to——"

"But you surely don't mean to say that you do not deny the charge?" said Ruth, interrupting him.

"I hardly see of what use it would be if I did; but do not interrupt me until I have done. With respect to my transactions with your father, I am not certain that my arrest is any very great misfortune to him, seeing that at present we are not in debt, let me say, to more than a thousand pounds or so beyond our assets, which might not have been the case had I remained longer at liberty. You see I am frank with you," he continued, and burst into a forced laugh on noticing Ruth's expression of countenance. "Better, my girl, to know the worst at first, than find things different from what you expected afterwards."

"You surely do not mean to say that circumstances are really so bad?" said Ruth, now terribly alarmed for her father.

"It is a fact, I assure you," he answered coolly.

Ruth remained silent for some moments, and then addressed him in an imploring tone:

"But, Mr. Morecombe, give me some word of consolation—something with some hope in it. You lead me to suppose that the terrible accusation against you is true; and you follow it up by showing, not only that my poor sister and her children are beggars, but that my old father is also ruined. I can support much, but all this weighs me down," said Ruth, bursting into tears.

"I cannot help it, Ruth," Mr. Morecombe answered coolly; "facts are facts, though unpleasant."

"To think," continued Ruth, "of my poor sister turned into the streets with her helpless children two days since, without a friend in the world, and that the ruin and disgrace you have brought upon my poor father will probably bring down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, is more than I can bear."

Here she sank upon the seat which had been occupied by Mr. Morecombe, and, leaning her head upon the table, wept bitterly.

"I am sorry for your father, I confess," said Mr. Morecombe; "he is a good fellow, if not particularly bright: but as for your sister, I suspect she is not without her consolation. If she is poor, she has at any rate got rid of a husband she detests, although there is not perhaps much love lost between us. If I have been a bad husband—which I know you to believe me to have been—I have not been much more fortunate in a wife."

At the commencement of this remark Ruth raised her head from the table, and when it was completed she sat erect and regarded Mr. Morecombe with a look of defiance, such as those who knew her on ordinary occasions would hardly have thought her capable of showing.

"How dare you speak of my sister in that manner!" she said in a tone of deep indignation. "What right have you to speak of her so disrespectfully, I say! She has been a good wife to you—a thousand times better than you deserved."

"Come, come, Ruth," said Mr. Morecombe, "do not talk to me in that manner, or I will answer you in the same tone. I can assure you my tongue is as well hung as yours, woman though you be."

"I care not," said Ruth; "say what you please. You cannot, with the slightest pretence of truth, say anything against my poor sister. You have behaved most infamously to her."

"Take care, Ruth."

"You were received by us with friendship and confidence. My father gave you his darling child, and became poor to make you rich and happy. And what is the return you have made us! The ruin you have brought on us all is nothing in comparison with the disgrace you have covered us with."

"I have at any rate given you an opportunity of showing your care and solicitude for your family, Ruth," answered Mr. Morecombe with a sneer.

"What have my sister and her children to depend on now," continued Ruth, without noticing his remark, "save the sympathy of those whom your villany has ruined?"

"Come, come," said Mr. Morecombe in the same bantering tone, "do me justice at any rate; whatever my failings may have been, I have made restitution, and that ought to go a great way in obtaining forgiveness. If, as you say, I unlawfully took your sister from her home, I have returned her to it again, without the impediment of a husband to interfere with any future alliance she may wish to make."

This cruel remark had a singular effect upon Ruth; it seemed entirely to change her nature. Her eyes glared upon him with the expression of an enraged tigress; she spasmodically clenched her hands, and, advancing a step, hissed at him through her closed teeth.

"You villain! you coward! Oh! how I wish I were a man, that I might kill you!"—and, as if to give greater emphasis to her words, she struck the table before her with such strength that her glove burst, and the blood oozed through the abrased skin of her knuckles.

At this the wretch remarked with a sneer, "Why, Ruth, what a hypocrite you must be! I had no idea you were such a termagant."

What Ruth would have now done in her rage it is impossible to say, but any further demonstration was put a stop to by the officer advancing to her, and saying in a kind tone:

"Come, come, good soul, don't take on so: you had better leave him; you will do no good, for he is a thorough blackguard. Do come away."

"I think, sir," said Mr. Morecombe, "you had better mind your own business. I am not shut up here to be the butt of your low-bred impertinence."

"I shall say what I please," said the officer, much irritated. "She called you a coward, and it

is true; you may tell any one you please that I say so. Come now," he continued, addressing Ruth with considerable feeling, "let the fellow alone; the gallows is too good for him."

The officer then conducted Ruth to the lodge, and having seated her in a chair, procured a glass of water for her. "Take my advice," he said, "and do not trouble yourself any more about that fellow. He is a thoroughpaced bad one, and you will get no good out of him, you may take my word for it."

After remaining for a few minutes longer, Ruth thanked the warder for his kindness and left the prison. She now walked rapidly homewards in a very singular frame of mind.

As soon as Ruth had entered the room at her lodging, a change came over her. She had controlled her feelings on her way home, but when she arrived there, they completely overcame her. She attempted to address Charity, but could not utter a word. She raised her hands and moved them as if to give force to the words she wished to utter; and her lips moved as if speaking, but not a syllable escaped from them. At last her features relaxed, and throwing herself on her sister's neck, she gave vent to her grief in a passionate flood of tears.

Charity now led her to a seat, and taking Ruth's head in her hands, pressed it to her heart. In this position the sisters remained for some moments. Ruth's tears relieved her, and she spoke.

"There is no longer any hope, Charity; that bad man is guilty, and he has ruined my father."

"I felt sure of it, Ruth," said Charity, "but now what can we do? You cannot imagine the ill-treatment and privation I and my children have endured at his hands. While I believed him to be my husband I kept his conduct concealed from all; but now it is over I may speak. Take me back with you, Ruth; in pity do. As soon as I am well enough I will endeavour to obtain a situation as governess in some family, so that I may be no expense to my father for the maintenance of my children. Pray take me with you, Ruth."

Ruth made no reply to her sister's request, but rising from her chair, gave her a kiss,—a thousand times more expressive than any words would have been. They now remained for some minutes silent, Ruth meanwhile walking about the room, a habit with her when she was thinking deeply. At last she stopped, and wiping away the half-dried tears from her face, she addressed Charity with such a calm in her tone and manner, as singularly contrasted with her late agitation.

"Charity," she said, "we must now determine what course we are to pursue; we cannot leave London for some days. To return home abruptly and unexpectedly would be too great a shock to my poor father and mother; indeed, to my father it might be fatal. I will write to him by to-night's post, and give him some idea of the trouble we are in. To-morrow I will send him another letter, explaining things more clearly; and the day after a third, telling him all, and that he may expect us the following day. Get me a sheet of paper, dear; I will write at once."

Charity immediately did as her sister desired, and Ruth sat down at the table to write.

"My dear Ruth," said Charity, noticing the wounded condition of her sister's hand, "what is the matter—have you hurt yourself?"

"I have merely bruised myself a little," said Ruth, colouring slightly, "but it is of no importance." And then coolly and without the slightest difficulty she commenced her letter. When she had finished it, she read it over to her sister; and so perfect had been her self-possession that it was found quite correct. She stated that Mr. Morecombe was in great difficulties, and regretted to say there were reports respecting him which bore a most unhappy appearance. She went on to say she had found Charity in a humble lodging, and in great poverty; but that she had since removed her into a respectable house, and done all in her power to make her comfortable. She concluded by saying that she would write again next day, and give them more particulars; but at the same time she implored them to expect no good news.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Ruth wrote a second letter to her father and mother; and hastily completing it, she left the house, telling Charity that she would return about the middle of the day. After posting her letter, she went to the office of Mr. Willoughby, her father's solicitor. She explained to him all that had taken place the previous day. She told him that without doubt he would shortly hear from her father; and implored him to give the case, which would be put into his hands, the most careful consideration. Mr. Willoughby, with much feeling, assured her that he would look after her father's interest with every solicitude.

"I have for some time past feared you had fallen into the hands of a swindler," he said; "and I would willingly have put you on your guard against him, but, on mature consideration, I came to the conclusion that, as Mr. Thornbury had withdrawn his confidence from me, it would be unprofessional on my part to meddle with the matter."

After Ruth had left the solicitor, she went to the coach-office to ascertain what places were vacant on the day she had fixed for leaving London, and finding there was room for them all, she secured seats, and then returned home to her sister. In the afternoon of the same day, Ruth took her two little nephews out for a walk, and seizing the opportunity, she bought the children everything they required. Charity thus found her boys with a respectable outfit, when in the morning they had barely sufficient clothes to wear. She thanked her sister for her kindness, in terms as explicit as she could find, but the expression of her face better told her gratitude. Ruth did not go out again that

day, but employed herself in the evening with writing her next day's letter to her father and mother. This she worded with great care. In the one she had despatched by that night's post, she informed her parents of the heavy suspicion that Mr. Morecombe had another wife living; and in the one she was now writing, she told them that the suspicion had turned out to be well founded, and that there was no possibility of a doubt as to Mr. Morecombe's guilt. His affairs, she also stated with equal certainty, were in the most deplorable condition; and it would require all her father's energy, assisted by the ability and tact of a clever solicitor, to separate his interests from those of his unworthy son-in-law. She concluded by saying that she intended to return home the next day with her sister and the children; and she especially begged that when they arrived Charity might be welcomed in such a way as should not be painful to her feelings. She knew perfectly well that she would receive every kindness, and she suggested, therefore, that her father and mother should, if possible, receive her in the same manner as they would have done had she joined them merely for the purpose of passing a few weeks with them on an ordinary visit. Having well impressed all these instructions on her parents, she concluded her letter by assuring them of the great happiness she anticipated in being with them again.

Ruth did not show this letter to her sister, but, after having folded and directed it, to be ready for the next day's post, she occupied herself in assisting Charity with some needle-work she was engaged with.

The next morning, after breakfast, Ruth proposed that Charity should accompany her to make some purchases. As soon as she had left the house, Ruth told her sister that it would be most painful to her father and mother if she returned home so insufficiently provided with clothes, and for that reason she hoped Charity would accept them as a gift from her: and that was why she had requested her to leave the house, that they might obtain them. Charity, who was totally destitute, could only express her gratitude at her sister's liberality; and they now visited shop after shop in search of the various articles they required. Ruth, as has already been stated, had an intense admiration of her sister's beauty, and the beneficial change the new dress made in her appearance was most gratifying to the kind-hearted donor. She looked at her sister with great satisfaction, and was infinitely more pleased with the effect produced than Charity was herself. Ruth also bought many necessary things, which were to be made up when they returned home. The remainder of the day was spent in packing and making preparations for the journey, and early the next morning they left London for the Red House.

As Mr. Morecombe will not again appear in our narrative, we may mention that he was found guilty, and sentenced to a long imprisonment.

CHAPTER XIII.—CHARITY'S RETURN HOME.

NOTHING worthy of particular notice occurred to Ruth or her charge on their homeward journey, and they arrived safely at X——, where they hired a chaise to take them on to the Red House. The children were fatigued and sleepy, while their mother and aunt were absorbed in their own reflections. Charity, as was to be expected, was much depressed; and the idea of having to return home to her parents with her two boys, who were no longer allowed to bear their unworthy father's name, weighed terribly upon her spirits. Ruth's feelings were of a somewhat different description—less painful, perhaps, but hardly less anxious. She greatly feared that, in spite of all her warnings, her parents' sorrow at their unfortunate child's return would show itself in a way which might be injurious to Charity. This feeling increased the nearer they approached home, and at last it became so painful that Ruth felt it a relief when the chaise drew up at the door of the house. Mrs. Thornbury said nothing, but, flinging her arms round Charity's neck, kissed her affectionately. Mr. Thornbury had evidently determined to carry out Ruth's advice, and advanced towards his daughter, saying in a tone which he intended to be one of open-hearted pleasure:—

"Charity, my dear, welcome home again, welcome home——"

Here he stopped, utterly incapable of proceeding further. He flung himself into a chair, and, covering his face with his hands, wept like a child. Mrs. Thornbury, seeing the condition of her husband, quitted her embrace of Charity, and all advanced towards him, for the purpose of consoling him. He still continued to sob, when Deborah, who was standing by, said to him with much solemnity, "Be not ungrateful to God, for He hath restored to thee thy good child. Do not sorrow, but thank the Lord for his mercy."

"Deborah is right," said Ruth, "the God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, has been equally good to Charity. He has given her back to us to cherish, and so let us cheerfully obey his command. He will not desert those who fear and love Him."

These remarks acted powerfully in calming the sorrow of Mr. Thornbury, who now rose from his seat, and tenderly embraced Charity. The children, who had been standing by in mute astonishment, were now brought forward, and kindly treated by all. Calm was soon established, and a degree of happiness now reigned in the family circle, completely shutting out the thought of the late events which had brought them together. After Ruth and Deborah had put the children to bed, the family again met, and the remainder of the evening was passed in prayer and supplication to the Almighty, to assist them in the strait they were in.

Next morning, Ruth was closeted for some time with her father. She related to him clearly and fully all that had taken place during her absence,

and the state their affairs were in, as well as she had been able to ascertain them.

"Ruth," said Mr. Thornbury, quite aghast at the account; "what am I to do? I am a ruined man. All I have in the world is not sufficient to cover the amount owing; or, at any rate, if I am able to pay it, I shall not have a shilling left: I must even mortgage my life interest in the house, and the little land surrounding it."

"Do not despair, father," said Ruth, "there may be still something left; enough for us to live upon, with strict economy. In the first place, we must dismiss our servants, and wait on ourselves; that, after all, will be no great hardship. Remember, those who have courage to appear poor, deprive poverty of half its sting. When Charity's confinement is over, I propose to sell out my five-hundred pounds of stock, and with that we will start a school together. I think this is the best thing we can do. I do not see why she and I should not succeed. We have as much ability and energy as others; at any rate, no good can be done by desponding. You had better write by to-night's post to Mr. Willoughby, and place your affairs in his hands."

"I will do as you say, Ruth," he replied; "when God has bestowed on me a child so good as you are, it would be sinful, indeed, in me to despair."

Mr. Thornbury despatched a letter to his solicitor by that day's post, giving him a detailed account of the business transactions he had entered into with his unworthy partner, and requesting his best attention to the case. Ruth, on her side, persuaded her mother to dismiss all the servants, with the exception of Deborah and a young girl. Everything was now put on the most economical footing possible, without anything being settled as to their ultimate method of living, as that would of course greatly depend on the manner in which Mr. Willoughby managed to wind up the partnership affair.

About this time, Ruth received a second letter from her brother Edgar. He was still a junior clerk in an indigo house, without, at that moment, any promise of a rise in salary. He was then in a doubt whether he would not quit the firm with whom he was engaged, and seek for another situation. He could, he said, obtain one at a higher salary without any difficulty, but the merchant who made him the offer was in a very small way of business, and there would consequently be slight chance of advancement; whereas, in the firm with which he then was, there were several clerks, and more than one of them were in receipt of good salaries, and in case of the death of either of them, or of their getting other employment, he would assuredly have the preference for the vacant post. How he should decide, he could not at that moment say—the probabilities were, in fact, about equally balanced; though he would soon have to make up his mind, as the other clerkship might be filled up, leaving him no alternative but to stay where he was.

Ruth answered this letter by the first post. She informed her brother of the terrible calamity which had overwhelmed the family, and the villany of Mr. Morecombe. The future, she said, seemed gloomy indeed; but still she did not despair. If nothing better offered, she and Charity had determined on keeping a school, and, with the blessing of God, she felt sure they would succeed.

The time was now fast approaching for Charity's accouchement, and the nearer it came, the greater was the anxiety of her family: so debilitated had she become from the severe shock she had received. She seemed, however, to entertain no fears on her own account, but looked forward with pleasure to the time when she should be sufficiently recovered to help her sister in keeping the school.

Charity did not get over her confinement very easily,—in fact she was in great danger; and the infant (a girl) was so delicate, that there did not appear to any but its mother the slightest probability of its living. The time passed, but Charity gained no strength, and the doctor began to be very concerned about his patient. Ruth, with all her intense love for her sister, and her willingness to close her eyes to the real state of the case, could not conceal from herself that Charity was in a very dangerous condition. It was exceedingly beautiful to see the affection and unremitting attention she showed her. She seemed to be no longer susceptible to fatigue, for night and day she was at the bedside. She was in every respect an admirable nurse; had she even been trained for the sick room, it was hardly possible she could have been better. Extremely patient, tender, and watchful, as well as quiet in her movements, she seemed to anticipate each wish of the invalid, while every word she spoke was uttered in a voice so soft and sweet, that it seemed to have a curative power of its own.

Though now visibly sinking, Charity herself had no idea of the danger she was in. She would have her boys beside her, and would converse with them for hours. For their amusement, she would build for them castles in the air, and they would talk of what they would all accomplish as soon as she was well enough to leave her bed. Ruth had not the courage to inform her of her great danger, much as she wished to speak of it to her.

A circumstance, however, occurred which, while it relieved Ruth's embarrassment as to whether Charity ought to be informed of her danger, and the necessity of preparing for the speedy death that too certainly awaited her, at the same time caused her great sorrow. One evening Ruth had, as usual, taken up her position beside her sister's bed; as night advanced Charity fell into a profound slumber, and Ruth resolved to lie down, for a little time, dressed as she was, in the next room, leaving the door of communication open, so that she might hear if her sister awoke and required any assistance. At first she felt little inclination to sleep, and this was still further lessened by the bright beams of the full moon, which shone in through the windows.

"RUTH THORNBURY."

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Gradually she fell into a doze, which might have lasted for a couple of hours. She then suddenly awoke, and saw some one standing by her bedside. The figure seemed to be dressed in a robe of white, which became the more distinct from the clear rays of the moon falling on it. So peculiar was the effect produced, that the form appeared almost ethereal, and conveyed to Ruth's scarcely awakened perception the idea that it was an angel standing by her side. A momentary feeling of awe came over her, which was broken by the sound of Charity's voice.

"Are you sleeping, dear Ruth?" she said.

"Charity," said Ruth, having now fully regained her self-possession, "is that you? How imprudent it is of you to leave your room; pray go back again, or you may suffer for it."

"Ruth," Charity went on, making no answer to the remark, but seating herself on her sister's bed, "I wish particularly to speak to you. Do not be alarmed, dear, but I have this night received a message from the Almighty, telling me that I am to die; and that the poor baby will be taken before me. Better so," she continued, her voice faltering with emotion: "we shall soon meet again."

"Charity," said Ruth, greatly astonished, "you must have been dreaming."

"It was no dream," she said solemnly.

Ruth now sat up on her bed, and passing her arm round her sister's waist, said calmly, "Collect yourself, Charity dear, and tell me what has occurred."

"I cannot explain it, Ruth, but I received the message as I tell it to you."

"But were you not asleep and dreaming?"

"Certainly not; I was perfectly awake. I had been asleep, but did not dream."

"Tell me, how was the message conveyed to you?" inquired Ruth, a sensation of awe pervading her at the time, "tell me who spoke to you?"

"No one," said Charity, "no one uttered a word to me. I awoke from my sleep and looked around to see if you were near me, but I found that you had left the room. Thinking you had gone to lie down, I determined not to disturb you, but partly raised myself up in bed to see if baby was comfortable in her cot. I mention this to show you how perfectly I was awake. Finding baby was asleep, I placed my head back on the pillow to wait till you came into the room. A moment afterwards I experienced (for I can only explain it in that manner) a certainty that baby would die, and that I should shortly follow her."

"But my dear, that was only your imagination."

"Indeed, Ruth, you are in error: it was a message from heaven, I assure you, conveyed to me in a manner clearer than any voice could have conveyed it. Ruth, I shall die; and I am perfectly resigned. Nothing can save me, nor would I wish it otherwise,—nay, more, I should have received the message with a welcome, had it not been for these helpless ones I must leave behind me. Ruth," she continued, taking her sister's hand, "make me a promise that you will take my place as a mother to my poor little boys."

"Charity," said Ruth, with something like reproach in her tone, "how can you imagine it necessary to ask a promise of the kind? Had they been my own children, they could not be dearer to me than they are, and always will be."

"Pardon me, dear Ruth," said Charity, "pardon me; I do not in my heart for one moment doubt you. Had I thought for one instant, I need not have asked you. Now I shall die happy."

The conversation between the two sisters, which continued for some time longer, was at length broken by the low faint cry of the infant. They went directly to its assistance, and Ruth remained with her sister for the rest of the night.

The next day, at Charity's desire, Ruth called on the vicar, and requested that he would visit them at the Red House, for the purpose of baptizing the infant, and administering the sacrament to her sister. This gentleman demurred for some time—civilly enough, it is true—to accede to her request. He pleaded the great extent of his parish, its onerous duties, the great distance between his house and hers. He inquired particularly into the state of her sister's health, and whether it would not be possible for her to attend at the church, which was about equidistant from both houses.

Ruth informed him, that both her sister and the infant were far too ill to be taken from home; that their case, in fact, was such that a day's delay might bring the death of either. Finding the case so urgent, he promised to call next day; and Ruth returned home to apprise her parents and her sister of the result of her mission. According to promise, the vicar called at the Red House on the morrow. He baptised the infant, and administered the sacrament to Charity, but all this was done in a manner so cold and formal, as to convey as much pain as comfort.

The following day the baby died. Mr. Thornbury, Ruth, and Deborah, (who now stood on terms of perfect equality with the family,) attended the funeral; Mrs. Thornbury remaining at home with the invalid. The service was read by the vicar in so careless a manner, as to excite great sorrow in the mind of both Mr. Thornbury and Ruth; while Deborah was positively so indignant at his want of feeling, that she expressed herself strongly on the subject. When they returned home, and Mrs. Thornbury had joined Ruth and Deborah, the latter said, "I hope that worldly hard-hearted man will not come here again."

"But, Deborah," said Ruth, "you must consider that we cannot do without him. My sister ought to have the services of a minister of religion in her present condition."

"And are we not all ministers of religion?" said the old Quakeress, with some indignation. "Are we women not as capable of praying and addressing the Almighty as cold hard-hearted men like that?

Where do we find in the Holy Scriptures that a woman cannot minister? Are there not in the Bible," she continued, "many proofs to the contrary? Who were Miriam, and Huldah, and Deborah? What was Anna but a prophetess of the Jewish Church?—did she not publicly proclaim in the Temple the birth of the Messiah? Were not women the first witnesses of our Lord's resurrection, and were they not commissioned by Him to proclaim it to His disciples? At His ascension, were they not equally with men partakers of the Holy Spirit? Are they not spoken of as fellow-labourers with the Apostles? Does not Luke speak of the four daughters of Philip the deacon, 'who did prophesy'? Did not Paul say 'I commend unto you Phœbe, our sister, which is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea. . . Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus. . . Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labour in the Lord.'—Rom. xvi. 1, 3, 12. And again, in Phil. iv. 3, 'Help those women which laboured with me in the gospel.' Are not these proofs that women are able to do without the ministrations of that cold time-serving man? Thy father, Ruth, may be too sorrowful to minister to thy sister and give her comfort, and thy mother hath not strength enough; do thou then take upon thyself the duty of praying with thy sister, and be assured the God of mercy will hear thy voice."

Although somewhat doubtful of her own powers, Ruth determined to follow Deborah's counsel; and the family now met regularly morning and evening in Charity's room, for prayers. During the daytime, in the intervals of her nursing, Ruth also read portions of the Bible to her sister, in which she was occasionally assisted by Deborah.

Charity's weakness became daily more perceptible. As she became feebler, Ruth seemed almost to forget she was her twin sister, and tended her rather with the solicitude a mother shows to a dying child than to a woman of her own age. One day, when she was standing by her sister's bedside watching her, Charity, who was evidently deeply absorbed in thought at the time, had turned her head to the other side of the bed; and Ruth, fearing her sister's thoughts might be occupied on some painful subject, attempted to attract her gaze, by partially leaning over her. But in vain—Charity saw her not. Ruth waited for some moments, and then said in a sorrowful tone, and yet attempting to smile, "Look at me my pretty one, look at me."

Charity, turning her head towards her sister, said, "I will look at you Ruth with pleasure; for a sight of you is the only unmixed happiness that remains for me in this world. I will look at you with love, during the few short hours I have yet to live; and should it please the Almighty to pardon my sins and take me into His kingdom, my gaze shall still be on you—if it be permitted me—until we meet again there."

The solemnity with which Charity uttered these words made a profound impression upon her sister, and they never afterwards faded from her memory.

CHAPTER XIV.—RUTH'S MOTHERHOOD.

It would be needless to harrow the feelings of the reader with any further description of Charity's illness. She died, and was buried in the same grave with her infant.

The morning after the funeral, Ruth took her little nephews into the library, and, seating herself on a chair, placed the younger on her knee, who nestled close to her, while the elder stood at her side, leaning against her. For some moments Ruth was silent, nor did the children disturb her. She had that morning taken upon herself the duties of motherhood, and was imploring the Almighty to bless and strengthen her for the task. Her prayer over, she commenced the formation of a plan for future action. She determined, in the first place, that the children should be no expense to her father, as she could educate them herself, until they were old enough to go to school. The interest of her five hundred pounds in the Funds would, with great economy, suffice for some years for their dress and her own; and she would persuade her mother to keep only Deborah, dismissing the other servant, who, being a clever active girl, would have no difficulty in obtaining another situation. This was necessary, for all that Mr. Thornbury now had was two or three hundred pounds in ready money. To raise sufficient money for the payment of his debts, he had been obliged to mortgage his trifling interest in the Red House to its full value; the fields being let out to a neighbouring farmer, in order to get enough to pay the interest. The only asset of any importance remaining to him besides this was the family plate, which was massive, and of considerable value. Nor had he the power to increase his income by any exertion of his own; indeed, his mind appeared to be failing him, and he had no energy.

As soon as Ruth had laid out her plans for the future, she began to converse with her little nephews. With the garrulity and candour of children, they readily answered all her questions. Ruth now drew from them what amount of education they had received. They told her that poor mamma had taught the elder to read, and the younger his letters: the former had also began to write, and could even work a simple sum in addition. It is needless to say that she found them as well acquainted with the elements of the Christian religion as could be expected from their extreme youth—their infantile prayers being repeated to her with great correctness. As Ruth had always been employed in her sister's sick-room, the care of the children, and the hearing of their prayers, night and morning, had been undertaken by Mrs. Thornbury and Deborah, so that their proficiency, coming by surprise, as it did, on Ruth, pleased her greatly. She now conversed with them on other matters, with the intention of finding out their natural capabilities and dispositions, and the result gave her great satisfaction, as it proved the children to be both amiable and intelligent. As the morning

was fine, she took them round the grounds, and explained the different objects they saw, all of which were matters of great interest to them—the more that they were totally ignorant of anything connected with country life, never having once been out of London since their mamma went to reside there. At last, fatigued with their walk, Ruth returned with them to the house, resolving next day to commence her duties as governess.

Ruth's resolution to practise economy in all things was now, of course, a matter of absolute necessity, for she persevered in her determination never to allow the children to occasion the slightest expense to her father. Her liberality to Charity and the children before leaving London, and the expenses of the journey—all of which she had defrayed out of her own pocket—had consumed her savings, and left her almost penniless, until the time her next dividend should become due. She now searched among her old school-books for some elementary works, to avoid purchasing new ones, and she succeeded in finding all that were necessary. She established herself in the library (which she had taken possession of for a school-room), and every morning, from nine o'clock till twelve, she devoted exclusively to the education of her nephews. Never had children a more amiable and patient instructress than Ruth proved to them.

In this way five years passed quietly over, nothing very special taking place. During that time, Mr. Thornbury's mental and bodily health had greatly sunk, so that he was now almost an imbecile. Mrs. Thornbury's health also was now too infirm to allow of her taking any active part in tending her husband; but, as soon as Ruth and Deborah had dressed him in the morning, he was brought down-stairs and, in the winter, seated in an easy-chair beside the fire, and at the window in summer, where he remained till it was time for him to be taken to bed again. Here Ruth proved herself as good a daughter as she had been a sister, and, as her bodily strength was greater than Deborah's, she performed the most fatiguing portions of the duties required by her father.

Ruth occasionally heard from Edgar. He had quitted the firm with which he had been at first engaged, and had entered the service of the one which he contemplated doing when he wrote the last letter. The sole proprietor of the business had become very infirm, and in consequence a great portion of the responsibility had fallen upon Edgar, and he was pleased to say their transactions had greatly increased since they had been under his management. His salary had in consequence been raised, though not to any very large extent. His prospects were now much brighter, though as yet he remained a clerk. As a proof of the genuineness of the affection he expressed for his family, he enclosed in one letter a bill of exchange for fifty pounds, as a present to his mother; and in the last letter Ruth had received there was not only another hundred pounds for his mother, but a request that when Charity's children were old enough to start in the world, Ruth would send them to him, as his footing in India was now sufficiently well established to procure them appointments without any difficulty.

The money which Edgar's letter contained came most opportunely, for so low had Mr. Thornbury's finances fallen that on more than one occasion the question had been seriously entertained whether it would not be advisable to dispose of the family plate. Mrs. Thornbury offered Ruth a portion of the money she had received from her son, to assist with the children; but this Ruth would not hear of. She had resolved that Charity's children should be hers, and hers alone, and had so attended to them that her conscience might be perfectly clear as to her promise to her sister. Hitherto, by great tact and economy, she had succeeded in making the interest of her five hundred pounds cover all current expenses, though to accomplish this she had occasionally been put to great shifts.

But Ruth's hard duties were accompanied with the pleasure arising from success. Better or more tractable children no teacher ever had. She managed them admirably; and it was almost impossible boys could have been under better control. Nor was this the result of any severity on Ruth's part; on the contrary, no one could have been more indulgent. She appeared peculiarly adapted for the management of children. While she exacted from them implicit obedience, she was never known to use towards them a harsh expression. She ruled by kindness alone; and in return she received, not only submission, but love. They were also extremely intelligent, and learnt rapidly.

When the elder boy was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, she was obliged to admit that she could not keep him any longer from school without prejudice to him. She now looked around her for some establishment to which she could send him, with profit to himself, but without drawing too heavily on her very limited resources. It was a matter of no little difficulty with her to come to a conclusion on this point. At last, on the recommendation of a young curate, who now performed the principal duties of the parish, she fixed upon a small school about thirty miles distant, kept by the parish clergyman, who, to eke out a very limited income, had taken six pupils into his house. His terms were exceedingly moderate, being forty pounds a-year, including all expenses. He was a man of great learning, and admirably adapted, from his genial, patient, and kindly manners, to impart a sound education to the lads under his care.

Ruth now felt that her nephew would entail on her far heavier expenses than he had hitherto done. In order to meet this she, without the slightest hesitation, made the first break in her capital, and sold out stock to the amount of a hundred pounds. With this she purchased for him such an outfit as no gentleman's son of moderate means need have been ashamed of, and also made him an

ample allowance for pocket-money. When all the arrangements were completed, she herself conducted him to the school, and placed him under the care of the master.

During the next two years all passed off satisfactorily enough. No improvement, however, was perceptible in the state of Mr. Thornbury's mind, while his bodily health had become much feebler. The reports Ruth continued to hear from the schoolmaster of the progress of her nephew were of a most pleasing description. He was intelligent, studious, and obedient, and in every way gave promise of becoming a good and clever man. The younger boy had improved so much under her own tuition that she determined to place him also at the same school. To do this, she had again to break in upon her capital. The money she had sold out was now totally expended on the elder boy's education, and she was under the necessity of drawing a similar sum for the other. His outfit was purchased on the same liberal scale, and at the conclusion of the Christmas vacation Ruth conducted them both to school, with the satisfaction of knowing that she had now completed her duties as their instructress in a conscientious manner, so far as her ability would allow.

Two years after the younger boy had been placed at school, Ruth lost her father. The children had been spending the Christmas vacation at home, and Ruth had determined on taking them back to school herself, as she wished to visit London afterwards in order to sell out the remainder of her stock. The last time she saw her father alive was at the moment of her leaving home. He was then seated in an easy chair by the fire, and she attempted to make him understand that she and the boys wished to bid him adieu. He was, however, incapable of comprehending her, so she kissed him herself, while the boys shook his unresisting hand without his understanding the movement. He died the same evening, and it was only the day before his interment that Ruth returned home, without having heard a word in the interim of his death. This change was naturally a great shock to her, but ere long she recovered from it; and when she was capable of reflecting on the subject, she could not disguise from herself the fact that her father's life had for some years past only been a burden to him, incapacitated as he was both in mind and body for the slightest enjoyment. Fortunately about a month prior to his death Mrs. Thornbury had received from Edgar a present of a hundred pounds, which relieved them under the expenses attendant on Mr. Thornbury's funeral.

Ruth communicated to her brother the news of her father's death. She reminded him in the letter, that the Red House was now his, and stated the condition in which it was, as well as the land. Her father, she said, had left some debts which, from respect to his memory, ought to be paid. Even if they succeeded in obtaining another tenant for the land surrounding the house, it would absorb the whole of the rent for some years, and she requested Edgar to answer her letter by return of post, informing her what steps he wished her to take in the matter, as her mother was incapable of attending to business. It was ten months before Ruth received any answer from Edgar. He told her in his letter that he would leave the Red House in his mother's hands, and that during her lifetime she should enjoy any advantage she might be able to obtain from it; he also forwarded, as a present, a bill for two hundred pounds. With regard to his own affairs, he informed her that, although his income was still far from being large, his prospects were by no means unpromising. He was still the head clerk in the office, and had the entire management of the business. In speaking of his nephews, he again repeated his offer to assist them; and he advised Ruth to send them to him as soon as they were capable of leaving school, and he would engage to take every care of them, and find them employment. He concluded his letter by saying, that it was very probable Ruth might soon hear of his being married; but that matters, as yet, were not sufficiently advanced for him to enter into particulars on the subject.

On receipt of her brother's letter, Ruth resolved on sending her eldest nephew to India. He was now a fine, well-grown, resolute lad, well adapted to make his way in the world. She immediately informed him of her intentions, and he received the news with great pleasure. She went with him to London, purchased his outfit, and secured a passage for him on board an East Indiaman. She made him a present of a Bible and watch, both of which she requested him to keep in remembrance of her; and it may be added that she wept bitterly at parting from him. She remained in town till the ship sailed; and then returned home with a sorrowful heart, but with the conviction that she had now fully performed the one half of her promise to her sister.

Next year, Ruth was able to send out the younger boy, but to accomplish this she expended within a few pounds all she possessed in the world.

The boys being now provided for, Ruth remained at the Red House with her mother and Deborah. Their life was, in every respect, a most unsensational one; Deborah was naturally taciturn, unless when she had an opportunity of speaking upon some religious subject; and Mrs. Thornbury's health was too infirm to allow of her taking much interest in anything besides her own malady. She was now a confirmed invalid, and the doctor's expenses for attending her made a great hole in their small means. The family plate began to disappear piece by piece, to supply their necessities; for although Edgar sent his mother, from time to time, presents of money, they were not sufficient to cover their expenses—moderate as they were. He again spoke of his marriage, and this time informed them that the bride elect was the daughter of the principal of the house in which he was engaged. Her father, he said, would give nothing with her;

and all the pecuniary advantage he would gain by the match at the time was, simply, that he could live in the same house with his father-in-law, who was exceedingly penurious, though imagined to be very wealthy.

The description Edgar gave of the behaviour of his nephews was satisfactory in the extreme. He had taken the elder into the house of which he had the management; and the younger was placed with a friend of his, who had a factory near them. He found them both steady, moral, and industrious youths; and he had not the slightest doubt of their future success.

Three years after the departure of the boys for India, Ruth lost her mother, who had been confined to her bed for some months. She had been rather querulous for some time, and insisted that the doctor did not understand her case, and was killing her by inches. One day she insisted upon rising, and was carried down-stairs. But if the difficulty of bringing her down-stairs had been great, that of taking her back again was still greater. More than once she almost fainted on the way up, and thankful indeed was her daughter when they had succeeded in placing her safely in bed again. For some time she remained perfectly quiet, as if fatigued, and at last fell asleep. So tranquil was her slumber, that after sitting by her mother's bed for some time, Ruth sought her own, which was placed in the same room. She was a light sleeper, and awoke several times in the night; but as her mother's rest seemed perfectly undisturbed, she soon fell asleep again. It was broad daylight before she arose, and she immediately went to the bedside of her mother, who appeared to be still in a quiet sleep. Noticing an unwonted pallor on her mother's face, she felt her hand, and found it was cold as marble. Terribly alarmed, she drew aside the bedclothes, which partially concealed her mother's face, and uttered a loud scream—Mrs. Thornbury was dead.

Deborah, alarmed by Ruth's cry, immediately threw on a few clothes, and ran to the sick-room. When she entered it, she looked to Ruth for an explanation, but finding her weeping bitterly, she turned to the bed, and saw, in a moment, that Mrs. Thornbury was dead. Deborah's behaviour on this occasion was remarkable, and offered a striking contrast to that of Ruth. The latter on seeing that her mother was no more, gave full vent to her grief; but in her own peculiar quiet way. She uttered not a sigh, nor a sob, but wept on. The old Quakeress, on the contrary, usually so undemonstrative, now flung herself on the dead body of her mistress and wept aloud, as one who would not be comforted. So great was her grief, that Ruth, even in her deep sorrow, tried to console her, but with no effect. With difficulty she removed her from the dead body, but her lamentations continued without abatement. With her dress in great disorder, her dishevelled grey hair hanging unrestrainedly about her face, and her eyes streaming with tears, she unceasingly paced to and fro in the room, wringing her hands the while, and uttering apparently at random—and certainly without sequence—such texts from Scripture as at the moment corresponded with her passing thoughts:—

"Mine eye runneth down with rivers of water, because of the destruction of the daughter of my people."

"Forsake me not, O Lord; O my God, be not Thou far from me."

"Mine eyes fail for Thy word, saying, When wilt thou comfort me?"

"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me."

"We looked for peace, and no peace came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble."

"Mine eye trickleth down, and ceaseth not with any intermission."

"Though I speak, my grief is not assuaged, and though I forbear, what am I eased?"

"Mine heart panteth, my strength faileth me; as for the light of mine eye, it is also gone from me."

"Mine eye also is dim by reason of sorrow, and all my members are as a shadow."

For more than an hour the two women continued their grief unrestrainedly, each in her own peculiar manner. At last, Ruth's attention was attracted by a loud knocking at the front door; she immediately descended to answer it, and found it was the doctor. In an instant he divined from Ruth's appearance what had taken place; he nevertheless entered the house, and accompanied her up-stairs. When he came into the room, Deborah took not the slightest notice of him, but continued her wailing unremittingly. The doctor, finding that the last sad offices of closing the eyes and binding up the head of the dead person had not been performed, requested Ruth to bring him a handkerchief, and to assist him. As Ruth gently lifted up her mother's head from the bed, to allow the doctor to fix on the handkerchief more conveniently, she attracted Deborah's attention, who advancing towards them, and stretching her hands forward as if addressing the corpse, said,

"Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman. And, O how I loved thee, O how I loved thee! Rivers of water could not wash out my love."

The tone of unspeakable anguish in which Deborah uttered these words communicated itself to Ruth, who, utterly overcome, quitted her mother's head, and concealing her face in the pillow, gave way to a sorrow as loud as that of the Quakeress herself. Even the doctor, though a cool man of science, found his eyes fill with tears at the terrible sorrow of the two poor women as he continued his task alone. The next day, feeling for their desolate condition, he kindly called on them, to ask them if he could assist them in making any preparations for the funeral. Ruth thankfully profitted by his offer, telling him she would leave it entirely in his hands. Before leaving the house, he

took an opportunity of speaking to Deborah alone, who, now dressed with her accustomed prim neatness, stood ready to open the door for him as he left the house. He told her, that although her sorrow for her deceased mistress did her great credit, still she ought to restrain it. It was her duty to console Miss Thornbury, who required great consolation, and not selfishly to indulge in her own grief. Deborah listened to him very demurely, and evidently admitted his reasoning to be valid; she pleaded, however, two words in extenuation of her conduct: "Jesus wept."

The funeral over, the minds of the two poor women became somewhat calmer, and they began to trace out plans for the future. The first thing Ruth did was to write a letter to her brother, informing him of his mother's death, and requesting his instructions as to what she was to do with the house, which was now his. She also explained the great poverty she was in, and asked him to assist her. She said that, with great economy, she and Deborah might contrive to exist till she received his reply; but after that time they would both be entirely destitute. She apologized for troubling him, but she had no other friends in the world to whom she could apply for assistance, and she should not have had the courage to write to him on the subject, had it not been for the love he had always shown her, and his great liberality to his father and mother.

The letter having been despatched, Ruth disposed of the remainder of the plate, which realised a considerable sum. With the proceeds she paid the doctor's bill, which was far heavier than she had contemplated. It is more than probable that the worthy doctor would have reduced the amount had he been aware of the real state of their finances, but Ruth, actuated by a pride some would call false, had not the courage to tell him. She also paid some other out-standing debts, and then reserved the balance for her own and Deborah's support, till she should receive her brother's reply. She and Deborah now fastened up the whole of the basement-floor of the house, and they then hired a carpenter to insert in the front door the small wicket of which we have spoken in our first chapter, and through this she and Deborah afterwards received their provisions, and answered the few persons who called at the house. They now made an arrangement with Mr. Carter, the keeper of the general shop in the village, to send his errand-boy two or three times a-week for orders, and then finally shut themselves up in the house.

Nothing could be more monotonous than the lives these two women now led. They were almost as silent as spectres, scarcely any conversation passing between them. Deborah, always taciturn, as we have said, had become far more so since the death of her mistress: and she now passed her time, when not engaged in household duties, in reading her Bible, or in silent prayer. Things went on in this manner till Edgar's reply to Ruth's letter was due—when, to their great disappointment, none came. It was true they had calculated the time for its arrival somewhat too closely, but then their necessities led them into the error—they were almost starving.

One evening, Deborah had been reading her Bible, as she was invariably accustomed to do before retiring to bed, and when she had finished, instead of rising from her chair, she remained for some time leaning back with her eyes closed and her hands clasped on her lap, her lips moving the while as if in silent prayer. Suddenly she turned her head towards Ruth, and said,

"My dear, I can no longer remain quietly and see thee starve. I have just prayed to God to guide me, and I feel He has heard my prayer. Some of my relations in London may still be living, although I have not heard from them for years. I have as much good linen left as will pay my way to London, and I am determined to start off the moment God directs me to leave." So saying, she rose from her chair, and, without kissing Ruth, as was her wont, abruptly left the room.

Next morning when Ruth descended from her bed-room, she found the hall-door open. Greatly surprised as she was at this circumstance, she was still more so when, on entering the sitting-room, she found a piece of paper with something written on it, lying on Deborah's open Bible. It was a few lines written by the old Quakeress, stating that at day-break God had told her to leave; but that she had not the courage to say farewell to her mistress. She begged Ruth to be of good cheer, as she should, with the Divine permission, soon hear from her; that her own heart was stout, for, although a very old woman, she felt that the Almighty would direct and support her. Although Ruth had not the slightest suspicion of Deborah's intention to depart that morning, she hardly felt surprised at it. To say the truth, a singular apathy had taken possession of her, which increased with her bodily weakness, arising from protracted starvation. Her finances now dwindled down from pounds to shillings, and from shillings rapidly to pence; and, as each coin was changed, she reduced the amount of food she purchased, her weakness increasing the while as well as her apathy. She did not even feel surprised at the absence of all intelligence from her brother or Deborah. At last, having lived for more than a fortnight on a few penny rolls, she sunk from exhaustion, and would have died, had it not been for the providential discovery of her position by Giles the errand-boy.

It must not be imagined that nothing worthy of note took place in the Red House in the interim between the departure of Deborah and the discovery of Ruth by Giles. On the contrary, several incidents occurred well worthy of relating, but they will be better understood if deferred to a later chapter of our narrative.

(To be continued.)

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART XI.

CHAPTER XLI.

When Mary went away, she left the two ladies at the Cottage in a singular excitement and perplexity. They were tingling with the blows which they had themselves received, and yet at the same time they were hushed and put to shame, as it were, for any secondary pang they might be feeling, by the look in Mrs. Ochterlony's face, and by her sudden departure. Aunt Agatha, who knew of few mysteries in life, and thought that where neither sickness nor death was, nor any despairs of blighted love or disappointed hope, there could not be anything very serious to suffer, would have got over it, and set it down as one of Mary's ways, had she been by herself. But Winnie was not so easily satisfied; her mind was possessed by the thought, in which no doubt there was a considerable mingling of vanity, that her husband would strike her through her friends. It seemed as if he had done so now; Winnie did not know precisely what it was that Percival knew about her sister, but only that it was something discreditable, something that would bring Mary down from her pinnacle of honour and purity. And now he had done it, and driven Mrs. Ochterlony to despair; but what was it about Will? Or was Will a mere pretence on the part of the outraged and terrified woman to get away? Something she had known for years! This was the thought which had chiefly moved Winnie, going to her heart. She herself had lived a stormy life; she had done a great many things which she ought not to have done; she had never been absolutely wicked or false, nor forfeited her reputation; but she knew in her heart that her life had not been a fair and spotless life; and when she thought of its strivings, and impatience, and self-will, and bitter discontent, and of the serene course of existence which her sister had led in the quietness, her heart smote her. Perhaps it was for her sake that this blow, which Mary had known of for years, had at last descended upon her head. All the years of her own stormy career her sister had been living at Kirtell, doing no harm, doing good, serving God, bringing up her children, covering her sins, if she had sinned, with repentance and good deeds; and yet for Winnie's sake, for her petulance, and fury, and hotheadedness, the angel (or was it the demon?) had lifted his fiery sword and driven Mary out of Paradise. All this moved Winnie strangely; and along with these were other thoughts—thoughts of her own strange miserable unprotectedness, with only Aunt Agatha to stand between her and the world, while she still had a husband in the world, between whom and herself there stood no deadly shame nor fatal obstacle, and whose presence would shield her from all such intrusions as that she had just suffered from. He had sinned against her, but that a woman can forgive—and she had not sinned against him, not to such an extent as is unpardonable in a woman. Perhaps there might even be something in the fact that Winnie had found Kirtell and quiet not the medicine suited to her mind, and that even Mary's flight into the world had brought a tingling into her wings, a longing to mount into freer air, and rush back to her fate. Thus a host of contradictory feelings joined in one great flame of excitement, which rose higher and higher all through the night. To fly forth upon him, and controvert his wicked plans, and save the sister who was being sacrificed for her sake; and yet to take possession of him back again, and set him up before her, her shield and buckler against the world; and at the same time to get out and break loose from this flowery cage, and rush back into the big world, where there would be air and space to move in—such were Winnie's thoughts. In the morning, when she came down-stairs, which was an hour earlier than usual, to Aunt Agatha's great amazement, she wore her travelling dress, and had an air of life and movement in her, which startled Miss Seton, and which, since her return to Kirtell, had never been seen in Winnie's looks before.

"It is very kind of you to come down, Winnie, my darling, when you knew I was alone," said Aunt Agatha, giving her a tender embrace.

"I don't think it is kind in me," said Winnie; and then she sat down, and took her sister's office upon her, to Miss Seton's still greater bewilderment, and made the tea, without quite knowing what she was doing. "I suppose Mary has been travelling all night," she said; "I am going in to Carlisle, Aunt Agatha, to that woman, to know what it is all about."

"Oh, my darling, you were always so generous," cried Aunt Agatha, in amaze; "but you must not do it. She might say things to you, or you might meet people——"

"If I did meet people, I hope I know how to take care of myself," said Winnie; and that flush came to her face, and that light to her eye, like the neigh of the war-horse when he hears the sound of battle.

Aunt Agatha was struck dumb. Terror seized her, as she looked at the kindling cheeks and rapid gesture, and saw the Winnie of old, all impatient and triumphant, dawning out from under the cloud.

"Oh, Winnie, you are not going away," she cried, with a thrill of presentiment. "Mary has gone, and they have all gone. You are not going to leave me all by myself here?"

"I?" said Winnie. There was scorn in the tone,

and yet what was chiefly in it was a bitter affectation of humility. "It will be time enough to fear my going, when any one wants me to go."

Miss Seton was a simple woman, and yet she saw that there lay more meaning under these words than the plain meaning they bore. She clasped her hands, and lifted her appealing eyes to Winnie's face—and she was about to speak, to question, to remonstrate, to importune, when her companion suddenly seized her hands tight, and silenced her by the sight of an emotion more earnest and violent than anything Aunt Agatha knew.

"Don't speak to me," she said, with her eyes blazing, and clasped the soft old hands in hers till she hurt them. "Don't speak to me; I don't know what I am going to do—but don't talk to me, don't look at me, Aunt Agatha. Perhaps my life—and Mary's—may be fixed to-day."

"Oh, Winnie, I don't understand you," cried Aunt Agatha, trembling, and freeing her poor little crushed soft hands.

"And I don't understand myself," said Winnie. "Don't let us say a word more."

What did it mean, that flush in her face, that thrill of purpose and meaning in her words, and her step, and her whole figure?—and what had Mary to do with it?—and how could their fate be fixed one way or other? Aunt Agatha asked herself these questions vainly, and could make nothing of them. But after breakfast she went to her room and said her prayers—which was the best thing to do; and in that moment Winnie, poor Winnie, whose prayers were few though her wants were countless, took a rose from the trellis, and pinned it in with her brooch, and went softly away. I don't know what connection there was between the rose and Aunt Agatha's prayers, but somehow the faint perfume softened the wild, agitated, stormy heart, and suggested to it that sacrifice was being made and supplications offered somewhere for its sins and struggles. Thus, when his sons and daughters went out to their toils and pleasures, Job drew near the altar lest some of them might curse God in their hearts.

It was strange to see her sallying forth by herself, she who had been shielded from every stranger's eye; and yet there was a sense of freedom in it—freedom, and danger, and exhilaration, which was sweet to Winnie. She went rushing in to Carlisle in the express train, flying as it were on the wings of the wind. But Mrs. Kirkman was not at home. She was either working in her district, or she was teaching in the infant school, or giving out work to the poor women, or perhaps at the mothers' meeting, which she always said was the most precious opportunity of all; or possibly she might be making calls—which, however, was an hypothesis which her maid rejected as unworthy of her. Mrs. Percival found herself brought to a sudden standstill when she heard this. The sole audible motive which she had proposed to herself for her expedition was to see Mrs. Kirkman, and for the moment she did not know what to do. After a while, however, she turned and went slowly yet eagerly in another direction. She concluded she would go to the Askells, who might know something about it. They were Percival's friends; they might be in the secret of his plans—they might convey to him the echo of her indignation and disdain; possibly even he might himself—— But Winnie would not let herself consider that thought. Captain Askell's house was not the same cold and neglected place where Mary had first seen Emma after their return. They had a little more money—and that was something; and Nelly was older—which was a great deal more; but even Nelly could not altogether abrogate the character which her mother gave to her house. The maid who opened the door had bright ribbons in her cap, but yet was a sloven, half-suppressed; and the carpets on the stair were badly fitted and threatened here and there to entangle the unwary foot. And there were a bewildering multiplicity of sounds in the house. You could hear the maids in the kitchen, and the children in the nursery—and even as Winnie approached the drawing-room she could hear voices thrilling with an excitement which did not become that calm retreat. There was a sound as of a sob, and there was a broken voice a little loud in its accents. Winnie went on with a quicker throb of her heart—perhaps he himself—— But when the door opened it was upon a scene she had not thought of. Mrs. Kirkman was there, seated high as in a throne, looking with a sad but touching resignation upon the disturbed household. And it was Emma who was sobbing—sobbing and crying out, and launching a furious little soft incapable clenched hand into the air—while Nelly, all glowing red, eyes lit up with indignation, soft lips quivering with distress, stood by, with a gaze of horror and fury and disgust fixed on the visitor's face. Winnie went in, and they all stopped short and stared at her, as if she had dropped from the skies. Her appearance startled and dismayed them, and yet it was evidently in perfect accordance with the spirit of the scene. She could see that at the first glance. She saw they were already discussing this event, whatever it might be. Therefore Winnie did not hesitate. She offered no ordinary civilities herself, nor required any. She went straight up to where Mrs. Kirkman sat, not looking at the others. "I have come to ask you what it means," she said; and Winnie felt that they all stopped and gave way to her as to one who had a right to know.

"That is what I am asking," cried Emma, "what does it mean? We have all known it for ages, and none of us said a word. And she that sets up for being a Christian! As if there was no honour left in the regiment, and as if we were to talk of everything that happens! Ask her, Mrs. Percival. I don't believe half nor a quarter what they say of any one. When they dare to raise up a scandal about Madonna Mary, none of us are safe. And a thing that we have all known for a hundred years!"

"Oh mamma!" said Nelly, softly under her breath. The child knew everything about every-

body, as was to have been expected; every sort of tale had been told in her presence. But what moved her to shame was her mother's share. It was a murmured compunction, a vicarious acknowledgment of sin. "Oh mamma!"

"It is not I that am saying it," cried Emma, again resuming her sob. "I would have been torn to pieces first. Me to harm her that was always a jewel! Oh, ask her, ask her! What is going to come of it, and what does it mean?"

"My dear, perhaps Nelly had better retire before we speak of it any more," said Mrs. Kirkman, meekly. "I am not one that thinks it right to encourage delusions in the youthful mind, but still, if there is much more to be said——"

And then it was Nelly's turn to speak. "You have talked about everything in the world without sending me away," cried the girl, "till I wondered and wondered you did not die of shame. But I'll stay now. One is safe," said Nelly, with a little cry of indignation and youthful rage, "when you so much as name Mrs. Ochterlony's name."

All this time Winnie was standing upright and eager before Mrs. Kirkman's chair. It was not from incivility that they offered her no place among them. No one thought of it, and neither did she. The conflict around her had sobered Winnie's thoughts. There was no trace of her husband in it, nor of that striking her through her friends which had excited and exhilarated her mind; but the family instinct of mutual defence awoke in her. "My sister has heard something which has—which has had a singular effect upon her," said Winnie, pausing instinctively, as if she had been about to betray something. "And it is you who have done it; I want to know what it means."

"Oh, she must be ill!" wailed poor Emma; "I knew she would be ill. If she dies it will be your fault. Oh, let me get up and go to her. I knew she must be ill."

As for Mrs. Kirkman, she shook her head and her long curls, and looked compassionately upon her agitated audience. And then Winnie heard all the long-hoarded well-remembered tale. The only difference made in it was that by this time all confidence in the Gretna Green marriage, which had once been allowed, at least as a matter of courtesy, had faded out of the story. Even Mrs. Askell no longer thought of that. When the charm of something to tell began to work, the Captain's wife chimed in with the narrative of her superior officer. All the circumstances of that long-past event were revealed to the wonder-stricken hearers. Mary's distress, and Major Ochterlony's anxiety, and the consultations he had with everybody, and the wonderful indulgence and goodness of the ladies at the station, who never made any difference, and all their benevolent hopes that so uncomfortable an incident was buried in the past, and could now have no painful results;—all this was told to Winnie in detail; and in the confidential committee thus formed, her own possible deficiencies and shortcomings were all passed over. "Nothing would have induced me to say a syllable on the subject if you had not been dear Mary's sister," Mrs. Kirkman said; and then she relieved her mind and told it all.

Winnie, for her part, sat dumb and listened. She was more than struck dumb—she was stupified by the news. She had thought that Mary might have been "foolish," as she herself had been "foolish;" even that Mary might have gone further, and compromised herself; but of a dishonour which involved such consequences she had never dreamed. She sat and heard it all in a bewildered horror, with the faces of Hugh and Will floating like spectres before her eyes. A woman gone astray from her duty as a wife was not, Heaven help her! so extraordinary an object in poor Winnie's eyes—but, good heavens! Mary's marriage, Mary's boys, the very foundation and beginning of her life! The room went round and round with her as she sat and listened. A public trial, a great talk in the papers, one brother against another, and Mary, Mary, the chief figure in all! Winnie put her hands up to her ears, not to shut out the sound of this incredible story, but to deaden the noises in her head, the throbbing of all her pulses, and stringing of all her nerves. She was so stupified that she could make no sort of stand against it, no opposition to the evidence, which, indeed, was crushing, and left no opening for unbelief. She accepted it all, or rather was carried away by the bewildering overwhelming tide. And even Emma Askell got excited, and woke up out of her crying and added her contribution of details. Poor little Nelly, who had heard it all before, had retired to a corner and taken up her work, and might be seen in the distance working furiously, with a hot flush on her cheek, and now and then wiping a furtive tear from her eye. Nelly did not know what to say nor how to meet it—but there was in her little woman's soul a conviction that something unknown must lie behind, and that the inference at least was not true.

"And you told Will?" said Winnie, rousing up at last. "You knew all the horrible harm it might do, and you told Will."

"It was not I who told him," said Mrs. Kirkman; and then there was a pause, and the two ladies looked at each other, and a soft, almost imperceptible flutter, visible only to a female eye, revealed that there might be something else to say.

"Who told him?" said Winnie, perceiving the indications, and feeling her heart thrill and beat high once more.

"I am very sorry to say anything, I am sure, to make it worse," said Mrs. Kirkman. "It was not I who told him. I suppose you are aware that—that Major Percival is here. He was present at the marriage as well as I. I wonder he never told you. It was he who told Will. He only came to get the explanations from me."

They thought she would very probably faint, or make some demonstration of distress, not knowing that this was what poor Winnie had been waiting,

almost hoping for; and, on the contrary, it seemed to put new force into her, and a kind of beauty, at which her companions gazed aghast. The blood rushed into her faded cheek, and light came to her eyes. She could not speak at first, so overwhelming was the tide of energy and new life that seemed to pour into her veins. After all, she had been a true prophet. It was all for her sake. He had struck at her through her friends, and she could not be angry with him. It was a way like another of showing love, a way hard upon other people, no doubt, but carrying a certain poignant sweetness to her for whose sake the blow had fallen. But Winnie knew she was in the presence of keen observers, and put restraint upon herself.

"Where is Major Percival to be found?" she said, with a measured voice, which she thought concealed her excitement, but which was overdone, and made it visible. They thought she was meditating something desperate when she spoke in that unnatural voice, and drew her shawl round her in that rigid way. She might have been going to stab him, the bystanders thought, or do him some grievous harm.

"You would not go to him for that?" said Emma, with a little anxiety, stopping short at once in her tears and in her talk. "They never will let you talk to them about what they have done; and then they always say you take part with your own friends."

Mrs. Kirkman, too, showed a sudden change of interest, and turned to the new subject with zeal and zest: "If you are really seeking a reconciliation with your husband——" she began; but this was more than Winnie could bear.

"I asked where Major Percival was to be found," she said; "I was not discussing my own affairs: but Nelly will tell me. If that is all about Mary, I will go away."

"I will go with you," cried Emma; "only wait till I get my things. I knew she would be ill; and she must not think that we are going to forsake her now. As if it could make any difference to us that have known it for ever so long! Only wait till I get my things."

"Poor Mary! she is not in a state of mind to be benefited by any visit," said Mrs. Kirkman, solemnly. "If it were not for that, *I* would go."

As for Winnie, she was trembling with impatience, eager to be free and to be gone, and yet not content to go until she had left a sting behind her, like a true woman. "How you all talk!" she cried; "as if your making any difference could matter. You can set it going, but all you can do will never stop it. Mary has gone to Will, whom you have made her enemy. Perhaps she has gone to ask her boy to save her honour; and you think she will mind about your making a difference, or about your visits—when it is a thing of life or death!"

And she went to the door all trembling, scarcely able to support herself, shivering with excitement and wild anticipation. Now she *must* see him—now it was her duty to go to him and ask him why—— She rushed away, forgetting even that she had not obtained the information she came to seek. She had been speaking of Mary, but it was not of Mary she was thinking. Mary went totally out of her mind as she hurried down the stairs. Now there was no longer any choice: she must go to him, must see him, must renew the interrupted but never-ended struggle. It filled her with an excitement which she could not subdue nor resist. Her heart beat so loud that she did not hear the sound of her own step on the stairs, but seemed somehow to be carried down by the air, which encircled her like a soft whirlwind; and she did not hear Nelly behind her calling her, to tell her where he lived. She had no recollection of that. She did not wait for any one to open the door for her, but rushed out, moved by her own purpose as by a supernatural influence; and but for the violent start he gave, it would have been into his arms she rushed as she stepped out from the Askells' door.

This was how their meeting happened. Percival had been going there to ask some questions about the Cottage and its inmates, when his wife, with that look he knew so well—with all the coming storm in her eyes, and the breath of excitement quick on her parted lips—stepped out almost into his arms. He was fond of her, notwithstanding all their mutual sins; and their spirits rushed together, though in a different way from that rush which accompanies the meeting of the lips. They rushed together with a certain clang and spark; and the two stood facing each other in the street, defying, hating, struggling, feeling that they belonged to each other once more.

"I must speak with you," said Winnie, in her haste; "take me somewhere that I may speak. Is this your revenge? I know what you have done. When everything is ended that you can do to me, you strike me through my friends."

"If you choose to think so——" said Percival.

"If I choose to think so? What else can I think?" said the hot combatant; and she went on by his side with hasty steps and a passion and force which she had not felt in her since the day when she fled from him. She felt the new tide in her veins, the new strength in her heart. It was not the calm of union, it was the heat of conflict; but still, such as it was, it was her life. She went on with him, never looking or thinking where they were going, till they reached the rooms where he was living, and then, all by themselves, the husband and wife looked each other in the face.

"Why did you leave me, Winnie?" he said; "I might be wrong, but what does it matter? I may be wrong again, but I have got what I wanted. I would not have minded much killing the boy for the sake of seeing you and having it out. Let them manage it their own way; it is none of our business. Come back to me, and let them settle it their own way."

"Never!" cried Winnie, though there was a struggle in her heart. "After doing all the harm you could do to me, do you think you can recall me by ruining my sister? How dare you venture to look me in the face?"

"And I tell you I did not mind what I did to get to see you and have it out with you," said Percival; "and if that is why you are here, I am glad I did it. What is Mary to me? She must look after herself. But I cannot exist without my wife."

"It was like that, your conduct that drove me away," said Winnie, with a quiver on her lips.

"It *was* like it," said he, "only that you never did me justice. My wife is not like other men's wives. I might drive you away, for you were always impatient; but you need not think I would stick at anything that had to be done to get you back."

"You will never get me back," said Winnie, with flashing eyes. All her beauty had come back to her in that moment. It was the warfare that did it, and at the same time it was the homage and flattery which were sweet to her, and which she could see in everything he said. He would have stuck at nothing to get her back. For that object he would have ruined, or killed, or done anything wicked. What did it matter about the other people? There was a sort of magnificence in it that took her captive; for neither of the two had pure motives or a high standard of action, or enough even of conventional goodness to make them hypocrites. They both acknowledged, in a way, that themselves, the two of them, were the chief objects in the universe, and everything else in the world faded into natural insignificance when they stood face to face, and their great perennial conflict was renewed.

"I do not believe it," said Percival. "I have told you I will stick at nothing. Let other people take care of their own affairs. What have you to do in that weedy den with that old woman? You are not good enough, and you never were meant for that. I knew you would come to me at the last."

"But you are mistaken," said Winnie, still breathing fire and flame. "The old woman, as you call her, is good to me, good as nobody ever was. She loves me, though you may think it strange. And if I have come to you it is not for you, it is to ask what you have done, what your horrible motive could be, and why, now you have done every injury to me a man could do, you should try to strike me through my friends."

"I do not care *that* for your friends," said Percival. "It was to force you to see me, and have it out. Let them take care of themselves. Neither man nor woman has any right to interfere in my affairs."

"Nobody was interfering in your affairs," cried Winnie; "do you think they had anything to do with it?—could they have kept me if I wanted to go? It is me you are fighting against. Leave Mary alone, and put out your strength on me. I harmed you, perhaps, when I gave in to you and let you marry me. But she never did you any harm. Leave Mary, at least, alone."

Percival turned away with a disdainful shrug of his shoulders. He was familiar enough with the taunt. "If you harmed me by that act, I harmed you still more, I suppose," he said. "We have gone over that ground often enough. Let us have it out now. Are you coming back to your duty and to me?"

"I came to speak of Mary," said Winnie, facing him as he turned. "Set those right first who have never done you any harm, and then we can think of the others. The innocent come first. Strike at me like a man, but not through my friends."

She sat down as she spoke, without quite knowing what she did. She sat down, because, though the spirit was moved to passionate energy, the flesh was weak. Perhaps something in the movement touched the man who hated and loved her, as she loved and hated him. A sudden pause came to the conflict, such as does occur capriciously in such struggles; in the midst of their fury a sudden touch of softness came over them. They were alone—nothing but mists of passion were between them, and though they were fighting like foes, still their perverse souls were one. He came up to her suddenly and seized her hands, not tenderly, but rudely, as was natural to his state of mind.

"Winnie," he said, "this will not do; come away with me. You may struggle as you please, but you are mine. Don't let us make a laughing-stock of ourselves! What are a set of old women and children between you and me? Let them fight it out; it will all come right. What is anything in the world between you and me? Come! I am not going to be turned off or put away as if you did not mind. I know you better than that. Come! I tell you, nothing can stand between you and me."

"Never!" said Winnie, blazing with passion: but even while she spoke the course of the torrent changed. It leaped the feeble boundaries, and went into the other channel—the channel of love which runs side by side with that of hate. "You leave me to be insulted by everybody who has a mind—and if I were to go with you, it is you who would insult me!" cried Winnie. And the tears came pouring to her eyes suddenly like a thunderstorm. It was all over in a moment, and that was all that was said. What were other people that either he or she should postpone their own affairs to any secondary consideration? Their spirits rushed together with a flash of fire and roll of thunder. The suddenness of it was the thing that made it effectual. Something "smote the chord of self, that trembling" burst into a tumult of feeling and took to itself the semblance of love; no matter how it had been brought about. Was not anything good that set them face to face, and showed the two that life could not continue for them apart? Neither the tears, nor the reproaches, nor the passion were over, but it changed all at once into such a quarrel as had

happened often enough before then. As soon as Winnie came back to her warfare, she had gone back, so to speak, to her duties according to her conception of them. Thus the conflict swelled, and rose, and fluctuated, and softened, like many another; but no more thoughts of the Cottage, or of Aunt Agatha, or of Mary's sudden calamity drew Winnie from her own subject. After all, it was, as she had felt, a pasteboard cottage let down upon her for the convenience of the moment—a thing to disappear by pulleys when the moment of necessity was over. And when they had had it out, she went off with her husband the same evening, sending a rapid note of explanation to Aunt Agatha—not with any intention of unkindness, but only with that superior sense of the importance of her own concerns which was natural to her. She hoped Mary would come back soon, and that all would be comfortably settled, she said. "And Mary is more of a companion to you than I ever could be," Winnie added in her letter, with a touch of that strange jealousy which was always latent in her. She was glad that Mary should be Miss Seton's companion, and yet was vexed that anybody should take her place with her aunt, to whom she herself had once been all in all. Thus Winnie, who had gone into Carlisle that morning tragically bent upon the confounding of her husband's plans, and the formation of one eternal wall of separation between them, eloped with him in the evening as if he had been her lover. And there was a certain thrill of pride and tenderness in her bosom to think that to win her back he would stick at nothing, and did not hesitate to strike her through her friends.

CHAPTER XLII.

THERE is something wonderful in the ease with which the secondary actors in a great crisis can shake themselves free of the event, and return to their own affairs, however exciting the moment may be at which it suits them to strike off. The bystanders turn away from the most horrible calamity, and sit down by their own tables and talk about their own trivial business before the sound of the guns has ceased to vibrate on the air, or the smoke of the battle has dispersed which has brought ruin and misery to their dearest friends. The principle of human nature, that every man should bear his own burden, lies deeper than all philosophy. Winnie, though she had been excited about her sister's mysterious misfortune and roused by it, and was ready, to her own inconvenience, to make a great effort on Mary's behalf, yet could turn off on her way without any struggle, with that comfortable feeling that all must come right in the end which is so easy for the lookers-on. But the real sufferers could not entertain so charming a confidence. That same day rose heavily over poor Hugh, who, all alone in Earlston, still debated with himself. He had written to his uncle to express his amazement and dismay, and to ask for time to give full consideration to the terrible news he had heard. "You need not fear that I will do anything to wound my mother," the poor boy had written, with a bitter pang in his heart. But after that he had sunk into a maze of questions and discussions with himself, and of miserable uncertainty as to what he ought to do. The idea of asking anybody for information about it seemed almost as bad to him as owning the fact at once; asking about his mother—about facts in her life which she had never herself disclosed—inquiring if, perhaps, she was a woman dishonoured and unworthy of her children's confidence! It seemed to Hugh as if it would be far easier to give up Earlston, and let Will or any one else who pleased have it. He had tried more than once to write to Mr. Churchill, the chaplain, of whom he had heard his mother speak, and of whom he had even a faint traditional sort of recollection; but the effort always sickened him, and made him rush away in disgust to the open air, and the soothing sounds of nature. He was quite alone during those few days. His neighbours did not know of his return, for he had been so speedily overtaken by this news as to have had no heart to go anywhere or show himself among them. Thus he was left to his own thoughts, and they were bitter. In the very height of his youthful hopes and satisfaction, just at the moment when he was most full of plans, and taking the most perfect pleasure in his life, this bewildering cloud had come on him. He did not even go on with his preparations for the transfer of the Museum, in the sickness of his heart, notwithstanding the eagerness he felt whenever he thought of it to complete that arrangement at least, and secure his uncle's will to that extent, if no more. But it did not seem possible to exert himself about one thing without exerting himself about all, and he who had been so fresh and full of energy, fell supine into a kind of utter wretchedness. The course of his life was stopped when it had been in full career. He was suddenly thrown out of all he had been doing, all he had been planning. The scheme of his existence seemed all at once turned into folly and made a lie of. What could he do? His lawyer wrote to say that he meant to come to Earlston on some business connected with the estate, but Hugh put him off, and deferred everything. How could he discuss affairs which possibly were not his affairs, but his brother's? How could he enter into any arrangements, or think of anything however reasonable or necessary, with this sword hanging over his head? He got up early in the morning, and startled the servants before they were up by opening doors and shutters in his restlessness; and he sat up at night thinking it all over, for ever thinking of it and never coming to any result. How could he inquire, how could he prove or disprove the horrible assertion? Even to think of it seemed a tacit injury to his mother. The only way to do his duty by her seemed to be to give up all and go away to the end of the world. And yet he was a man, and right and justice were dear to him, and he revolted against doing that. It was as if he had

been caught by some gigantic iron hand of fate in the sweetness of his fearless life. He had never heard nor read of, he thought, anything so cruel. By times bitter tears came into his eyes, wrung from him by the intolerable pressure. He could not give up his own cause and his mother's cause without a struggle. He could not relinquish his life and rights to another; and yet how could he defend himself by means that would bring one question to careless lips, one light laugh to the curious world, over his mother's name? Such an idea had never so much as entered into his head. It made his life miserable.

He read over Mr. Penrose's letter a dozen times in the day, and he sat at night with his eyes fixed on the flame of his lamp, calling back his childhood and its events. It was as vague as a dream, and he could not identify his broken recollections. If he could have gone to Mrs. Ochterlony and talked it over with her, Hugh might have remembered many things, but wanting that thread of guidance he lost himself in the misty maze. By dint of thinking it over and over, and representing the scene to his mind in every possible way, it came to him finally to believe that some faint impression of the event which he was asked to remember did linger in his memory, and that thought, which he could not put away, stung him like a serpent. Was it really true that he remembered it? Then the accusation must be true, and he nameless and without rights, and Mary—— Not much wonder that the poor boy, sick to the heart, turned his face from the light and hid himself, and felt that he would be glad if he could only die. Yet dying would be of no use, for there was Islay who would come next to him, who never would have dreamt of dispossessing him, but who, if this was true, would need to stand aside in his turn and make room for Will. Will!—It was hard for Hugh not to feel a thrill of rage and scorn and amaze mixing with his misery when he thought of the younger brother to whom he had been so continually indulgent and affectionate. He who had been always the youngest, the most guarded and tended, whom Hugh could remember in his mother's arms, on her knee, a part of her as it were; he to turn upon them all, and stain her fame, and ruin the family honour for his own base advantage! These thoughts came surging up one after another, and tore Hugh's mind to pieces and made him as helpless as a child, now with one suggestion, now with another. What could he do? And accordingly he did nothing but fall into a lethargy and maze of despair, did not sleep, did not eat, filled the servants' minds with the wildest surmises, and shut himself up, as if that could have deferred the course of events, or shut out the coming fate.

This had lasted only a day or two, it is true, but it might have been for a century, to judge by Hugh's feelings. He felt indeed as if he had never been otherwise, never been light-hearted or happy, or free to take pleasure in his life; as if he had always been an impostor expecting to be found out. Nature itself might have awakened him from his stupor had he been left to himself; but, as it happened, there came a sweeter touch. He had become feverishly anxious about his letters ever since the arrival of that one which had struck him so unlooked-for a blow; and he started when something was brought to him in the evening at an hour when letters did not arrive, a little note with a little red seal, very carefully folded that no curious eye might be able to penetrate. Poor Hugh felt a certain thrill of fright at the innocent-seeming thing, coming insidiously at this moment when he thought himself safe, and bringing, for anything he could tell, the last touch to his misery. He held it in his hand while it was explained to him that one of the servants had been to Carlisle with an order given before the world had changed—an order made altogether antiquated and out of course by having been issued three days before; and that he had brought back this note. Only when the door closed upon the man and his explanation did Hugh break the tiny seal. It was not a letter to be alarmed at. It was written as it were with tears, sweet tears of sympathy and help and tender succour. This was what Nelly's little letter said:—

"Dear Mr. Hugh,—I want to let you know of something that has happened to-day, and at which you may perhaps be surprised. Mrs. Percival met Major Percival here, and I think they have made friends; and she has gone away with him. I think you ought to know, because she told us dear Mrs. Ochterlony had gone to Liverpool; and Miss Seton will be left alone. I should have asked mamma to let me go and stay with her, but I am going into Scotland to an old friend of papa's, who is living at Gretna. I remember hearing long ago that it was at Gretna dear Mrs. Ochterlony was ~~first~~ married—and perhaps there is somebody there who remembers her. If you see Aunt Agatha, would you please ask her when it happened? I should so like to see the place, and ask the people if they remember her. I think she must have been so beautiful then; she is beautiful now—I never loved anybody so much in my life. And I am afraid she is anxious about Will. I should not like to trouble you, for I am sure you must have a great deal to occupy your mind, but I should so like to know how dear Mrs. Ochterlony is, and if there is anything the matter with Will. He always was very funny, you know, and then he is only a boy, and does not know what he means. Mamma sends her kind regards, and I am, dear Mr. Hugh,

"Very sincerely yours,

"Nelly."

This was the letter. Hugh read it slowly over, every word—and then he read it again; and two great globes of dew got into his eyes, and Nelly's sweet name grew big as read through them, and wavered over all the page; and when he had come

to that signature the second time he put it down on the table, and leant his face on it, and cried. Yes, cried, though he was a man—wept hot tears over it, few but great, that felt to him like the opening of a spring in his soul, and drew the heat and the horror out of his brain. His young breast shook with a few great sobs—the passion climbing in his throat burst forth, and had utterance; and then he rose up and stretched his young arms, and drew himself up to the fulness of his height. What did it matter, after all? What was money, and lands, and every good on earth, compared to the comfort of living in the same world with a creature such as this, who was as sweet as the flowers, and as true as the sky? She had done it by instinct, not knowing, as she herself said, what she meant, or knowing only that her little heart swelled with kind impulses, tender pity, and indignation, and yet pity over all; pity for Will, too, who, perhaps, was going to make them all miserable. But Nelly could not have understood the effect her little letter had upon Hugh. He shook himself free after it, as if from chains that had been upon him. He gave a groan, poor boy, at the calamity which was not to be ignored, and then he said to himself, "After all!" After all, and in spite of all, while there was Nelly living, it was not unmingled ill to live. And when he looked at it again, a more reasonable kind of comfort seemed to come to him out of the girl's letter; his eye was caught by the word struck out, which yet was not too carefully struck out, "where dear Mrs. Ochterlony was ~~first~~ married." He gave a cry when this new light entered into his mind. He roused himself up from his gloom and stupor, and thought and thought until his very brain ached as with labour, and his limbs began to thrill as with new vigour coming back. And a glimmering of the real truth suddenly rushed, all vague and dazzling, upon Hugh's darkness. There had been no hint in Mr. Penrose's letter of any such interpretation of the mystery. Mr. Penrose himself had received no such hint, and even Will, poor boy, had heard of it only as a fable, to which he gave no attention. They two, and Hugh himself in his utter misery, had accepted as a probable fact the calumny of which Nelly's pure mind instinctively demanded an explanation. They had not known it to be impossible that Mary should be guilty of such sin; but Nelly had known it, and recognised the incredible mystery, and demanded the reason for it, which everybody else had ignored or forgotten. He seemed to see it for a moment, as the watchers on a sinking ship might see the gleam of a lighthouse;—and then it disappeared from him in the wild waste of ignorance and wonder, and then gleamed out again, as if in Nelly's eyes. That was why she was going, bless her! She who never went upon visits, she who knew better, and had insight in her eyes, and saw it could not be. These thoughts passed through Hugh's mind in a flood, and changed heaven and earth round about him, and set him on solid ground, as it were, instead of chaos. He was not wise enough, good enough, pure enough, to know the truth of himself—but Nelly could see it, as with angel eyes. He was young, and he loved Nelly, and that was how it appeared to him. Shame that had been brooding over him in the darkness, fled away. He rose up and felt as if he were yet a man, and had still his life before him, whatever might happen; and that he was there not only to comfort and protect his mother, but to defend and vindicate her; not to run away and keep silent like the guilty, but to face the pain of it, and the shame of it, if such bitter need was, and establish the truth. All this came to Hugh's mind from the simple little letter, which Nelly, crying and burning with indignation and pity, and an intolerable sense of wrong, had written without knowing what she meant. For anything Hugh could tell, his mother's innocence and honour, even if intact, might never be proved,—might do no more for him than had it been guilt and shame. The difference was that he had seen this accusation, glancing through Nelly's eyes, to be impossible; that he had found out that there was an interpretation somewhere, and the load was taken off his soul.

The change was so great, and his relief so immense, that he felt as if even that night he must act upon it. He could not go away, as he longed to do, for all modes of communication with the world until the morning were by that time impracticable. But he did what eased his mind at least. He wrote to Mr. Penrose a very grave, almost solemn letter, with neither horror nor even anger in it. "I do not know what the circumstances are, nor what the facts may be," he wrote, "but whatever they are, I do not doubt that my mother will explain—and I shall come to you immediately, that the truth may be made clearly apparent." And he wrote to Mr. Churchill as he had never yet had the courage to do, asking to be told how it was. When he had done this, he rose up, feeling himself still more his own master. Hugh did not deceive himself; he did not think, because Nelly had communicated to his eyes her own divine simplicity of sight, that therefore it was certain that everything would be made clear and manifest to the law or the world. It might be otherwise: Mrs. Ochterlony might never be able to establish her own spotless fame, and her elder children's rights. It might be, by some horrible conspiracy of circumstances, that his name and position should be taken from him, and his honour stained beyond remedy. Such a thing was still possible. But Hugh felt that even then all would not be lost, that God would still be in heaven, and justice and mercy to some certain extent on the earth, and duty still before him. The situation was not changed, but only the key-note of his thoughts was changed, and his mind had come back to itself. He rose up, though it was getting late, and rang the bell for Francis Ochterlony's favourite servant, and began to arrange about the removal of the Museum. He might not be

master long—in law; but he was master by right of nature and his uncle's will, and he would at least do his duty as long as he remained there.

Mrs. Gilsland, the housekeeper, was in the hall as he went out, and she curtseyed and stood before him, rustling in her black silk gown, and eyeing him doubtfully. She was afraid to disturb the Squire, as she said, but there was a poor soul there, if so be as he would speak a word to her. It annoyed Hugh to be drawn away from his occupations just as he had been roused to return to them; but Nelly's letter and the influence of profound emotion had given a certain softness to his soul. He asked what it was, and heard it was a poor woman who had come with a petition. She had come a long way, and had a child with her, but nobody had liked to disturb the young Squire; and now it was providential, Mrs. Gilsland thought, that he should have passed just at that moment. "She has been gone half her lifetime, Mr. Hugh—I mean Sir," said the housekeeper, "though she was born and bred here; and her poor man is that bad with the paralytics that she has to do everything, which she thought if perhaps you would give her the new lodge——"

"The new lodge is not built yet," said Hugh, with a pang in his heart, feeling, notwithstanding his new courage, that it was hard to remember all his plans and the thousand changes it might never be in his power to make; "and it ought to be some one who has a claim on the family," he added, with a half-conscious sigh.

"And that's what poor Susan has," said Mrs. Gilsland. "Master would never have said no if it had been in his time; for he knew as he had been unjust to them poor folks; and a good claim on you, Mr. Hugh. She is old Sommerville's daughter, as you may have heard talk on, and as decent a woman——"

"Who was old Sommerville?" said Hugh.

"He was one as was a faithful servant to your poor papa," said the housekeeper. "I've heard as he lost his place all for the Captain's sake, as was Captain Ochterlony then, and as taking a young gentleman as ever was. If your mother was to hear of it, Mr. Hugh, she is not the lady to forget. A poor servant may be most a friend to his master—I've heard many and many a one say so that was real quality—and your mamma being a true lady——"

"Yes," said Hugh, "a good servant is a friend; and if she had any claims upon my father, I will certainly see her: but I am busy now. I have not been—well. I have been neglecting a great many things, and now that I feel a little better, I have a great deal to do."

"Oh, sir, it isn't lost time as makes a poor creature's heart to sing for joy!" said Mrs. Gilsland. She was a formidable housekeeper, but she was a kind woman; and somehow a subtle perception that their young master had been in trouble had crept into the mind of the household. "Which it's grieved as we've all been to see as you was not—well," she added, with a curtsey; "it's been the watching and the anxiety; and so good as you was, sir, to the Squire. But poor Susan has five mile to go, and a child in arms, a bouncing boy, as is a load to carry; and her poor sick husband at home. And it was borne in upon them as perhaps for old Sommerville's sake——"

"Well, who was he?" said Hugh, with languid interest, a little fretted by the interruption, yet turning his steps towards the housekeeper's room, from which a gleam of firelight shone, at the end of a long corridor. He did not know anything about old Sommerville; the name awakened no associations in his mind, and even the housekeeper's long narrative as she followed him caught his attention only by intervals. She was so anxious to produce an effect for her *protegée's* sake that she began with an elaborate description of old Sommerville's place and privileges, which whizzed past Hugh's ear without ever touching his mind. But he was too good-hearted to resist the picture of the poor woman who had five miles to go, and a baby and a sick husband. She was sitting basking before the fire in Mrs. Gilsland's room, poor soul, thinking as little about old Sommerville as the young Squire was; her heart beating high with anxiety about the new lodge—beating as high as if it was a kingdom she had hopes of conquering; with excitement as profound as that which moved Hugh himself when he thought of his own fortune hanging in the balance, and of the name and place and condition of which perhaps he was but an usurper. It was as much to poor Susan to have the lodge as it was to him to have Earlston, or rather a great deal more. And he went in, putting a stop to Mrs. Gilsland's narrative, and began to talk to the poor suitor; and the firelight played pleasantly on the young man's handsome face, as he stood full in its ruddy illumination to hear her story, with his own anxiety lying at his heart like a stone. To look at this scene, it looked the least interesting of all that was going on at that moment in the history of the Ochterlony family—less important than what was taking place in Liverpool, where Mary was—or even than poor Aunt Agatha's solitary tears over Winnie's letter, which had just been taken in to her, and which went to her heart. The new lodge might never be built, and Hugh Ochterlony might never have it in his power to do anything for poor Susan, who was old Sommerville's daughter. But at least he was not hard-hearted, and it was a kind of natural grace and duty to hear what the poor soul had to say.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was morning when Mary arrived in Liverpool, early morning, chilly and grey. She had been detained on the road by the troublesome delays of a cross route, and the fresh breath of the autumnal morning chilled her to the heart. And she had not come with any distinct plan. She did not know what she was going to do. It had seemed to her as if the mere sight of her would set her boy right,

had there been evil in his mind; and she did not know that there was any evil in his mind. She knew nothing of what was in Mr. Penrose's letter, which had driven Hugh to such despair. She did not even know whether Will had so much as mentioned his discovery to Uncle Penrose, or whether he might not have fled there, simply to get away from the terrible thought of his mother's disgrace. If it were so, she had but to take her boy in her arms, to veil her face with shame, yet raise it with conscious honour, and tell him how it all was. This, perhaps, was what she most thought of doing—to show him the rights of the story of which he had only heard the evil-seeming side, and to reconcile him to herself and the world, and his life, on all of which a shadow must rest, as Mary thought, if any shadow rested on his mother. By times she was grieved with Will—"angry," as he would have said—to think he had gone away in secret without unfolding his troubles to the only creature who could clear them up; but by times it seemed to her as though it was only his tenderness of her, his delicacy for her, that had driven him away. That he could not endure the appearance of a stain upon her, that he was unable to let her know the possibility of any suspicion—this was chiefly what Mrs. Ochterlony thought. And it made her heart yearn towards her boy. Anything about Earlston, or Hugh, or the property, or Will's rights, had not crossed her mind; even Mrs. Kirkman's hints had proved useless, so far as that was concerned. Such a thing seemed to her as impossible, as to steal or to murder. When they were babies, a certain thrill of apprehension had moved her whenever she saw any antagonism between the brothers; but when the moment of realizing it came, she was unable to conceive of such a horror. To think of Will harming Hugh! It was impossible—more than impossible; and thus as she drove through the unknown streets in the early bustle of the morning, towards the distant suburb in which Mr. Penrose lived, her thoughts rejected all tragical suppositions. The interview would be painful enough in any case, for it was hard for a mother to have to defend herself, and vindicate her good fame, to her boy; but still it could have been nothing but Will's horror at such a revelation—his alarm at the mere idea of such a suspicion ever becoming known to his mother—his sense of disenchantment in the entire world following his discovery, that made him go away; and this she had it in her power to dissipate for ever. This was how she was thinking as she approached Mr. Penrose's great mansion, looking out eagerly to see if any one might be visible at the windows. She saw no one, and her heart beat high as she looked up at the blank big house, and thought of the young heart that would flutter and perhaps sicken at the sight of her, and then expand into an infinite content. For by this time she had so reasoned herself into reassurance, and the light and breath of the morning had so invigorated her mind, that she had no more doubt that her explanations would content him, and clear away every cloud from his thoughts, than she had of his being her son, and loyal as no son of hers could fail to be.

The servants did not make objections to her as they had done to Will. They admitted her to the cold, uninhabited drawing-room, and informed her that Mr. Penrose was out, but that young Mr. Ochterlony was certainly to be found. "Tell him it is his mother," said Mary, with her heart yearning over him; and then she sat down to wait. There was nothing after all in the emergency to tremble at. She smiled at herself when she thought of her own horrible apprehensions, and of the feelings with which she had hurried from the Cottage. It would be hard to speak of the suspicion to which she was subjected, but then she could set it to rest for ever: and what did the pang matter? Thus she sat with a wistful smile on her face, and waited. The moments passed, and she heard sounds of steps outside, and something that sounded like the hurried shutting of the great door; but no eager foot coming to meet her—no rapid entrance like that she had looked for. She sat still until the smile became rigid on her lip, and a wonderful depression came to her soul. Was he not coming? Could it be that he judged her without hearing her, and would not see his mother? Then her heart woke up again when she heard some one approaching, but it was only the servant who had opened the door.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the man, with hesitation, "but it appears I made a mistake. Young Mr. Ochterlony was not—I mean he has gone out. Perhaps, if it was anything of importance, you could wait."

"He has gone out? so early?—surely not after he knew I was here?" said Mary, wildly; and then she restrained herself with an effort. "It *is* something of importance," she said, giving a groan in her heart, which was not audible. "I am his mother, and it is necessary that I should see him. Yes, I will wait; and if you could send some one to tell him, if you know where he is——"

"I should think, ma'am, he is sure to be home to luncheon," said the servant, evading this demand. To luncheon—and it was only about ten o'clock in the morning now. Mary clasped her hands together to keep herself from crying out. Could he have been out before she arrived—could he have fled to avoid her? She asked herself the question in a kind of agony; but Mr. Penrose's man stood blank and respectful at the door, and offered no point of appeal. She could not take him into her counsel, or consult him as to what it all meant; and yet she was so anxious, so miserable, so heart-struck by this suspense, that she could not let him go without an effort to find something out.

"Has he gone with his uncle?" she said. "Perhaps I might find him at Mr. Penrose's office. No? Or perhaps you can tell me if there is any place he is in the habit of going to, or if he always goes out

so early. I want very much to see him; I have been travelling all night; it is very important," Mary added, wistfully looking in the attendant's face.

Mr. Penrose's butler was very solemn and precise, but yet there was something in the sight of her restrained distress which moved him. "I don't know as I have remarked what time the young gentleman goes out," he said. "He's early this morning—mostly he varies a bit—but I don't make no doubt as he'll be in to luncheon." When he had said this the man did not go away, but stood with a mixture of curiosity and sympathy, sorry for the new-comer, and wondering what it all meant. If Mary herself could but have made out what it all meant! She turned away, with the blood, as she thought, all going back upon her heart, and the currents of life flowing backward to their source. Had he fled from her? What did it mean?

In this state of suspense Mrs. Ochterlony passed the morning. She had a maid sent to her, and was shown, though with a little wonder and hesitation, into a sleeping room, where she mechanically took off her travelling wraps and assumed her indoor appearance so far as that was possible. It was a great, still, empty, resounding house; the rooms were large, coldly furnished, still looking new for want of use, and vacant of any kind of occupation or interest. Mary came downstairs again, and placed herself at one of the great windows in the drawing-room. She would not go out, even to seek Will, lest she might miss him by the way. She went and sat down by the window, and gazed out upon the strip of suburban road which was visible through the shrubberies, feeling her heart beat when any figure, however unlike her boy, appeared upon it. It might be he, undiscernible in the distance, or it might be some one from him, some messenger or ambassador. It was what might be called a handsome room, but it was vacant, destitute of everything which could give it interest, with some trifling picture-books on the table and meaningless knick-nacks. When Mrs. Ochterlony was sick of sitting watching at the window she would get up and walk round it, and look at the well-bound volumes on the table, and feel herself grow wild in the excess of her energy and vehemence, by contrast with the deadly calm of her surroundings. What was it to this house, or its master, or the other human creatures in it, that she was beating her wings thus, in the silence, against the cage? Thus she sat, or stood, or walked about, the whole long morning, counting the minutes on the time-piece or on her watch, and feeling every minute an hour. Where had he gone? had he fled to escape her? or was his absence natural and accidental? These questions went through her head, one upon another, with increasing commotion and passion, until she found herself unable to rest, and felt her veins tingling and her pulses throbbing in a wild harmony. It seemed years since she had arrived when one o'clock struck, and a few minutes later the sound of a gong thrilled through the silence. This was for luncheon. It was not a bell, which might have been heard outside and quickened the steps of any one who might be coming. Mary still stood and watched at her window, but nobody came. And then the butler, whose curiosity was more and more roused, came upstairs with steady step, and shoes that creaked in a deprecating, apologetic way, to ask if she would go down to luncheon, and to regret respectfully that the young gentleman had not yet come in. "No doubt, ma'am, if he had known as you were coming, he'd have been here," the man said, not without an inquiring look at her, which Mrs. Ochterlony was vaguely conscious of. She went downstairs with a kind of mechanical obedience, feeling it an ease to go into another room, and find another window at which she could look out. She could see another bit of road further off, and it served to fill her for the moment with renewed hope. There, at least, she must surely see him coming. But the moments still kept going on, gliding off the steady hand of the timepiece like so many months or years. And still Will did not come.

It was all the more dreadful to her, because she had been totally unprepared for any such trial. It had never occurred to her that her boy, though he had run away, would avoid her now. By this time even the idea that he could be avoiding her went out of her mind, and she began to think some accident had happened to him. He was young and careless, a country boy—and there was no telling what terrible thing might have happened on those thronged streets, which had felt like Pandemonium to Mary's unused faculties. And she did not know where to go to look for him, or what to do. In her terror she began to question the man, who kept coming and going into the room, sometimes venturing to invite her attention to the dishes, which were growing cold, sometimes merely looking at her, as he went and came. She asked about her boy—what he had been doing since he came—if he were not in the habit of going to his uncle's office—if he had made any acquaintances—if there was anything that could account for his absence? "Perhaps he went out sight-seeing," said Mary; "perhaps he is with his uncle at the office. He was always very fond of shipping." But she got very doubtful and hesitating replies—replies which were so uncertain that fear blazed up within her; and the slippery docks and dangerous water, the great carts in the streets and the string of carriages, came up before her eyes again.

Thus the time passed till it was evening. Mary could not, or rather would not, believe her own senses, and yet it was true. Shadows stole into the corners, and a star, which it made her heart sick to see, peeped out in the green-blue sky—and she went from one room to another, watching the two bits of road. First the one opening, which was fainter and farther off, then the other, which was overshadowed by the trees, yet visible and near. Every time she changed the point of watching, she

felt sure that he must be coming. But yet the stars peeped out, and the lamps were lighted on the road, and her boy did not appear. She was a woman used to self-restraint, and but for her flitting up and down the stairs, and the persistent way she kept by the window, the servants might not have noticed anything remarkable about her; but they had all possession of one fact which quickened their curiosity—and the respectable butler prowled about watching her, in a way which would have irritated Mrs. Ochterlony, had she been at sufficient leisure in her mind to remark him. When the time came that the lamp must be lighted and the windows closed, it went to her heart like a blow. She had to reason with herself that her watch could make no difference—could not bring him a moment sooner or later—and yet to be shut out from that one point of interest was hard. They told her Mr. Penrose was expected immediately, and that no doubt the young gentleman would be with him. To see Will only in his uncle's presence was not what Mary had been thinking of—but yet it was better than this suspense; and now that her eyes could serve her no longer, she sat listening, feeling every sound echo in her brain, and herself surrounded, as it were, by a rustle of passing feet and a roll of carriages that came and passed and brought nothing to her. And the house was so still and vacant, and resounded with every movement—even with her own foot as she changed her seat, though her foot had always been so light. That day's watching had made a change upon her, which a year under other circumstances would not have made. Her brow was contracted with lines unknown to its broad serenity; her eyes looked out eagerly from the lids which had grown curved and triangular with anxiety; her mouth was drawn together, and colourless. The long, speechless, vacant day, with no occupation in it but that of watching and listening, with its sense of time lost and opportunity deferred, with its dreadful suggestion of other things and thoughts which might be making progress and nourishing harm, while she sat here impeded and helpless, and unable to prevent it, was perhaps the severest ordeal Mary could have passed through. It was the same day on which Winnie went to Carlisle—it was the same evening on which Hugh received Nelly's letter, which found his mother motionless in Mr. Penrose's drawing-room waiting. This was the hardest of all, and yet not so hard as it might have been. For she did not know, what all the servants in the house knew, that Will had seen her arrive—that he had rushed out of the house, begging the man to deceive her—that he had kept away all day, not of necessity, but because he did not dare to face her. Mary knew nothing of this; but it was hard enough to contend with the thousand spectres that surrounded her, the fears of accident, the miserable suspense, the dreary doubt and darkness that seemed to hang over everything, as she waited ever vainly in the silence for her boy's return.

When some one arrived at the door, her heart leaped so into her throat that she felt herself suffocated; she had to put her hands to her side and clasp them there to support herself as footsteps came up the stair. She grew sick, and a mist came over her eyes; and then all at once she saw clearly, and fell back, fainting in the body, horribly conscious and alive in the mind, when she saw it was Mr. Penrose who came in alone.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WILL had seen his mother arrive. He was coming downstairs at the moment, and he heard her voice, and could hear her say, "Tell him it is his mother," and fright had seized him. If only three days could have been abrogated, and he could have gone to her in his old careless way, to demand an account of why she had come!—but there stood up before him a ghost of what he had been doing—a ghost of uncomprehended harm and mischief, which now for the first time showed to him, not in its real light, but still with an importance it had never taken before. If it had been hard to tell her of the discovery he had made before he left the Cottage, it was twenty times harder now when he had discussed it with other people and taken practical steps about it. He went out hurriedly, and with a sense of stealth and panic. And the panic and the stealth were signs to him of something wrong. He had not seen it, and did not see it yet, as regarded the original question. He knew in his heart that there was no favouritism in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind, and that he was just the same to her as Hugh—and what could it matter which of her sons had Earlston?—But still, nature was stronger in him than reason, and he was ashamed and afraid to meet her, though he did not know why. He hurried out, and said to himself that she was "angry," and that he could not stay in all day long to be scolded. He would go back to luncheon, and that would be time enough. And then he began to imagine what she would say to him. But that was not so easy. What could she say? After all he had done no harm. He had but intimated to Hugh in the quietest way that he had no right to the position he was occupying. He had made no disturbance about it, nor upbraided his brother with what was not his brother's fault. And so far from blaming his mother, it had not occurred to him to consider her in the matter, except in the most secondary way. What could it matter to her? If Will had it, or if Hugh had it, it was still in the family. And the simple transfer was nothing to make any fuss about. This was how he reasoned; but Nature held a different opinion on the subject. She had not a word to say, nor any distinct suggestion even, of guiltiness or wrong-doing to present to his mind. She only carried him away out of the house, made him shrink aside till Mary had passed, and made him walk at the top of his speed out of the very district in which Mr. Penrose's house was situated. Because his mother would be "angry"—because she might find fault with him for going away or insist upon his return, or infringe his

liberty. Was that why he fled from her?—But Will could not tell—he fled because he was driven by an internal consciousness which could not find expression so much as in thought. He went away and wandered about the streets, thinking that now he was almost a man, and ought to be left to direct his own actions; that to come after him like this was an injury to him which he had a right to resent. It was treating him as Hugh and Islay had never been treated. When he laid himself out for these ideas they came to him one by one, and at last he succeeded in feeling himself a little ill-used; but in his heart he knew that he did not mean that, and that Mrs. Ochterlony did not mean it, and that there was something else which stood between them, though he could not tell what it was.

All this time he contemplated going in, facing his mother, and being surprised to see her, and putting up with her anger as he best could. But when midday came, he felt less willing than ever. His reluctance grew upon him. If it had all come simply, if he had rushed into her presence unawares, then he could have borne it; but to go back on purpose, to be ushered in to her solemnly, and to meet her when her wrath had accumulated and she had prepared what to say—this was an ordeal which Will felt he could not bear. She had grown terrible to him, appalling, like the angel with the flaming sword. His conscience arrayed her in such effulgence of wrath and scorn, that his very soul shrank. She would be angry beyond measure. It was impossible to fancy what she might say or do; and he could not go in and face her in cold blood. Therefore, instead of going home, Will went down hastily to his uncle's office, and explained to him the position of affairs.—"You go and speak to her," said Will, with a feeling that it was his accomplice he was addressing, and yet a pang to think that he had himself gone over to the enemy, and was not on his natural side; "I am not up to seeing her to-night."

"Poor Mary," said Uncle Penrose, "I should not be surprised to find her in a sad way; but you ought to mind your own business, and it is not I who am to be blamed, but you."

"She will not blame you," said Will; "she will be civil to you. She will not look at you as she would look at me. When she is vexed she gives a fellow such a look. And I'm tired, and I can't face her to-day."

"It is mail-day, and I shall be late, and she will have a nice time of it all by herself," said Mr. Penrose; but he consented at the end. And as for Will, he wandered down to the quays, and got into a steam-boat, and went off in the midst of a holiday party up the busy river. He used to remember the airs that were played on the occasion by the blind fiddler in the boat, and could never listen to them afterwards without the strangest sensations. He felt somehow as if he were in hiding, and the people were pointing him out to each other, and had a sort of vague wonder in his mind as to what they could think he had done—robbed or killed, or something—when the fact was he was only killing the time, and keeping out of the way because his mother was angry, and he did not feel able to face her and return home. And very forlorn the poor boy was; he had not eaten anything, and he did not know what to get for himself to eat, and the host of holiday people filled up all the vacant spaces in the inn they were all bound for, where there were pretty gardens looking on the river. Will was young and alone, and not much in the way of thrusting himself forward, and it was hard to get anyone to attend to him, or a seat to sit upon, or anything to eat; and his forlorn sense of discomfort and solitude pressed as hardly upon him as remorse could have done. And he knew that he must manage to make the time pass on somehow, and that he could not return until he could feel himself justified in hoping that his mother, tired with her journey, had gone to rest. Not till he felt confident of getting in unobserved, could he venture to go home.

This was how it happened that Mr. Penrose went in alone, and that all the mists suddenly cleared up for Mary, and she saw that she had harder work before her than anything that had yet entered into her mind. He drew a chair beside her, and shook hands, and said he was very glad to see her, and then a pause ensued so serious and significant, that Mary felt herself judged and condemned; and felt, in spite of herself, that the hot blood was rushing to her face. It seemed to her as she sat there, as if all the solid ground had suddenly been cut away from under her, that her plea was utterly ignored and the whole affair decided upon; and only to see Uncle Penrose's meekly averted face made her head swim and her heart beat with a kind of half-delirious rage and resentment. He believed it then—knew all about it, and believed it, and recognised that it was a fallen woman by whose side he sat. All this Mrs. Ochterlony perceived in an instant by the downcast, conscious glance of Mr. Penrose's eye.

"Will has been out all day, has he?" he said. "Gone sight-seeing, I suppose. He ought to be in to dinner. I hope you had a comfortable luncheon, and have been taken care of. It is mail-day, that is why I am so late."

"But I am anxious, very anxious, about Will," said Mary. "I thought you would know where he was. He is only a country boy, and something may have happened to him in these dreadful streets."

"Oh no, nothing has happened to him," said Uncle Penrose. "You shall see him later. I am very glad you have come, for I wanted to have a little talk with you. You will always be quite welcome here, whatever may happen. If the girls had been at home, indeed, it might have been different—but whenever you like to come, you know——I am very glad that we can talk it all over. It is so much the most satisfactory way."

"Talk what over?" said Mary. "Thank you, uncle, but it was Will I was anxious to see."

"Yes, to be sure—naturally," said Mr. Penrose; "but don't let us go into anything exciting before dinner. The gong will sound in ten minutes, and I must put myself in order. We can talk in the evening, and that will be much the best."

With this he went and left her, to make the very small amount of toilette he considered necessary. And then came the dinner, during which Mr. Penrose was very particular, as he said, to omit all allusion to disagreeable subjects. Mary had to take her place at table, and to look across at the vacant chair that had been placed for Will, and to feel the whole weight of her uncle's changed opinion without any opportunity of rising up against it. She could not say a word in self-defence, for she was in no way assailed; but she never raised her eyes to him, nor listened to half-a-dozen words, without feeling that Mr. Penrose had in his own consciousness found her out. He was not going to shut his doors against her, or to recommend any cruel step. But her character was changed in his eyes. A sense that he was no longer particular as to what he said or did before her, no longer influenced by her presence, or elevated ever so little by her companionship as he had always been of old, came with terrible effect upon Mary's mind. He was careless of what he said, and of her feelings, and of his own manners. She was a woman who had compromised herself, who had no longer much claim to respect, in Uncle Penrose's opinion. This feeling, which was, as it were in the air, affected Mary in the strangest way. It made her feel nearly mad in her extreme suppression and quietness. She could not stand on her own defence, for she was not assailed. And Will who should have stood by her had gone over to the enemy's side, and deserted her, and kept away. Where was he? where could he have gone? Her boy—her baby—the last one, who had always been the most tenderly tended; and he was avoiding—*avoiding* his mother. Mary realised all this as she sat at the table; and at the same time she had to respect the presence of the butler and Mr. Penrose's servants, and make no sign. When she did not eat Mr. Penrose took particular notice of it, and hoped that she was not allowing herself to be upset; and he talked, in an elaborate way, of subjects that could interest nobody, keeping with too evident caution from the one subject which was in his mind all the while.

This lasted until the servants had gone away, and Mr. Penrose had poured out his first glass of port, for he was an old-fashioned man. He sat and sipped his wine with the quietness of preparation, and Mary, too, buckled on her armour, and made a rapid inspection of all its joints and fastenings. She was sitting at the table, which had just been so luxuriously served, and where the purple fruit and wine were making a picture still; but she was as truly at the bar as ever culprit was. There was an interval of silence which was very dreadful to her, and then, being unable to bear it any longer, it was Mary herself who spoke.

"I perceive that something has been passing here in which we are all interested," she said. "My poor boy has told you something he had heard—and I don't know, except in the most general way, what he has heard. Can you tell me, uncle? It is necessary I should know."

"My dear Mary, these are very unpleasant affairs to talk about," said Mr. Penrose. "You should have had a female friend to support you—though, indeed, I don't know how you may feel about that. Will has told me *all*. There was nobody he could ask advice from under the circumstances, and I think it was very sensible of him to come to me."

"I want to know what he wanted advice for," said Mary; "and what it is you call *all;* and why Will has avoided me? I cannot think it is chance that has kept him out so long. Whatever he has heard, he must have known that it would be best to talk it over with me."

"He thought you would be angry," said Mr. Penrose, between the sips of his wine.

"Angry!" said Mary, and then her heart melted at the childish fear. "Oh, uncle, you should have advised him better," she said; "he is only a boy; and you know that whatever happened, he had better have consulted his own mother first. How should I be angry? This is not like a childish freak, that one could be angry about."

"No," said Mr. Penrose; "it is not like a childish freak; but still, I think it was the wisest thing he could do to come to me. It is impossible you could be his best counsellor where you are yourself so much concerned, and where such important interests are at stake."

"Let me know at once what you mean," said Mary, faintly. "What important interests are at stake?"

She made a rapid calculation in her mind at the moment, and her heart grew sicker and sicker. Will had been, when she came to think of it, more than a week away from home, and many things might have happened in that time—things which she could not realise nor put in any shape, but which made her spirit faint out of her and all her strength ooze away.

"My dear Mary," said Mr. Penrose, mildly, "why should you keep up any pretence with me? Will has told me *all*. You cannot expect that a young man like him, at the beginning of his life, would relinquish his rights and give up such a fine succession merely out of consideration to your feelings. I am very sorry for you, and he is very sorry. Nothing shall be done on our part to compromise you beyond what is absolutely necessary; but your unfortunate circumstances are not his fault, and it is only reasonable that he should claim his rights."

"What are his rights?" said Mary; "what do you suppose my unfortunate circumstances to be? Speak plainly—or, stop; I will tell you what he has heard. He has heard that my husband and I

were married in India before he was born. That is quite true; and I suppose he and you think—— " said Mary, coming to a sudden gasp for breath, and making a pause against her will. "Then I will tell you the facts," she said, with a labouring, long-drawn breath, when she was able to resume. "We were married in Scotland, as you and everybody know; it was not a thing done in secret. Everybody about Kirtell—everybody in the county knew of it. We went to Earlston afterwards, where Hugh's mother was, and to Aunt Agatha. There was no shame nor concealment anywhere, and you know that. We went out to India after, but not till we had gone to see all our friends; and everybody knew——"

"My wife even asked you here," said Mr. Penrose, reflectively. "It is very extraordinary; I mentioned all that to Will: but, my dear Mary, what is the use of going over it in this way, when there is this fact, which you don't deny, which proves that Hugh Ochterlony thought it necessary to do you justice at the last."

Mary was too much excited to feel either anger or shame. The colour scarcely deepened on her cheek. "I will tell you about that," she said. "I resisted it as long as it was possible to resist. The man at Gretna died, and his house and all his records were burnt, and the people were all dead who had been present, and I had lost the lines. I did not think them of any consequence. And then my poor Hugh was seized with a panic,—you remember him, uncle," said Mary, in her excitement, with the tears coming to her eyes. "My poor Hugh! how much he felt everything, how hard it was for him to be calm and reasonable when he thought our interests concerned. I have thought since he had some presentiment of what was going to happen. He begged me for his sake to consent that he might be sure there would be no difficulty about the pension or anything. It was like dragging my heart out of my breast," said Mary, with the tears dropping on her hands, "but I yielded to please *him*."

And then there was a pause, inevitable on her part, for her heart was full, and she had lost the faculty of speech. As for Mr. Penrose, he gave quiet attention to all she was saying, and made mental notes of it while he filled himself another glass of wine. He was not an impartial listener, for he had taken his side, and had the conducting of the other case in his hands. When Mary came to herself, and could see and hear again—when her heart was not beating so wildly in her ears, and her wet eyes had shed their moisture, she gave a look at him with a kind of wonder, marvelling that he said nothing. The idea of not being believed when she spoke was one which had never entered into her mind.

"You expect me to say something?" said Mr. Penrose, when he caught her eye. "But I don't see what I can say. All that you have told me just amounts to this, that your first marriage rests upon your simple assertion; you have no documentary or any other kind of evidence. My dear Mary, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but if you consider how strong is your interest in it, what a powerful motive you have to keep up that story, and that you confess it rests on your word alone, you will see that, as Wilfrid's adviser, I am not justified in departing from the course we have taken. It is too important to be decided by mere feeling. I am very sorry for you, but I have Wilfrid's interests to think of," said Mr. Penrose, slowly swallowing his glass of wine.

Mary looked at him aghast; she did not understand him. It seemed to her as if some delusion had taken possession of her mind, and that the words conveyed a meaning which no human words could bear. "I do not understand you," she said, "I suppose there is some mistake. What course is it you have taken? I want to know what you mean."

"It is not a matter to be discussed with you," said Mr. Penrose. "Whatever happens, I would not be forgetful of a lady's feelings. From the first I have said that it must be a matter of private arrangement; and I have no doubt Hugh will see it in the same light. I have written to him, but I have not yet received a satisfactory answer. Under all the circumstances I feel we are justified in asserting Wilfrid to be Major Ochterlony's only lawful son——"

An involuntary cry came out of Mary's breast. She pushed her chair away from the table, and sat bending forward, looking at him. The pang was partly physical, as if some one had thrust a spear into her heart; and beyond that convulsive motion she could neither move nor speak.

"—and of course he must be served heir to his uncle," said Mr. Penrose. "Where things so important are concerned, you cannot expect that feeling can be allowed to bear undue sway. It is in this light that Wilfrid sees it. He is ready to do anything for you, anything for his brother; but he cannot be expected to sacrifice his legal rights. I hope Hugh will see how reasonable this is, and I think for your own sake you should use your influence with him. If he makes a stand you know it will only ruin your character, and make everybody aware of the unhappy position of affairs; and it cannot do any good to him."

Mary heard all this and a great deal more, and sat stupefied with a dull look of wonder on her face, making no reply. She thought she had formed some conception of what was coming to her, but in reality she had no conception of it; and she sat listening, coming to an understanding, taking it painfully into her mind, learning to see that it had passed out of the region of what might be—that the one great, fanciful, possible danger of her life had developed into a real danger, more dreadful, more appalling than anything she had ever conceived of. She sat thus, with her chair thrust back, looking in Mr. Penrose's face, following with her eyes all his unconcerned movements, feeling his words beat

upon her ears like a stinging rain. And this was all true; love, honour, pride, or faith had nothing to do with it. Whether she was a wretched woman, devising a lie to cover her shame, or a pure wife telling her tale with lofty truth and indignation, mattered nothing. It was in this merciless man's hand, and nothing but merciless evidence and proof would be of any use. She sat and listened to him, hearing the same words over and over; that her feelings were to be considered; that nothing was to be done to expose her; that Will had consented to that, and was anxious for that; that it must be matter of private arrangement, and that her character must be spared. It was this iteration that roused Mary, and brought her back, as it were, out of her stupefaction into life.

"I do not understand all you are saying," she said, at last; "it sounds like a horrible dream; I feel as if you could not mean it: but one thing—do you mean that Hugh is to be made to give up his rights by way of sparing me?"

"By way of sparing a public trial and exposure—which is what it must come to otherwise," said Mr. Penrose. "I don't know, poor boy, how you can talk about his rights."

"Then listen to me," said Mary, rising up, and holding by her chair to support herself; "I may be weak, but I am not like that. My boy shall not give up his rights. I know what I am saying; if there should be twenty trials, I am ready to bear them. It shall be proved whether in England a true woman cannot tell her true story, and be believed. Neither lie nor shame has ever attached to me. If I have to see my own child brought against me—God forgive you!—I will try to bear it. My poor Will! my poor Will!—but Hugh's boy shall not be sacrificed. What! my husband, my son, my own honour—a woman's honour involves all belonging to her——Do you think *I*, for the sake of pain or exposure, would give them all up? It must be that you have gone out of your senses, and don't know what you say. *I*, to save myself at my son's expense!"

"But Wilfrid is your son too," said Mr. Penrose, shrinking somewhat into himself.

"Oh, my poor Will! my poor Will!" said Mary, moaning in her heart; and after that she went away, and left the supporter of Will's cause, startled, but not moved from his intention, by himself. As for Mrs. Ochterlony, she went up into her room, and sank down into the first chair that offered, and clasped her hands over her heart lest it should break forth from the aching flesh. She thought no more of seeing Will, or of telling him her story, or delivering him from his delusion. What she thought of was, to take him into her arms in an infinite pity, when the poor boy, who did not know what he was doing, should come to himself. And Hugh—Hugh her husband, who was thought capable of such wrong and baseness—Hugh her boy, whose name and fame were to be taken from him,—and they thought she would yield to it, to save herself a pang! When she came to remember that the night was passing, and to feel the chill that had crept over her, and to recall to herself that she must not exhaust her strength, Mary paused in her thoughts, and fell upon her knees instead. Even that was not enough; she fell prostrate, as one who would have fallen upon the Deliverer's feet; but she could say no prayer. Her heart itself seemed at last to break forth, and soar up out of her, in a speechless supplication—"Let this cup pass." Did not He say it once who had a heavier burden to bear?

"CARISSIMO."

JUST beyond the Julian Gate,
Stands an old and ruin'd seat,
With some Latin and a date,
'Neath a broken statue's feet.
There, from out a batter'd mask,
Once a fountain used to flow,
There by day the lizards bask,
There by night the lovers go.

There I heard them over-night,
Billing, cooing—all alone;
I was hidden out of sight,
Where the bank slides sheerly down—
Sitting on an olive's root
In a dream of love and pain,
Eating Memory's bitter fruit;
Living the old times again.

Little Nina's voice it was,
Whispering "Carissimo"—
Once I did the same—alas!
That was twenty years ago.
'Twas the very voice and tone
Once her mother used to have;
I could not repress a groan,
Thinking she is in her grave.

Then they heard me, found me there—
Nina fell upon my breast,
Kiss'd my cheek—but I forbear—
You who know me, know the rest.
They are happy—from the tree
Falls the fruit when fully grown.
She is happy to be free—
I am wretched, left alone.

W. W. STORY.

"CARISSIMO."

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THE DEFORMED AND THE STRICKEN.

THIS is a broadly expressed title, and I fear I shall neither be able to keep actually within it, nor to write quite up to its limits. My mind, in meditating upon the subject, took deformed people for a point of departure, but included in its way the sorely-stricken, whose inscrutable maladies connect themselves with the frame-work of the body, and have upon the surface that stamp of fatalism which is so awful, and so trying to the faith that would gladly see the hand of God in everything. It is peculiarly difficult to write of such things. One knows before he takes up the pen that numbers of his fellow-creatures, who are precisely so stricken, will read his words—and *can* they read them without some wincing? Alone, they might, but could they in the presence of others? I have not had a single fragment of experience myself of any kind of close intercourse with the deformed and stricken; but we all know how delicate and difficult a problem is often presented to us in our casual relations with, for instance, very decrepit people—especially decrepit women. They want help, perhaps; and the problem is, how to afford the help in an efficient manner, without seeming to recognise the defect which creates the need for it. Something of the same kind of feeling disturbs me now, as I reflect that stricken fellow-creatures (some of whom may be living a great deal nearer to God than I do), may happen to read these lines, and may wince as they read. Yet I never obeyed a clearer prompting than that in obedience to which I now write about Deformed and Stricken People. Somebody ought to put in plain words the deep incessant wakeful sympathy with which the unstricken think of them; the honour with which the strong remember the infirmities of the weak; in a word, the mighty currents of human love with which they are surrounded. If that love could be made known to them the saddest among them would surely lift up heart and head for a moment, and feel that the breath of God was warm upon their brow.

It was from Lord Byron that my own recent meditations upon the condition of the Deformed and Stricken took their rise. He has inspired a good many people with extreme dislike; and I, for one, used absolutely to hate him. Many years ago I read in Mr. Trelawney's "Recollections" his account of what he did when he saw Byron's corpse at Missolonghi:—"No one was in the house but Fletcher, who withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful even in death than in life. The contraction of the skin and muscles had effaced every line traced by time or passion; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and its perfect finish. Yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often have I heard him curse it. I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water; and on his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered—both his feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to the knee: the form and face of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr."

This is interesting, if only as correcting the usual impression that poor Byron had *a* club foot. But the questions which arose in my mind when I first read it were these: Had Mr. Trelawney any right to uncover the corpse of his dead friend? and, even if he had a right to do it, had he a right to go and tell? Upon reflection I decided that none of us could have any business to judge Mr. Trelawney, who was a brave man, and had proved himself a faithful friend to the whole of that strange, fascinating Italian group. That was all that passed through my mind at the time.

But some years afterwards the passage came before me again, and I read it with different eyes, with a burning agony of compassion for the unhappy man, which scorched out of my brain every line of severity that lay there for poor Byron. I forced myself to conceive, to *picture* the shrivelled limbs and the horrible feet; and then I felt—as who could help feeling?—with hot ignominious blushes, the irony of such a body: "the form and face of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr." And yet once more, I reflected, that any conception I could possibly form of the sufferings of a man of Byron's mould, from the ever-present sense of deformity, must fall indefinitely short of what he really did endure. "One day," says Mr. Trelawny, "after a bathe, he held out his right leg to me, saying—'I hope this accursed limb will be knocked off in the war.' 'It won't improve your swimming,' I answered; 'I will exchange legs, if you will give me a portion of your brains.' 'You would repent your bargain,' he said." There is no doubt Byron spoke what he really felt; although, no doubt, the majority of people have had the fancy that in his splendid powers, and splendid position, he was compensated for his bodily defect. But we may see in this anecdote how wrong such a fancy is. Again, Byron's lameness may, and probably had, much to do with, we need not say the intensity of his vices, but with something else. We do not *hate* a man for any kind of intensity in vice, however we disapprove; for example, we do not hate Mirabeau. But Byron's vices were more than intense, they were *virulent*, and it is *that* that we hate. And there are certain reasons for surmising that this peculiar virulence of vice is always connected with *some* physical defect. But, not to delay the subject with conjectures, let me say that my former *dislike* of Byron was drowned in a flood of compassion, and that this anecdote of Mr. Trelawney's telling, was the means of helping me to

think, in future, with peculiar tenderness of deformed or blemished people.

Some of them, indeed, stand in no need of our pity, for they have manifested in their beautiful lives the very highest forms of human goodness. But the list of the fine natures which have been saddened and darkened, if not embittered and cankered, by natural or congenital blemish or deformity, is a long one. The poets, whose whole peculiar value and capacity of doing good is founded upon an unfathomably deep and unspeakably quick sense of beauty, seem to have come off rather badly in this regard. Three great modern names suggest themselves at once: Byron, Heine, Leopardi. We may safely conjecture that Heine would never have written with such a virulence of sceptical bitterness, if he had not been the paralytic wretch he was. What infinite suggestion of the very misery of helplessness lies in the simple fact that he could not open one of his own eyes—that the lid had to be lifted for him, if he was to see with it at all! Of Leopardi's story and writings, I know little. But I gather enough (from what is not plainly spoken) to know that his was the worst case of all; enough to give me, or anybody, dumb, crushing fits of horror. And yet his poetry does not appear to have any virulent bitterness in it. I speak with very imperfect knowledge. But one single fact will speak volumes for the music of his verse. It is from four to five or six years since I saw quoted in the *Cornhill Magazine* a single couplet from Leopardi, addressed to the moon—

> "Che fai tu, luna, in ciel? dimmi che fai,
> Silenziosa luna?"

Such was the exquisite music of that brief quotation, such its magic of sweetness, that it dwelt in my mind for years, and I looked out for Leopardi's name in future. I have since seen just enough of his writings (with which my acquaintance will, however, be improved in time) to feel that a musical sadness, a very peculiar plaintive rhythm, both of thought and manner, and not any virulence of bitterness, is the characteristic of Leopardi's poetry. But, I am informed, it is without even passing notes of faith or hope.

Happily, we all know that very deformed, and very horribly-stricken people, may and do live lives of tender beauty and unshaken trust. I have in my thoughts, while writing this, the case of a man of letters not very long dead, but whom I flinch from naming. Many of my readers will know very well who it is that I mean—how deformed he was, what a cheerful, confiding life his was, and what a happy memory he left with those of his friends who survived him. Instances of happy, sweet-souled creatures, with awfully mis-shapen bodies, are doubtless known to hundreds who will read these lines, in spite of the well-known blunder of Lord Bacon, which so many hasty people have copied or followed up. It is *not* true that deformed people are commonly even with nature, and avenge themselves upon their fellow-creatures. A crowd of sad, kind faces upon poor, crooked, bent bodies, rise up in my memory to contradict Bacon as I quote him; and some of the realistic novelists, who have the most keenly observed life, have introduced in deformed people types of character of uncommon beauty, tenderness, and power. Mr. Benson, in Mrs. Gaskell's "Ruth," is a case in point; and Will Belton's sister in Mr. Trollope's "Belton Estate" is another: nor is Philip Wakem, in George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," an unworthy or unloveable man. How many of the people we meet in the streets and the shops are half as kind, or a quarter as just and as faithful to what is best in life? I once knew a deformed man who was the founder and the very life and soul of a ragged school; and I have not a moment's doubt that those whose duties call them to mingle more intimately than I do with the utterly poor, could tell off-hand and in great number the most thrilling stories of heroic goodness, active as well as passive, among the deformed and stricken, who, besides their *peculiar* trouble, have to struggle with mean, sordid, grinding poverty. Their reward is laid up in Heaven. What do I say? They have it now, in felt overflows of the Divine sympathy. And it is right that they should know the good they do *us*—remote from them and their work and their sorrows; only guessing at their existence, and yet guessing with a guess which is divinely certain. Friends, the thought of you comes like a pulse of the Infinite Love, and makes us move with happier wills and swifter feet.

The subject is not without its humorous, laughing side, as well as a crying side. During the whole of the time for which it is certain that a new human being is about to be brought into the world, I am sure a good many fathers suffer unutterable pangs of anxiety lest the new-comer should, in any painful way, vary from the type. But the "people" proper—those whom Hannah More particularly had in her eye when she wrote her "Tracts for the Common People"—have not, as a general rule, any particular sensitiveness to deformity or painful peculiarity. There are half a dozen shows in London this very night at which abnormal babies are exhibited before wondering and, on the whole, delighted crowds. And, when you come to think of it, we are all of us abnormal, all of us deformed. Where is the nose that is like the Apollo's, the shoulder that is like the shoulder of the Milo Venus? Or if we can find perfect single features, where is the artist who has ever seen a perfect "model?" It may be a new view of the subject to some of us, but we are all of us unquestionably "deformed," somewhere or other: in our knees, or our noses, or our finger-ends, or our backs, or our ears, or somewhere else. And our little deformities are, sometimes at the very first, almost always in the long run, elements of attraction to those who love us. I don't say they are beauties,—the nature of things does not change,

—but they are attractions; and I pause to point this out, because I have read a great deal of muddle-headed nonsense about the non-existence of a "standard of beauty," from the pens of writers who did not draw the obvious distinction at which I am now hinting. By association of ideas, and tender "use-and-wont," a thing which is not at all beautiful may become highly agreeable, and minister to the ends of love. There is a story—don't go and say I vouched for its truth—of a young man who fell in love with a girl who squinted, and wooed her for a great many years. Shortly before the day appointed for the wedding, the girl, who thought it would be a pleasant surprise for her lover, went and submitted to the well-known operation for strabismus, and presented herself to him at his next visit with both eyes looking straight ahead. But, as the story goes, her betrothed was so bewildered by his inability now to meet her eye in the long-accustomed manner, that he chilled in his attentions from that hour, and at last the match was broken off. If the story is true, I can only say it is a pity the young man did not wait a little while, for the cherished squint might have returned, as a squint sometimes does after the operation in question. However, I will just add, that I have known at least one face of which the expression was almost seraphic, in spite of a squint. The last time I saw it, I was almost puzzled to think which side of the face I preferred, the side on which the eye squinted, or the side on which it did not.

One of the oddest cases of deformity I ever read or heard of, I found in a book by a well-known surgeon, Mr. Tuson, who has, I believe, great skill in dealing with deformities in general. This was the case of a gentleman whose head turned clean round and looked over his back the moment he began to walk. They made him a peculiar cap with a ring in it, and so, by means of a stick inserted in the ring, he was able to keep his head in front of him. I have laughed at this case till the tears have run down my cheeks; but I should not say so, if I could not add that the gentleman was cured. In spite, indeed, of the slow movement of what I may call visceral therapeutics, the advance of modern *surgery* seems to be as astonishing as anything else in the history of science. I have read of almost incredible cures in cases of spinal curvature, club-foot, and the like; and, indeed, there is scarcely anything that ought to be *despaired* of in their direction. There is an absurd anecdote about a sultan or pacha who, being blind of one eye, and hearing that a famous maker of glass eyes had arrived from England, sent for the man and bought one for his own use; but after a week's trial of the glass eye, had the poor artist severely bastinadoed—because he found he could not *see* with the glass eye. But when I first read (or heard) this ridiculous story, it had an effect over and above that of making me laugh, the effect namely, of suggesting that science might really, some day, have something to say in the matter of artificial eyes, which should make the poor pacha cut a little less absurd figure. There would, of course, be certain forms of optical defect, or deterioration, to which science could have nothing helpful to say, because she could not create living tissues, or manufacture a nerve; but, though one is slow to believe anything of the kind, in a hoaxing world like this, there is surely nothing intrinsically absurd in a paragraph which I find in the *Popular Science Review* for October, and which briefly quotes from, I suppose, a French medical journal, an account of an artificial eye for restoring sight. The English journal expresses "much doubt," which we must all of us share, as to the "efficiency" of M. Blanchet's "phosphore," but we cannot read without interest a little account like this:—"The operation consists in puncturing the eye, and introducing a piece of apparatus to which M. Blanchet gives the name of 'phosphore.' The operation in most instances produces little pain, and when the globe of the eye has undergone degeneration, none at all, and the 'phosphore' apparatus is introduced without difficulty. The contrivance consists of a shell of enamel, and of a tube closed at both its ends by glasses, whose form varies according to circumstances. The operator first punctures the eye with a narrow bistoury. The translucent humour having escaped, the 'phosphore' apparatus is applied, and almost immediately, or after a short time, the patient is partially restored to sight! Before introducing the apparatus it is necessary to calculate the antero-posterior diameter of the eye, and if the lens has cataract it must be removed. Inasmuch as the range of vision depends on the quantity of the humour left behind, M. Blanchet recommends the employment of spectacles of various kinds."

Generally, it may be deemed that the assistance rendered by surgical science in remedying or supplementing natural defects is much greater than is generally known. Those who read medical works now and then obtain glimpses of it, and I have sometimes wished that a Book of Hope were compiled for the deformed and stricken out of cases successfully treated by the skill of the surgeon. I may add that, in modern practice, surgery is obviously following the same line of direction as medicine; *i.e.*, it tries more and more to get "nature to help herself," as the phrase is: for instance, there is less of the knife and the iron boot, and the stretching pulley, and a great deal more of surgical gymnastics. I cannot but believe that there are thousands of sufferers from bodily deformity capable of cure, who do not seek cure simply because they are too ill-informed to believe cure (or alleviation bordering on cure) to be possible.

I dare say some people will find the feeling I have thrown into a few of the foregoing sentences excessively funny. They are welcome. I make them a present of the information that I am (what they will call) "morbidly" sensitive to congenital bodily defect, as well as to certain kinds of blemish. The scar of an honourable wound no man winces at; but

there is something horrible to me in the idea of a scar from a flogging. I never see a common soldier, or a volunteer of the same rank, without a shudder, and the thought, "That man is liable to have his back cut open by the lash." Nor shall I ever have done wondering that people are found to join the volunteer corps when that liability exists. In the same way, I always try to forget, or not to know that a man has been educated in a public school, or that a boy is being educated at one; for I have otherwise the ever-present miserable thought, "That man's, or boy's, body has been scarred by the rod." To this hour—at this moment of writing, the blood rises to the tips of my ears as I think of such things. It is *not* wrong or trivial, it is highly important that such things should be spoken; it is good that the world should know that there are men who do feel like this. And I have not the least doubt there are thousands who do. I never was flogged, and I never administered a flogging; but I positively know that *permanent* scars do come of school and domestic floggings. "A light matter, a thing to laugh at!" In your eyes, I dare say; but in mine a misery, a horror, and a haunting degradation.

There is no degradation attaching to the idea of a congenital defect, or a purely accidental deformity; but there is much grief and pain in such a thing, and there is much sympathy for all the deformed and the irremediably "stricken." If I speak the feeling that is in me, I shall speak the feeling of a million; and that feeling is always one of affectionate and respectful wonder at the cheerfulness, the energy, and the uncorrodable goodness of heart so often shown by the Deformed and the Stricken, while *we*—— ah! I need not finish the sentence. Let us go and abhor ourselves very much, and mend our manners and our moods.

It is a well known fact that the moment you turn your mind to a subject, a hundred things turn up to illustrate it, without your seeking them. At this very moment I find in a newspaper the following:—"Mr. Kavanagh of Borris, stated to be 'a descendant of a race of Irish kings,' has addressed the electors of Wexford as the Derbyite candidate for the seat which will be vacated by the promotion of Mr. George. He is much respected as a landlord and country gentleman, and is very popular with the peasantry, both on account of his lineage and of *the spirit with which he contends against extraordinary natural defects. Born without either hands or feet, Mr. Kavanagh is an accomplished player on several musical instruments*, a daring rider to hounds, a capital shot, and a dexterous coachman. If he carries Wexford he will have to be himself carried into the House of Commons." Admirable! I think, if I were born without hands and feet, I should feel that I was a Joke, and that playing on "several musical instruments"—all at once, if possible—was the best way of—of—of—explaining myself!

MATTHEW BROWNE.

ICE-CAVES OF ANNECY.

ATTENTION has recently been called to the curious works of nature locally known in Switzerland and in some parts of France as *glacières*, or ice-caves, being caves in which large masses of ice are found throughout the year, in latitudes and at altitudes where ice would not naturally be expected to appear in summer. Many of these are out of the reach of tourists who object to face discomforts, not to say hardships, in their search for the picturesque or the strange; but in the neighbourhood of Annecy, in what is now the French department of Haute-Savoie, three remarkable ice-caves are found, which can all be visited in the course of a long day from comfortable and attainable head-quarters. The present paper contains some account of a second visit to these caves, in the summer of 1865, the object of which was to complete certain investigations left unfinished in the previous year.

Our party consisted only of two members of the Alpine Club, one of whom has on various occasions done something towards raising the scientific character of that muscular society. We left the diligence, or rather it left us, at Charvonnaz, close upon Les Ollières, a hamlet some three-quarters of an hour distant from the residence of our excellent friend the Maire of Aviernoz, the owner of two of the *glacières* and our guide to all, with whom we had made arrangements by post for the further exploration of the caves. Being breakfastless, we naturally asked for the nearest *auberge* at Les Ollières, and were informed circumstantially that it was only ten minutes off, near the Church, an amount of detail which might in itself have rendered us sceptical as to the existence of the *auberge*, if we had not been fresh from England. We went on for more than one ten minutes, each new peasant assuring us that there was no such thing nearer than Thorens, which we knew to be some miles off, and declaring that we could not even be supplied with bread or milk *aux Ollières*. At length a larger house appeared at some small distance from the path, and we determined, *auberge* or no *auberge*, to breakfast there. M. Joly, for such we eventually discovered the distinguished name of the proprietor to be, was supercilious at first, but after some explanations as to our position and intentions, he became polite and elaborately hospitable.

On inquiring about M. Métral, the Maire of Aviernoz, and M. Rosset, the Instituteur of that commune, we found that M. Joly was a friend of both, and he proposed to accompany us as far as the Mairie, a proposal which we accepted with

polite raptures. He put on his best hat and coat accordingly, and led the way. Finding that we were *ecclésiastiques* of the Anglican Church, he proceeded to ask precisely the same questions that the schoolmaster of Aviernoz had asked the year before, couching them in such very similar language that I am disposed to believe it is a part of the religious instruction of the district to slander the faith of our Church.

When we reached the Mairie, about eight o'clock in the morning, we found that M. Métral had gone out to work in his fields, under the impression that the weather was too bad to allow of our projected visit, and M. Rosset was still in bed. The Mayoress meanwhile received us with some *empressement*, and sent for the Maire and awoke the schoolmaster. The latter appeared first, in a state of great delight by reason of the arrival of his friend of the previous year, and of some squalor by reason of the hastiness of his toilette. We shook hands most affectionately; but with that insular coldness which characterises even the most adaptable Englishman, I abstained from embracing and saluting him. He was much impressed by the presence of the *vrai savant*, my companion, to whom I introduced him, and he rejoiced greatly in our turning up on the day we had fixed, inasmuch as it was his weekly holiday, and he could therefore accompany us without the necessity of any ingenious devices to excuse his absence from scholastic duties. Presently the Maire arrived. He, unlike the schoolmaster, did not look so well as in the previous year. The end of his nose was decidedly and fixedly red, and his incessant shrug had eventuated in chronic high shoulders.

Considerable preparations had been made for our expedition. One of the domestics was to accompany us as porter, and a monsieur from Annecy, a good friend and *confrère* of the Maire's, had engaged to come out and give us his countenance for the day; indeed, he had promised to condescend so far as to call upon us at the Hotel de Genève, and accompany us from Annecy to Aviernoz, but that he had not done. To enhance his merits, M. Métral informed us that he was an *auberyiste*. As he did not appear before the start from the Mairie, his alpen-stock was made over to Bonney, whose trusty weapon had been lost the week before on a railway in Brittany. The new possessor was not as grateful as he ought to have been for the honour, misdoubting the sustaining power of a long and thin mottled bamboo—for such the stock was—with a point something like the broken awls with which boys used to arm their reed arrows in the days when boys were boys and made their own offensive weapons.

A steep ascent through fir woods brought us in two hours to the furthest of the Maire's three châlets, where we encountered a particularly disagreeable *brouillard*, and endeavoured to console ourselves by lunching on uncooked ham and boiled milk. Bonney was scientific enough to take an altitude observation with his aneroid, and fastidious enough to broil his ham on the end of a stick, marks of the civilised *savant* which caused the assembled party to marvel, and brought upon the poor Maire the affliction of burned fingers in the course of a praiseworthy effort of imitation with respect to the ham. Twenty minutes from this showed the mouth of the first *glacière*, the *glacière* of Grand Anu, as Rosset had spelled it for me the year before, though now he said that *ahn* would be a better spelling. As we stood amid rude vegetation at the edge of the huge pit in whose side is the entrance to the cave, the appearance of the vast portal below, with its gigantic architrave of a single block almost regular enough to give the idea of art, was exceedingly impressive; and the large masses of piled snow which lay at the bottom of the pit and led into the darkness added much to the strangeness of the scene. The perpendicular depth of the pit is 120 feet, and the descent of more than half of this is by the snow which has resisted the summer's heat. Bonney made the accompanying sketch from a point a few feet below the edge of the pit, in spite of the impossibility of drawing down-hill.

The snow had very much increased since the last year, and it gave M. Joly much fear. That upright man came slowly and stiffly on, at each step tottering on the verge of becoming an avalanche, and not reassured by the dreadful yells of Rosset, who had preceded him and developed a mania for waking the subterranean echoes. M. Joly arrived at the bottom at last; but it was evident even in that dim light that he had left his colour behind, and from observations made during the day it is certain that he never quite recovered it. The increase of snow was still more perceptible at the mouth of the cave than on the side of the pit of descent, and where there had been in the previous year a neat and precise pyramid of that material, there was now a huge misshapen mass, almost blocking up the entrance. The amount of ice on the walls was very great, much greater than before, and its folds and curves were beyond description beautiful and grand. To my great satisfaction, the prismatic structure of the ice, which many of those whom I had consulted on the subject had attempted to explain away, was very beautifully and clearly marked, and we chopped out at random masses of ice composed entirely of separable prisms. We found, as might have been expected, that an hexagonal arrangement prevailed; but there were apparently many exceptions, and in numerous cases the bounding lines of the end surfaces of the prisms were not straight lines. Some of the prisms were decidedly of the nature of truncated pyramids, and others were twisted. The ice seemed to be but little less hard and difficult to cut by reason of this structure. The pieces chopped out usually broke off at the depth of from one to two inches below the surface, and prisms of that length were easily separated from the mass by means of a penknife; very often our fingers alone sufficed for the operation. The accompanying

sketch (p. 744) shows a part of the glacial decoration on one of the walls of the cave, the ice of the foreground being the solid floor of unknown thickness.

A pit in the ice on the opposite side of the cave was the point on which our hearts were set. I had found it on my former visit, and had fathomed it to a depth of 70 feet, the aperture at top being a yard or four feet across. One side of the pit was the solid rock wall of the cave; the other sides were the ice of the floor. We had brought from England a sufficient length of the stoutest Alpine club rope, and pulleys running on bars of iron, with an abundance of strong staples to make our proposed descent free from danger. To make it if possible comfortable, we had caused to be made a broad and strong belt of stretching-girth and leather, that we might not be cut by the rope while being let down. At the mouth of the original pit of entrance we had cut three strong limbs of young fir trees, which were to be laid across the pit, and make the framework for the pulleys supporting the rope. But alas! the first sight of the edge of the pit made it too evident that our plan could not answer. Notwithstanding the great increase of ice on the walls of the cave, the ice forming the floor had disappeared to the extent of nearly a foot in depth, and as it had departed irregularly about the mouth of the pit, and the opposite side was sheer rock with a narrow ledge at the former level of the ice, there was no place for the logs of wood to rest upon. Indeed it was unpleasant work to approach the pit at all in the dim light which alone reached that side of the *glacière*, and for further safety we lay flat on our faces, and thrust our heads over the edge to look down into the utter darkness, knowing from my previous visit that the ice caved away sharply under our feet. We had brought out a number of yards of magnesium wire for the illumination of the lower regions; but when we began to make experiment thereof, we found that, without some further contrivance than we had the means of effecting, the wire was of no use to us. Each motion of the hand, or jerk of the string which supported the wire, caused the ignited portion to snap off, and after a score of attempts we fell back upon our oil lamps. *Bougies* had been intended to be our main stay for all ordinary purposes, but when we asked the Maire for some at his house, he assured us that there was not a candle of any kind in the whole commune, none nearer than Thorens indeed. Of oil lamps we had two. One was our own property, a bull's eye lantern purchased for the occasion in Cambridge, and it turned out to be the most utter imposture ever perpetrated, dying in an unscrupulous and unseemly manner within a minute of each fresh re-arrangement of the wick. The other was a lamp of the country, from the luncheon *châlet*, looking completely past work, but doing its little best when tried. This we lowered steadily, with the care which might be expected of men whose only luminary was being committed to unknown and perilous depths. As the feeble twinkling light descended, it showed in passing that what had before been bare rock had now a thick coating of ghost-like ice, profusely decorated with large corbel towers and massive pendants; and though immediately under where we lay the solid ice which formed the floor of the *glacière* caved inwards, the pit seemed to be closely surrounded with ice through three-fourths of its circumference, and wherever the scanty light of the oil-wick penetrated, we saw still the same glacial decoration. Between 60 and 70 feet below the surface, the lamp struck a floor of ice, and as we payed out more line it glided smoothly down the slope, passing at length under an arch in the rock, which hid it from our view at a depth of 73 feet. Just before its disappearance, the flame burst for a moment into something like brilliancy, and the flash revealed to us the smoothest possible slope of dark ice, passing on as far as we could see. This was close upon 200 feet below the surface of the earth, and the temptation to prosecute our designs was naturally great; but independent of the fact that there was no possible *point d'appui* for our apparatus of cords and pulleys, it struck us that the rope in swinging about as we descended must detach some of the heavy corbels of ice, and launch them upon the adventurous head below. Any one of them would have been sufficient to fracture an ordinary skull. Besides, the slope at the bottom was, so far as we could tell by the one glimpse we had caught of it, so exceedingly smooth, and so very sufficiently rapid, that a man suspended, as we had proposed, with a belt under his arm-pits supporting all his weight, could never effect a fast footing, and so must be content to slide down shapeless out of the sight of those above, till such time as water, or a precipice, or the end of the 90 feet of rope should arrive. Under all the circumstances, we determined that no good could come of an attempted descent; and even the dictum of a friend, who, having the lowest possible opinion of all approach to instruments and observations in connection with the Alps, had told us that 'if we were smashed, it would be a comfort to be smashed in the interests of science,' could not to any practical extent ameliorate the unpleasantness of the situation. All the same, it would be a useful thing to determine how far towards the centre of the earth this strange stream of subterranean ice rolls down the wide fissures of the limestone rock.

We decided sorrowfully that this investigation must be left to other and better equipped explorers, and made a start for the second *glacière*. This had declined to be found in the previous year, having only been discovered two years before, and never since visited. On the receipt of my note to the Maire, Rosset had gone off for a hunt in the neighbourhood of the place where the Maire had told us it certainly ought to be, and having succeeded in finding it, had marked it down. Nevertheless, we were taken hither and thither among the chasms and furrows in the white

live rock, which here formed the surface, and up and down the projecting masses of stone, in a very unsystematic manner. Patience and endurance, however, met with their reward after a time, and the coy *glacière* stood at length revealed. Nothing could be more unlike the grand wild opening of the former *glacière*, than the unpretentious hole which afforded the only means of reaching *l'Enfer*, a name which provided the schoolmaster with inexhaustible material for witticisms bordering on the blasphemous, and sometimes transgressing the boundary. A descent under an archway of rock, by a slope of muddy shingle for forty feet or so, ushered us into a large low hall with a floor of ice, of which we could see no termination any way, for —unlike the previous *glacière*—daylight failed as soon as we reached the bottom of the slope. Once more we gave the impostor lantern a chance, but it failed even more miserably than before, and the native lamp, which had braved the dangers of the pit we dared not face, did not give sufficient light to render locomotion under its guidance safe, especially as we were a party of six, and only one could have the lamp at once. We therefore resorted to the magnesium wire, and saw at once the form and dimensions of the cave. The floor appeared to be of solid ice, perfectly level and unbroken, and formed an area approximately circular, with a diameter, as we afterwards determined by measurement, of seventy-five or eighty feet. The roof was ten or twelve feet above the floor, and the surface of the rock composing it was almost even. From one side to the other it scarcely varied at all, and the effect of this even natural roof, stretching away always parallel with the floor, was very remarkable. Progressing slowly at such times as the magnesium wire chose to burn, and remaining carefully without motion during the frequent intervals, we arrived at length at a hole in the ice floor, and into this the two Englishmen made their way. It soon turned under the ice, and we proceeded by the light given by a succession of wax vestas to explore its further recesses, sternly forbidding any of the others to come. Little came of it, however, except that we saw enough to show that the ice composing the floor of the cave was of great thickness. On our return to the surface of the ice floor, we found that the others of our party had become sufficiently accustomed to the darkness, or twilight, to move cautiously without a candle, and they had discovered that at the farthest end of the cave the ice did not quite reach up to the wall of rock, but was rounded off in a swelling wave, leaving a sort of *Bergschrund* or gap a foot or two across, formed of course on a principle the very opposite of that of a *Bergschrund* proper. Into this hole they threw stones, which crashed down over ice for what sounded like some considerable distance, and then fell heavily into water. It seemed to be possible to effect a descent at one end of this chasm, where the ice joined the rock, so Bonney put on the belt and we let him down with the lamp. He reported that at a depth of about twelve feet a tunnel-shaped hole passed steeply down under the main mass of ice, and at the bottom of this tunnel water was visible. He threw down several large pieces of stone, and made all the observations he could, and then we hauled him up again. The other Englishman in turn assumed the belt, and was let down with a string for measuring distances, and a supply of magnesium wire to illuminate the depths. The length of the tunnel proved to be twenty-three feet, and its slope we guessed at about 30°, so that the thickness of the mass of ice forming the floor of the *glacière* was here about twenty-four feet. The water was collected in a cave in the ice, lying in a most suggestively unpleasant manner at the end of the tunnel, which was perhaps four feet high. The standing ground provided by nature for these observations was of the narrowest and most unsatisfactory description, and we were obliged to have the rope kept on a constant stretch to check the frequent commencements of a slide down into the tunnel. While half-standing, half-hanging, I chanced to kick a large piece of decayed wood towards the mouth of the tunnel, and getting on to the slope it glided rapidly down, and fell with a loud splash into the water. A second or two elapsed, when a horrible gurgling groan issued from some cavernous depth, and almost frightened me into losing my hand-hold. They heard it distinctly above, and were asking what *could* that noise be, when to our dismay, the same rolling groan came from far away under the ice, feeling its way, as it were, towards the tunnel, and up to where I stood. At periods of several seconds it continued to be repeated, losing nothing of its horror, as long as I stayed down below; and after they had hauled me up it still lasted, growing rather fainter and occurring at considerably less intervals, till at last, when we went away, it was going at the rate of thirty-nine groans in a minute. Those who have heard a large hydraulic ram at work, and can conceive that sighing, groaning noise transferred to such a place as I have described, and made horrible by the acoustic properties of the black depths from which it issued, may have some idea of what it was. The schoolmaster suggested, with a ready ingenuity which I believe came very near the truth, that the noise was related to that class of noises which water running from the neck of a bottle allows the entering air to make. He imagined that the piece of wood I had despatched to the lower regions, had been sufficiently heavy to remove some obstacle, which had before prevented the accumulated waters from passing through a hole into a reservoir still further underground, and that the noise we heard was, on a large scale, exactly the gurgling noise which attends the flow of fluid from a bottle. It is unnecessary to suggest any of the various modifications of this theory, which the tastes of different theorisers may form. It may very probably be that some explanation of the noise can be given on grounds radically different

from those which Rosset enunciated, but for the present I am quite inclined to believe that he hit off the true theory, or something very like it.

At the mouth of the *glacière* we found a young man in a blue blouse, whom the Maire introduced as his *confrère*, the *aubergiste* from Annecy, who had come out to give himself the pleasure of joining our party. With this accession to our forces, we marched off to the third *glacière*, down a very remarkable face of riven and eroded rock. The *cheminée* leading to this *glacière* was found without difficulty, and four of us ascended to the entrance of the cave. The Maire had declared, early in the day, that though he had not entered this *glacière* when I was last there, he fully intended to explore it with us now; but he changed his mind at last,

The Ice Chamber of the Third Glacière.

and did not even attempt the *cheminée*. His last year's carefulness about risking his neck in the descent from the entrance cave to the fissure in which the *glacière* lay, had been attributed to a patriotic determination that so exalted a person as the Maire of Aviernoz must at all hazards be kept unhurt, but he had no such excuse now, for he informed us that the elections had taken place three days before, and another was Maire. He had been eligible for re-election, but had not desired it. Indeed it was nothing but trouble, being Maire; there was nothing to be made by it, and the work was great. Five or six francs, for journeys which he was forced to make on communal business, that was all the reimbursement he received. It appeared, however, that whether eligible or not, he had no chance for re-election, for the *préfet* had put down the name of the man to be chosen, and the commune had been obedient. The election had occurred after three, instead of after five years, so M. Métral's period of dignity had not been so long as he had expected.

The Maire, then—for so we were still at liberty to call him, inasmuch as the bare *sapin*, which is

planted in front of the official's house, and points out to the world the position of the Mairie, had not been removed—and the monsieur from Annecy remained at the bottom of the *cheminée;* indeed the Maire eventually made his way to the fire of some Italian charcoal burners, where we found him roasting on our return. M. Joly, still manfully maintaining an upright back, clambered stiffly up the *cheminée*, and posed himself in the small cave at top, a sort of dark ante-room to the narrow internal fissure which penetrates into the heart of the mountain, with its roof of rock immensely high above. He had long before relapsed into a sort of moody silence, caused by his fatigue, and broken only by occasional questions to which he seemed not to require any answer, such as, "The English are the

The Glacière de l'Enfer.

greatest people in the world?" "You don't believe in baptism?" and so on. The rest of the party made towards the drop which leads from this cave to the fissure, and we observed that there was an absence of the icy current of air, which had so tried our endurance and our candles on the previous visit. On lowering the solitary little oil-lamp down this drop, we found, to our astonishment, that the fissure was choked with snow, commencing eight or nine feet below the platform where we stood, and passing down as far as we could see—which is not saying much, for the range of the lamp did not command a radius of six feet. I had believed, on my previous visit, that it was quite impossible for snow to reach the fissure, and I am now at a loss to know how it got there, unless the lie of the hills and gullies exposes the mouth of the cave to strong northerly winds, which drift the snow through the various windings of the approach to the fissure. We could see that the snow shrank from the sides of the fissure, and so presented a sharp descending *arête*, with what may be called a *Bergschrund* on a small scale on either side. To pass down this in the dark was as unsatisfactory a process as can well

be imagined, for the friction caused by the contact of a broad shoulder with the rugged side of the fissure was often the only hold, excepting the sharp edge of unresisting snow, on which the foot dared place no reliance whatever. Considering how useful the bull's-eye lantern would have been, we rather wished we had the man who sold it at one or two of the worst parts of the descent.

The snow reached as far as the entrance to the first ice-chamber. This, a gallery of forty feet long, showed a complete flooring of ice, whereas in the previous year, rather earlier in the summer, there had only been ice at the further end of the floor. The cascade which blocked that end was much higher and more striking than on that occasion, when it measured seven yards in height. It must have been now, at the least, half as much again, and the ice was thicker and more beautiful. The most limpid parts of it were prismatic, and were so clear that, as we moved the lamp backwards and forwards, the meshes of the net-work of shadow cast through the ice upon the rock behind were most distinct, being magnified and diminished, of course, according as the lamp was nearer or further off. In one part we observed that the mass was formed of prisms of very large size, the ice being so clear and limpid that the shadow cast by the dividing lines was seen as if nothing were interposed between us and the rock on which it rested. Some of these prisms were at least three inches across the exposed end, and one or two cast shadows of most perfect hexagons; their length, that is, the thickness of the ice in this particular part, must have been half a foot, and was possibly a good deal more. Their beauty was so great, that here, as in the first *glacière*, we groaned over the impossibility of carrying them away. Some parts of this cascade were interspersed with large and eccentric air-bubbles, but in the best prisms there was not a flaw of any kind.

It was now time to descend to the lower chamber on the right hand side of the fissure, everything being, of course, involved in the most pitchy darkness. The solid ice floor of this chamber, and the remains of columns at the entrance, were apparently in precisely the same state as when I had last seen them. But the corner which we were bent upon exploring was much changed, unfortunately for our schemes. It was before closed by a curtain of ice, and a hole in the curtain was easily made large enough to admit a man. Within the curtain I had found a gentle slope of ice passing down into a supposed chamber, which gave forth sounds of water and of rock in answer to the lumps of ice despatched along the slope. The curtain at that time formed a low roofing, which did not permit me to stand upright, but allowed room for sitting on the ice-slope and using the axe to cut steps. I had desisted on that occasion from proceeding more than a yard or two down the slope, in consequence of the absence of ropes, and the impossibility of finding any holding for hands or feet in case of a slip. We were now well provided with ropes, and we attacked the curtain in great spirits. It was evident at a first glance that the amount of the ice which formed the curtain had very much increased, but we were not prepared for the labour it cost us to hew a hole through it. The difficulty of this process was made greater by the extreme slipperiness of the ice on which those who hewed and those who looked on were obliged to stand. Whenever the hewer put more than ordinary vigour into a stroke, his foothold gave way, and he slid along the ice bent double and with all sides foremost, in that fatuous way which marks a beginner's appearance on skates. This was only partially remedied by roughening with the axe the ice-floor in the neighbourhood of the desired hole in the curtain. When at length we had all had our turn, and had all skated about involuntarily and inelegantly, and were all pretty well tired, a hole sufficiently large to admit a man, legs first, was achieved, and we sent in the oil-lamp to explore. The icy current which rushed out from the hole was almost too much for the feeble flame, and blew it about so much that we could see nothing of what was inside. We therefore lighted a piece of the magnesium wire, and after many unsuccessful attempts contrived to light up the interior with it. In place of a tolerably roomy cave, with floor and roof of ice, and ice on one side and the other, we found a mere trough. The diminution in size was caused by the lowering of the icy roof, which now approached much nearer to the slope forming the floor, and ran parallel with it as far as we could see, until the flooring passed down into invincible darkness, and the roof joined the rock. What we had called a curtain was in fact a grand and solid mass of ice, streaming down from a fissure in the rock, and completely occupying all that corner of the chamber. This mass of ice reached within two feet of the ice floor through all its thickness, and the curtain in which we had hewn a hole was a veil hung before the entrance to the broad and low tunnel thus made. The roof was very prettily groined, and was studded with crystals, and here and there graceful pillars ran up to it from the floor. There was nowhere room to sit upright, barely sufficient room for a man lying down, and there was no possible chance of using an axe. It was clear, however, that a man lying on the ice could worm himself along down the slope, and accordingly the belt was put on and I essayed to go, entering feet first, and taking our only light with me. But before I was well in a feeling of suffocation came on. The situation was too much like what it must be to be buried alive. Whatever happened, it was impossible to do much more than raise the head and indulge in lateral motion of the arms and legs. The idea was so unpleasant that I resolved to be cowardly and go no further. There seemed to be no reason for supposing that there would be more vertical space further on, where the slope became more rapid and turned a corner of the rock; so that it was among probabilities that an explorer in my circumstances would be let gradually down by the rope, gliding on

his back round this corner, and there would remain jammed when the attempt to pull him up again was made. Besides, the horrible devouring gurgle of the depths of the last glacier was still in our ears, and this tunnel in which I lay might end in sudden water just as the tunnel in *l'Enfer* did. Water we knew to be round the corner at some greater or less distance, and the idea of plunging in, feet first, off a slippery slope of ice, without room for any kind of struggle, and without a certainty that the spasmodic *tirez! tirez!* would reach through all obstacles to the men at the other end of the rope, finally decided the question. Before calling, however, to them to haul me up through the hole, I observed that the roof of this strange trough was thickly set with the same brown case-flies which I had found in the glacières of La Genollière and S. Livres in the Jura, and here, in the previous year. The present specimens struck me as being smaller than those I had before seen, and I secured two—being all I could accommodate in fingers already encumbered by an axe and an oil-lamp. Then they were told to haul me out, which they did with a will, evidently enjoying it much more than I did, and oblivious to the fact that a human being feels more than a log of wood may be supposed to do, when jerked abruptly on his back over a little obstacle a foot high, consisting of a solid threshold of ice jagged with recent hewing. While we were placing the two flies in the box prepared for them, we found that two others had attached themselves to my coat, and one of these was of an entirely different species. These insects have since been submitted to the inspection of the Entomological Society. Three of them are specimens of *Stenophylax*, the largest being probably, though not certainly, *S. hieroglyphicus* of Stephens, as the specimen brought from an ice-cave in the Jura had already been supposed to be. The two smaller caddis flies are either *S. testaceus* of Pictet, or some very closely allied species. The remaining insect is an ichneumon of the genus *Paniscus*, but no one has been able to identify it with any described species. It differs from all its congeners in the marking of the throat, and in this respect bears a strong resemblance to some species of *Ophion;* nevertheless, it is a true *Paniscus.** The case-flies may have been washed into the cave, somehow or other, in the larva form, and come to maturity on the ice where they have lodged. Case-flies, it is well known, have the power of adapting themselves to great extremes of cold; the same flies which come to maturity in one year, or even in one season, in protected and warmer regions, requiring two and three and even four years to arrive at the perfect state at higher altitudes, or in colder latitudes. But this explanation will not hold in the case of the ichneumon, which is a parasitic genus on larvæ of terrestrial insects. The ice trough in which the flies were found must have been hermetically sealed at the end by which we entered. No one who had seen the huge curtain of ice which shut in that corner of the cave could doubt the fact. The other end plunged down into darkness, and blocks of ice despatched down the slope fell at length into water. A great entomological authority is of opinion that the presence of the ichneumon proves conclusively that some communication with the outer air existed at the time, or had very recently existed, but the depths into which the trough plunged pass straight on towards the heart of the mountain in whose face the original entrance to the fissure lies. Another gentleman, who has for several years investigated the insect fauna of Switzerland, is inclined to think that the curtain could not have hermetically sealed the entrance to the trough, and that through its interstices the insects had flown. In any case it is exceedingly remarkable that this particular cavity in the ice should be found to contain such a very large number of the same insects that I had found in two of the Jurane ice-caves the summer before. The flies were perfectly stationary on the ice until touched, when they ran actively, and we had great difficulty in catching the ichneumon.

On the opposite side of the main fissure from that on which this triangular chamber opened out, we found the same curious channel of motionless water that we had observed the year before, lying about a yard and a half wide between vertical walls of rock which passed up out of sight. By lighting the fissure with magnesium wire we discovered with some difficulty the other end of this singular channel, far away from the furthest point we could reach. The rock at the end rose up vertically like the sides, and we did not succeed in detecting the roof. The man who accompanied us from the Mairie declared that he had long known the *glacière*, and had been employed to extract ice from it for M. de Chosal of Annecy, and that on one occasion he had found one side of the channel of water solid ice, along which he had passed till he reached yet another ice-cave.

This supplementary visit to the *glacières* of Mont Parmelan and the Montagne de l'Eau had the effect of raising our opinion of the grandeur of the natural phenomena connected with them, while our observations seemed to show that no very deep scientific reasons for their existence need be sought. The presence of a large quantity of snow in the cave last described contradicted the opinion formed upon the observations of the previous visit, and showed that in this cave also snow may have played the large part it certainly does play in many *glacières* in the production of the larger masses of ice which form the solid floor of the caves. Very probably such *glacières* may be found in connection with many of the *neigières*, or snow-holes, which abound in the Jura, in cases at least where the water formed by the melting snow does not run off entirely by natural drainage, but lodges in a cave at the bottom or side of the pit. And from the nature of snow it

* I have to thank Mr. R. M'Lachlan and Mr. Albert Müller for valuable information and suggestions with respect to these insects.

is easy to see that the mere presence of a large superincumbent mass will tend to convert the lower parts into ice when the infiltration of surface water is taken into account, without the necessity of supposing a complete thaw of the snow and a separate freezing of the resulting water. The decorative parts which appear on the walls in the shape of curtains, and as pillars, and stalactites, and stalagmites, are originally no doubt formed in the end of winter or in early spring, and are maintained by the low temperature which a cave half full of ice and snow must possess. Probably, indeed almost certainly, additions are made to these portions of the ice by the congelation of some of the water which courses over them, or falls on to them from fissures in the roof and walls of the cave, at later periods of the spring and summer. It is worthy of special notice that in the course of a visit paid to two of the Jurane ice-caves in the middle of January of the present year, a small course of water was found to be running down the face of a rock where in summer is nothing but a solid sheet of ice; and a certain pathway in the cave, which in the hot months is difficult by reason of a thick crust of ice, was bare rock. This appears to point to early spring as the time when the formation of the decorative parts of the ice commences.

The temperatures in the three *glacières* after we had been in them some little time were respectively as follows:—1·2 centigrade, 1·5, and 2·5, being higher than the register of the previous year, observed a few weeks earlier in the season. The misconduct of the aneroid renders the altitude observations less trustworthy, but the heights of the three caves are probably from 4900 to 5500 feet. With regard to the prismatic structure so very clearly marked, it seems possible that when large masses of ice are subjected for a length of time to the summer temperature of these caves, a degree or two degrees above freezing, the surface takes the opportunity afforded by the partially relaxed condition of its molecules to assume to a definite extent the crystalline form which in a more modified degree is natural to it.

C. F. BROWNE.

MARY MERRYWEATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUAKER PHILANTHROPY."

THE philanthropic labours of Miss Merryweather commenced several years prior to the date when the subject of nursing was brought prominently before the public by the doings of Miss Nightingale. Indeed, from an early age she seems to have devoted her energies to the comfort, instruction, and elevation of those around her. For some time, however, she did not confine her exertions to any one definite object, but merely did what good she could, and wherever she found the opportunity. But one day, in the summer of 1847, a friend narrated to her the particulars of a fête she had witnessed a short time before, which had been given to the factory hands of some large silk works situated near Halstead. Miss Merryweather was much interested in the recital, and asked many questions respecting the condition of the operatives employed. Her friend readily gave her a lucid description of the extraordinary amount both of good and evil to be found among the silk workers, yet the good and the evil seemed balanced in such equal proportions, that it was difficult to say which predominated. The proprietors of the factory, she stated, were by no means to blame, for more liberal or kind-hearted people it would be difficult to find. They had already done what had been suggested for the improvement of their operatives, especially the girls, and they were now seeking for some lady who could undertake to read and lecture to them daily, as the Ten Hours' Bill, which had lately come into operation, gave them far more leisure than they had hitherto enjoyed.

The graphic description Miss Merryweather's friend had given her of the condition of the factory hands at Halstead greatly interested her. The more she thought over the subject, the more attractive did it grow, until at last she resolved to offer her services to Mr. Courtauld, the proprietor of the silk works, in the capacity of reader and lecturer to the factory girls in his employ. She had little difficulty in obtaining an introduction to Mrs. Courtauld, the wife of the proprietor, and that benevolent lady willingly accepted Miss Merryweather's offer. Having first spent some weeks at the Normal School in the Borough Road, to make herself fully acquainted with the routine of the work on which she was about to enter, she left London for Halstead, where she received a most cordial reception from Mr. and Mrs. Courtauld, who immediately accompanied her to the scene of her future labours. The factory itself was a large brick building, very similar to others of the same description. It contained on the basement floor five hundred looms, which were worked by steam power, and each attended to by one woman. Above this were two stories, partly appropriated to the weaving of gauze for crape, and partly to other processes connected with silk manufacture. At the time of her visit there were fully a thousand women and girls employed in the factory, besides the requisite number of men for performing the heavier portion of the work. Miss Merryweather found the women in general clean and tidily dressed; but in spite of the pains taken by the overseers to enforce cleanliness, many were very dirty and slovenly.

Having entered on her duties, she soon deter-

mined that her labours should not be confined to the instruction of the young girls, but that she would assist the adult females as well. She obtained from the overseers of the factory a list of those women absent from work on account of sickness, and she made it one portion of her daily work to visit cases of the kind. As may be imagined, she found singular instances of all that is honourable in woman side by side with gross immorality and incredibly uncleanly habits. Many seemed not to have the slightest idea of religion, while dirt and drunkenness appeared to have assumed complete power over them.

Hitherto there had been no schools in connection with the factory. The children were always more than thirteen years of age before they commenced working, and thus the masters were not required by Act of Parliament to supply them with the means of education. There was, however, a British school in the town which was liberally supported by the firm, and there were also two National schools connected with the two churches. The larger proportion of the children in the factory, however, had received little or no education from those schools, and it was one of Miss Merryweather's first endeavours to establish an evening school. In order to enlist some interest among the better-instructed of the young women in the factory, and to get them to co-operate with her, Miss Merryweather paid frequent visits to them while they were at work. She thus endeavoured, by conversing with them, and entering into their little domestic histories, to establish an intimacy with them which might afterwards be used with advantage. The system answered admirably, and Miss Merryweather in a short time obtained from them not only their confidence, but also the assurance of their hearty co-operation with her in the work she was engaged in.

Having organised her staff, Miss Merryweather commenced operations, and in a short time opened her evening school. About a hundred and twenty scholars entered their names the first week; but a great many difficulties remained to be overcome before the movement could be looked upon as a success. The road to the school-room from the main street was by a narrow dirty path where there were no lamps. The school-room itself was without gas, and sad were the disasters which happened to the oil-lamps by which it was lighted. "Nothing could be more uncomfortable than all was at first," Miss Merryweather writes, "not only in the school, but in the dark, dirty, winding way which led to it; but I carried my own little lantern, and the more timid girls went and came with me. Again, our first school nights were unsettled and exciting. A great many of the most disorderly girls were attracted by the novelty. They would come and see what this new teacher was like, and have some fun, as they thought. The managers of the factory, knowing the characters of most of these, asked me to have one or two of the overseers present to prevent disorder; but this I declined, and would do just the same thing again in the same circumstances. It was best to do what was possible with them on my own personal responsibility. I was anxious, also, to disconnect in their minds the school from the factory. But it would have been better, and have made it much easier to manage at first, if all the weavers above seventeen had been made to pay at least a penny a week. The school being free, there was great crowding and crushing up to be classified. Some of those who came were coarse, noisy girls, with no womanly reserve or modesty; they pushed, jested, and even swore at each other."

The thorough organisation of the school seems to have caused Miss Merryweather no little trouble. The better and more modest young women who had promised to assist her as monitors, began to shrink from the undertaking, as they disliked to be subjected to the taunts and jeers of the ruder girls while engaged at their labours in the factory. By degrees, however, a better order of things began to prevail. Miss Merryweather had persisted in her systematic patience and mildness of manner, and at last experienced the fruits of the policy she had adopted. She began to be implicitly obeyed without even the necessity of using an angry or an impatient word to those who had hitherto been the most refractory. Her monitors also had more attention shown them. The school building, too, underwent considerable repair and improvements. Gas was put on, and many other little comforts were attended to, and at last everything was got into good working order.

With the adults Miss Merryweather had far greater trouble than with the girls—the women as well as the men being in the habit of frequenting the numerous public-houses in the neighbourhood. There they not only wasted their own time and money, but enticed others, who were comparatively innocent, to imitate them. Another attraction against which Miss Merryweather had particularly to work, were the penny dances, which were of course accompanied with immoderate drinking and low songs, and were generally got up in public-houses. By degrees, however, Miss Merryweather contrived to induce the women to leave them, and come to the school, or the mothers' meetings. Still a vast amount of mischief remained untouched which no efforts of hers could subdue.

In the mean time the evening school progressed in the most satisfactory manner, and the elder girls began to take great interest in it. Miss Merryweather would now frequently give them simple lectures on elementary portions of science, especially the first principles of physiology, the great laws governing health, and the value of personal cleanliness. In this department she had, perhaps, more difficulty than any other, but at last she succeeded. The admonition to wash themselves regularly and thoroughly every day seemed to be received by many as an absurd and impossible thing;

indeed one blunt girl declared she did not believe she had ever been in a bath since she was a baby. By degrees, however, not only did the truth of Miss Merryweather's lectures become apparent to them, but they also came to feel the comfort of following her advice, and at last her pupils became as cleanly in their persons as they had hitherto been the reverse.

It is not our intention to follow Miss Merryweather through her various philanthropic efforts in the neighbourhood of Halstead and its factory, deeply interesting as the subject would be. Should the reader wish for more information respecting her work, we would refer him to a little book written by her, entitled "Experiences of Factory Life, being a Record of Fourteen Years' Work at Mr. Courtauld's Silk Mill at Halstead, Essex." We can assure the reader that the perusal of its pages will well repay the time it will take.

Notwithstanding the interest Miss Merryweather felt in her factory labours, she had still a place in her heart for other kinds of work, and, like many other ladies, she took a great interest in the subject of nursing, and often wished she could employ herself in any way in furthering the movement. For some time, however, no opportunity presented itself to her, and she continued steadily and indefatigably to do her duties at Halstead. Chance, however, befriended her when she least expected it. A gentleman of fortune residing in Liverpool (whose name it is unnecessary to mention here) resolved to raise a monument *in memoriam* of a severe domestic affliction. He justly considered that none better could be erected than a building dedicated to the welfare of his fellow-creatures, and especially to the solacement of the sick and wounded, and he decided on establishing a nurses' training-school and home. As soon as his intentions were made known, other benevolent individuals gathered round him, and offered him their co-operation in the good work he was about to commence. In a short time a very handsome edifice was erected in the rear of the Royal Infirmary.

During the construction of the building, the subscribers employed themselves in organising their working staff. The committee of the school was selected from the Infirmary committee, the chairman and treasurer being *ex officio* members. The most difficult office, however, had yet to be filled up—that of a lady superintendent, and diligent indeed were the researches made to find a person fitted for the purpose. Many were proposed, and from these Miss Merryweather was at last chosen. Nor were the committee easily pleased in their choice, as a quotation from a report of their proceedings to the subscribers will show, which we insert the more readily, as it will relieve us from the suspicion of any personal flattery of Miss Merryweather. The committee's report says, "To take charge of such an institution from its very commencement no ordinary qualities were required. A lady competent for such a post must be endowed with considerable energy and a hopeful spirit; must have strong religious principles, yet be free from anything like sectarian prejudice and bigotry; must possess a clear and sound judgment; must be devoted to her work, and have skill to select, and moral and mental power to control and inspire a number of young women brought together under circumstances affording them great opportunities of usefulness and self-improvement, but at the same time exposing them to considerable temptations. We were fortunate enough to find a lady who possessed the requisite qualifications, and to prevail on her to undertake the work."

Even in Miss Merryweather's case an objection at first presented itself. Constant and kind as had been her attendance at the bedside of the sic[1] at Halstead, she had as yet had no experience in nursing on a large scale or in the management of such an institution. This objection, however, was speedily removed. Miss Merryweather, immediately on her appointment, attended at the Nightingale School in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital, and also that of the Sisters of St. John's House, who have charge of King's College Hospital, and thus she made herself thoroughly acquainted with the system and organisation of those two nursing schools, and their method of study and the surgical and medical training therein pursued. The remaining portion of her duties was far more easy to acquire, her own innate ideas of order and discipline qualifying her admirably for regulating an establishment of the kind. The various officials having now been selected, it remained to draw up a code of rules to regulate the admission and instruction of the nurses as well as to control them. To accomplish this, the three separate elements of which the administration was composed, combined admirably. So far as the scientific instruction and direction of the nurses was concerned they were placed under the immediate control of the medical officers. When in the Home they were wholly under the control of Miss Merryweather; but when in the Hospital she had no power beyond what the mistress of every establishment ought to maintain over those young women confided to her care; and this regulation has been rigidly submitted to by Miss Merryweather, whose only interference with the duties of the Infirmary has been to see that the orders of the medical officers were rigorously carried out whenever there appeared any probability of their being neglected.

The general economy and business arrangements of the Home were to be regulated by the managing committee, while the direct superintendence and control of the nurses, when off duty and in the Home, were entrusted to Miss Merryweather. There her powers were to be absolute. While she was to be submissive to the medical officers so long as her nurses were on duty in the infirmary, they again were equally without power in the Home, although of course their opinion as to any sanitary regulations in it were to be strictly attended to. The success

which has attended this institution proves how great is the power of the male and female minds when actively employed together in good works, compared to what is seen when the sexes are separated into sisterhoods or fraternities. Without wishing to say one disrespectful word of the different Protestant sisterhoods in England at present, or of the purity of their motives, and the strength of their zeal, we must still express our conviction that the success of the Liverpool Nurses' Home and Training School has been far greater than it would have been if Miss Merryweather, and the ladies co-operating with her, had shut themselves up in a state of half seclusion, and had communication only with their male fellow workers on specified occasions, or through the clergyman attached to their particular establishment.

The rules for the regulation of the nurses were compiled with consummate ability. Candidates were to be chosen, if possible, of ages ranging between twenty-five and thirty-five. Although ladies were to be willingly admitted as probationers, it was considered that the classes of young women best adapted for the work were those of the lower middle orders, farmers' daughters, and respectable and intelligent female servants. When a candidate applied for admission, a printed form was to be given her to be filled up, and in this she was required to state her name, age, place of birth, where she had been educated, her previous occupation, and whether married, single, or a widow, (if the latter a marriage certificate was required,) and if married or a widow, whether she had any children, and if so, how many, as well as to give some good reference as to her respectability. These having been examined by the managing committee and the lady superintendent, and admitted to be satisfactory, another paper was given the applicant to be filled up by some medical man well acquainted with her family, so as to prove her physical capabilities for the work she was about to undertake. The questions in this certificate, which is still in use, are of the most stringent character. The medical referee is required to state how long he has been acquainted with the applicant; whether she is intelligent, and of active habits; what is her general appearance, configuration, height, weight, and general health; whether she has had any serious illness, and if so, when, and of what character; whether she is subject to head affections, or has any tendency to pulmonary disease, whether her parents are living, and whether there has been any insanity in her family. Should this certificate be filled up in a satisfactory manner, the applicant is required to attend before the committee, and having again expressed her willingness to be a probationer, she is asked a series of questions such as whether she has read the rules which she is expected to obey; whether she is willing to attend the poor as well as the rich, and whether she clearly understands that she is not to accept any present of any value from patients or their friends, without the consent of the committee. She is also informed that when in the Home or on duty, she must always wear a dress prescribed by the committee, and that she is further to understand that in case of her neglecting to strictly obey the regulations of the Home, she will be immediately dismissed.

We must here describe the dress prescribed by the committee. It has nothing of the appearance of that worn by a sisterhood, or the members of a conventual institution. It is simply a neat cotton gown of one regular pattern, such as a person would wear when engaged in any active employment. This regulation appears to have been adopted by the committee, rather with the view of preventing any competition in the toilets of the nurses, than to place on them any badge or uniform. This explanation is the more necessary, as nothing would be more contrary to the unsectarian opinions of the committee, than anything approaching to the costume of a mediæval ecclesiastical order. Nor have the sick and the wounded under the charge of the nurses lost in any manner by the simplicity of their secular attire; and if the cross is not worn by them as an emblem on their outward dress, their behaviour to those under their ministrations has hitherto proved that it is not the less deeply engraven on their hearts.

Subject to their good behaviour and competency, the nurses are now engaged for three years, and during that time they are employed in hospital, district, and private nursing, according as their talents or the want of their services may make advisable. When a probationer enters on her duties, she is first placed for two months in a surgical ward, and afterwards for two more in a medical ward. If sufficiently trained, she is then placed for four months as nurse in a surgical ward, under one of the head nurses, and after that for four months more as nurse in a medical ward; subject, however, to such modifications as the lady superintendent may consider necessary. By the end of twelve months, it is generally considered that the curriculum of study necessary to form an experienced nurse has been gone through.

As soon as a probationer's education is considered complete, she is entered on the register of nurses at the Home, as being ready for any professional service, either in private families or in district nursing. To go into details as to the general management of the nurses' Home, and the duties of its inmates, would far exceed our limits. Should our readers be interested in the subject, we would refer them to an excellent *brochure* written by a member of the committee, (unfortunately he has withheld his name, for he is deserving of great praise,) "On the Organisation of Nursing in Large Towns," in which with justifiable pride he draws his conclusions from the success which has attended the Liverpool Nurses' Training School and Home. The book is interesting as a narrative to the public at large, and also as a book of reference to those engaged in establishing similar institutions. On

one point, and one only, we do not agree with the writer—we allude to the somewhat too low estimation in which he appears to hold the Poor Laws, as a means of dispensing charity. True, he admits that good nursing under the Poor Law would do much to lessen that large amount of pauperism which is the consequence of sickness among the hard-working poor, but he adds:

"On other grounds we do not desire to see this done. For under a system of parochial payment, we should lose the best and most useful accompaniment of private charity—the personal interest and superintendence of the givers. So long as the nurse is supported by private benevolence, she and her patients enjoy the inestimable advantages of the control, advice, and aid of educated and refined women, who naturally undertake the supervision of a charity for which they provide the means, but who would neither be able nor willing to interfere, if the nurse were a parish officer, and the nursing and food and medicine supplied by the parish funds."

Even at the risk of the writer regarding us as "nothing, if not critical," we must strongly object to a conclusion of this kind. Instead of denying the possibility of the admission of a charitable feeling into the Poor Law Administration, would it not be far better if he, and such men as he is associated with, were to exert themselves to restore the Poor Law to its original basis and intention—the regulated almsgiving of a Christian community, which, while it allowed the really benevolent to indulge to the fullest extent their private charity, would at the same time place a legal obligation on the selfish to contribute, according to their means, to the wants of their fellow-creatures. There need be no fear of the really benevolent ever wanting employment, even though the Poor Law should be fairly carried out, for "the poor always ye have with you." Again, the writer seems to have hardly taken sufficiently into consideration the enormous amount of good which might be effected even in the nursing of the sick poor, if such men as he would only interest themselves as much in the administration of the poor rate, as they do in works of public and private charity. Of the statistics of Liverpool we know little but from a comparison with what might be effected at a small cost to the rate-payers in the metropolis by the judicious organisation of a nursing staff, we may assume that, with numbers and means in proportion, the same might be done in Liverpool. A lady superintendent with 1000*l.* a year, two vice-superintendents with 500*l.* a year each, one hundred head or superintendent nurses at 100*l.* a year each, and a body of a thousand trained nurses at 50*l.* a year each, might be maintained in the metropolis by a rate hardly exceeding three farthings in the pound, and from the saving their services might effect in reducing the parochial expenditure the cost would possibly be reduced to little more than a farthing in the pound. We do not offer this as a scheme to be adopted, we merely throw it out as a suggestion worthy of the consideration of the author of "The Organisation of Nursing in Large Towns," and we sincerely hope the time will soon arrive when such men as he is will take more interest in the administration of the poor rate, being fully convinced that nothing but good could accrue from their interference.

We must now return to Miss Merryweather. Aided by the efficient services of her sister, Elizabeth, the Training School and Home for Nurses has become, under her immediate management one of the most celebrated institutions in Liverpool. Nor is its high reputation in any way undeserved. We have visited some of the best hospitals in Europe, but in none have we seen nursing carried to higher perfection than here. A more respectable and intelligent body of women than those attached to the Liverpool training school, it would be difficult to find: even their costume is much to be admired. It has none of that depressing effect occasionally produced by the black dress of the Sisters seen in foreign hospitals. Miss Merryweather's nurses convey a cheering impression rather than otherwise. They have about them a genial air, which brings to the mind of the sick under their care more of the idea of skilful and kind home nurses, than of the organised business routine of a public institution. Yet it would be impossible for any women, no matter how strictly they may have bound themselves by vows, to carry out their mission to the sick, to show greater courage, devotion, and patience, than have been shown by the nurses under Miss Merryweather's care, during the late severe visitation of the cholera. Many of them were then prostrated by sickness from the severity of their labours, yet all unhesitatingly resumed them as soon as their health was re-established, while two of them actually fell victims to the faithful performance of duty.

But notwithstanding the liberality of the rules of the institution, the most perfect order, discipline, and cleanliness pervades both the Infirmary and the Home. Not a thing seemed wanting, nor was anything out of its place. The Home itself in all its arrangements appeared a perfect model of what an institution of the kind ought to be. The private rooms of the nurses and probationers (for each had her own room) were not only well-furnished and supplied with every comfort, but an order was observable in them which could not have been surpassed in any private establishment, no matter how well regulated. At present the number of nurses and probationers attached to the School and Home is about eighty, and the committee are willing to receive any other eligible applicants who may present themselves. Altogether a visit to the Home would well repay any philanthropist interested in institutions of the kind, and we are certain the impression he will bring away with him will be the same as that we experienced—that while other nursing institutions may equal it in excellence of management, it would be difficult indeed to find one to exceed it.

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BRIDGET DALLY'S CHANGE.

AN EXPERIENCE OF A DISTRICT VISITOR.

I WAS somewhat alarmed when I was asked to become a District Visitor in the little town of Marsham. I felt not a little shy when I made my first round of visits, and I hardly knew how to apologise for my intrusion as I entered house after house, not knowing the inmates and not feeling at all sure that they wanted to know me. My receptions were as various as possible. One or two welcomed me in a cheery, kind, pleasant sort of way, as if they felt confident that I meant well and that some good would come of it—or at any rate as if it was a pleasure to them to receive a lady's morning call. Some were stiff and surly, did not ask me to sit down, gave no encouragement to my tremulous attempts at small-talk, and expressed "Get about your business!" as plainly as they could without actually pronouncing the words. Several were painfully humble and servile, full of compliments which were evidently articles of barter, and for which they expected returns with interest. One patronised me. Her manner implied that I had nearly as much sense as could reasonably be expected from a lady, and that she was quite willing to help me to acquire a little more. One unmistakably snubbed me, and gave me to understand in a moment that a person whom she believed to be my mamma had recommended "somebody else" as washerwoman, which "somebody else" was a perfect mountain of immorality, and as she phrased it, "simply grymed the clothes instead of cleanin' them," while she, the snubber, who ought to have been recommended and was not, was in all respects a model, invariably sending back all her things "as if they was new, without a brack or a break anywhere." And one, I am sorry to say, discovered my approach from a side window, and hurrying into her kitchen was ready to be discovered on her knees before an open Bible by the time I arrived at the door. Altogether, when I got to the last name on my list I was a good deal bewildered and flurried, and it was with no small comfort that I heard a frank voice say, ere I had well crossed the threshold, "Come in, miss, I heerd you were goin' your rounds, and I hoped you wouldn't forget *me*."

I saw a brisk, hearty-looking woman, about six or seven and thirty, busily engaged in ironing, while two boys of eight and nine, and a girl a little older, were preparing to start for afternoon school. The woman's name was Patty Brooke, as she speedily told me. She introduced her children, with a word of commendation for each, packed them off to school with a warning not to loiter by the way, volunteered a vast deal of information about her family and her circumstances—her husband's delicate health, which prevented him from earning his wages regularly—and her own active habits, which more than made up for the deficiency. She seemed to be a bustling, high-spirited, industrious, self-complacent kind of woman, who would let no grass grow under her feet or anybody else's if she could help it. She finished by inviting me to go upstairs and see "th' owld ooman" before I went, and as I complied with her request she told me who "th' owld ooman" was—namely, a certain Bridget Dally, who had been for many years servant to a former rector of the parish, and being now past her work was pensioned off as a boarder in the house of Patty Brooke.

"She mostly keeps her bed now," said Patty, as she climbed the stairs; "there aint to say much of a reason for it, for she can stand a walk so well as my man any day—but she has her fancies, and she's frightful cross, that's the truth."

I entered a clean little room, where, on a bed covered with a patchwork quilt, the old woman lay. She was so gaunt and so wrinkled that she might well have counted ninety years. Three substantial pillows raised her head, so that her strongly-marked profile was conspicuous before I reached the bedside, and I could see that she shut her eyes tightly as soon as she was aware by the trembling of the floor that some one had come to visit her. Being very deaf she had not heard our steps on the stairs.

"Ah, she's makin' believe to be asleep because she thinks I want to say summat to her," said Patty, under her breath, with a slight laugh. "I don't know if she'll look at ye, miss, but we'll just try."

Coming close up to the bedside, she shouted in the old woman's ear, "Mrs. Dally! Mrs. Dally! there's a young lady come to see you."

To my dismay, the old woman reared herself up with every appearance of vigour, and screeched at the top of her voice, "Give her sixpence! give her sixpence!"

Patty laughed again. "She always speaks *that* loud," said she, reassuringly, to me. "I take it, miss, she thinks it's somehow a kind of revenge upon me for her being so deaf, for she knows it makes my head ache." Then, raising her voice to the utmost, she added, "It's a young lady you never saw before, come to pay you a visit."

Old Bridget shrieked again, in a voice that went through me like a screw, "Give her sixpence! send her away!"

"She'll never get the better of that, I do believe," cried Patty. "You see, miss, the last time she got her pay, there was sixpence too much, and the lady came the next day and had it back again, which made her dreadful angry. She couldn't stand it nohow, and I shouldn't wonder if she were to have quite a spite at you, like, because of it."

"I think I shall go away," said I, beginning to be really frightened. "I would much rather not worry her to speak to me, if she doesn't like it."

"No, no," said Patty; "if you go, she's sure to

remember it against me. Mrs. Dally! it's not Miss Jones come to see you; it's quite a new young lady, Miss Trevor."

I wish it to be understood that every word addressed to the old woman, or spoken by her, was uttered in the loudest voice that could possibly be achieved by human lungs. The dialogue which Patty and I carried on between whiles, in our usual tones, was quite inaudible to her.

Old Bridget now turned towards me with some sulky effort at civility, and seemed to be asking what I wanted.

"I am the visitor for this district; I am come to make friends with you."

"I don't want to make no pens," was her answer; "they're no use to me."

"To make *friends*," screamed Patty; "*friends*, you know."

Bridget acknowledged the correction with a grunt, and looked at me again, as much as to say, "what next?"

"I hope you are comfortable here," began I, hesitatingly.

"Oh, Heaven bless you, miss, don't say *that* to her!" murmured Patty.

"I think I'll be movin' next month," was Bridget's answer, before I had time to change the subject. "The children makes all the noise in their natures, just to worrit me from morning till night; and dinner's always late, which puts a poor old body off her appetite——" ("Hear that now!" ejaculated Patty; "and she's been eatin' for two, this very blessed day: I do think it's so much meat that lies heavy on her temper!") "—and there's nothing straight in the whole house. The master's idle——"

"Oh now, goody," interposed Mrs. Brooke, "when you know how sick he is! It's a shame for you to say that!"

"But I *will* say it, and the lady *shall* hear it, and she *shall* know that you don't do your duty by me; you take the pay, and you don't wait on me, nor tend me, nor do nothing that you ought by me: you're no use in life. I'll move next week, I will."

"A good thing if you do, I'm sure," cried the ruffled Patty; "*I* don't want you."

"Where's them children?"

"Gone to school," answered Patty, subsiding into good humour again. "Haven't got their lessons, I'm feared."

"Ah, I dare say!" said Bridget, with a grim laugh; "that's allers the way with 'em."

Patty winked at me. "I just said that to please her; nothing soothes her like fancyin' the children's in a scrape. Law, only just to consider how cross she is to-day!"

I made a faint attempt to commence my ministry. "Shall I come and read to you sometimes?" asked I. "I should like to do it if you will let me." (I'm very much afraid that was a story, but I honestly wished it to be true.)

"Anan?"

"Shall I read to you?" in a louder key.

"*Bleed* me? It's little enough blood I've got in my veins! That's doctor's work, miss!"

"I meant, shall I come and read to you—out of a book—out of some good book?"

"I haven't a penny in the world to spare," was her answer. "No use bringin' them subscription books to the likes o' me."

"I'm afraid I shall never make her understand," said I, in despair.

"Oh, never mind, miss; she's put out to-day; I dare say she'll be better next time you come. She's like this most days, and then she comes round between whiles and seems quite humane for a minute or two. Law, I never heeds her; she's the same to everybody. This is the sixth house she's lodged in, and I don't believe anybody else would have her."

As we went down-stairs, Patty bemoaned herself a little: "I don't know, I'm sure, miss, whether I shall be able to go on with it; it's hard work. She takes everything that happens in such bad part; and law, if you could just see her eat!—seven rashers did she take to her blessed dinner this mortal day, with eggs uncounted. She's that frightened lest I shouldn't spend all she gives me on her own food that she goes on at her meals long after she's done wantin' any. And then she's always provin': if I'm one minute late with dinner, she proves that I'm always half an hour after time; and if I'm ever so careful cleanin' and settlin' her room, she'll prove that I neglect her. I don't know how to answer her; I don't know what to do with her; I'll have to give it up, and then I'm sure I don't know what'll come to her."

I really could say nothing consolatory, for I felt that no imaginable motive could be strong enough to induce me to accept Bridget Dally for a boarder, if I could possibly get rid of her.

Some weeks after this I was unexpectedly obliged to leave home, and to remain away for nearly a year. Immediately after my return I resumed my office as District Visitor, and one of the first houses to which I betook myself was Patty Brooke's. During the interval a baby had been added to the family, and had grown to be a fine strapping rosy girl of seven months.

I caught sight of her in her mother's arms as I entered. She was sitting very upright, and exhibiting a bald head and a large double chin to the greatest possible advantage, and with much dignity. As on the occasion of my former visit the dinner had been recently finished, and the elder children were preparing for school.

"Put on her top! Put on her top!" shouted an old woman, who was sitting by the fire, in a huge wooden arm-chair like a sentry-box; "would you show her to the lady without her top?"

Patty, laughingly, but yet with a certain haste of manner which showed that the order must be obeyed, snatched the baby's cap out of a neighbouring drawer and tied it on, to the great improvement of that young lady's appearance.

"It's a sin and a shame—" began the old woman

by the fire, in a tone which recalled former days. But she was interrupted.

"Ubbl bubbl wubbl wubbl wubbl wubbl wubbl wubbl! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" said the Baby.

Words would fail to describe the kind of ecstasy into which the old woman immediately dissolved. She grinned and glared at the child and waved both her arms towards it with a stiff and aimless vehemence, like Punch. "Hark to her!" cried she. "Did you ever hear the like o' that? Hark to her! She can say everything!"

"You're welcome, miss, won't you sit down?" interposed Patty, dancing the Baby. "Please to sit next granny, miss—for then she can hear you." I sat down as directed. The words made me think for a moment that this might be a new old woman, possibly a real grandmother and not Bridget Dally. But no—wonderful to relate "*Granny*" was simply a term of endearment. The old woman had relapsed into silence, and I could not mistake her features—nay, when they were in repose they reverted to somewhat of their original expression.

"I am glad to see you so much better, Mrs. Dally."

"Oh, I'm not so much better neither, miss, but I bear up. I've a cough like to tear me to pieces o' nights. I'm just up and down," (here the eldest boy, making his way across the room, tumbled over her footstool. "See there now!" she continued in a raised key, "why are you not at school ye little——"

"Aha! Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh! Ickadickadickadickadicka! Aha!" observed the Baby, with crushing sarcasm in its voice.

"What did she say then?" inquired the old woman, transformed in an instant. "Didn't she like me to scold her brother then, a darling? Well, we wont, we wont!" and she began a hard and skinny process of stroking down the boy's head and face, which he did not seem to prefer to the scolding. "Ah poor! Ah poo—o—or! Jacky must be a good boy then, mustn't he?"

"Ba-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah! Heigho!" replied the Baby, mildly.

"D'ye hear her? She knows as well what I mean! There's nothing she doesn't know! Did ye hear her then? She says Jacky is to be a good boy, and not worrit his granny!"

There was a general acquiescence of the whole family in the statement that the Baby had said this, which I scarcely expected. And Jacky himself took the little rosy feet in his hands, and gave them a sort of friendly shake by way of expressing his good intentions.

"Now children, be off to school, you'll be late!" said Patty.

"Stop a bit," cried Bridget. "Isn't it Thursday?" She appealed to the Baby, who said, "Dah!" apparently "Yes," in some unknown tongue.

"Yes! She knows it is! And what happens o' Thursday?" Here the Baby seemed to be at fault, but the old woman was too busy and too much delighted to perceive it. She was fumbling in a large bag of rusty black silk, which lay on the seat of the chair beside her, and out of which she finally produced four sugarplums. "Comfits o' Thursday!" she continued. "Doesn't she know? Ah, *that* she does! Come here Betty!"

Each of the elder children was called up in turn, to receive a sugarplum from the Baby's hand. The operation was tedious and difficult, as the Baby was all the while trying vigorously to convey the sugarplums to its own mouth, and uttering loud shouts of derision. But Bridget held the little wrist firmly, and when the gifts had been duly presented, gave the Baby the last sugarplum for herself, just in time to prevent an outbreak of wild lamentations.

Jack and Betty departed to school, and after a little talk with Bridget, during which I ascertained that she was very comfortable, and had no thought of moving, and that she took her meals with the family, now, because there was always a little more than she wanted, and it was but fair they should have the good of it, seein' they was so kind to her, I also took my leave. Patty accompanied me to the door, talking *sotto voce*.

"O yes, miss, we gets along nice and comfortable now; it's all along of the Baby. Granny's been quite different since she was born. First, she began to notice her, and then she didn't like to miss her, and as *I* couldn't be always upstairs, the next thing was *she* must come down, and so it has gone on by little and little. And she's always pleasant now, except just a rough word here and there, which we don't mind, any of us. Only last week, the ladies sent her a bottle of port wine, and she's given my man as good as two glasses out of it, for she said he was weaker nor she was, which is true enough; and she hears so much better—it's a wonder how it is! And there's many a little job about the house which she creeps to and fro and does; it amuses her, and saves me a bit of trouble often and often. It's all along of the baby."

There is no doubt that baby was a missionary, and we know who sent her. She had done her work well, and if, as Bridget said, "she knew everything," she must have known how rich a harvest the sowing of one little seed of love in that poor dry heart would produce.

I looked back as I walked away, and through the open door I saw the old woman gazing in a perfect rapture at the baby, who was making maudlin and misdirected attempts to imitate the crowing of a superannuated cock.

FAITH REPENTING AND FAITH RESOLVING.

I.—FAITH REPENTING.

"I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."—Job xlii. 5, 6.

FROM *faith to faith* is St. Paul's short, strong way of describing the Christian life. He who has no faith is no Christian. He whose faith is anything—however weak, however wavering—is something of a Christian. He whose faith is growing—however slowly—is running the Christian race. He whose faith is perfected is already in Heaven.

Now therefore, of all questions, this becomes the most critical and the most vital, Have I faith? To assist such as shall read this in answering that great question; to guide them not only to an answer, but to that answer which accompanies peace and salvation; and then to furnish them with some directions as to the way in which they should go, that they may in due time join the spirits of just men already made perfect, in that world where faith is lost in sight—this is the threefold object of that little course upon which we now enter, when we would propose as the first of our special meditations on the great subject of Faith, the brief but pregnant thesis,

Faith Repenting.

We will not spend time in elaborate definitions of the two words which our subject thus brings together, Faith and Repentance. We may just call Faith a spiritual sight, and Repentance a changed mind, and pass at once to the combination which forms the point and pivot of our subject.

Faith is a spiritual sight. The seeing with the eye of the soul something which, some one whom, we cannot see with the eye of the body. Read the illustrious records of faith, as they are spread out before us in Heb. xi., and you will perceive that what is said of one of the heroes of faith is in substance the secret of the life and works of all the rest, "He endured as seeing Him who is Invisible." Faith is the looking upward into the Heaven above, and seeing God in Christ there—the looking onward into the world eternal, and seeing there a life most unlike this life—a life pure and peaceful and blessed and unchanging—reserved for all who, not having seen, have yet loved Christ here, and patiently kept His word, and done His Father's will, in spite of weakness and weariness and warfare and temptation, below. Faith is the looking upward, and the looking onward, above and beyond the things which are seen and temporal and the persons who people the world that is, to the things which are unseen but eternal, and to Him whose kingdom is already open in Heaven for all who, with a resolution which will take no denial, will earnestly and diligently press into it.

This is Faith. He who lives looking upward and looking onward—setting God always before him, and seeking earnestly the salvation which is in Christ Jesus—is a man of faith. It is of him that we speak in these Discourses, and say of him, first, that the man of Faith is a man also of Repentance.

Repentance, or a changed mind, has reference specially to two subjects—sin, and God.

To repent is to regard sin differently. Once it was made light of, carelessly played with, rashly approached, indolently yielded to, or passionately fostered. Now it is seen as God sees it; viewed seriously, judged of gravely, deeply bewailed, anxiously guarded against, avoided, dreaded, shrunk from, abhorred.

To repent is to regard God differently. Once He was trifled with, left afar off, disliked as an intruder; His Word, His worship, His holy day disregarded; His right as the Creator forgotten, His call as the Redeemer unlistened to and disobeyed. Now God is seen as He is; seen as the Fountain of being, whose we are and must be; seen as the Spring and Source of Life, whom to know is to be happy, whom to serve is perfected freedom. He who has undergone this change, this change towards sin, and this change towards God, he, and he alone, has true repentance.

Now when we speak of Faith Repenting—meaning, of course, by that expression, the man of Faith repenting—we say, in effect, that Repentance itself is an act of Faith; that Faith is necessary to Repentance, and that true Faith prompts and produces true Repentance.

It is not very uncommon, in books and sermons, to represent Repentance as going first, and Faith as following. Some would even regard Repentance as perfected before Faith begins. Some would make Repentance a preliminary stage of the Christian life; or even no stage of it—a mere preparation and clearing of the way for the Christian life; and Faith that which comes next—beginning where Repentance ends, and wholly distinct from it and separate. And others, however unintentionally, so express themselves, as to make Repentance a sort of condition which man must satisfy in order to his coming with acceptance to receive life from God. Man must repent, and then God will forgive. No wonder that, under such teaching, Repentance has a chilling and a repulsive sound! But if the present subject—if the two words, Faith Repenting—should be fixed by God's grace in any waiting heart, we shall both see why heretofore we have had no true Repentance, and how we may obtain in the future its peaceable fruit, its abiding unchanging joy.

1. Holy Scripture is abundant in examples of the workings, shallow or deceptive—at all events, disappointing and fruitless—of the things which man calls Repentance. It tells of Fear Repenting, and Vexation Repenting, and Despair Repenting, as though to enhance and illustrate the power of the one true heart-deep transformation, which is Faith Repenting.

(1.) There was once a young man, addicted to the sports of the field, dear to his father's indulgent heart by reason of a certain frankness and sensibility which shot now and then like a passing gleam of sunlight over a life of selfishness and self-indulgence, which the plain spoken oracle of Revelation can characterise only by the epithet "profane." And this young man had a brother, most unlike him in natural disposition; as calculating and purpose-like as the other was short-sighted and impetuous: and he, taking advantage one day of his brother's fatigue and hunger to drive with him a hard bargain, possessed himself, in exchange for a single meal of pottage, of those rights of the first-born which contained in them not only the family inheritance but the patriarchal priesthood. Years passed away, and still the father lived, and still the early recklessness reaped not its full recompense of reward. At last retribution fell. He who had despised and sold his birthright loses, years afterwards, the blessing too. Then flowed in abundance those bitter tears which are so often regarded as the infallible token, if not the very reality and essence, of repentance; but the bitter tears flowed in vain: "Esau for one morsel of meat had sold his birthright: and ye know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." It was the repentance of wounded pride—it was the repentance of disappointed ambition—it was the repentance of natural resentment: it was not the repentance of grace—it was not Faith Repenting.

How often have we mourned over the late-discovered consequences of some youthful folly or more mature transgression; bitterly accusing ourselves of an act of which all the sweetness has vanished, but of which the sting, it seems, must be perpetual till life is ended! How have we lashed ourselves for the folly, till we persuaded ourselves that we were even penitent for the sin! And yet how wide the difference between regret and repentance! How anxious the question for each one of us which of the two is ours! Is our sorrow from God and toward God? or is it but that sorrow of the world of which an Apostle has written that it even worketh death? It is Faith only, it is not vexation, which repents.

(2.) Centuries passed away, and the younger brother's house has grown into a nation upon the earth. For 400 years that nation has been growing and multiplying under a pressure of servitude and of severity which might have been expected to be its extinction. At length God, the God of its fathers, has come down to see its sorrows. By a long and awful series of miraculous judgments, He is making the oppressor willing to let Israel go free. But again and again, just when the end seems to be gained, the tyrant king relapses into his obduracy. "Entreat the Lord for me," he said again and again in the hour of his humiliation, "and I will let the people go." But as soon as he "saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart. I have sinned this time: the Lord is righteous, and I and my people are wicked. Entreat the Lord (for it is enough) that there be no more mighty thunderings and hail: and I will let you go, and ye shall stay no longer." The great leader listened; he "went out of the city, and spread abroad his hands unto the Lord: the thunders and hail ceased, and the rain was not poured upon the earth." But when the king "saw that the rain and the hail and the thunder were ceased, he sinned yet more, and hardened his heart, neither would he let the children of Israel go." It was the repentance of fear—it was not Faith Repenting.

Oh, what a Book is God's Word for unravelling the mazes of the heart of man! Which of us has not in some moment of fear registered against himself in Heaven some vow of repentance soon to be forgotten? Who shall count the promises made on deathbeds? Who shall discriminate, save One alone, the reality and the unreality of the repentances of battle-fields and shipwrecks? Leave not we such a work for such a moment! Ours be the repentance of a calm but earnest faith; not the repentance of a sudden terror, of a fearful looking for of judgment!

(3.) These are two examples of a Repentance not of faith and therefore not effectual. Take yet a third, from a time yet more eventful and a scene more sacred still.

It was the time when the Son of God stood in human form upon the earth; when He was speaking God's words and doing God's works and fulfilling perfectly the will of God below. There was one amongst His own chosen followers, who lived with Him without loving Him. By degrees the breach widened and deepened, until a deliberate act of treachery sacrificed the Master's life. We might have thought that one who could plan and execute such a crime, must have been hardened beyond the possibility of penitence. But it was not so. "Judas, which had betrayed Him," St. Matthew writes, "when he saw that He was condemned, repented himself, and brought back" the price of the betrayal "to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." Conscience awoke yet once more, even in him, and wrought there something to which Holy Scripture does not altogether refuse the nominal title of repentance. But that repentance was not of faith, and therefore, when it was finished, it brought forth not life but death. The repentance of remorse and despair ended not in amendment but in suicide. Before, or almost before, his Master was in Paradise, Judas had ended by his own hand the life which had betrayed His. "He departed, and went and hanged himself."

And oh, how many a repentance, since that day, has produced the same deadly fruit! Sin seen, too late, to be exceeding sinful—sin seen without Christ—seen in its true character, and seen in its real consequences, but seen apart from that blood of

sprinkling which alone can make the sight endurable —has not only rendered life miserable, it has driven the sinner on to that act of self-destruction which is the seal and signature of his ruin. The repentance of disappointment, the repentance of fear, may be shallow or short-lived; the repentance of remorse, the repentance of despair, may even close recklessly upon the sinner the door of grace for ever. God in His great mercy keep us all from that end!

2. The same Word of truth, which shows us, by doctrine and example what Repentance is not, teaches us also what it is—sets before us Faith Repenting: exemplifies to us the working of that grace which is man's life, in this particular department, its relation to personal sin and to our recovery and restoration from it.

It is altogether deceptive and mischievous language to represent sin as finally done with so soon as a man comes to Christ for salvation. Past sin is not then done with, and present sin is not then done with. The Christian life has to take account still of both. And then for the first time can that account be taken rightly, when a man knows in whom he believes, and is able to commit to Him with confidence the keeping of his eternal interests. It was when the patriarch whose words are before us could say for the first time to his God, "Now mine eye seeth Thee," that all his self-confidence and self-esteem gave way at once, and he can add, from the depths of a contrite soul, "wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." It was the thought of his sin as sin against God his God which made David utter the words of the 51st Psalm: it was the look of Jesus which broke Peter's heart, destroyed for ever his forwardness and self-parade, and made him go forth to weep bitterly, and come back converted to strengthen his brethren.

The two great lessons of our subject are these:

(1.) Only faith can repent. If you would be a penitent man, you must be a man of faith. So long as you pore over the records written within of past transgression and vileness, hoping to reach repentance by means of a truer estimate and a livelier consciousness of your own demerit and sinfulness, not only will you never know peace, you will never feel as you ought your own guilt. Begin, rather, at the other end. Begin by falling at the feet of Jesus. Begin by laying hold upon the one hope set before you in the Gospel; the hope of a free forgiveness, of a perfect absolution, through the one all-perfect all-sufficient sacrifice made by Him for all sin. See your own sins as a re-crucifixion of the Crucified. See Him, nevertheless, bearing them on the Cross for you, that you might go free. Lay hold upon the Atonement there made—upon the love which laid all upon Christ; upon the love which took upon itself all the load; upon the love, unexhausted and untiring, which still says to you, after all these years of provocation and backsliding, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest—My grace is sufficient for thee—The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." By degrees, in the daily study, in the hourly use, of that glorious revelation, the forgiveness of sin, of all sin, for the alone merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, there will rise up within you, as never before, a sense of the evil of sin, and of your own deep defilement with it, such as will find its best expression in the memorable words, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Faith only can repent.

(2.) Faith must repent. It is a sad thought, to any one who is in the least degree taught of God, how slightly Christian people deal with their own sins; how they dismiss from memory and conscience past years of negligence and ungodliness; how they make it almost a duty to forget the things behind—not in St. Paul's sense, as the repudiation of self-complacency and over-boldness, but in a sense most opposite, as the dismissal, from concern and remembrance, of all that is disheartening and saddening in the years that are gone! Not so did St. Paul. It is evident that he retained to the end of his course a deep and even anxious recollection of the long period of his unbelief. "Less than the least of all saints—The least of the Apostles, not meet to be called an Apostle—Once a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious—Sinners, of whom I am chief"—such are the honest, earnest words which express his opinion of himself, in reference to the time when he was a stranger to Christ, and to its abiding influence upon his Christian standing. A man of faith is kept humble to the end by the memory of the sins of his youth.

But is it only in reference to the long past, to the far-distant sinfulness, that he is thus penitent still? How does each day, as it runs its course, give room and reason for the exercise of a new repentance! Good left undone, and evil done, day by day—and habits but half broken and better habits but half learned—opportunities of receiving spiritual benefit, and opportunities of influencing others towards godliness, every day neglected, set aside, or sinned away—yes, to the very end the Repentance of Faith must be new every morning, and the aspect and attitude of the believing be also to the last hour of life the aspect and attitude of the penitent.

Let us earnestly foster in ourselves this grace, which is the grace of saints. Even faith may become over-confident, may fall back little by little into a self-reliance and a levity and a presumption most unbelieving, most unchristian, most displeasing to God. Let it not be so with us. Let us sink low that we may rise high. Let us humble ourselves day by day under the mighty hand of God, that He, not we, may exalt—and that, not all at once, but only in due time. Such self-abasement will be the measure of our growth in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. "I have heard of Thee" long and often "by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

II.—FAITH RESOLVING.

"The God of heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build."—Nehemiah ii. 20.

THE Repentance of Faith—our first subject—leads on to the Resolution of Faith, which is the second. "Faith Repenting;" and now, "Faith Resolving."

No doubt the first subject might have been made to include the second. Resolution may be viewed either as a fruit or as a part of Repentance. For the sake of clearness we have distinguished the two.

In each case the point lies in the combination of the two words which form the thesis. There is a repentance which is not of Faith, and certainly there are resolutions which are not of Faith. We desire to enter into judgment with our own souls, in reference to our standing in the Christian life; which is, from its first step to its latest, a life of Faith. We desire to see whether our repentances—for all men have something so called—are real or counterfeit repentances; whether, when they come to us, they come out of fear, out of disappointment, out of punishment, out of remorse; or whether they spring out of that true and living faith, which is the sight of things unseen, the sight of Him who is invisible. And we desire to see whether our resolutions—for all men know what it is to form resolutions—spring out of that faith which is the conviction of spiritual realities, the apprehension of a living and Almighty Person, or out of something else, which may indeed prompt resolutions, but not the resolutions of a Christian, not the resolutions which accompany salvation. We desire to know this, that, while there is time, we may refuse the wrong kind and choose the right. We would put away the first, that we may establish the second.

There is a strong tendency in all human teaching to be one-sided. The truth of God, like the city of God, "lieth four square:" but men are evermore altering that perfect shape, and making it, instead, all length or all breadth; all lines or curves or angles, instead of that full and fair proportion which God the heavenly Architect has assigned to His work.

In nothing is this tendency shown more strongly than in the subject of Resolution; which may be briefly defined as a determination of the Will for action.

It is the first idea in most minds, that they have only to will and they can of course do. It is an idea implanted in us by nature; an idea inherent in that of duty, of responsibility, of judgment; an idea which the Fall has not destroyed, and which the Gospel itself recognises even while it corrects. Free will is the condition of action; the birthright of the moral being; the starting point of effort, and the keystone of accountability. In any scheme of morals, in any system of religion, in any voice of revelation, there must be place found for the human will, there must be the assertion of its existence and (in a certain sense) of its independence, if there is to be either an echo from the conscience or a strength for the life. If you cannot say to a man, "This is the way—then walk in it;" if you cannot appeal to him as one who has the power to refuse the evil and choose the good; if you cannot "reason with him of righteousness and temperance and judgment to come," as things which it is a matter of duty to seek, to practise, and to prepare for;—you make the world one vast mad-house, in which the chain and the padlock must take the place of liberty and self-management, because reason has left her throne, and force only can prevent mischief or secure decency. The will of man may be enfeebled, biassed, besotted, even enthralled; the man himself may rust it by indolence, blunt it by misuse, spoil it by folly, begrime it by vice: but even in that man it exists still, and each step of its deterioration has been (strange as may be the paradox) not taken by another but taken by itself. It was the act of the will which in each instance weakened and damaged the will: and when it lies at last, a helpless, corrupt, and reprobate thing, it lies so by its own choice, and the ruin which is its curse was its own working too.

There is in all men this consciousness. Even those who complain the most loudly of the thraldom of their will to evil, are the most keenly sensitive to its possession and to its misuse. They know that they have a will, and that by their own will they have lost its force.

Language may easily be used in the name of the Gospel—fortified even by Gospel texts—which yet is not true nor wholesome language. I do not doubt that habits of sin have been fastened upon some men by telling them that they were powerless to resist. The food of the healthy is the poison of the sick. Words which to a Christian man express only his own conscious unworthiness, his inability to stand before God in his own strength, or to earn for himself by merit the recompense of the great reward—may be to a careless, half-awakened soul a very lullaby of indifference, neutralising the strivings of conscience, and at last paralysing the energies of action. It is time enough to speak of moral impotence, when we see pride and self-confidence dominant: to the ear of apathy and self-complacency the proper call is that which reminds of duty, and declares that that which God commands, His creature must rouse himself to perform.

Unwholesome doctrine, on this topic of accountability and free-will, has much to answer for, in reference to the careless lives and evil habits of members of Christian congregations. Education has a solemn office in sounding into the ears of children the lesson of strict duty and inevitable retribution. The discipline of a Christian home and a Christian school rests entirely for its justification upon the reality of the free-will. Do this—you can do it—and you shall have praise for

the same. Do not this—you can avoid it—and you shall suffer. Form this habit—you can—of thought or speech, and it will bring you reward—you will have done well. Form this other, this opposite habit—but you need not—and it will be your trouble, your foe, your perpetual punishment. It is thus—not by the repetition of the words, but by the daily enforcement of them in a discipline not all joyous but often for the present grievous—that the child of impulse and indolence grows by degrees into the man of activity and self-control; into a condition the very opposite of that which would have been reached by perpetual allowances for human frailty, or incessant inculcations of the doctrine of human impotency.

And the more the young man or the old man deals on this principle with himself; saying, in regard to each question that comes before him of doing or not doing, This ought to be done, therefore it can be done—This ought to be resisted, this thought, this word, this action, therefore it can be, and therefore it shall be—the happier and the truer and the godlier will life itself be; much trouble will be saved, much misery escaped, much evil-doing prevented: angels and good men will have more to rejoice in, and the enemies of God Himself will find the less cause to blaspheme.

Man, even fallen man, has a will—and God requires him to exercise it.

The man who cannot resolve is but half a man.

And yet there have been those who have so stated this principle, as to make it false in fact and subversive of the Gospel.

Some men say, What more do I want? I have a will: I know what is right: I have only to resolve, and I can do all things. Living thus, what has God Himself to say against me?

We see at once, when the thought is breathed in words, how dreadful it is. More unpleasing in the sight of man, more offensive to the eye of God, than any prodigal or any Publican is that cold, self-satisfied Pharisee, who sees in himself no flaw, sees consequently in the Saviour of sinners "no beauty that he should desire Him."

This man has evidently not apprehended the whole of the truth, when he seized that one fragment of it, the freedom of the will.

And to confine ourselves strictly to the present subject, he has evidently caught but one of the two words before us—"Resolving," but not "Faith Resolving"—and he shows us, in a living instance, how needful is the conjunction and the combination. There is a resolution which is not Christian: there is a resolution which is not of Faith.

Free will is one element of truth: free grace is the other.

"The God of heaven, He will prosper us: therefore we His servants will arise and build." Or, in corresponding words less figurative, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." The resolutions of Nature are weak, shallow, and partial: the resolutions of Faith, like the inspirations of their Author, are thorough, heart-deep, life-wide, and effectual.

Look at each: ponder, then contrast them.

1. Nature resolves.

Resolves, perhaps, to get rid of a fault.

We will not ask how the fault got there; nor stay to remark that there must be something incomplete in Nature, something defective (in other words) in the condition of the free will, to have allowed a bad habit to establish itself in a being which ought to have been upright. We will take it up where it is. There is something wrong. Wrong, perhaps, in a child: a little, trifling trick of ill-temper, untruthfulness, or disobedience. Wrong perhaps in a boy: those which have been mentioned in the child, and, added to them, something a little worse—I need not say of what kind—selfishness, cruelty, or sensuality. Wrong in a young man: by this time, worse things still—beginnings of self-indulgence, intemperance, or sinful lust. It matters not, in this respect, either the age of the person, or the kind of thing. For in this point,—the resolutions of Nature,—all ages and all sins are alike. The fault, or the sin, has become troublesome. I thought I was master. I thought I could say at any moment to my own sin, Thus far shalt thou come and no further. But I was mistaken. I fall when I would stand. I seek it yet again, when I would abstain. Even when I would do good, the evil is present with me. Then I must seriously appeal to the strong will within. I must rouse my dormant energies, I must rally my scattered troops, I must turn out this intruder, I must reign again undisturbed in the citadel of my own being. Nature resolves.

Ah! who has not heard the saying, "Hell is paved with good resolutions?" Who that has ever fallen into a bad habit has not found in himself the justification of that sad proverb? In childhood, in boyhood, in youth, in age, we sin and resolve—resolve and sin again; sometimes, it may be, the resolution is weak—because it does not rise to the emergency—because there is a lingering longing half-reserve all the time within, favouring the foe whose expulsion is the enterprise; but sometimes in spite of the utmost force and concentration of purpose—in spite of an experience of misery bitterly learnt, and an intention of amendment as vehement as it was sincere. Such is the record, tear-blotted and blood-stained, of ten thousand times ten thousand human lives; lives oscillating perpetually between wickedness and virtue, because the power of habit was too strong for the resolution of Nature, and the soul that was just escaping as a bird out of the snare of the fowler was again and again, in spite of itself, entangled therein and overcome.

But it might be said, these are exceptional cases. Here the strength of the will has been lost by evil habit. No wonder the blunted instrument cannot all at once recover the edge of its blade and the strength of its wielding, and cut down that evil

growth which it has once and for long acquiesced in. Nature could have resolved, if now she cannot.

Let us take another case then.

Nature resolves to live a life of virtue.

This was the actual endeavour of one man who has—and doubtless of many who have not—left a full account of it.

For a time all seemed to prosper. The life was moral; the religious aspect of it outwardly perfect:—there was even a high estimate of duty, and a great zeal for God.

The man thought himself perfect.

At length the law of God (as he expresses it) "came" to him. Came home, I suppose, as a real thing: not as a mere written book, but as a voice of authority, as a word of command. It came into the deep places of conscience, and said, Thou shalt not so much as desire that which is forbidden. It reached forth into the distant parts of the life, and said, God is everywhere: no province of the being is without His domain: everywhere and in all things thou must walk as in His presence.

Then was kindled a flame of rebellion in the moral being. Desire forbidden was even stimulated by the prohibition. Sin, dead within, revived as under the ray of a tropical sun forcing matter into vitality. The "fair show in the flesh" was turned into rottenness, and the supposed perfection of duty was found to be a mere enmity and hatred against God.

At last there came into the world One bringing a true message from the living God in Heaven: a Man who would make religion real, and who could not be induced to accept conventional phrases or ceremonial observances in the place of a soul's homage and a life's devotion. And when He was found to be resolute, and men could not either intimidate or use Him, they seized Him at length in the holy city, and, calling in for once the hated foreigner, crucified Him by Gentile hands, and thought Him vanquished when,—lo! out of this death there sprang an invincible life, and disciples of the despised Nazarene became the one influence upon earth. And all men must take their side, in regard to this new Religion—he whom we have described among them—the man whose resolution for virtue had thrown him into insurrection against God: and he, of course, went against the Nazarene—"persecuted" His followers "even unto strange cities, and when they were put to death gave his voice against them!"

The resolution of Nature was a resolution against Grace.

All this may sound visionary or obsolete in some ears: but let a man take it home—let him express it in modern language and apply it to present circumstances—and it will become real enough, and alas! true enough in relation to the world of this century and a Church calling itself Christian.

Many have resolved in our days—and it is a noble resolution, as it was in Saul of Tarsus—to be men of high attainment in virtue. The resolution was formed early enough to prevent a youth of vice: they estimated the life to which they aspired, and it contained in it at least three ingredients—personal, domestic, and social purity.

In the pursuit of this perfection they trusted to the firmness of the resolution, to the strength of the will. God entered not into it—save as the God of creation and perhaps of judgment—the Framer of the moral constitution, and possibly the Arbiter of the individual destiny. Him they acknowledged, probably, in the decent maintenance of religious forms; but they sought Him not as necessary to the acquisition of that virtue which they had proposed to themselves as the goal of their race.

Now I will not doubt that the life corresponded to this beginning. That, in the case supposed, the end aimed at was reached. The life was blameless, exemplary, useful. The conscience remained unsullied: the home was peaceful, and the career honourable.

But I will venture to say that, even in this most favourable case, the resolution of Nature had at least three fatal defects.

First, There was no real concord and conscious communion between the soul and its God.

Secondly, There was no deep and all-sufficient consolation under the inevitable trials and eventual separations of a life of change and a death of pain.

Thirdly, There was no room here for Christ. He was not wanted as the Propitiation for sin. He was not admitted as the humbler of human self-sufficiency, or the alone strength of human weakness. To the best resolution of nature Christ can only be what He was to Saul of Tarsus in the days of flesh and the Law—a superfluity, an offence, a stumbling-block, and a foolishness.

2. Faith resolves.

That is, the man of faith resolves; and resolves as a man of faith—in the exercise of his faith. "I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God—The God of Heaven, He will prosper us: therefore we His servants will arise and build."

The Christian life is one of perpetual resolutions.

(1.) Conscience, or the Bible—the conversation of a friend, or the ministry of the Word,—has suggested to me some grace in which I am defective, or reminded me of some fault to which I am prone. The first step is Repentance; the second step is Resolution. The general has become the particular. The power of faith has to be turned in a particular direction. The engine of grace must be brought to bear upon a particular part of the building. It may be that Prayer has been too brief or too superficial. It may be that I have thought too little of the Congregation—of its prayer, its preaching, or its Sacraments. It may be that my conversation has been marked by symptoms of levity, of vanity, of censoriousness. It may be that some root of bitterness has revived within; some old sin, once apparently conquered, has again raised its head, and if I would escape utter defeat, discomfiture, and ruin, I must crush,

I must tread it down, I must eradicate it. The first step is Repentance: the second step is Resolution.

But what resolution? A resolution of Faith. And what is that?

First, an earnest calling in of Him in whom I believe. This is the very name given in Scripture to Christian people. "They that call upon the Lord—Those who call habitually upon the name of the Lord." They who in everything call upon and call in Jesus Christ. This which the resolution of Nature wholly omits, is the first and foremost element of the resolution of Faith.

And then, not a mere idle waiting for Jesus Christ to do all for us, without thought, care, or toil of ours. An earnest calling in of Christ, and then an earnest going forth in His strength to do the neglected good, or to cast out the sin harboured.

And once more, not merely a calling in, and a going forth, but a posture and attitude (as it were) of dependence and of expectation, suitable to one who has a serious undertaking on hand, for which he wants, and must have, all the help and all the grace which is in the Omnipotent and the All-holy.

These are the special resolutions of Faith, answering to the special resolutions (above dwelt upon) of Nature.

(2.) But there is also, as before, a general resolution, bearing upon the life as a whole: an ideal proposed to one's self, and a goal made for.

The man of faith says to himself, This and this must I be in life, and this and this in death. To me to live must be Christ, and to me to die must be gain. How can this be? Every energy must be knit up for this great enterprise; the greatest enterprise, by far, which can be presented to a responsible immortal being. Before I die, I must be this. If so, I must be this while I live; lest, coming suddenly, Christ find me something else—something which cannot be with Him because it is not like Him. Then I must begin now—begin this day. I must study my great Example, to see what I ought to be. I must commune with Him who is my Life, that I may grow by degrees into His likeness. Every day that I live, I must take a step onwards. It is a perpetual race. Each day is an epitome of life: each night is a rehearsal of death. In proportion as I give myself to the work, I shall be interested, engrossed, absorbed in it. In proportion as I get nearer to Christ, who is my Life and my Resurrection, I shall be nearer to holiness, to happiness, to my home. Not in my strength, but in His—not by looking inward, but by looking upward—upward to the throne of God and to Him that sitteth thereon—I will press to my mark. *From faith to faith*—faith repenting, faith resolving—faith working, faith resting—faith militant, faith at last triumphant—such be my life, and such my end! "The God of Heaven, He will prosper me: therefore I His servant will arise and build."

C. J. VAUGHAN.

THE CONDITION OF THE CHRISTIANS UNDER THE TURKS:

AS SEEN BY G. MUIR MACKENZIE AND A. P. IRBY.

THE condition of the Christians under the government of the Turks is likely to become more and more a subject of interest to us. If what is so vaguely called the Eastern Question should again arise for debate—perhaps for armed debate—in Europe, it will not find public opinion in this country just where it found it at the time of the Crimean War. A sterner spirit has gone forth against those Mahometan conquerors who, from the period of their first invasion of Europe to the present moment, have never ceased to rule in the spirit of conquerors. Equal justice between a Mahometan and a Christian has never yet been dealt by a Mahometan ruler. What is more, a Mahometan ruler has never recognised that there could be equality in the eye of the law between what he chooses to call the Believer and the Unbeliever. The day when such an equality should be established would be a day of humiliation for the genuine Moslem: he would read in it the sign of the approaching extinction of his own faith. Perhaps not unwisely; for his religion has ever been the religion of states and armies, of men triumphing in their might. Take from it the prestige of power, deprive it of that success which has ever been appealed to as the chief *evidence of Mahometanism*, and what is there to secure it a continuance in the heart of man? What of truth it can claim, any system of Deism may possess: it has not even any mythology, any tender fable, any divine hero that can lay hold of the affections of a man of peace. A Mahometan *state* we can, to our cost, easily enough conceive; but a Mahometan *congregation*—supported, let us say, by voluntary contributions—living side by side, in equal rivalry with Jew and Christian—could this have any vitality in it? Is not dominion, in some shape, interwoven with the very faith itself?

Will England ever again put forth her hand to support the Moslem rule, the rule of Turk over Christian? We think not. Here, if anywhere, surely the policy of non-intervention may righteously prevail. We may at least stand aside here, and allow those who have governed by the sword to maintain their position by the sword.

Meanwhile, as we have said, there is a growing curiosity about the Christian population under the Ottoman dominion. Its condition in Constantinople and other large towns is probably well enough known, but there are whole provinces of Turkey-

in-Europe about which our information is very scanty. They present little or no attraction to the English traveller. Who cares about Bulgaria, or Bosnia, or Lower Servia? A man must be very fond of wandering who finds himself in these dreary regions, which can neither be called savage nor civilised, where there seems nothing to study but very commonplace forms of poverty and ignorance and oppression.

Nevertheless, precisely into these neglected provinces have two enterprising ladies lately penetrated.* Alone, that is without any other escort than some guides or servants of the country though which they pass, with no more confidential friend than some sort of courier they call a *cavass*, these two ladies—single or married we are not informed—travel day after day through semi-barbarous districts, making their inquiries, taking their notes, and studying, as they proceed, the language and traditions of the people. It is not our present intention to review their book; we shall merely avail ourselves of the information they have procured for us on the one topic, the condition of the Christian population in the less frequented provinces of the Turkish dominion.

A vague feeling probably pervades the general mind here in England, that under the Turkish empire Christian and Greek are synonymous terms. If such vague apprehension exists, it is certainly a most erroneous one; for not only are the majority of the Christians in the Turkish provinces far from being Greeks, but a spirit of nationality is daily separating the Slavonic Christian from the Greek Christian. When our travellers were in Bohemia, and mentioned to some literary *Czechs*, whom they met in Prague, that they were about to visit Athens, they were asked whether they did not intend to visit also their brethren the *South Slavonics*. The ladies confessed that this title, the South Slavonics, was new to them. And well they might, for it is a new title due to the revived spirit of nationalities which is taking its course through Europe. That large portion of the Austrian empire which speaks the Slavonic language is acknowledging its brotherhood to that equally large portion of the Turkish empire which speaks the same language. Hence the name South Slavonics. And the same spirit of nationality which, in spite of political boundaries, is uniting these distant Slavonians, is *dis*uniting Slav from Greek, where they are living together under the same government. Speaking generally, the only *South* Slavonics we are concerned with are those inhabiting the districts marked in our maps as Servia and Bulgaria. It may be well, perhaps, to mention that the new Principality of Servia, which has obtained for itself some degree of independence, and which has been welcomed amongst us as the "youngest member of the European family," is but a small part of the province of Servia. It has the enviable distinction of *Free Servia;* the southerly portion is called here Old Servia, or rather *Serbia*.

Of the inhabitants of this district, some are, of course, Mahometans, and a considerable portion are Roman Catholics, but the majority belong to the Slavonic branch of the Greek Church. And here the first thing that strikes us, and the sorriest fact we have to mention, is that these poor Slavs get very little advantage of any kind from their union with the Greek Church. They have a Greek bishop appointed over them who is generally an absentee, who spends what revenue he can extract from his diocese in the nearest civilised town, and feels no interest whatever in promoting the education of the Slav through his native language, the only one through which he can be approached. The poorer natives, therefore, have for their temporal ruler a Turk, and for their spiritual ruler a Greek; and the Greek bishop and Turkish pasha are accused of conspiring together to the detriment of the unprotected peasantry. Those who love the Greeks elsewhere, speak in no flattering terms of them as they stand related to their Slavonic flocks; and an eminent Philhellene, we are told, has apostrophised them as "those corrupt Turkish officials, the Greek bishops in Bulgaria." No wonder, if this be true, that the Roman Catholics are withdrawing many of the population to their church. The Greek bishops, as travellers tell us, exhibit themselves in a doubly odious character, and are, at once, tyrants and slaves. They reluctantly give to them the name of Greeks, and prefer to distinguish them by the title of "Phanariotes," which is current amongst their own countrymen, and which is taken from the "prelate's quarter in Stamboul."

Our travellers have done their best to obtain for us what information they could of this rural population of Slavonic Christians. They form the mass of the inhabitants. "In Bulgaria," we are told, "there is a good sprinkling of Osmanlee town-residents, but in the western districts—Old Serbia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina—it is generally said that they could be emptied of Osmanlees by simply recalling the officials and garrisons of towns." By Osmanlees are meant those who are both Turks and Mahometans. To these must be added both Slavonian and Albanian Mahometans, who, it is said, are almost as little attached to the Osmanlee as the Christian himself. That our readers may follow us in such details as we may have to present, it is necessary to premise that our travellers first paid their projected visit to Athens, and then crossed from Greece into Turkey-in-Europe; so that their route lies from the Ægæan to the Adriatic, taking Old Serbia by the way. We land at Salonica, the old Thessalonica.

Here the majority of the inhabitants are Jews; many of them wealthy, many of them handsome, with *auburn* hair, and the women delicate and fair. In one respect at least they are faithful to their traditions. They will not touch fire, or in any way

* "Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey-in-Europe. By G. Muir Mackenzie and A. P. Irby."

deal with it, on the sabbath, and if a conflagration should break out in the house they will let it burn on rather than meddle with it. A Jewish servant maid, whose clothes caught fire on the sabbath, has been known to run burning to her Christian neighbours to obtain assistance. But we grieve to say that of the Christians of Salonica a superstition is reported which, perhaps of all the superstitions that have ever disgraced the pure religion, is the most abhorrent and detestable. A custom prevails of taking up the bodies of the dead, after a year spent in the grave, to see if they are sufficiently corrupted or not. If they should be in a state of unusual preservation it is taken as a bad sign, and prayers for the soul of the deceased must be said, for which of course the priest is to be paid. The scene on these occasions must, indeed, be loathsome in the extreme, for added to the frightful sight and smell, is the superstitious terror of relatives, and the horrible curiosity of lookers-on. A corpse which is pronounced to be insufficiently decayed is reinterred, but examined again after another year, and the ceremonial may be repeated a third time. Tender-hearted women who have interred a loving son or daughter are obliged to conform to this hideous practice; and we are told of an instance "where there was the additional agony of finding the little body in a state which relations and neighbours considered as indicating that the soul was in hell."

Our next post of observation is *Monastir*, but in journeying there, a curious instance occurs of Turkish road-making. The pasha first levies a tax on the country people to pay the labourers—he then proceeds to make the road by forced labour—and puts the result of the tax in his own pocket. Then the workmen, to obtain some compensation for themselves, hit upon the following expedient: where a stream crossed the road, they bridged it over by planks removable at pleasure. Of course when a traveller arrived, he found the planks removed, and not till he paid toll were they reinstated.

At Monastir, the Christians are outnumbered by the Mahometans, and their case seems to be pitiable in the extreme. Even open murder occurs frequently, and passes unpunished. Two instances are related on the testimony of eye-witnesses or near relatives; one of these is especially characteristic. A Christian had sued a Turk for debt, and the Turk had for a very short time been imprisoned. The son of the Turkish debtor thought himself bound to revenge the indignity. He watched for his opportunity, stole upon the Christian merchant while he was taking his siesta under a tree, crept up to him, and discharged a gun into his body. The merchant died of the wound, but the murderer was unmolested.

Even if the assassin is traced and known, conviction is hopeless, for the evidence of a Christian is not received in criminal cases. On the other hand, if a Christian retaliates, or if he wounds a Mahometan in mere self-defence, he is sure to be rigorously punished. It seems to be a recognised feeling, even by the highest Turkish officials, to make it understood that nothing whatever can excuse a Christian for laying violent hands on the sacred person of a true Believer. A Grand Vizier, travelling through the provinces to do justice and reform abuses, stopped in his progress at this Monastir. Some little time before this visit, two boys, a Christian and a Mussulman, had fought; the Christian had struck only in self-defence; both were injured, but the Mussulman boy had received a fatal blow, and subsequently died. The Grand Vizier ordered the execution of the Christian boy; he rejected the petition that was presented to him for mercy, he disregarded the remonstrance of the foreign consuls, he even delayed his own journey that he might witness the execution. Now in Turkey capital sentences are rare. A criminal, as our travellers observe, may be ordered to receive a number of lashes under the half of which he dies, or he may be assigned a term of imprisonment in a loathsome den, wherein he is certain to perish, but he is not *sentenced* to die. The determination of the Grand Vizier, therefore, in the present instance to have the poor boy publicly executed, was tantamount to a declaration that, let the circumstances be what they may, the death of a Mussulman at the hand of a Christian can, on no account, be pardoned.

It is not the least evil of the miserable government of the Turks that the Christians themselves are corrupted by it; not only corrupted by the fears it engenders and the abject servility it stamps upon the oppressed, but still more corrupted by the share of the oppression they are able to secure by their own craft and subtilty. Thus it is that those whose experience lies amongst official circles have frequently asserted that they have found the Christians worse than the Turks. It has ever been the policy of the Mussulman to govern his various subjects by opposing one to the other. He is therefore well pleased that a Greek bishop should excite the anger of Slavonian Christians by some successful act of perfidy. And, whether he designs it or not, he is constantly holding out a prize to those who desert their compatriots or their co-religionists to become the tool of his own tyranny. When there are good intentions at the seat of authority, these are thwarted by the fraud or the fanaticism of subordinate officials. Permission, for instance, is granted to the Christians of some remote town to build a church; they build, and the church is no sooner built than the neighbouring Mussulmans come and pull it down; they persevere, however, and, perhaps, after the third time, the building is allowed to stand.

In these provincial towns it seems there is not only a Governor, but a Town Council, or *medjlis*. But the establishment of the medjlis seems to have been of little advantage to the Christian. Formerly, by bribing the Governor, he could secure a certain amount of protection; now he has to bribe both the Governor and the medjlis.

By a late concession the Christians are allowed to be represented in the Council by a single member, or by two members if there are both Roman Catholics and Oriental Christians in the place. The Christian member of the Council is, however, powerless to protect his co-religionists. "In the first place," say our travellers, "he is one against many; secondly, he is used as a servant to hand pipes and coffee to the Mussulmans; thirdly, he is sent out of the room whenever anything of importance is to be discussed." He may indeed obtain a share in the spoil by deserting the cause of his co-religionists, and in this case he becomes a scourge to his own community.

At *Vuchitern* our travellers met with a priest of honest out-speaking character. "Here," he told them, "there are but 200 Christian houses and from 400 to 500 Mussulmans, so the Arnaouts have it all their own way. They rob the Christians whenever and of whatever they please; sometimes walking into a shop, calling for what they want, and carrying it off on promise of payment; sometimes seizing it without further ado."

In this town of Vuchitern the church was destroyed, and a new one was to be built. Not only was it of the plainest exterior, but, lest it should overtop the houses of the Arnaouts, it was *sunk some feet in the ground*. Other churches have been known to have been sunk still further underground for the same reason, and to have been left almost dark, lest a large window should excite attention and the missiles of the Turkish youth.

We come to *Novi Bazaar*, and here, when the Christian is questioned, and dares to utter his complaint, the pent-up waters overflow. "The Christian community," says one worthy witness, "of Novi Bazaar is at the mercy of the Mussulmans. They enter houses both by day and night, take what they choose, and behave as they will. Raise an arm or speak a word, and you bring on yourself death or the loss of a limb. Make a representation to the authorities, and you are ruined by the revenge of those of whom you have dared to complain."

On being asked whether the state of things had not improved of late years, the answer was, that in some trifling matters, dress and the like, the Christians had been less molested. For instance, they might enter their own quarter of the town on horseback, though it would still be unsafe to ride past a Mussulman in the road or the bazaar. But, on the other hand, a severer repression had been exercised, for fear of the Christians rising to join the Free Serbians over the border. The injury they found it hardest to bear—as well they might—was the carrying off of Christian girls by Mussulmans. Instances of this flagrant insult were brought distinctly before our travellers. In one case the girl escaped, and came back to the family from which she had been stolen; and because these gave her shelter, the vengeance of the rascals fell upon the whole Christian community.

The Christians who, one after the other, opened their hearts to our travellers, would ask, in a whisper, whether they had been in Serbia—meaning the Principality. The word "Serbia" was found an open sesame to all hearts. And what is drawing the Serbs still more together in a bond of nationality, is the ill-advised conduct of the Greek episcopate. The head of the Eastern Church appoints to his Serb flocks Greek bishops unacquainted with the Slavonic language. Throughout the Serb provinces still under Turkey, the bishops are Greek. With one exception, all were absent in Constantinople, and that one was occupied in extorting from the peasantry the means to return to the capital as soon as possible. The Turkish authorities are called in to levy the bishop's dues; and the minor clergy, fleeced by their superiors, are constrained to sell as dearly as they can every rite of the Church. One peasant declared that the corpse of his brother had been left lying in his house until he could raise what the priest asked to bury it—two gold ducats paid in advance. Thus, in the Slavonic provinces, the Greek bishop is enrolled in the same category as the Turkish governor; and the people are learning to look to Free Serbia, and a union amongst themselves, for the blessings of education and of good government.

Our next station is the monastery and town of *Ipek*. Here the same story of misrule and oppression follows us. Our informants seem fully aware of the difficulty of getting at the truth through all this region of the world; they confess that it is simply impossible, where different versions of the same incident are presented to them, to arrive at the fact; but as to the state of society there can be no doubt, for all agree in the same account. Even the Turkish authorities admit, while they attempt to excuse, the prevailing disorder; they complain that they have not sufficient power to compel obedience from their various subjects. For the Christians to be prosperous in these parts is to mark them out for destruction. Of course industry is discouraged. And these Serbians are described as of an industrious disposition, with a love of home and of home comforts, and with quite a Hollander's passion for cleanliness. There are the materials here for a prosperous people if only the laws gave security for person and property. But the animosity of the Arnaouts runs riot here; they carry it to such an excess that when the Christians bear out the dead for burial, they throw stones at the corpse, and cover it with dust and dirt. A poor woman burst into tears before our travellers and poured out, amidst her sobs, a tale of agony which, it seems, was by no means an unexampled one. An Arnaout who had a grudge against a Serb, entered his house and shot him dead. In an evil hour the Christian community of Ipek, knowing the murderer, denounced him to the *kaimakam*, and thereupon the Arnaouts seized *on another Christian* and declared that he, not an Arnaout, was guilty of the deed. Christian evidence going for nothing against a Mussulman, of

course the Serbian could not be cleared. Thus the unhappy Christian (the husband of the poor woman who relates the story) was kept for months in prison, leaving wife and family unprovided for. Finally he was carried off elsewhere to be tried, and had never returned.

Have we not related enough to show that misrule in Turkey-in-Europe is very little abated, and that, in fact, there is no hope that this part of the world can enjoy the indispensable advantages of just laws fairly administered while the Mahometan is master? Let a new nationality, that of the Christian Slav, be freed from its foreign tyrant; let us, at all events, do nothing to prolong the present oppression. We have obtained an ill odour abroad, where we are accused of indifference to our co-religionists. Here, in England, every child knows that it was from no love of the Turk that we interposed between him and the Czar of Russia: our commercial and colonial interests were thought to require this step. But should the occasion again occur, England will *re-think this matter over*. She will ask herself whether, in fact, any interest of hers, commercial or political, *does* require that she should uphold the tyranny of the Turk over the Slav, of the Mahometan over the Christian.

A DAY'S FISHING.

Down by the pier when the sweet morn is blowing,
Slips from her moorings the Fisher's light bark,
Sends up her ringing sails while she is going,
Spread on the sky like a Bird of the Dark;

Treads very timidly, pauses, grows bolder,
Parts the soft wave, like a tress, from her brows,
Turns, like a girl looking over her shoulder,
Poised in the dance, as she passes and bows.

There, while his slow net is swinging and sinking,
There sits the Fisher, a busy man he;
There too his little son, looking and thinking,
Dumb with the joy of his first day at sea.

He thinks there are flowers for his small hands to gather
Down far below, if he only could dive;
He thinks that the fishes are friends of his father,
And flock to his nets like the bees to a hive;

He thinks that their yawl is a fortress unfailing,
And, should he fall out, why, for certain, he floats;
He thinks that the sea was created for sailing,
And wonders why spaces are left without boats;

He thinks that God made the salt water so bitter
Lest folks should grow thirsty and drain the big cup;
He thinks that the foam makes a terrible litter,
And wonders the mermaids don't sweep it all up.

He thinks if his father were half a life younger,
What fun they might have with the coils of that rope;
He thinks—just a little—of cold and of hunger,
And Home—just a little—comes into his hope.

He fancies the hours are beginning to linger,
Then looks, with a pang, at the down-dropping light,
And touches the sail with his poor little finger,
And thinks it won't do for a blanket to-night.

The waves all around him grow blacker and vaster,
He fears in his soul they are losing their way,
The darkness is hunting him faster and faster,
And *the man there* sits watching him, gloomy and grey.

O! is it his father? O! where is he steering?
The changes of twilight are fatal and grim;—
And what is the place they are rapidly nearing?
And what are these phantoms so furious and dim?

He is toss'd to the shore! In a moment they grasp him!
One moment of horror that melts into bliss:
It is but the arms of his mother that clasp him,
His sobs and his laughter are lost in her kiss.

Softly she welcomes her wandering treasure:
"And *were* you afraid? Have I got you again?
Forget all the pain that came after your pleasure
In the rest and the joy that come after all pain!"

M. B. SMEDLEY.

"SON, REMEMBER."

BY THE EDITOR.

It is a very solemn and affecting thought that we shall all remember our present life in what we call the next world. We either disbelieve this fact, do not lay it to heart, or lose the good impression which it is calculated to make upon us. Many people, indeed, dislike to think about the future at all: they get quit of the pain which would be occasioned by the thought of their present life ever being reproduced in memory, by picturing to themselves a dim and mysterious future of they know not what, spent in some place they know not where, and assume that it is impossible to get their doubts

on the subject practically relieved, or their darkness enlightened.

It does indeed seem strange, that a man after he dies should be able to remember his life from childhood, the place where he lived, the people he met and talked with, laughed with, or sorrowed with;—that he should remember those whom he helped to be good or bad by what he said and did, to whom he told his views and opinions, and to whom he stood in various relationships, as master or servant, neighbour or friend, husband or father, teacher or learner;—that his whole life, in short, whatever it has been, whether unknown to the busy world, yet known to God, whether occupied by this or that handicraft, whether spent in workshop or in parliament, at the bench or in the pulpit, in the garret or on the throne, should all be reproduced and remembered beyond the grave. We find it very difficult to believe this about those who have left us. When the family meet in silence, broken only by low sobs, around the departed, and gaze on the marble features, and see before them no longer a person, but a thing—a dead body; and when they lower the coffin, in which it is nailed, into the grave, and speak low, and say of him who was but the other day amongst them—a very part of themselves—that he is *gone;* and when they come back to his home, and his empty room, and his unoccupied bed, and put away all the old remembrances of sickness—the phials and medicines, with all the means and appliances which skill had contrived to relieve pain or retain life—until as time rolls on the man becomes like a vision, and his name, once so familiar, is whispered and spoken of as if heard in a dream—oh! it is very difficult for us to realise the fact regarding him that he remains the same identical person, with a memory filled with all the past, of all the events of his life-journey, from its beginning till its close. It is difficult to believe that death has not made him a different kind of being than a voyage or journey would have made him had he only bidden us farewell to visit some distant shore. We thus think of death, as though it were the blotting out of the past, and the beginning of a new existence, like a birth in which all was future.

But a moment's reflection will teach us that such notions of the dead, or rather of those living elsewhere, cannot be correct. This is involved in the fact of our personal identity. He who does not remember anything of the past, is, to himself, a new creation. Could we forget our whole past history in eternity, it is evident that our responsibility would vanish, and any judgment upon our actions be impossible. Jesus could no longer be the object of our adoration or thanksgiving, as having redeemed us by his blood, and made us kings and priests unto God. No servants could be condemned as having been unprofitable; and no disciples approved of as having visited their brethren in sickness, clothed them when naked, or fed them when hungry. But, "Son, remember" (Luke xvi. 25), is an address to memory. It is a quickening of its powers to recall the things received and done during life; and the result is the remembrance of the members of the family, the five brothers who remained behind, their moral condition, and the necessity of some messenger being sent to rouse them, lest their end should be misery.

So far, indeed, from memory being obliterated in a future state, there is every reason to believe that it will be greatly intensified, and will recall the past with a fulness and clearness of which we have at present no adequate conception. Even now we are familiar with facts regarding this faculty which are well fitted to make us wonder at its mysterious power, and to inspire us with awe when anticipating its future revelations. It would seem, indeed, that when anything has once entered the mind, it is rapidly photographed, so to speak, in all its minute details, and remains unchanged for ever. What a mysterious chamber of the brain it must be which can thus contain the imperishable records of the events of each day and hour in the long life of one man, which, if recorded in volumes, would fill all the libraries of Europe! We cannot explain this. It is a part of the higher mystery—that of the creation of the spirit of immortal man after the image of God, who knows all things, and to whom past, present, and future are as one. But thus it is that we have striking evidence of the permanence of whatever enters the mind. It is a fact, for example, that men have acquired languages in youth which, though forgotten in maturer years, were recalled and spoken during the delirium of fever, and then with restored health passed away again into oblivion! And thus it is with ten thousand things which we once knew but cannot now remember. To us they are not, yet they are,—not dead but asleep, and memory may at a moment touch them with her magic rod and compel them to awake; or they are locked up like coin in a casket, the contents of which are forgotten until the mysterious finger of memory touches a concealed spring, when all are revealed and recognised as having been gathered by ourselves. The occasion of memory thus acting may be a mere trifle—the tone of some well-known voice, an old familiar song, a letter written or received years ago, a lock of hair white as snow from some patriarch's head, or fair and silky from a dead child's brow, the scent of a flower,—

> "A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,
> Dread pause abrupt of midnight winds,
> An echo or a dream."

Tell the man who has been since boyhood a stranger from his home and country, and long a wanderer in many lands, that, in spite of all the strange faces he has seen, and the strange places he has visited, and the strange adventures he has had by sea and land, the faces, and scenes, and circumstances of the past are still impressed upon his soul, and he may smile at the folly of asking him to believe what he nevertheless wishes could be done. He will assure you that

the past is to him like a dim and confused dream, and that there are few things which he can vividly recall. But let him only return to the home of his childhood, to the rural village, or the old house in which he was nurtured, how touching is it to watch in him the opening up of page after page filled with memories which he cannot choose but read, though each page in the old life-book may be blotted by his tears. As he journeys to the place from which long ago he took his departure as a boy, and sees the old hills, the fields, the streams, the rocks, the trees, the church and churchyard, the school, the scattered homesteads—there is not an object that does not summon up persons who have passed away, and incidents of joy and sorrow which up to that moment he had forgotten! "How well," he exclaims, "I remember! It is all as if it had happened yesterday!" As he paces from room to room of the old home, what memories crowd upon him!—days of laughter and of weeping—of parents, brothers, sisters, and friends of the olden time who look on him as of yore; and he hears again voices which the big world, with all its confusing noises, may have long silenced. He is a child again! and instead of saying "I cannot remember," he exclaims, "I cannot forget;" for every room and every window, every field in the landscape, every tree in the garden, cries to him, "Son, remember!"

We have, in such facts as these—and they might be indefinitely multiplied—evidence enough to convince us that the past, though asleep, may still live; that it may be all written in a book in our souls, though not read; and that in a moment memory may waken up that past and compel it to speak, or open up that book and compel us to read it.

You will observe also that there is a marvellous power of memory to recall in a single moment what would take volumes to describe. When we open the eye and gaze for a single second on a landscape, a whole world of details is flashed into us, and when we shut the eye and recall these, they are far more than can be numbered. And thus it is that we might be able in a very brief period of time, in the twinkling of an eye, to recall and identify our whole past life, it may be as clearly as it is seen by the omniscient God.

These facts we cannot possibly alter; memory must remain so long as we are the same persons. What we now are—our whole life made up of our beliefs, affections, purposes, influence, and actions, whatever be its character—must be recalled. We may ourselves determine, by the grace of God, what we shall *now* be, how we shall live, what kind of influence we shall exercise on the world—what features, in short, shall be characteristic of our moral being; but when once these exist, they exist for ever in the book of memory. Here, then, we have a future beyond our will, and a future within our will. The one is the absolute certainty that we must recall the past and recognise it as true; the other is, that we can mould the future by the present. Whatever we now are, that we shall remember as having once been; and we are responsible for the memories of our life in the future only by being responsible for that life itself in the present.

With these thoughts before us, we naturally ask, how will all this present life look from the other side of time? What judgment shall we pass upon it when it is remembered?

Consider for a moment what a dread vision a sinful, misspent life must be to an ungodly man! In this world even he has no wish to recall it. He says, and says truly, that he hates to think about it—that it is his constant endeavour to bury it out of sight; and, in some degree, he manages to do so. Of innumerable actions, each of which occupied his mind at the time, few are remembered at all. They were seen and have been forgotten, like the features of the landscape as seen from a rapid train; or they have been thrust away into dark corners or locked up in underground cellars, and, thus out of sight, they are, in a sense, out of mind. He has been helped to this forgetfulness by the blinding and hardening effects of sin, until he almost persuades himself that his deeds are forgotten by God also. But should sin against God grow into crime against man, ah, then, how terrible does memory become! We are all familiar with the picture—so often drawn, yet never up to the truth—of the mental anguish which a human being is capable of enduring, with no other power than memory to vex him by constantly dragging up the past as a witness against him at the bar of conscience. Memory pursues him across the seas, haunts him by day and night with the details of crime which may be known only to himself and God, or which may be associated in the minds of others with all that is cruel or dishonourable. Like an accusing spirit, memory awakes him from his sleep, crying, "Son, remember!" it startles him at the festive board; it calls loudly to him in the storm, louder than the thunder and the hurricane; it bends over him in sickness, and sits beside him at the hour of death. Willingly would he escape from this spectre by suicide, had he not the instinctive fear of meeting it again as that "something after death" which must remain with him for ever. Now, such experiences in this world are but portents of what the impenitent will endure in the world to come, when the past cannot be banished by any effort of will, nor be made endurable by a new life in God, and when not only this or that act will be remembered, but the whole life; when every day will pass in awful review, and memory will direct the eye to every event with the words, "Son, remember," until the criminal shall see but one great sinner—himself; one unprofitable servant—himself; one enemy to his own soul—himself; one executioner—himself; one moral suicide—himself!

This picture is what the words of Our Lord suggest:—"Son, remember thou hast had thy good things." And so memory would recall those things which the selfish man called his good, and which he had chosen to the exclusion of God and of eternal

righteousness;—the grand house, the purple and fine linen, the boon companions, the godless brothers in his father's home, the neglected Lazarus—all, all would pass like a panorama before him, and condemn him in the light even of his own conscience.

But you tell me that no good man in glory could be other than miserable if he were subjected to such a review of the past. Why so? The good man has an experience of the same kind even in this world. He does not forget the past here, nor does he desire to do so. Whatever the past has been, he has no wish to shut his eyes to it, or to judge it more leniently than it deserves, but rather to see it clearly and condemn it heartily in all its vileness. His knowledge, indeed, of the sinfulness of the past is the necessary result of his knowledge of God and of his righteousness. The more holy his present is, and the more he enjoys the peace of God, and is renewed after the image of his Son;—the more, in fact, his present is the very opposite of his past, the more vividly is that past recalled, and the more sincerely is it loathed. It was so with the Apostle Paul: he did not forget his past with all the evidences which it contained of his life as an unbeliever, a persecutor, and a blasphemer. He recalled it with intense vividness. But that past he had laid down at the Cross of Christ; he had believed in the love of God revealed to the chief of sinners through a Redeemer whose blood cleansed from all sin; he had accepted of the forgiveness of sins, was reconciled to God, and had consecrated himself for evermore to his service. Yet while he thus saw the past in God's light, and judged it according to God's righteous judgment, he saw it no more as condemning him for the future, because he was delivered from its guilt through the atonement, and delivered from the power of sin which made it a curse to himself and others. Recalling it, therefore, he could utter such words as these:—"Nevertheless, I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have trusted, and I am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." And again, "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Thus it has been with the penitent Magdalen, the thief on the cross, and with the whole redeemed Church of Christ on earth, who were able to remember the past, because they believed in a Saviour who had granted remission for the sins that are past, renewed their souls for the present, and were assured that God, who in his mercy had pardoned them for what they had been, and made them what they were, would secure to them for ever what they desired to be.

Nor can I conceive it possible that the saint in glory will choose to forget—even were he able to do so—the condition out of which his Redeemer has delivered him. The more he dwells in the light of eternal truth, righteousness, mercy, and love, the more will he feel it to be in harmony with all He most loves, feel it to be a righteous response to God for all He is, and for all He has done for him, deeply to feel, fully to recognise, and from his whole soul to express his sense of all that he himself had been and done as a lost sinner. It may be difficult to reconcile such a state of mind as this with that selfish joy—if joy it can be called—which necessitates the forgetfulness of every cause of sorrow. But I am sure that he who loves God can reconcile it with his own experience, and would willingly anticipate it as a portion of his joy unutterable, to be able thus to see and to acknowledge his whole wicked past, even at the moment when received into the joy of his Lord, or when casting his crown along with the whole redeemed Church before His throne and joining in the song of "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," "Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

And now, in conclusion, let me ask, how would your past look if you were compelled to recall it by the command, "Son, remember?" Let it be granted that all of us could remember sin, great and terrible in proportion to our light, our knowledge, our mercies, the many gifts we have received, and the long-suffering patience of God which we have experienced; but could we remember anything different in kind from this? We could remember Christless days,—could we remember other days that could not have been what they were unless He had been our guide, our help, our deliverer, our comforter? We could remember prayerless days,—could we remember any day in which we came to God and made known our request to Him by prayer and supplication and thanksgiving? We could remember how very often we had done our own will,—could we remember our having done or "prepared ourselves to do" the will of Jesus Christ as our Lord and Master? We could remember evil habits,—could we remember earnest strivings to master them, and form better habits? We could remember defeats by the flesh,—could we remember any battles or victories by the Spirit? In one word, could there be recalled even now, or do we hope that the Spirit of God could recall to us hereafter, any portion of life, any state in life, any acts in life, which could not have been unless we had had faith in God and Jesus Christ his Son, or were walking under the influence, not of mere instinct, passion, impulse, or varying circumstances, but in the Spirit, and therefore from an inward principle of right? I am not speaking of many years, but of any days—not of many things, but of any things—not of Christian manhood, but of Christian childhood, as evidencing such a knowledge of God, such a recognition of his relationship to us in Christ as would enable Our Lord to call us

one of his sheep who had heard his voice and followed his steps; one of his disciples who had learned of Him; one of his servants who had obeyed his commands; one of his brothers and sisters who had done the will of his Father.

I do not mean to affirm, of course, that any good done by us in the past can blot out the evil or give us hope for the future. But it alone can afford satisfactory evidence of a true and living faith in Jesus, "whom God has set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for *the remission of sins that are past*, through the forbearance of God." You may say that we have to do only with the present, for we cannot change the past, which must remain for ever the same. I ask no more. Be right for the present—*now*—towards God in Christ, through a sincere faith, hearty repentance, and the filial heart of love and obedience—in one word, truly *know God* as your reconciled Father, and as the rest and satisfaction of your spirit *now*; and He will judge you, not by what you *were*, but by what you *are*. The past will not condemn you *now*, if now you are justified by faith in God through Jesus Christ. Jesus having been an enemy cannot alter the fact of Jesus now being a friend; and while you must blame yourself only for your own wicked past, you will bless God and his grace for your very different present. And as for the future, to know and love God truly now, implies that we shall love and enjoy Him for ever. What He *is* to us, contains the assurance of what to us He will for ever be, and is a revelation of an eternal future. "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

But if in this world we dare not recall the past, how shall we be prepared to stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and to give an account of ourselves to God, when He shall "require that which is past?" O my brethren, it would be a great aid to us, I think, if we sometimes thus summoned ourselves to the bar of memory and conscience, and judged ourselves, that we should not be judged of the Lord! It would aid us were each of us sometimes to ask himself, What will I think of what I am doing, or intending to do, of what I am now rejecting or accepting, suffering or enjoying, giving or withholding, saying or not saying, when such words as "Son, remember" compel me to contemplate all in the presence of God? How much would such a test as this, fairly applied, even now, strengthen us to fly from the evil and pursue the good! How would the anticipation of this future help us to despise all that was vain, proud, mean, selfish, sensual, earthly, and devilish, and unworthy of being recalled! How it would arouse us to be simple and sincere in our every-day life, and encourage us to lay up a store against the time to come, and to record each day such an autobiography as would, by God's grace, be read with thanksgiving to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! O that the words sounded in our ears when tempted to evil, when prompted to do good, when becoming careless and slothful, or earnestly fighting and conquering:—"Son, think now that all this will be remembered hereafter!" Merciful Saviour, forgive us all the guilt of our past lives, for Thou hast died on the Cross as our propitiation; through the Holy Spirit renew us in the spirit of our minds; help us to do Thy will during the present; establish, strengthen, settle us, and enable us so to remember Thee each day of our life that Thou mayst remember us when Thou comest into Thy kingdom! Amen.

CURIOUS OLD REGISTERS IN SOMERSET HOUSE.

About nine-and-twenty years ago, a number of venerable but somewhat dingy-looking volumes began to travel from all parts of England and Wales to a certain London office. So varied were these volumes in size, shape, and style of binding, that any similarity as to their contents would scarcely have been surmised from their external aspect. Some of them were folios strongly bound in leather; some were books only a few inches square, enclosed in paper covers; some were three hundred years old; some had not been in existence a quarter of a century: yet these miscellaneous volumes were pretty much alike as to the nature of the matter which they contained. Upon their arrival in London, moreover, the smallest and most insignificant-looking of the number, as well as the more bulky and pretentious, underwent a scrutiny so careful as to show that they were one and all held to be documents of no little importance.

The volumes to which we refer had been sent by their custodians to the metropolis on the invitation of certain commissioners appointed under the Great Seal. They were nothing more nor less than records of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, and burials, which had been kept by such divisions of the community as did not belong to the Established Church. A new system for registering, in the case of every individual Englishman, the great landmarks of his earthly existence, had lately been passed into law by Act of Parliament. It was now designed to collect together, so far as it might be practicable, the records which, in the absence of a general system, had hitherto been locally kept by the various bodies of Nonconformists. The object in view was twofold:

—that these documents might be placed in Government custody; and that extracts from such of them as should be deemed trustworthy evidence, might henceforth be issued on Government authority.

The design met with general favour amongst the Dissenters. It is true that some bodies altogether withheld their registers from Government protection, and that others, which ultimately acceded to the Government proposal, began by objecting to it. But 3,630 religious congregations at once consented to deliver up their records; and the transmission of 7,000 volumes to the commissioners was the immediate result of this consent. The number of books has since been largely augmented. At the present time there are in the custody of the Registrar-General nearly 9,000 registers which have been deposited with him by the Nonconformist bodies; and, by an Act of the 3rd and 4th Vic., cap. 92, extracts therefrom, sealed with the seal of the General Register Office, are made receivable as evidence in all courts of law, without any additional proof whatsoever.

Various are the shades of religious belief which these 9,000 volumes represent. French Protestants, whose confession of faith was drawn up by Calvin himself, have contributed several venerable folios to the number. That remarkable body, the Society of Friends,—distinguished, on the other hand, for its broad Arminianism,—has materially added to the total. The Independents, whose name is associated with moderate doctrinal views and with the Congregational system of church government, are present in great force. The more exclusive Baptists muster strongly. The Presbyterians are not absent. The followers of Whitefield and Wesley, with their diverse but (let us hope and believe) not essentially antagonistic tenets, have also augmented the list of the volumes.

Nor are the smaller and less demonstrative sections of English Nonconformity unrepresented. The various subdivisions of the Wesleyan body; the Moravians; the Swedenborgians, and others, have each and all contributed their quota to the mass of documents which we are considering.

The Roman Catholic prelates declined to consign their registers to Government custody. Their main reason for objecting to do so was, it must be admitted, intelligible and weighty. Continual applications, they said, are made to them, from the Continent and elsewhere, for certificates of baptism, confirmation, and marriage, both for legal and ecclesiastical purposes; and in Catholic countries these documents are useless, unless verified by the episcopal seals and signatures. Had the registers in question been permitted to pass out of the hands of the Catholic Church, the Catholic Church clearly could not have authenticated extracts therefrom without considerable inconvenience; while, wanting such authentication, the extracts would in many cases have been valueless. Hence the mass of the Catholic registers remained in the keeping of their original custodians; a few volumes, however, from the northern counties, subsequently found their way into the hands of the commissioners.

The Jews also objected to part with the records relating to their Society.

It may, perhaps, be imagined that registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials are unlikely to yield much interesting information, or to suggest reflections either novel, useful, or entertaining. It happens, however, that, in various ways, the 9,000 volumes under our consideration forcibly illustrate the histories and tenets of the denominations to which they refer. Some of them contain, in addition to the entries of names for which they were principally designed, minutes and other matter of no small interest and importance; and the registers themselves are by no means so barren a subject for consideration as might be supposed at first sight. We propose in the present paper to glance at the various sections of Protestant Nonconformists in the light afforded by these volumes.

The registers of the Independent, Baptist, and Presbyterian denominations are not the most ancient, but they will, perhaps, be found as interesting as any to the mass of our readers, and we therefore begin with them.

The number of volumes deposited with the Registrar-General by these great sections of English nonconformity amounts to about 2,350. Before dealing with the denominations separately, let us briefly notice a series of registers in which all the three are alike represented, and which we have not included in the above total.

Dr. Daniel Williams, a Presbyterian divine, who was born in the middle of the seventeenth century, and who died at the beginning of the eighteenth, founded a library in Redcross Street, Cripplegate, London, for the use of Dissenting ministers. In 1742—twenty-six years after the founder's death—a register of births was commenced in connection with this library, and was continued up to the year 1837, when the civil registration system—so ably administered by the present Registrar-General—began to operate. The records consist of eleven well-kept folios, which comprise about 50,000 entries. The persons registered in these volumes were, for the most part, such as belonged to the better class of Dissenters. The volumes themselves are wanting in any interest of a religious character, and are noteworthy merely as representing a systematic attempt at registration on a large scale, made nearly a century before Government had taken the matter up. We have spoken of the books as well kept; but one defect is at once noticeable in them: each entry is not always made complete in itself. Thus, a single mention of the names of the parents frequently has to do service for a whole family of children—a circumstance which embarrasses the process of extracting separately, in the form of certified copies, the entries of individual births. The registers, however, are perfectly reliable, and extracts therefrom are in continual request for legal and other purposes.

Of the three denominations to which we have referred, the Independent body undoubtedly stands first at the present time, both in the numbers and in the influence of its adherents. The sect is largely represented at the General Register Office. Distributed as it is evenly and abundantly throughout the population of the country, its records are to be traced in corresponding order and numbers on every shelf of the library through which we are leading our readers. The registers, however, although numerous, do not any of them extend back to the earliest days of the history of the denomination. The most ancient volume amongst them is that from Bull Lane Chapel, Stepney, which contains a large number of entries of baptisms and burials, and which would appear to represent an important congregation. Its first page is dated 1644.

It may seem strange to the reader that a sect whose origin is referable to the early days of Queen Elizabeth's reign should not be represented by records of any date prior to that mentioned above. But a consideration of the history of the denomination leads us at once to understand the non-existence of very early registers. Let it be remembered that until the days of the Civil War the Independents were undergoing a perpetual series of molestations, that their assemblies were forbidden by law, and their adherents regarded as dangerous fanatics. Amidst the struggle for existence which these early persecutions involved, it was not to be expected that the denomination would be enabled to give much attention to the comparatively minor business of registration. But in the days of Cromwell and John Owen the tables were turned: the sect which had been despised and persecuted now became popular and influential. From this time, notwithstanding the temporary troubles arising to dissent at the Restoration, the Independents occupied a recognised position such as they had never occupied before. From this time they recorded, as they had been unable to do previously, the baptisms which occurred in their chapels, and the interments over which their ministers presided.

Several registers referring to the latter half of the seventeenth century testify to the brightening prospects of the Independents of that period. There is, amongst others, a curious old book from a chapel in Guildhall Street, Canterbury. The congregation there first assembled in the year 1646, and its records commence with the following year. Another singular old volume, which we have perused with great interest, and whose brown and mouldering pages have been patched and mended with the most reverential care, introduces us to a church formed at Morley, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, about the year 1654. In this book quaint little cash accounts of sums laid out in bread, wine, and other devotional necessaries, are curiously intermingled with entries of burials and baptisms. Texts on which the sermons of favourite preachers were founded, together with notices of excommunications, are also interspersed amongst the other entries; reminding the reader that a moderate Calvinism was then, as now, characteristic of Congregational doctrine, and that Congregational discipline has from the first been properly, although not severely, enforced. We may remark here, that it was not unusual to introduce into the register-books of former days a considerable amount of matter essentially foreign to the records. For instance, we have met with an old volume—professedly a baptismal register — which comprises amongst its entries various memoranda of infallible cures for corns, bunions, and small-pox; and which gives instructions as to the proper method of charming away warts, and excellent recipes for balm tea and currant wine.

The Independent records relating to the close of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth are numerous, and consist of a very miscellaneous assemblage of volumes. The denomination (in common, it must be owned, with their Baptist brethren) for a long time continued to carry thoroughly *independent* principles into their registration system; each congregation having recorded its own baptismal and sepulchral facts in the manner that seemed best in its own eyes. In later days printed forms were in use in some places; but, as far as we can discover, no attempt at a general and uniform method of registration was ever made by the denomination.

An entry, dated about a hundred years ago, which we have found in a volume belonging to the Independent Chapel (now called "Lower Meeting House") Newbury, Berkshire, will serve to exemplify the relations subsisting between the Congregationalists and the Baptists at that period. The entry is worded thus:—

"In the years 1769 and 1770 the Anabaptists, by their usual methods (which are well known to those who are acquainted with them), made an attack upon the above church; and nine persons were prevailed upon to deny their infant baptism; however, the church having met and resolved that whoever were Anabaptists amongst us should be only considered as occasional communicants, presently after this four of the members left us, and joined the Anabaptist church. But the Lord blessed the following methods to prevent the error from spreading any further, viz.:—Preaching upon the infant's right to this seal of the Covenant; and public baptizing—which I pray God may never more be disused in this church.

(Signed) "J. READER."

The Independents, as will be remembered, owe their commencement and early successes to two men named respectively Brown and Robinson. Amongst themselves Robinson is naturally the favourite of the two; for Robert Brown, in the later days of his life, left the sect which he had founded, and accepted a benefice in the Established Church—obviously a just cause of offence to his forsaken followers. There is little doubt, however, that the first rise of the Congregational theory in this country is mainly to be attributed to the teaching of the latter, although we cannot wonder that the Independents should be ready to disown him. And they can well afford to erase his name from

the list of their worthies. The catalogue of their learned and pious pastors is undoubtedly long and weighty; we could select from the Independent volumes under our notice a large number of signatures which would immediately recall such lives and labours as any Christian community might be proud to have produced. Through accidental circumstances, however, it happens that the names of some great and prominent men in the denomination are missing from these records. We had hoped, for instance, to discover in the baptismal register from the Independent chapel in Bury Street, St. Mary Axe, the handwriting of good Dr. Watts, who was pastor of the congregation for a long period. But our volumes from the chapel do not extend back to a date sufficiently early to embrace any portion of the doctor's pastorate.

It is interesting in casting our eyes over these registers, which record the names of so many Independent families, to consider what we owe to the denomination, and how far the influence which it has exercised has been beneficial. We are aware that the blame of one lamentable fact—the execution of King Charles—is commonly laid upon the sect. We would rather not attempt to answer the uncomfortable question whether or not this accusation is just. Let us rather turn to the unmistakable good which is to be traced to the existence of the Independent body.

It is admitted then, on all hands, that the Independents were the first advocates of absolute religious toleration. As a body the Presbyterian party were far more narrow-minded; and the counteracting influence of the broader Independent views seems to have been unquestionably beneficial. Let us thankfully acknowledge our obligations to the denomination, and admire the numerous useful and pious lives which it has produced. Let us hope, too, that amidst the external prosperity which seems to attend the sect in the present day, it may continue to maintain that high character for piety and usefulness which it justly won in those darker times when its principles were misconstrued and its members persecuted.

Next to the Independents in numbers and importance come the Baptists. This denomination is perhaps, on the whole, less satisfactorily represented at the General Register Office than any other. Not, indeed, that the number of volumes which they have deposited there is exceptionally small. On the contrary, they have contributed largely to the ancient library which we are considering. We allude rather to the want of system and completeness which characterises their records. Such imperfection, however, is easily to be explained. From the absence of any baptismal ceremony during the infancy of their children, Baptist parents are remarkably likely to overlook, or to defer to a late period, the registration of those children's births; for we well know from experience that matters of business which are not attended to at specified times, are wont to be either imperfectly fulfilled, or to be neglected altogether. When the royal commission issued their circular inviting Dissenting ministers to transmit their registers to London, many attempts were made by Baptist pastors to supply the deficiencies of previous years, by compiling from entries made in family Bibles, and from other private sources, the records which they had failed to keep in the ordinary regular manner. But such second-hand evidence was clearly not to be trusted. Thus, on looking through the calendar of volumes which were examined by the commissioners and rejected on the ground of doubtful authenticity, we find that a very large proportion of the volumes so rejected belonged to Baptist congregations. In describing the registers of this denomination, however, as being ill kept, we must be understood as speaking generally. There are many exceptions to the rule, and many satisfactory volumes amongst the Baptist records.

Our documents relating to the Baptists extend but little further back than those of the Independents. Doubtless the causes which in the one case operated to prevent early registration, operated similarly in the other also; while, with respect to both sects, it should be remembered that their most ancient records were precisely those which were likeliest to be treasured up by private individuals, and thus to escape inclusion in any such general collection as that now under our notice.

The history of the English Baptists is a remarkable one, and we shall venture in this place briefly to advert to its leading features. Up to that point when the volumes before us will assist our narrative, we shall endeavour to be especially concise. We would premise that, in speaking of the Baptists of *the present day*, we ordinarily mean the Calvinistic or Particular Baptists, which now constitute by far the greater proportion of those who hold adult baptism. But, in referring to earlier times, we must not necessarily be thus understood. It should be borne in mind, also, that many of those who first embraced Baptist principles in this country were men who entertained opinions on other religious subjects of a palpably absurd and extravagant character; men who, in all probability, would not be recognised as brethren by the Particular Baptists of our own times. It thus becomes evident that while modern Baptist sentiments cannot fairly be associated with those early extravagancies to which we have alluded, neither can our Baptist friends of to-day claim, as martyrs to the cause which they represent, all the Anabaptists who unhappily suffered death at the time of the Reformation. Since, however, there is a general identity of views on the single subject of baptism, amongst all those who have ever borne the name of Baptist or Anabaptist in England, we shall not, in these brief observations, again dwell upon the distinctions which we have here thought it well to point out.

Wickliff has been supposed to have held Baptist sentiments, and many of his followers undoubtedly were Baptists. William Sautré, the first English

martyr, who was burnt in London A.D. 1400, is thought by some to have embraced these views; but we believe the idea rests upon no reliable basis. During the reign of Henry VIII., persecutions against the Anabaptists seem to have been rigorously carried on. In 1535, ten were put to death in England, while ten others saved themselves from a similar fate only by recantation. In November, 1538, the king put forth a proclamation condemning all the books of the Anabaptists, and directing the punishment of those who sold them. Passing on to the benign reign of King Edward VI., we find that the only two persons who suffered for their religious sentiments under his gentle rule were Anabaptists. For these deaths, we believe, Cranmer must be held responsible. It cannot be denied that such cruelties on the part of our Reformers afforded to Queen Mary an unfortunate pretext for the severities which, when she came to the throne, she practised towards those Reformers themselves.

In the early years of Elizabeth's reign, the privy assemblies of the Baptists appear to have been numerous. Upon her accession the Queen had ordered that all who were imprisoned on account of religion should be set at liberty; and this act had probably conveyed the impression of a wider toleration than Her Majesty subsequently found it expedient to practise. Certain it is that dissent was rife at this period. "We found," says Jewel, writing to Martyr, "a large and inauspicious crop of Arians, Anabaptists, and other pests, which I know not how, but as mushrooms spring up in the night and darkness, so these sprang up in that darkness and unhappy night of the Marian times." The good bishop had cause to remember the "Marian times" with bitterness; but he is unreasonable, we think, to lay upon those times the blame of the particular evil which he is here lamenting. The "crop" of which he complains probably flourished still better in the days of his episcopate than in those previous ones when he had been an exile and a wanderer. Such, at all events, would seem to be the case, from the fears aroused and the repressive measures resorted to during the latter part of his lifetime. In 1568 a special visitation was ordered in every parish throughout the realm to discover the teachers of Anabaptist and other "evil doctrines." Many Dutch Anabaptists were now taking refuge in England from the persecutions of the Duke of Alva; and the influence and teaching of these refugees were looked upon by the Government with great suspicion and alarm.

In 1575—four years after Jewel's death—the Anabaptists had increased to such an extent, that it was thought needful to resort to strong measures for their repression. An event now occurred which is greatly to be regretted. On the 3rd of April in the above-mentioned year, a congregation of thirty Flemish Baptists assembled in a private house in London for worship. They were interrupted, and taken into custody. The bishop of the diocese, being commissioned to confer with these accused persons, produced four articles, requiring their subscription. If obstinate, they were to be burnt alive. Two of the number—Jan Peters and Hendrik Terwoort—suffered death in this manner; while such of the rest as remained constant were banished. It is all the more melancholy to reflect on these and similar cruelties, when we remember that the men instrumental in inflicting them were frequently themselves persons of undoubted piety.

In the reign of James I., the Baptists, in common with the Puritans, were much harassed, and many Baptist families withdrew from the kingdom in consequence. As the sentiments of the sect came to be more fully developed, the question arose amongst them whether they, having themselves been baptised only in infancy, were competent to administer the rite to other persons—pædo-baptism being held by them as altogether invalid. One prominent man of the body, who lived during James's reign, is said to have re-baptised himself in order to dispose of the difficulty. The Baptists, however, do not, we believe, generally credit the assertion that he did so. It certainly is not easy to perceive how such an act could have been sufficient to allay the misgiving to which we have adverted. If a man be avowedly incompetent to baptise others, we do not see how he can be held competent to baptise himself.

The last person burnt alive in England on account of religious opinions was Edward Wightman, a Baptist of Burton-on-Trent, who suffered death in the year 1611. As in other cases, the peculiarity of this man's views was by no means confined to those which he entertained on the subject of baptism.

In 1633 the Baptists, who had previously been intermixed with other Protestant Dissenters, and who had consequently shared with the Puritans in all their persecutions, began to separate themselves and to form distinct societies. Ten years later they published a formal confession of their faith.

We have now reached the period when the volumes before us take up the thread of the narrative which we have followed thus far without their assistance. Numerous Baptist churches were founded about the middle of the seventeenth century, and the records of some of these churches we are able to introduce to our readers. One of the oldest containing matter of any interest or suggestiveness, is that from the chapel in Coxwell Street, Cirencester. The congregation first assembled in the year 1651, and was still subsisting when its registers were transmitted to London in 1837. The record dates back to the year of foundation, but until the beginning of the present century it was very imperfectly kept. On the first page of the volume are the names of five persons "whom" (as is stated at the foot of the list) "the church hath agreed to cast out." Then come the names of five others, followed by this statement:—"These persons the church hath agreed to admonish further

in order for their recovery." It would have been interesting to learn what amount of inconsistency of conduct was deemed incompatible with a continuance in church membership by the Baptists of those days. But we are not told what the delinquencies of the ten persons had been. If, however, we may form any opinion on the subject from notices in the same volume which relate to nearly a century later, those delinquencies were, many of them, probably open and unmistakable breaches of social morality. The members "cut off" from the church at this later period were persons who had been guilty of the gravest vices, which vices are carefully specified; and the delinquents in these cases were manifestly dealt with in a commendable spirit of patience before their final excommunication. The religious profession of a person seeking admission to a Baptist church is of the highest and most definite nature that can be imagined. We may therefore perhaps be pardoned if we watch with a peculiar exigency the conduct of those who have obtained such admission.

We have examined with interest a book from a Baptist chapel of some antiquity in Oxfordshire—that at Coate, near Bampton. The congregation was formed in the year 1664. The volume is headed by the following inscription, which forcibly illustrates in its language the spirit in which the good people first assembled, and also (by its spelling) their *unlettered* condition:—

"The Lord whoe was pleased in these last dayes to gather his people out from ammonge the people of this world (in respect of worship) hath bene pleased acording to his aboundant goodnes to gather together some of his poore children and to place here in and about Longworth where wee have inioyed many mercyes and privilidges which he hath bestowed upon his people and amongst the many mercyes this is not the least that in this church he hath given some increase in number of his witnesses against those vaine wayes of this world which they receve by tradition from their ffathers as chiefly baptizing of Infants (as they call it) & touching their false persuasions about the place where they bury their dead which two things (as alsoe many other) the Lord hath separated us from them in.

"And taking these things into consideration wee were lead by that sure word of prophesie as in baptisme soe alsoe in buring our dead in a place aparte from the people of this world, hereupon our Births and our Burialls were neither of them regestered by the Parish regesters so we Judged it expedient to take care in this mater whereupon wee apoynted one to it and prepared this booke wherein wee have inserted on one side Births the other Burialls."

The register thus prefaced was evidently highly valued, and was carefully kept. It comprises entries of some interest relative to church membership, which, however, our limited space forbids us to quote.

Passing on to that portion of our old library which relates to the county of Kent, we meet with a singular volume from the old Meeting-house, Bessell's Green, Orpington. It is described, and the intentions of the church are explained, in the following words:—

"A booke belonging to the church or congregation of the Saintes of God in Jesus Christ Assembled in the parish of Orpington in the County of Kent. Anno Domini 1667 Sept. 29.

"Wee whose names are underwritten being beleevers baptized and stated upon the six principles contained in the 6 chapter Hebrues verses 1 and 2 according to the order of the gospell do resolve to sett downe together in a church or congregationall waye with the help of the Lord takeing for our rulle to walke by the written word of God contayndе in the ould and new testament and from this Church or Congregationall waye wee doe not Intend to depart to anye other Church or congrattion to sett downe with them without the advise and consent of this Church or congration meeting at Orpington in the county of Kent.

"Whereby the bands of love may not be broken."

The time at which these words were written was far from being one of hope to the Nonconformists. The Conventicle Act was in force, and many prominent Dissenters, both of Baptist and other persuasions, were suffering under its penalties. Bunyan was in Bedford Gaol, and the sudden suppression of the zealous and successful labours of that remarkable man could not have failed to depress in an unusual degree the denomination to which he had attached himself; while his privations were but representative of those which were now being endured by a large number of his co-religionists. We cannot help, then, being struck with the brave determination which characterises the above quotation. It must have needed no small courage to form a new church under the circumstances which attended the formation of that at Orpington. But strong courage is generally found to be associated with strong conviction; and no one, after reading the foregoing paragraphs, could doubt that the Orpington Baptists were thoroughly persuaded of the correctness of their views.

The books from the Pithay and Broadmead churches, Bristol, represent ancient and important congregations in that city. There are ten volumes of registers in Government keeping belonging to these chapels. The earliest date to which the records relate is the year 1679. They are well kept; the more ancient entries especially being written with remarkable care, and also with curious minuteness. From the completeness of these registers, combined with the extent and standing of the congregation to which they refer, they would doubtless be considered peculiarly valuable by the Baptist denomination. The story of the Broadmead church has of late years been published under the title of the "Broadmead Records," and to the historical introduction to this book we must own ourselves indebted for some of the facts mentioned in the present paper. We may also confess here a similar indebtedness to "Crosby's History of the English Baptists"—a valuable work now, we believe, but rarely to be met with.

From James II. the Baptists received freedom to meet for worship; and the passing of the Toleration Act, which ensued upon the accession of William, brought them complete religious liberty. Having, then, seen the denomination into smooth waters, we propose in this place to take a retrospective glance at its successful combat with persecution.

We can best accomplish our purpose by inserting a list of Baptist churches founded during the troublous seventeenth century.

Baptist Churches founded during the 17th Century.

County.	Place at which the Congregation assembled.	Date of Foundation.
Bedfordshire	Cranfield	1662.
Ditto	Luton	1670.
Ditto	Southill	1693.
Berkshire	Abingdon	1640.
Ditto	Reading	——
Buckinghmshir.	Newport Pagnell	Reign of Chas. II.
Ditto	Olney	1694.
Devonshire	Brampton	1690.
Ditto	Exeter	1600.
Ditto	Kingsbridge	1650.
Ditto	Plymouth	1637.
Ditto	Tiverton	1687.
Durham	Hamsterley	1665.
Essex	Harlow	1668.
Gloucester	Bourton-on-the-Water	1650.
Ditto	Cirencester	1651.
Herefordshire	Leominster	1656.
Ditto	Weston-under-Penyard	1662.
Hertfordshire	St. Albans	1675
Huntingdonshr.	Kimbolton	1692.
Kent	Canterbury	More than two centuries ago.
Ditto	Dover	1643.
Ditto	Eythorne	1600.
Ditto	Orpington	1667.
Lancashire	Tottlebank	1669.
Leicestershire	Kilby	1667.
Ditto	Leicester (Friar Lane)	1688.
Ditto	Sheepshead	1690.
Lincolnshire	Boston (High Street)	1650.
Ditto	Gosberton	1650.
Ditto	Spalding	1688.
London	Commercial Road	Time of the Protectorate.
Ditto	Horseleydown	1652.
Ditto	Maze Pond, Southwark	1691.
Ditto	Goodman's Fields, Mill Yard	1600.
Ditto	Goodman's Fields, Little Prescot Strt.	1633.
Ditto	Little Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Flds.	1691.
Norfolk	Great Ellingham	1699.
Ditto	Norwich (Priory Yard)	1660.
Ditto	Norwich (St. Mary's)	1698.
Northamptonsh.	Moulton	1680.
Ditto	Weedon Pinkney	1695.
Oxfordshire	Chipping Norton	1662.
Ditto	Coate	1664.
Shropshire	Shrewsbury	1620.
Somersetshire	Bristol (Broadmead)	16—.
Ditto	Chard	1652.
Ditto	Frome (Badcox Lane)	1689.
Ditto	Paulton	1690.
Ditto	Yeovil	1688.
Wiltshire	Salisbury	1688.
Ditto	Trowbridge	1660.
Worcestershire	Bewdley	1649.
Yorkshire	Barnoldswick	1650.
Ditto	Bridlington	1698.
	WALES.	
Brecnockshire	Maesyberllan	1699.
Carmarthenshire	Carmarthen	1660.

The list is necessarily incomplete, for we are able to include in it those churches only whose existence is evidenced by the volumes before us; while a few of *those* again are absent from our catalogue, for the reason that there is some doubt as to the date of their foundation. We think, however, that the list is sufficient to show that the Uniformity and Conventicle Acts were, with their less notable predecessors of the same class, as inefficacious as they were unjust; and that the Baptists—whom we may take in this matter as the representatives of all other Protestant Dissenters—gained far more than they lost under the operation of those Acts.

From the commencement of the eighteenth century to the present time, the Baptist denomination has been steadily on the increase. The tables published by the Registrar-General after the census of 1851 show the total number of Baptist chapels in England at that time to have been 2,789. Of these, nearly two thousand belonged to the Particular or Calvinistic Baptists.

It is considered that the missionary enterprises of the Baptists especially entitle them to the praise and gratitude of Christendom. It cannot be questioned that their efforts in this direction have been zealous and persevering; nor, however much we may differ from the views of such men as Dr. Carey, can we justly withhold from him, or from many others like him, the tribute of respect and admiration which is due to Christian self-denial, under whatever aspect it may exhibit itself.

Of the English Presbyterians we shall have but little to say. Our books referring to this denomination, which are less than 200 in number, fail for the most part to tell by any internal evidence the "strange eventful history" of that great religious body—once so prominent, and now scarcely to be discovered in this country. Of those 200 volumes, however, many bear testimony to the continued popularity of Presbyterian opinions, long after the attempt to make Presbyterianism the State religion had been abandoned, and to the still flourishing condition of the denomination in those days (1691) when the Presbyterian and Independent ministers of London agreed to drop their differences and to co-operate as allies.

It is well known that during the last hundred years Socinian opinions have gradually spread through the denomination. Turning to the baptismal records of a Presbyterian congregation at Norwich, which relate to the middle of the last century, we find there the frequent signature, "John Taylor;" and to this learned and eminent doctor of divinity the change, we believe, is mainly attributable. The publication of his "Scripture Doctrine of Atonement," in the year 1751, seems to have paved the way to open Unitarianism on the part of the English Presbyterians; although in all probability from a much earlier period, such views had gradually been gaining ground on the old Puritan faith.

The words "Unitarian" and "Presbyterian" at length came to be, in this country, almost synonymous. Those who still adhered to the Calvinistic creed of the Puritans for the most part joined the Independents, or other "orthodox" bodies, leaving the old chapels and endowments in the hands of the Socinian party. Practically, then, English Presbyterianism wellnigh ceased to be before the close of the last century, and not until recently has there been anything like a revival—on the English side of the Tweed—of those tenets which 200 years ago appeared likely to carry everything before them. We believe we are correct in stating that at the present time there are in the northern counties and in London, a large number of congregations bearing the Presbyterian name, whose views nearly coincide with those of the Church of Scotland. We forbear, however, to enlarge upon the subject of the Presbyterians, since, as we have before intimated, the documents before us afford no evidence of so special a character as to be worthy of quotation or comment.

We will now proceed to the consideration of that great religious movement which took place in England during the last century, and which owed its origin and its name to the methodical piety of a few zealous Oxford undergraduates. Methodism in both its branches is duly represented in our collection of registers, and we hope to be able to give it the position which it deserves to hold in the present sketch. We will in the first place consider the Wesleyan body.

The Wesleyans, and their several secession branches, have given over to the care of Government 856 volumes of registers. These records may briefly be described as accurate and orderly. The first fact which strikes us with regard to them is one that at once betrays an important circumstance in the history of the denomination. It may be said that the Society was fairly established by the year 1745, when the country had been divided into circuits, and when the first Conference was held; but the most ancient of the registers before us commence from a period nearly twenty years later. How is this to be accounted for? The answer to the question is to be found in the fact that John Wesley did not originally design the foundation of a new religious body. His teaching was intended to infuse new piety into churchmen, but it was not intended to destroy their churchmanship. Thus for a long period the children of parents who attended Wesleyan class-meetings and love-feasts were baptised and registered at church in the usual manner; and had it not been for the short-sighted illiberality which at length absolutely compelled Wesley's retirement from the Establishment, the names of his disciples might have been found recorded in parish registers to this day. It has always appeared to us a matter for regret that the services of this extraordinary man should have been lost to the Church of England; and we have pleasure in the reflection that his own early preference and conviction had no share in making him a separatist.

In glancing over the Wesleyan registers we cannot help being struck by the elaborateness of that system of polity which the founder of the Society devised, and which exhibits itself in different ways in these volumes. Wesley's great administrative abilities were gradually unfolded as circumstances rendered the position of his followers more and more anomalous. It is said by those who have studied the matter far more deeply than we can ourselves pretend to have done, that the provisions of his scheme are admirably suited to the requirements of a religious society, and that they evince rare forethought and knowledge of human nature. That the system works well, cannot be questioned. We remember that Dr. Pusey in his "Eirenicon" refers to the Wesleyans as exhibiting a larger amount of vitality than any other body of Dissenters; and it would seem to be but a fair conclusion that this vitality is maintained by their classes, love-feasts, and watch-nights, by their arrangements with respect to local and itinerant preachers, and by the various other provisions which distinguish the discipline of the Society.

Up to the commencement of the present century no effort was made amongst the Wesleyan denomination to begin a general system of registration. In the year 1818, however, they instituted a Metropolitan Office in Paternoster Row, London, for the registration of the births and baptisms occurring amongst the different congregations of their adherents. The registers from this office, accompanied by certificates on parchment—which certificates were signed by the parents of the registered child, by witnesses present at the birth, and by the minister who performed the baptismal ceremony—have been handed over to Government, and have taken their place on the shelves of our old library. A large place it is; for they are the most enormous folios we ever saw. They are three in number, and contain together the births and baptisms of 10,291 children. We should state that we have not included these volumes in the total of Wesleyan registers already given.

The Metropolitan Wesleyan Registry was kept with an elaborateness and precision characteristic of the Society. The registrar furnished the ministers on the various circuits with duplicate printed forms on parchment, both of which were signed by the several persons whom we have mentioned above. These forms were then transmitted to the registry, when the registrar entered the particulars contained therein in one of the large folios which we have described, adding to the forms a certificate of the date of such registration, with the number and folio of the volume in which he had made the entry. One of the duplicate parchments was then returned to the parents, the other being filed at the office. The forms employed were very carefully and lengthily worded, and they recall, by their scrupulous exactness, the registers of the Society of Friends, which

we hope to introduce to the reader in a future article.

The metropolitan registration of the Wesleyans was not designed to supersede their congregational registration. Both the old and new systems proceeded together until the year 1837, when the passing of the Act before alluded to, obviated the necessity for any further denominational efforts of the kind.

We have hitherto purposely avoided making any other than a most passing allusion to the divisions which have sprung up from time to time amongst the Wesleyans; nor shall we now have either space or inclination to dwell upon them, although we are continually reminded of them in our investigation of the registers. We will, however, in this place, very briefly review the principal secessions from the original Wesleyan Society.

When the enthusiastic hero-worship which the venerable and saintly John Wesley inspired during his lifetime had somewhat subsided, the discovery was made by his followers that his authority over them had been wellnigh absolute. This authority in the hands of other travelling preachers soon began to grow burdensome. The right of the laity to participate in the spiritual and secular government of the body began to be considered, and urged; and the new cause found its champion and representative in the person of a minister named Alexander Kilham. On account of his innovating opinions this gentleman was tried at the Conference of 1796, and was expelled from the Society. The result was, that in the following year Mr. Kilham became the virtual founder of the "Methodist New Connexion."

The "Primitive Methodists" are the next offshoot from the parent plant of Wesleyanism. A desire arose at the beginning of this century, amongst certain members of the Society, to recur to various early practices with respect to field-preaching, &c., which had fallen into disuse. The proposed revival of modes of procedure, then unprescribed, gave offence to the Conference, and the formation of the "Primitive Methodist" Connexion followed.

The "Wesleyan Methodist Association" and "Wesleyan Methodist Reformers" represent further disputes which arose in Conference in the years 1835 and 1849, and further divisions consequent thereupon. We cannot do more than express a regret that such disputes should ever have taken place.

Few and insignificant are the evidences to be found at the General Register Office of the teaching of Wesley's great contemporary, George Whitefield. But this deficiency probably supplies a better illustration of the scope and character of that teaching than any orderly array of registers could have done. It formed no portion of Whitefield's endeavours to found a united society, nor to organise a general system of ecclesiastical polity. In his sermons he dealt mainly with individuals, and had little to say of churches, their formation, and their discipline; while the congregations which were the results of his preaching were distinct bodies which he made no effort to combine, by means of general rules, into a single association. "Lady Huntingdon's Connexion," as his followers have been designated in compliment to his titled convert and patroness, can scarcely be said, we believe, to be a connexion at all. There are only fifty-seven volumes at Somerset House bearing the above title; and while other religious faiths and movements are, for the most part, represented there in proportion to their extensiveness and importance, the startling and wide-spread revival of which Whitefield was the promoter is but thus dimly and imperfectly reflected.

We are inclined to believe that the lack of any definite denominational results from Whitefield's teaching, such as is shadowed forth by this deficiency of registers, far from pointing to any weakness in that teaching, exhibits its most powerful characteristic. It displays the great Calvinist preacher, we think, as a man whose labours were carried on in a singularly self-forgetful spirit, and whose aims were purer and more exalted than those of many religious teachers. It was a saying of his:—"Let the name of George Whitefield perish, so that the name of Christ be exalted." This sentiment appears to have been the key-note of his evangelistic career; and it cannot be denied that the conception of life involved in the words is a very noble one.

The popularity of Calvinistic Methodism in Wales is remarkable. It will be remembered that Mr. Howel Harris, a gentleman of Trevecca, in Brecknockshire, was the person who introduced these tenets into the Principality. His labours were undoubtedly great. But the general acceptance with which his teaching met would seem to prove not only singular zeal on the preacher's part, but also some unusual disposition on the part of his hearers to embrace the particular doctrine inculcated. We will give a few figures in support of our hypothesis that the primitive Welsh mind is peculiarly addicted to Calvinism.

The total number of chapels in the Principality from which volumes of registers have been sent to London is 644. Of these we find that no less than 398 are places of worship belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists. Of the remaining 246 chapels, by far the greater proportion belong to such other dissenting bodies as are more or less Calvinistic in their teaching, the Wesleyans being in a small minority. On turning to the census tables of 1851, we find these proportions corroborated. In that year the total number of chapels belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales was 781; to the Independents, 640; and to the Particular Baptists, 373: giving a total of 1,794 Calvinistic Dissenting chapels. To set against this, on the Arminian side we have only 539 Nonconformist places of worship altogether. These include the chapels of all the divisions of the Wesleyans, and those of the General

Baptists. We cannot but regard it as remarkable—even considering the special labours of Mr. Howel Harris and others—that Calvinist views should preponderate in so exceptional a degree amongst our dissenting brethren to the west of the Wye. But other similar instances of the irregular distribution of our creeds—instances which would suggest many interesting psychological inquiries—might be mentioned, had we space.

Before closing this brief account of some of the Nonconformist registers, we will call the reader's attention for one moment to the records from Bunhill Fields burial-ground, City Road, London. This graveyard was in use so early as the year 1665; and it subsequently became the principal burial-ground of the metropolitan Dissenters. The registers commence in 1713, from which time, however, until towards the close of the century, they were but negligently kept. An entry during this period would frequently consist, for instance, of information as meagre and unsatisfactory as the following:—

"17—

May ye — Mrs. Smith from Bermondsey buried in a Grave . . . . . } —: 13: 6."

But it should be remembered that the volumes were kept more as accounts of fees received, than for any other purpose; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the facts relating to the interred persons should be but briefly noted. The registers consist of twenty-nine books; and since the year 1788 they have been well kept.

We have reserved, for special mention in a future paper, the registers of foreign refugees and of the Society of Friends, with certain old church records, which cannot here conveniently be referred to; besides these, however, a few volumes in our library still remain unnoticed. The Moravian Church—a deeply interesting section of Christendom—has contributed a small number. The Swedenborgians have also sent books; so, again, have the Mormons, or Latter-day Saints. But we must content ourselves with a bare mention of these records.

In conclusion, we shall venture upon a single reflection. How much needless and blameworthy religious antagonism is brought to mind by the volumes which we have partially examined! How often have the very Particular Baptists, whose names are recorded in yonder small and badly written octavo, unthinkingly and unkindly consigned to the woes of the Pharisee and hypocrite, their Wesleyan neighbours—so neatly enrolled upon the printed pages of the adjoining orderly folio! What bitter religious judgments are frequently implied in these prim signatures of Quakerism, and in those careless scrawls of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists! And yet here at last all the wrangling creeds are quietly brought into one interesting and useful assemblage. Drawn together by the great facts of human existence—on account of the births, marriages, and deaths which are common to all alike—the Calvinist and the Arminian, the Prelatist and the Puritan, have at length met on these book-shelves with an object in which there can be no trace of antagonism!

So, lost in the great truths of our common lot and nature, may we win the happiness of never forgetting that we cannot all see precisely alike; and humbly learn together of "one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all."

EDWARD WHITAKER.

RUTH THORNBURY; OR, THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, Author of "De Profundis," &c.

CHAPTER XV.—RUTH'S BRIGHTER PROSPECTS.

We must now take up the thread of our narrative in the lodging taken for Ruth by Dr. Wilson at Mrs. Mitchell's, the ex-matron of the hospital. The good effects produced by the stimulants swallowed at the Red House being neutralised by the fatigue occasioned by the drive in the brougham—short though it was—Ruth remained for some days hovering between life and death. At last, thanks to the elasticity of a naturally good constitution, aided by the skill and care of the doctor and nurse, a turn for the better took place. Slowly, very slowly, her strength returned, but without being accompanied by the slightest mental improvement. So utterly paralysed did her mind appear, that for some time Dr. Wilson feared she was suffering from incurable softening of the brain. Fortunately, as it afterwards turned out, he was in error. When almost in despair on the subject, the nurse one morning informed him that in the course of the last evening his patient had spoken to her, and that she evidently quite understood the words she uttered. This was a step in the right direction, and without further remark the doctor hurried up-stairs, and, placing himself beside the bed, kindly inquired of Ruth if she felt herself better. She looked at him for a moment, as though it occasioned her some effort to collect her thoughts, and then said, in a voice so subdued he could hardly hear it, that she felt stronger; and concluded by asking something about a letter, which he could not fully understand. Having tried in vain to catch her meaning, he contented himself with the belief that consciousness was returning, and advised her not to trouble herself about the letter that day, but that he would speak to her about it on the morrow. He directed that she should be kept perfectly quiet, and that no questions were to be asked of her; but that if

she volunteered any remarks, particular attention was to be paid to them, as he would like to be informed of their purport when he paid his visit next day. He also impressed on Mrs. Keats (the clergyman's wife) and her daughters, whose anxiety about Ruth's recovery was very great, the necessity of his patient being kept perfectly quiet, and he particularly advised them not to speak to her on any subject until he gave them permission.

On the morrow, when Dr. Wilson arrived at the house, and before he entered the sick-room, he was told by Mrs. Mitchell that his patient was in much the same condition as when he had last seen her; occasionally she had spoken, but only a few words at a time, and these without any particular meaning. It was possible, Mrs. Mitchell continued, that he might be better able to understand her; but, as he had strictly prohibited her from entering into any conversation with his patient till he should see her again, she had forborne to ask any explanations, especially as the words she uttered did not relate to any immediate wants. For the last few hours, beyond appearing perhaps a little stronger, there was no perceptible difference in her health.

The doctor now entered his patient's room, but for a few moments she did not seem to be aware of his presence, although her head was turned to the side of the bed at which he stood, and her eyes were open. Gradually, however, an expression of intelligence appeared in her countenance, and presently she seemed to recognise him. She gazed at him fixedly for some moments, and then her lips began to move. He bent his head towards her, and on listening attentively he could distinguish some words, and among them that of "letter" was several times repeated. This gave him considerable satisfaction, as he could perceive that some fixed idea was occupying her thoughts, and that she was not merely uttering random words without any meaning.

"Tell me," he said to her, in a voice of great kindness, "what is it you wish." But all the reply he could get was a few unconnected words, and among them, as before, that of "letter" occurred more than once. After two or three more trials he gave up the attempt, fearing that he might fatigue her; and then repeating to Mrs. Mitchell the instructions he had given the day before, he left the house to make the round of his patients.

Although his mind was now occupied with other subjects, he could not entirely divest himself of the idea that the poor woman must have some special reason for dwelling upon, and repeating so often, the word "letter." Indeed, so frequently did his mind return to the subject that he resolved, when his visits were over, to call on the Rev. Mr. Keats—who still took a deep interest in the poor woman's case—and consult him as to what steps ought to be taken on her behalf. He fortunately found Mr. Keats at home, and told him the object of his visit.

"There can be no doubt," said Mr. Keats, "that she has been expecting to receive a letter from some one. Let us inquire at the Post-office whether one has come for her. I propose that we should go at once."

"With all my heart," said the doctor: "though, even supposing there should be one, I do not see what steps we could take in the matter. I hardly think the postmaster will consider himself justified in placing it in our hands; and, even if he did, we could make nothing of it, as it is not ours."

"There is certainly some difficulty in that," said Mr. Keats; "but at any rate there will be no harm in our ascertaining whether any letter has really arrived for her."

When they reached the Post-office, the clerk, in reply to their question, told them that a letter had arrived addressed to Miss Thornbury, Red House, near X——. It was from India, and there was some postage to pay on it, which the policeman on duty at the house had declined to advance. The letter would be sent there again on the morrow, and, if not received, would be returned to the Dead-letter Office. He could not, he said, place it in the hands of either the doctor or clergyman, as it was contrary to rule; at the same time, if any one received it at the house for Miss Thornbury, all responsibility would be taken off his shoulders.

Acting upon this very plain hint, the doctor and Mr. Keats next proceeded to the Police Station, and saw the inspector. They requested him to send a messenger to the policeman on duty at the Red House, with orders, that when the letter was presented next day, the postage was to be paid, and that it was to be forwarded to Dr. Wilson, who would take charge of it for his patient. The inspector having agreed to this arrangement, Dr. Wilson and his friend separated.

Next day the worthy doctor received the letter, but what to do with it now that he had it, puzzled him exceedingly. He sent for Mr. Keats to advise him in the matter, and after due consultation they came to the conclusion that they could not open it without receiving permission from the owner, as it would be an act of gross indiscretion,—and yet the patient was not in a condition to give anyone authority to read it. Again, the doctor was somewhat doubtful as to the effect it might produce on her if she were told that it had arrived. At present, the only sign of intelligence she showed was that of anxiety. If the letter should contain pleasing news, the excitement might possibly be beneficial to her, but of that he was by no means certain; while, on the contrary, if the letter told of any misfortune or trouble, the most prejudicial effects might be apprehended. Another circumstance, however, rendered the knowledge of its contents exceedingly desirable. It might contain money, or at any rate advice of some to be received; and on that point both the doctor and clergyman were somewhat anxious. The former, indeed, said that he would be most willing to render her his services gratuitously, should she require them; but he had made himself answerable for her current expenses as well, and although these

were far from being great, he hardly considered himself called upon to pay them, out of justice to his own family. Mr. Keats perfectly agreed with him in the view he took of the matter, and they now conversed together in order to find a way out of their difficulty, but without success. At last they resolved to delay all further consideration of the subject until the next morning. Then perhaps she might be better able to understand them, and they could determine what course to adopt.

On the morrow the doctor, accompanied by his friend, called to see his patient, and found her progressing slowly but favourably. She appeared somewhat more intelligent, and several times mentioned the letter. The doctor asked her where she expected it to come from, but failed to make her understand the question. Presently he inquired whether it was from India, and at the word a ray of intelligence flashed across her face. He now felt certain that he had in his possession the letter she was so anxious about, and he promised her—though possibly without her fully understanding him—that he would make inquiries about it. On further consideration, he concluded that it would be more prudent to abstain from showing it to her for a few days. In the interim she recovered so rapidly, that he determined on trying the experiment, and taking Mr. Keats with him, he showed her the letter, and then asked if he should read it for her, to which she nodded assent.

The letter was from Edgar. In it he expressed himself deeply grieved at his mother's death, though at her advanced period of life such a misfortune might naturally have been looked for. He greatly praised Ruth for the attention she had so willingly shown to her parents, and assured her, not only of his love, but also of his gratitude for the part she had taken in comforting their declining years. He regretted the straitened circumstances she had been in, but assured her his position was now so well established that she should never again be in danger of suffering any privation. He then went into some detail about his own affairs. He told her he had married Miss Macdonald, the only daughter of his employer; that her father (as he had before stated) was of very penurious habits, and had refused to give her any dowry, comforting his son-in-law for the disappointment he might possibly have felt by saying that, as he had no relative in the world besides his child, she would ultimately inherit whatever little property he might die possessed of. As Mr. Macdonald was, in appearance, a very hearty man at the time, the reversion to his property seemed somewhat remote; but he (Edgar) consoled himself with the knowledge that every shilling accumulated by his father-in-law would ultimately come into his own hands. He therefore submitted with perfect good-will to the old gentleman's excuse, the more readily too, as he knew the business was annually increasing, and the profits becoming very large. Edgar then went on to say that, contrary to all expectation, Mr. Macdonald had died suddenly. On opening his will, which had been made some years previous to his daughter's marriage, he was found to be a man of large fortune—and the whole was left to his child. Edgar could not state what was the amount of Mr. Macdonald's wealth, as it would be some time before the estate could be wound up; but at present, besides the business, he could perceive that the property would realise at least a hundred thousand pounds. He had determined, as soon as affairs were a little further advanced—say in three months' time—to leave India with his wife, on a visit to England; and, indeed, it was probable that he might remain there permanently. Everything would depend upon the conduct of his nephews. If they continued as steady as they had hitherto been, he should never again return to India. He had entered into partnership with the gentleman with whom he had placed Edgar, his younger nephew; and his intentions were, that if during his residence in England he found that his two nephews kept steadily to business, he should retire from the firm, leaving his share in it entirely to them. With respect to the Red House, he advised Ruth to leave it, if she thought proper, and place it under the charge of some respectable house agent till his return, when he intended, after making considerable alterations, to reside in it himself; and he sincerely trusted that she would occupy it with him. For her present necessities he enclosed her a bill of exchange for two hundred pounds; and he further informed her that he had established a credit for her with his agent in London for a like sum, should she require it.

The reading of the letter, so far from having any ill effect on Ruth, seemed on the contrary to exercise a most beneficial influence. At the same time, the doctor thought that it would be advisable not to prolong the conversation that day, and Mr. Keats and himself left the house, promising that he would see her on the morrow. Next day the atony had returned to such an extent that Dr. Wilson began to regret the step he had taken. He tried for some time to elicit signs of intelligence, but in vain; and he left the house much disappointed and depressed at the change for the worse in his patient. It was some days before she regained the condition she was in before the letter was read to her.

Gradually, however, Ruth's fits of atony diminished, not only in frequency, but in duration, and as she improved, the doctor withdrew his objection to conversation with his patient, and Mrs. Keats with her two daughters, Fanny and Ellen, were now frequent visitors. So far from any prejudicial results arising from their interviews with Ruth, they seemed, on the contrary, to be attended with great advantage. Still the fits of somnolency occasionally returned, nor could the doctor with his utmost care and ability avert them. He now began to be fairly puzzled what course to pursue; Ruth's bodily health having increased greatly, while the fits of somnolency still occasionally showed themselves.

The most cheering feature in her malady was,

that each succeeding relapse was shorter than the former, while her mind, in the intervals, increased in power to such a degree that it was not easy to detect anything wrong with it. She spoke of her affairs, and her brother's return, with perfect lucidity, and expressed her great anxiety as to the fate of Deborah. She had, with perfect consciousness, signed the receipt for the money sent her by Edgar, and had agreed to the proposal, made by the doctor, that it should be lodged with the bankers in the town, and that she should, from time to time, draw from it such small sums as she might require. She gave orders that advertisements should be inserted in the newspapers, offering a reward to any one who could give her any information about Deborah: and she further requested the inspector of police to use any means he thought advisable to gain some intelligence of the poor old Quakeress. She also placed the Red House in the hands of an estate-agent, determining to follow the doctor's advice not to return to it till her health was sufficiently re-established, or till her brother should arrive in England.

A circumstance now occurred which gave Dr. Wilson an opportunity of sharing the responsibility of Ruth's case with a brother practitioner. He had long wished to hold a consultation with some physician of eminence who was learned in diseases of the brain, but there was no one resident in the neighbourhood of X—— of sufficient experience on the subject to confer with. The Rev. Mr. Keats had a brother, a physician, in extensive practice, residing in the neighbourhood of Torquay, who had formerly paid great attention to maladies of this description. This gentleman was now on the point of paying a visit, of a week or ten days, to his brother, whom he had not seen for some years; and Dr. Wilson resolved to consult him on Ruth's case. On his arrival, Dr. Wilson requested him to visit his patient with him, which Dr. Keats willingly agreed to do. They found Ruth in one of her fits of somnolency, from which they had great difficulty in arousing her. When fully awake she spoke lucidly, but it was quite evident that she did so with great effort—the desire to sleep again being plainly apparent. At last they left her, and retired to Mrs. Mitchell's sitting-room to consult on the case. Dr. Wilson gave his professional brother a full description of Ruth's malady, and the means that he had adopted to stay it, though with but partial success. "Her whole career," said Dr. Wilson, "is a perfect illustration of that cat-like attachment which some women have to the home they have been brought up in. The poor creature would have starved outright rather than have quitted the house—in fact, she was almost *in articulo mortis* when I was called in to see her."

"How do you account for these fits of somnolency?" inquired Dr. Keats. "Her strong attachment to the house would hardly have produced them."

"On that point I admit I am quite puzzled," was the reply; "unless the extreme debility arising from her protracted starvation may have had something to do with it."

"That could hardly have had the effect in her case," said Dr. Keats; "for her mind would have recovered its healthy tone at least as rapidly as her bodily health. You say she is much stronger than she was when you first saw her, and that she gains flesh daily. Now, my opinion is, that she is suffering from some terrible excitement, which we have not yet heard of. The mind has probably been over-fatigued, and the unconscious state she is now so frequently in, is simply a dreamless sleep, which is recruiting her mind, as ordinary rest would restore her body. It is really a most extraordinary case; and I should much like, if possible, to get at the real facts of it."

"I much suspect you will find out nothing more than what I have told you. I think I mentioned that the sorrow she displayed at the death of her mother, whom I attended in her last illness, was so great, that at the moment I almost feared it would leave some lasting and serious impression on her brain."

"You did; but, if I understood you correctly, her mother has been dead for some time. Intense grief might at the time have taken such a form as to have justified your conclusions: but time would have greatly mitigated that; and even supposing it had not, I do not think it would have shown itself in its present phase. I am fully convinced there is more in her case than we have yet discovered. Do you know much of her previous history?"

"Very little."

"Is she naturally an intelligent woman, and well educated? My sister-in-law and her daughters speak very highly of her, and seem to have taken a great fancy to her."

"From what I have seen of her," said Dr. Wilson, "she seems to have been well educated, and is a very mild and amiable woman; but beyond that I know very little of her. Her brother is a merchant in India, and is shortly expected in this country. I understand he is a man of large fortune: but, from what I gather from her, she has no other relatives."

"Her case is a very singular one, certainly," said Dr. Keats, after a moment's reflection, "and I should like to study it. As I have said before, I am convinced her mind must have received some terrible shock, and that there is not one iota of insanity in her malady. Where does she intend to reside when she leaves this house?"

"I cannot inform you, nor do I believe she knows herself. I have advised her not to return to her old home, and she has consented to leave it—indeed, it is now in the hands of an estate agent, who will take charge of it until her brother's return."

"I intend taking my niece, Fanny, back with me," said Dr. Keats, "and the girl appears to have taken a great fancy to your patient: do you think she could be persuaded to accompany her?"

"I have no doubt she would willingly do so,"

was the reply; "and the more readily as she is very fond of your niece. All things considered, I think this is, perhaps, the best thing that could be done in her case. Change of air and scene would be the best alteratives that could be prescribed for her."

The next day, a great improvement was visible in Ruth. Dr. Wilson, as had been previously arranged, suggested to her on his visit that change of air and scene would be beneficial to her, and inquired if she had any friends or relatives in the South of England, whom she could visit for some time. To this, Ruth replied that she knew no one whatever. Dr. Wilson then merely remarked that it was a pity, as he believed the air of Devonshire would have a most salutary effect on her. And he then changed the conversation to another subject, leaving it for Mrs. Keats and the young ladies to broach the matter to her more explicitly. In the afternoon the ladies called on Ruth. She informed them of the doctor's visit in the morning, and of his advice to her to try the air of the South of England, and, she continued, that she felt strongly disposed to follow his suggestion, if any one could tell her of a nice place to choose. The cue being given, Fanny immediately remarked, "Why do you not come to Torquay with me? I am sure my uncle would be delighted to take charge of you on the road, and advise you how to proceed on your arrival. Little as he has seen of you, I assure you you are a great favourite of his."

Of course Ruth demurred to the proposition, saying that she should not like to trouble Dr. Keats, and so on. There was no difficulty in perceiving, however, that the suggestion was a most acceptable one to her. After a little more conversation on the subject—Ruth still persevering in her objections—Fanny said to her, laughing at the time, "I will argue the matter with you no further, as I see you are too obstinate for me to manage. I will send my uncle to you presently, and try if he has more influence over you than I have." Later in the day, Dr. Keats called on Ruth, and, as Fanny had predicted, he easily won Ruth over. Before he left her, it was agreed that she should not only go with him and Fanny to Torquay, but that he would also write to his wife by that night's post, to make arrangements to receive her into his own house.

Next day, Ruth left Mrs. Mitchell's house for the first time since she had gone to lodge there. Her bodily strength being now quite equal to the exertion, Mrs. Keats accompanied her to different shops to make purchases, for her wardrobe was at a very low ebb—in fact, everything she then wore had been lent to her by the Keats' family. She afterwards spent the evening with them, and then returned home, suffering a little from the fatigue she had undergone.

The time was now fast approaching for Dr. Keats to return home; and Ruth had everything ready for the journey. She hailed with pleasure the idea of quitting X——, as, her story being now well known in the town, she was occasionally much annoyed by the remarks she heard made upon her as she passed; not that they were uncomplimentary, but she naturally had an objection to being made an object of curiosity with strangers. Before leaving X——, she visited the inspector of police, and stimulated him to increased exertion, by doubling the amount of reward she had offered, to obtain some information of Deborah, of whom nothing had as yet been heard. It may here be mentioned that, notwithstanding all the means used, no tidings were ever heard of the old Quakeress, although much correspondence passed on the subject. It was a long time before Ruth gave up all hope; and the fate of the poor old creature always remained a source of great anxiety and grief to her.

The day arrived for them to leave X——, and Ruth (after taking farewell of her kind friends, and remunerating Dr. Wilson for his medical attendance, so far as money could do it) started on her journey to Torquay, in company with Dr. Keats and Fanny.

CHAPTER XVI.—RUTH'S PHANTOM FAMILY.

For some time after Ruth's arrival in Torquay, her malady took a decided turn for the worse; but this did not cause Dr. Keats any uneasiness. He had satisfied himself that her fits of atony or somnolency were simply profound mental fatigue after violent excitement; the journey, with the variety of scene she had passed through on the road, he thought had wearied her brain, and she was suffering in consequence. He was perfectly right in his conclusion, which was proved by her gradual recovery. By degrees, her fits of insensibility became of shorter duration, and the time between the attacks longer. Her bodily health had also so much improved that she was able to take walks of considerable length, without experiencing any great fatigue. She not only lived in the doctor's house, but boarded with them as well—in fact, she became in every respect as one of the family. The doctor's wife, as well as her children, all took a great fancy to her, and tried to make her comfortable in every respect. Her great friend, however, was Fanny. Her fits of atony had now entirely ceased, but occasionally she would be exceedingly taciturn, though without the slightest touch of moroseness in it. She would often speak of her family matters with much feeling, though in these instances she perfectly controlled herself. She often referred to her brother in terms of great affection, and spoke with intense pleasure of his anticipated return to England. Her only source of anxiety was respecting Deborah, of whom she frequently wrote to Dr. Wilson and the inspector of police at X——, inquiring whether they had received any intelligence of her. These letters always met with a negative reply. She had hardly been six weeks in Torquay, when the doctor saw she had perfectly recovered her tone of mind, but, at the same time, he thought it would be injudicious not to watch her narrowly. He dreaded lest any sudden excitement might cause a return of her malady, which another month's

quiet under his care might wholly prevent. He now began to converse with her more particularly on her family affairs, with the intention of discovering something which might lead him to form a conclusion as to the origin of her malady. With great tact, he insinuated himself into her confidence, and at last obtained from her a lucid description of certain events, which clearly proved that he had been perfectly correct in his supposition—that it was not simply physical debility, arising from excessive prostration, which had brought on her fits, but that they were entirely due to some continuous and terrible excitement.

It appeared that for the first day or two after Deborah's departure, Ruth found the profound silence of the house somewhat oppressive, although, as was before stated, little or no conversation had passed between her and the old servant. By degrees this went off, and she became more accustomed to her absolute solitude. The sole mental occupation she now had, was reminiscences of different episodes in her life at the Red House. At last, by continually reflecting on them, they presented themselves to her imagination with perfect minuteness and life-like reality, the smallest detail connected with them being clearly present. Again, the very objects of furniture became to her as documentary evidence—proofs strong as Holy Writ—of different circumstances in her history. They became the collateral physical witnesses or records of events written on her brain—the present visible proofs of occurrences of interest to her and her family.

She now began to place the different articles of furniture in the position with which they were each particularly identified. The old easy-chair which her father had so long occupied beside the fire-place, was moved to its original position, and opposite to it she placed the one in which her mother used to sit. Beside the table, she placed the seat old Deborah was wont to occupy after the labours of the day were over; the large old Bible, she had been in the habit of reading every night, remained open at the page where she had left it the evening before her departure. The bed on which her poor sister had died had never been removed or used since her death; and that on which her mother had spent the last few days of her life, and in which Deborah used afterwards to sleep, was with great difficulty placed by Ruth in the position it had formerly occupied, it having being removed by the old servant to another spot she had considered more desirable. Ruth even went so far as to bring down from the garret to her own room an old cot, in which her little brother, whom she had lost in early childhood, had slept. Other articles of furniture less connected with our narrative were also put in places she remembered them to have occupied when the events connected with them occurred.

Although it was with painful difficulty that she employed her mind on subjects unconnected with her family, and although she had an earnest wish to wholly abstract herself from the outer world, yet considerations of serious importance would, from time to time, thrust themselves before her, and so forcibly that it was impossible to ignore them. Her little stock of money was daily diminishing—a few shillings only were left. A portion of this she was obliged to reserve, in case it should be required for the payment of her brother's letter, and the remainder she had to eke out as sparingly as she could. It might be argued that, by disposing of the furniture, she might have been still supplied with necessaries till an answer came to the letter she had written to her brother in Bengal. But it should be remembered, that the slow starvation she was enduring, by lessening her vital powers, increased the sad effects her sorrows were causing on her mind, and brought on a numbing apathy, and an inability to cope with the difficulties of her position.

One evening, after counting over her little store, and setting apart as much as would pay for the few necessaries Giles would bring next day, she placed the candle as usual on the table. She did not light it yet, because it was not totally dark, and, as it was her only remaining candle, she wished to make it last as long as possible. She then seated herself on the floor beside the few embers that burnt in the grate, and began to reflect on the peculiarities of her position. For the first time the idea presented itself of the possibility of death being near her. Her strength had been daily diminishing, and for some time she could not disguise from herself the fact, that the amount of nourishment she was taking was insufficient for the support of life. She remained motionless for some time in deep thought, which was disturbed by the falling together of the cinders in the grate. She now perceived that the fire was dying out, and that it was necessary for her to light a candle, or she must remain all night in the dark. Turning partially round, she took the candle from the table, and after lighting it, she placed it on the ground beside her, and then remained for some time longer in the same position.

She now brought to mind the dear ones she had lost, and the probability of her soon rejoining them. She thought of the misfortunes of her poor father, and the lamentable condition he was in before death released him from his sufferings. Her mother and her long illness now came before her; and then her mind reverted to Deborah, and she endeavoured to arrive at some reason for her continued silence. She next thought of Charity, now an angel in heaven, and her promise to watch over her. Other episodes, each unconnected with the rest, slowly passed before her memory; all her thoughts at last culminating in the certainty she felt of her own approaching death. At length, heaving a deep sigh, she said gently, but aloud, "Thy will be done;" and then rose from the ground to place the candle on the table. She remained motionless, with the candle in her hand, struck with awe and surprise,

though without the slightest mixture of fear. Before her, in the seat she had been accustomed to occupy, sat Deborah, in the neat white quaker-cap and kerchief she habitually wore; her hands clasped before her on her lap, her lips moving as if in prayer, her general appearance being exactly the same as when Ruth had seen her the evening before she left the house.

Ruth, breathless and silent, sunk into a chair on the opposite side of the table, placing the light in such a position on it as not to keep her from plainly seeing Deborah, whom she now watched with astonishment. Deborah, with the exception of the slight movement of her lips, remained as motionless, and as silent as a statue. She seemed not to take the slightest notice of Ruth, or even to be aware of her presence. Although the old servant sat there as perfectly distinct, and to all appearance as palpable as when Ruth last saw her, yet from some indescribable impression, she felt that her companion was not of this world, but a spirit. It was now clear to her that Deborah was no more, and that she had been sent to her for some especial reason, most probably to warn her of her own approaching death. For some time, Ruth's wonder prevented her from collecting her thoughts, but at last, as if she shared in the same feeling as Deborah, she commenced a silent prayer. She besought the Almighty to grant her the power to submit with resignation to His will, that her sins might be forgiven her, and that she might be received into heaven at her death.

In this manner more than two hours passed, and no word had been spoken by either, when suddenly the candle went out, leaving Ruth in total darkness. This changed the current of her thoughts, and for the first time she spoke to Deborah; but she received no answer, and, moreover, had a certain instinctive feeling, that the phantom was no longer there. She felt no inclination to move; but remained motionless on her chair, and attempted to pray, but without succeeding. An extraordinary apathy seemed occasionally to come over her during the night, which was in no respect like sleep; and yet she had no power of thinking with any consciousness. In this manner she remained till the light of early dawn was thrown into the room; and she then looked anxiously towards the chair Deborah had occupied, but she was no longer there. Broad day soon filled the room, and Ruth awoke to the stern reality of her position.

She now left her seat and wandered about the house without other purpose than to restore the circulation in her limbs, which had become benumbed by the coldness of the room. As the day advanced, she took down from the shelf a roll of bread, and ate a portion of it, which, with a cup of water, constituted her breakfast; the remainder of the bread being put aside for her dinner. This being the day Giles should visit the house, she remained in the usual sitting-room till he came, and then taking from him another roll of bread and some candles, she closed the wicket and again entered the room. Here she remained in a state of half stupor, from which she did not recover till late in the afternoon, when she resolved to take her second meal, and seek her bedroom, and try if possible to obtain a little rest. After she had eaten the remainder of the roll, she placed a candle in the candlestick together with some matches, that she might get a light when she awoke, should it be night. Deborah's apparition the evening before seemed now no longer to cause any surprise when she thought of it. She almost began to look at it in the light of a dream, but still it was floating hazily in her memory when she fell asleep.

It was dark night when Ruth awoke. She stretched out her hand for the candle, and having lighted it, she proceeded downstairs considerably refreshed by her sleep. On entering the sitting-room she found Deborah again in it; but she had somewhat altered her position from that of the night before. She sat in the same chair; but was leaning over the Bible on the table, and apparently reading it attentively. Ruth stopped for a moment, and a thrill of awe passed over her; but recovering herself, she advanced towards the table and placed the light on it. Still the old woman paid not the slightest attention to her presence, and continued her reading, pointing, as was her wont, to each successive sentence with her finger as she went on. Suddenly Ruth's surprise vanished, and she looked over the old woman as she read. The Bible at the time was open at the 22nd Psalm, and at the moment Ruth fixed her eyes on the book, Deborah's finger was pointing to the 24th verse.

"For He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath He hid his face from him; but when he cried unto Him, He heard.

"My praise shall be of Thee in the great congregation: I will pay my vows before them that fear Him.

"The meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the Lord that seek Him: your heart shall live for ever."

When Deborah's finger had reached the last line, it stopped there, marking the place; and then she slowly raised her eyes from the book, and turning her head towards Ruth, regarded her fixedly, as if she wished especially to direct her attention to these verses. This was the first sign Deborah had given of being aware of Ruth's presence. After gazing some seconds in Ruth's face, she resumed her reading as before, marking with her finger each succeeding line.

For some short time Ruth again fixed her eyes on the book, but presently raising them without any definite reason, she saw her father seated on a chair by the opposite side of the fireplace, and in the dress he wore when she had last seen him. There he was, as perfectly plain in every respect as if he had been in life. His lack-lustre eye was fixed on the fireplace; he moved not, nor gave the slightest indication that he was aware of her presence; there he sat,

to all appearance as devoid of intelligence as he had been during the last few years of his life.

When Ruth had fully realised her father's presence, she felt a painful sensation of surprise, but totally unmingled with fear. She advanced towards him, and sat opposite to his chair, thus thinking to attract his attention; but he took no notice of her. She attempted to speak to him, but her voice, as on the previous evening, when she turned to address Deborah, completely failed her. Her eyes now began to fill with tears; she moved to her seat near the table, and leaning her head upon it, gave full vent to her grief. Her sorrow had hardly exhausted itself, when she raised her head, and saw indistinctly through her tears a form seated on the chair opposite her father. Clearing her eyes a little, she saw before her the phantom of her mother, as she had seen her seated there on the evening of her death. For the first time a feeling of terror came over Ruth,—so strong, that she would certainly have fallen under it, had it not been that the phantom turned its head towards her, and cast on her a look of such exquisite tenderness and love, that her fear immediately vanished. Ruth would have risen and thrown herself on her knees before it; but the phantom, as if aware of her intention, made a deprecatory movement with its hand. Ruth obeyed the mute injunction, and remaining seated, returned the look of love her mother had cast upon her.

For some moments a sort of mute sympathetic conversation passed between them, filling Ruth's heart with calm delight. It was broken at last by the phantom of her mother turning towards Deborah,—who, apparently aware of the presence of her mistress, had ceased reading, and bent her eyes on her, as if awaiting some sign. The phantom now joined its hands, as if in prayer; Deborah and Ruth both followed its example. They continued thus in prayer, taking no further notice of each other's presence. Hour after hour passed in this manner, Ruth feeling, as the time went on, that she was each moment approaching nearer to eternity. She was pleased with the idea that she was about to die, and looked upon the near advance of death with a feeling of intense happiness. In this frame of mind she continued till the first faint dawn of day, when the phantoms seemed to become less distinct to her vision. As the day advanced they seemed to dissolve in its light. Slowly and imperceptibly they continued to disappear, and gradually became mere shadowy outlines, and before the broad day had fully broken on the world, they had completely vanished. Now, as on the morning before, the realistic light of day showed all objects in their true forms and colours, and Ruth felt a dead chilly coldness come over her again. By exercise she somewhat recovered warmth and circulation; but an extraordinary weakness oppressed her. The little exercise she had taken, which was merely walking about in her room, had fatigued her excessively; and—strange to say—she experienced a feeling of intense satisfaction in it.

Although the broad glare of day had done much to relieve her mind from the associations of the past night, she felt that she was gradually sinking, and she rejoiced at it. When the hour for breakfast arrived, she had no appetite; but nevertheless, she went mechanically into the kitchen and took a piece of the roll she had purchased the day before; she could not eat it, however; so putting it back again, she contented herself with a glass of water. As the day advanced, she began to feel the strange painful weight that had oppressed her the day before. In the afternoon she sought her room, and swallowed, without the least appetite, a few mouthfuls of bread, which served for her dinner. After lying down on her bed, it was some time before she fell asleep, but when she did, her sleep was most profound.

It was far in the night before she awoke, but she knew not the hour, having for some weeks past ceased to take any account of time. Before quitting her bed, she sat for some minutes in the dark, endeavouring to collect her thoughts. They quickly centred on the event of the night before; and the wish again became strong within her to be with her phantoms. So agitated and anxious to rejoin them did she become, that it was with difficulty she contrived to obtain a light. Having at last succeeded, she left the room, the attraction which drew her becoming greater the nearer she approached the sitting-room. She felt certain that she should there again meet with those loved ones; but Charity, her beloved sister, where was she?

The idea had hardly crossed her brain, when she passed the open door of Charity's room. She could not repress a vague thought that she perceived some indistinct white figure within the room. She paused, and held up the candle to ascertain what it might be, but as the flickering light could not reach far, nought was visible save the usual furniture the room contained. As she proceeded downstairs, that singular sensation we have all felt of some one unheard and unseen being near us, came over her with peculiar force. On reaching the hall it became more vivid, and she felt certain that some one was beside her; but when she entered the sitting-room the feeling entirely passed off, and her attention was directed to the scene before her. On the same seat she had occupied the previous night, sat Deborah, reading from the open Bible on the table, and pointing as usual to each succeeding line as she read. Her father was in the easy chair beside the fireplace, his back to the window, and his vacant unconscious gaze fixed on the grate; opposite to him, in the dress in which she had last seen her, sat her mother. As Ruth advanced with her light into the room, they all seemed to be aware of her presence. Deborah ceased reading, but kept her finger resting as a mark on the line where she had left off, and, turning her head in the direction of the new comer, looked kindly at her. The phantom of her mother bent forward in the chair, as it seemed, the better to see Ruth, Deborah being

seated in a line with her. Even her father turned round his head and smiled at her with evident recognition. Ruth, speechless, advanced towards them, and seated herself in the same chair she had occupied the evening before. A feeling of intense and almost unearthly happiness came over her as she met their concentrated loving gaze.

By degrees Ruth began to wonder why her beloved sister Charity did not appear among them. Her surprise at length became so great that she almost seemed to forget the presence of the other phantoms. Presently an irresistible attraction drew her attention from them to the other side of the chair. She turned slowly round, and perceived standing beside her the form of her dear sister, clad as on the night when Charity imagined she had received an intimation from heaven that she and her baby would shortly die. A singular expression was on the features of the phantom. While they preserved the appearance of Charity as she was in life, there was yet mingled with it an angelic beauty which evidently was not of this world. Ruth's surprise at her sister's apparition did not last longer than a moment, for starting from her seat, and turning to it with outstretched arms, she exclaimed—

"Charity, my loved one——"

At the sound of Ruth's voice the phantom vanished. Astonishment for the moment superseded all other feelings, and completely overcame her. She turned to the rest, as if to ask for an explanation of her sister's disappearance; but not one of them was to be seen—all had fled. The chairs of her father and mother were empty, Deborah had disappeared, and Ruth was alone in the large and dimly lighted room. A feeling of despair came upon her, when she found herself thus deserted by those she so fondly loved. She walked distractedly up and down the room, her hands clasped and pressed on her breast, as she exclaimed, passionately and sorrowfully, "Oh Charity! my own Charity! come back to me! Mother, dear mother! where are you? What have I done to offend you all that you desert me so cruelly? For pity's sake come back! What have I done to offend you all? Pity me! pity me!" No reply of any kind was given, and no notice seemed to be taken of her implorings, and she remained the whole night in deep grief, calling frequently for the return of those who had so suddenly left her.

The morning found her in a condition of bodily depression, which mental excitement alone kept her from sinking under. The feeling of apathy she had experienced the two previous days did not in the slightest degree come over her. She roamed incessantly, but now silently, through the deserted rooms of the house, finding no rest for the sole of her foot. At last the excitement began to abate somewhat; and so great was her exhaustion, that it warned her of the necessity of taking some nourishment. She swallowed a few mouthfuls of bread, but with so much difficulty that the effort was positively painful to her. She put aside the roll which she had been eating, and began to reflect whether it would not be better for her to abstain from food altogether, that her sorrows might the sooner end, and that she might join in another world those who had now fled from her. The wickedness of these thoughts became apparent to her, however, and the wish soon arose to know whether the phantoms would not again visit her the next evening; so she gave up the idea of voluntarily starving herself. She again took the roll, and with great resolution, contrived to eat nearly the half of it; and after having taken a draught of water, she fervently prayed that God would grant her the strength of mind to support her in her great need. Her prayer finished, she became calmer, and remained quietly seated for some hours, when her fatigue became so great that she resolved to seek her room, and obtain, if possible, a few hours' rest.

On entering the bed-room, her eye alighted on the cot her little brother had slept in. It elicited no particular thought or feeling, however, and she fixed her gaze on it simply in obedience to the habit, common to all when in deep thought, of gazing intently on something utterly devoid of interest, while the mind is actually employed on some other and totally different subject. It was so at this moment with Ruth—much as she had loved the child, she thought not of him at the time; her mind being absorbed in the probable return of the phantoms when it should be night. She threw herself, dressed as she was, on the bed, and after some time, fell into a disturbed, yet dreamless slumber. It was dark when she awoke, and she lighted her candle to proceed downstairs. As she was passing out of the room, her gaze fell instinctively on the child's cot; it was only for an instant, however, and she gave no thought to the subject. As she descended the staircase she became very anxious, for she dreaded on entering the room that she might find it without her phantom visitors. When she had reached it, beyond the chairs remaining in their usual places, and the open Bible on the table before Deborah's seat, there was nothing to remind her of its occupants of the evening before. With a heavy heart, she placed the light on the table and sunk into a chair, her eyes the while filling with tears.

Suddenly she dashed away her tears, and gazed intently on some object before her. There, on his knees, his head bent forward, his hands clasped, and his lips moving as if in prayer, was her little brother George. He appeared to her exactly in the same position she had seen him in the evening before she was attacked with fever. Nothing could be more exact than his identity. Ruth's astonishment at his appearance was far greater than she had experienced on first seeing the phantom of Deborah. With her intense love for her family, she had of course frequently thought of the child, and her girlish affection for him was still strong within her. From the number of years which had

elapsed since his death, beyond the fact that he had light hair and fine blue eyes, the form of his features had faded from her memory; yet he was before her as perfectly as when she had last seen him. He even wore the same night dress, and the little night-cap with its tiny frill edging, on his head, from under which his hair had escaped and fallen on his shoulders.

Ruth continued to gaze at the child's figure, which never ceased its prayers, nor took the slightest notice of her presence. The impression now came over Ruth that he was praying for her, and that her sister might be allowed to return to her. She kneeled also; and casting down her eyes, prayed long and fervently. Finding her spirit calmer, she rose from her knees, and saw, not only the child still in the same position, but also her father, mother, and Deborah, all seated in the same places from which they had vanished the night before. She had hardly realised their presence, when, on the other side of her, she saw her sister Charity, regarding her with an expression of the tenderest affection. Ruth now remained silently seated on her chair, returning her sister's gaze with one as full of love. Presently—without a word being spoken by either—a current of intelligence seemed to pass between them. Charity informed her sister that she would shortly die, and bade her prepare herself for the change; that she had watched over her ever since her own death, marking the solicitude she had manifested for her orphan boys; and she assured her that the efforts she had made to bring them up religiously and morally, would soon meet with their reward. She reminded her that when she should join her in heaven, they would never more be separated. She bade Ruth be of good comfort, and told her that the next evening she would visit her again; and that although invisible, she would in the interim be near her.

This had hardly been understood by Ruth when the phantom vanished; but on looking round she found the others still remaining. None of them seemed to notice her, but all were in the attitude of prayer;—the child in the midst. Ruth joined them in their devotions, and thus they remained till the dawn, when the forms, as before, gradually faded away in the increasing light of day.

During the whole of that day, so profound was Ruth's apathy, she did not stir from the room in which she had passed the night, except to open the wicket for Giles in the morning. She placed on the table the roll he had brought her, and it remained there untouched till the afternoon, when making an effort to rouse herself, she ate a portion of it. She then tried to calculate how long the small amount of money she had still left would last; but her mind was very unequal to the task, so she relinquised it. Night came on, and she lighted her candle. She now felt much more interest in her existence, and seated herself in the chair, at the same time fixing her eye on the spot where the child had knelt the evening before. As she continued her gaze, she noticed an indistinct and shadowy outline of its form present itself; and this by degrees became as clearly defined and life-like as on the previous night. The same phenomena took place with her father and mother and Deborah. Charity was the last to appear, but after a few moments she vanished, the rest remaining till daylight.

It would occupy too much time to go more minutely into Ruth's hallucinations. For more than a week she passed every night in the same phantom society; and in the morning there came the same reaction, or rather apathy, in which she remained for the rest of the day. Her stock of money perceptibly decreased, and at last she had only a few pence left. She now quietly resigned herself to her fate. For several days she was becoming gradually weaker, till at length it was with difficulty she could walk from one room to another. The natural excitement she experienced in the society of her ghostly companions increased in intensity, while her apathy during the succeeding days was in proportion more profound. The night before the day on which Giles so ineffectually attempted to attract her attention, made a deep impression on her memory. Till then, Charity had never remained with her more than a few minutes, but that night she never quitted her side. She told Ruth that the hour of her death was at hand, but that she would remain with her till God took her, that she might conduct her to Paradise. A marked difference took place that night in the behaviour of the other phantoms. They all seemed to regard her with an expression of intense love, not unmixed with joy. Even the countenance of her father lighted up with intelligence, and neither he nor any of the others withdrew their gaze from her for one moment. The whole night was for Ruth one of continuous happiness as she waited for the moment of her dissolution. The day dawned, however, and with the dawn the phantoms, as usual, gradually disappeared.

The next day the reaction was so strong, that Ruth remained till night in a state of profound lethargy. The continued knocking of Giles was unheard by her, and it was only on the approach of night that she somewhat recovered. That day she took no nourishment whatever, and when she attempted to rise from her chair, for the purpose of obtaining a light, she sunk back in it, unable from weakness to move. After several efforts she succeeded, but it was with immense difficulty that she returned to her seat. By degrees the unearthly excitement again came on, and one by one the phantoms re-appeared, but now no longer in their accustomed positions. They gathered round her, as if they waited the moment of her death; although it came not, her weakness greatly increased, and it was with difficulty she could sustain herself erect. Presently she heard an indistinct noise, as of voices singing in the distance, and at

the same moment the countenances of those around her assumed an expression so angelic as to be hardly recognisable. The singing continued, and now she could almost recognise the voices; she felt herself sinking, and she looked on the face of Charity, and found it beaming with joyful expectation. Suddenly all became dark, and she remembered no more; on her return to consciousness, she found herself stretched on the ground; it was broad day, and the light of the sun was appearing through the windows. A loud knocking was heard at the door, but she took no notice of it; as it continued, she made an attempt to rise, but her weakness was so great, that she found it quite impossible. Again she heard the knocking, and again she attempted to rise, but with no more success than before; she dragged herself along the floor, and reached the front door. By great and repeated efforts she succeeded in raising herself up, and opening the wicket, but the next moment she fainted and fell heavily; it was then that Giles stood up, and looking in, saw her prostrate with outstretched arms on the floor. How she had contrived to move from the door into the centre of the hall, where the shop-keeper and Mr. Keats afterwards found her, she was unable to tell. She remembered nothing of what took place, till she found herself in the apartment taken for her by the doctor, and under the care of Mrs. Mitchell.

CHAPTER XVII.—EDGAR THORNBURY'S RETURN.

NEVER, perhaps, was there a more complete cure than that of Ruth Thornbury, under the hands of Dr. Keats. Not only was her bodily health restored, but the powers of her mind as well. Not the slightest vestige of the atony of the brain remained, and all her ordinary power of cool calm judgment returned. She occupied herself in various useful charitable works, an exercise well adapted to her peculiar temperament. She had become strongly attached to Fanny Keats, who was now her usual companion, and they enrolled themselves as teachers at the Sunday school, in the immediate neighbourhood, and also became members of the Dorcas Society. But Ruth's favourite occupation was placed in her way, through the agency of Dr. Keats, who introduced her to the resident surgeon of the small dispensary. Through this gentleman, she made the acquaintance of many of the sick poor in the neighbourhood; and many a sick pillow was smoothed by her kindness, and many a comfort obtained for the invalids through her liberality. She became very intimate with the family of the dispensary surgeon, and was of use to them in many ways. He had a sickly wife and several young children, and it was one of Ruth's greatest pleasures to assist the mother, either in teaching or taking care of the children. Altogether, a happier state of existence than Ruth enjoyed while in Torquay, she could scarcely have desired.

Some months after she became an inmate of Dr. Keats' house, her brother Edgar and his wife came to England. The meeting between the brother and sister was a most affectionate one. Edgar was not much changed in his appearance, although his face was somewhat bronzed by his many years' sojourn in India. Mrs. Thornbury, his wife, was a delicate looking woman, but appeared very amiable, and expressed great satisfaction at meeting Ruth, of whom she had heard her husband so frequently speak in terms of high affection. But Ruth's cup of happiness was not yet full. Not only did Edgar give a most flattering report of the conduct of her nephews, but he also informed her that they had each sent her a long letter, which he was sorry to say he had left behind him in London, but that he would forward them to her as soon as he returned. He further said that he had made arrangements with his partner to establish an office in London; and that Walter, her elder nephew, would shortly leave India to take permanent charge of the English branch, under his (Edgar's) superintendence till he was able to manage it himself. He concluded by telling Ruth, that it was his intention to leave it entirely in the hands of his nephews, when he should find they had sufficient experience in business to take the responsibility of management themselves. Ruth, of course, was delighted at the intelligence, for the eldest nephew had always been an especial pet of hers—possibly, more from the strong resemblance he bore in feature to her sister Charity than for any other reason, both of the lads being equally fond of her, and equally deserving of her love. A few days after Edgar's arrival, the first surprise and pleasure being over, a conversation took place between him and his sister as to their future arrangements. Edgar stated that, after his return to London, he should visit the Red House. He had heard from the agent that it was greatly out of repair; but he should have it put in proper order, as he intended as soon as it was completed to take up his residence in it. When he first left England, he had resolved to reside in it should he outlive his father; and now that his father was dead, he looked upon it as an especial blessing from the Almighty that he was able to realise his desire.

Her brother's determination to reside at the Red House gave Ruth great satisfaction, and she expressed it warmly, complimenting him on his affection for the old place. In return, he asked her what were her views for the future.

"My dear brother," she replied, "what views can I have? I spent my last shilling before I was taken ill, and had it not been for your liberality, I might now have been dead or in the poor-house."

"Then," said Edgar kindly, "if you have no will of your own on the subject, I must insist on you, as a good sister, submitting to mine. The old house will seem unlike itself without you, and you must reside with me in it. Now, let me have no objections," he continued, noticing she was about to speak; "remember, I have resided so long in the East that I have imbibed some of the despotic

notions prevalent there, and I will be disobeyed by no one under my care. I have a right to control you, you know, and it is your duty to obey me."

"But, Edgar, what will your wife say to an arrangement of the kind? Remember she ought also to be consulted. For my own part, nothing in the world could add more to my happiness than to live with you; but your wife might consider my presence an intrusion."

"My dear Ruth, you do not know Marguerite, or you would not speak so. So far from there being any likelihood of any disagreement between her and you, I am sure you will be excellent friends. However, to make your mind easy on the subject, I may say that I have already spoken to her about it, and she requested me to inform you that an arrangement of the kind would give her the greatest pleasure; so you may consider it as settled. In the meantime, till all is prepared for you at the Red House, I would advise you to remain quietly here with the doctor."

Ruth expressed her willingness to remain in Torquay till everything was in readiness at the Red House, and the conversation on the subject closed.

Before leaving Torquay, Edgar Thornbury had a long consultation with the doctor on his sister's health. Edgar then heard for the first time of the singular hallucinations under which Ruth had laboured before leaving the Red House. The news caused him considerable uneasiness, and he inquired whether Ruth had any tendency to insanity.

"None whatever," said Dr. Keats; "I have not the slightest suspicion of anything of that kind."

"But do you not think it possible," said Edgar, "that if my sister returned to the same house, it might bring on another attack?"

"Candidly," said the doctor, after a few moments' reflection, "I am not without some anxiety about that; more especially, if she were to return immediately. In the first place, what arrangements do you intend making for her reception?"

"Simply that she will live with us as one of the family," said Edgar; "you may rest perfectly assured that I will do everything in my power that I think may conduce to her comfort and welfare. If you consider the plan at all practicable, tell me how you would suggest it should be carried out, and I will implicitly obey you."

"Do you intend making any alterations in the premises?" inquired the doctor.

"I propose putting the place in thorough repair," said Edgar; "beyond that, I hardly know what I shall do. I have not yet visited the Red House, but I am told it is in a most dilapidated condition, and with all the alterations I have already determined on making, it will probably take more than twelve months to put it in order. But why do you ask the question?"

"Because I hold, that the greater the change you make in it, the less would be the danger of a relapse. Singular as it may appear, I consider that the different objects by which your sister was surrounded during her solitary abode at the Red House, were to a considerable extent the cause of her delusions."

"How so?"

"By the different articles of furniture acting as outlines for her mind to fill up with the phantoms which appeared in them. This is a common psychological phenomenon, and we are all capable of exhibiting it in a greater or less degree. For example," he said, pointing to a large picture of a landscape on the wall, "look at that picture steadily for a minute: now if I were to take it away, and place in its stead a slight outline of the various objects—no matter how vaguely they might be drawn—your memory would be able to fill up the details of the picture. The different objects by which your sister was surrounded at the Red House acted in the same manner upon her excited brain, without the slightest particle of insanity being connected with it. Without them, it is more than probable the hallucination would never have assumed the form it did. It was owing to the open Bible and the chair that the phantom of the old servant was conjured up. The phantom of her father and mother are accounted for in the same way. The sight of the child's cot accidentally coming under her observation, brought to her mind her little brother, and her heated imagination did the rest. Her sister Charity was brought to her mind by passing the open door of her bedroom; and her excited brain, acting on her feeble bodily health, afterwards painted the apparition of her sister by her side. The vanishing of the phantoms when she addressed her sister, is also easily accounted for, the realistic sound of her own voice, dispelling the unreal visitors by whom she was surrounded. As her bodily strength diminished, the phantoms assumed more and more the appearance of reality. Of course I need hardly say that the voices of the angels she thought she heard, when she imagined herself expiring, arose simply from the blood rushing into her ears before fainting. Now, if you would take my advice, you would not merely repair and redecorate the house, but you would change every piece of furniture in it. If you do that, it is possible—nay, I might say certain—no injurious effects will ensue when she takes up her residence with you, especially as you say it would be twelve months before you would be prepared to receive her; and if you leave her here with me, I will do all I can to prevent the possibility of a relapse when she returns home."

"But does my sister admit that all she then saw was a hallucination?" inquired Edgar Thornbury.

"Certainly," said the doctor; "the very failure of the chief conclusion she had then arrived at,—that she was expiring,—has taught her the absurdity, or at any rate the unlikelihood, of the whole affair."

"Well, doctor, I will do everything that you advise," said Edgar Thornbury. "Not a particle of its present furniture shall remain in the house, and even the paper in every room shall be changed; and

"RUTH THORNBURY."

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any further suggestion that may present itself to you shall be carried out, if you will inform me of it. I am extremely fond of my poor sister, and her residing with me again would give me great pleasure."

About four months after Edgar Thornbury had quitted Torquay, his nephew Walter arrived in England, and after a short sojourn in London, he paid a visit to his aunt. Ruth, as may naturally be supposed, was delighted to see him. He was much changed in appearance since he had left her. He was no longer the tall stripling he then was; but a fine-grown, powerful, well-made young man. His manners also had greatly improved during his absence; and from being somewhat bashful and awkward, he had become self-possessed and courteous. Ruth was vastly pleased, and introduced him with evident pride to her friends, by whom he was received with great cordiality. All spoke of his appearance and manners in terms of high commendation, with the exception of Fanny Keats, who showed some reserve on the subject. The young fellow on his part seemed much struck with Fanny; and with an air of affected indifference, which was specially noticed by Ruth, he made many inquiries respecting her; all of which were answered to his satisfaction. Not content with the information he had thus received concerning Fanny herself, he made inquiries respecting her family and connections as well—what sort of a man was her father? was her mother amiable and ladylike? how many brothers and sisters had she?—to all of which Ruth gave full answers, and those of a very complimentary description. By degrees Fanny's reserve vanished, and she seemed to take considerable pleasure in the young man's society. Walter Morecombe (for he still retained the name of his unworthy father) now began to find Torquay and its neighbourhood exceedingly agreeable, and proposed to prolong his stay much longer than he had contemplated on his arrival.

This proposition met with Ruth's cordial approval, for not only was she highly pleased to have her nephew beside her, but, with the intuitive perception of an old maid in discovering undeveloped affection in young people, she easily saw that not only had her nephew taken a great fancy to Fanny Keats, but that he had likewise made a great impression on the heart of that young damsel. A match between them would fall in admirably with Ruth's views. She knew enough of the world to be aware that a young man's best companion is an amiable wife; and she well knew that Fanny Keats was admirably adapted to fill a position of the kind. She was not only pretty, ladylike, and well-conducted, but gentle in her manners, of a very affectionate disposition, and in every respect a good pious girl.

Ruth now took every opportunity of allowing Walter and Fanny to meet, that they might become better acquainted with each other, though at the same time little success seemed to attend her manœuvre. At last one day, on abruptly entering the drawing-room, she found her nephew and Fanny in it. That they had been conversing together, there could be but little doubt, although they were seated on the sofa at the greatest distance from each other—both looking remarkably sheepish and confused. Ruth had tact enough to perceive that the separation had been caused by her sudden entrance, and that before it they had been sitting in close proximity to each other. She made no remark, however, but endeavoured to allow them to regain their self-possession by commencing a conversation on some indifferent subject. Her good intention, however, was of little avail, for they still remained confused and silent. In the afternoon Ruth was asked by her nephew to take a walk into the country; an invitation which she readily accepted. When she was preparing to leave the house, she was a little surprised by Fanny Keats proposing to remain at home, pleading a headache as an excuse, and utterly dissenting from Ruth's suggestion that a walk would cure her. After a moment's reflection, however, the idea struck Ruth that her nephew perhaps wished to speak with her alone on some subject; and as the only one which presented itself to her imagination was connected with him and Fanny Keats, the girl's proposition to remain at home gave her more pleasure than surprise. During the walk Ruth saw that she was not wrong in her guess, for her nephew, who for some time had remained remarkably silent and thoughtful, at last broke out with:

"I suspect, aunt, you thought I looked very sheepish when you came into the drawing-room this morning."

"I did not remark anything of the kind," said Ruth, adding another to the catalogue of her sins.

"I felt keenly that I did, at all events," he said.

"Why so?

"Well, to tell the truth, aunt, I had been that moment proposing to Fanny Keats."

"You don't say so!" said Ruth, with difficulty repressing a laugh.

"It is a fact, aunt, I assure you."

"And what did Fanny say to you in reply?" inquired Ruth.

"Well, between ourselves, she accepted me, subject to the approval of her father and mother."

"Very proper, indeed," said Ruth.

"What do you think they will say to my proposition?" inquried Walter.

"When they come to know you, I do not think you will meet with much difficulty."

"I am afraid, aunt, that your good opinion of me may make you take a somewhat too sanguine view of the matter. What sort of a man do you say her father is?"

"As I told you before, a very kind and amiable man. I am sure you will like both him and his wife."

"I will write to them by to-night's post; I suppose I may refer to you for my character."

"You may with every certainty of receiving a good one, my dear. I will not disguise from you,

that if you marry Fanny Keats it will give me great satisfaction. She is just the girl your poor mother would have liked to see you united to."

"Well, I want you to do me a great favour."

"What may it be?" inquired Ruth. "I must know that before I can promise to grant it."

"I want you to write to my uncle, telling him all about it."

"And why cannot you do it yourself?" said Ruth.

"Oh, I don't know, aunt; it looks so foolish for one man to write to another about love affairs, and things of that kind, you know."

Ruth promised to write to her brother next day, but Walter insisted that she should do so by that night's post, so that they might receive the answer to both letters at the same time. Ruth then said she would do so, and after a little more conversation on the subject, the aunt and nephew returned home. As soon as Ruth had entered the house she sent for her future niece to come into the bedroom. Fanny, who anticipated the object for which she was wanted, looked rather foolish when she entered, but the cordial embrace she received from Ruth soon set her completely at her ease. Ruth expressed to her the great satisfaction she felt at the intelligence that a marriage was contemplated between her and her nephew, and how pleased she should be if it took place, as from what she knew of both of them they were admirably suited for each other. Ruth's kind behaviour soon set Fanny Keats's tongue at liberty, and she and Ruth remained together, building castles in the air, till they were summoned to dinner.

Both letters, as Walter had anticipated, arrived by return of post. Mr. Keats informed him, that without further investigation of his prospects, as well as a personal acquaintance with him, he must, for the present, decline to accept the offer he had made for his daughter's hand; at the same time he requested that Walter would not take that as a definite refusal. If all things turned out as he had been led to suppose, it was still possible that he might give his consent to the match. He admitted also, that in conversation with Mr. Thornbury, whose acquaintance he had had the pleasure of making some months back, he had incidentally spoken of both his nephews in terms of high approbation. Mr. Keats also said that another difficulty would have to be cleared up: before he could entertain the question he must be sure that his daughter would not have to leave England to reside in India. He was, he said, tenderly attached to his children, and no offer that she might receive, however flattering, should induce him to part with her. The letter concluded with an expression of great good feeling towards Walter, and admission of pleasure at the compliment he had paid his daughter.

Edgar Thornbury's letter to his nephew was short, and to the point. He congratulated him on the choice he had made. What he had seen of the young lady, during his visit to Torquay, had pleased him exceedingly; and he had since made the acquaintance of her father and family, for all of whom he had conceived a high respect. He concluded by telling Walter that the match had his full approbation, and that he would take an early opportunity of addressing the Rev. Mr. Keats on the subject, and telling him of the pleasure he should have if the offer were accepted.

Although the letter from Mr. Keats was not conclusive, neither Ruth nor the young lovers had the slightest doubt that all would terminate favourably, and they were henceforth looked upon by all who knew them in Torquay as an engaged couple.

Ruth was now in her glory. Not only had she the occupation, so dear to old maids, of superintending an interesting love-match; but she felt that in assisting to bring it about she had been fulfilling a portion of the promise she made to her sister on her death-bed. Her time was now occupied in what is usually called playing propriety—and she did it admirably. She allowed the young couple to be very frequently out of ear-shot, but comparatively rarely out of sight. She accompanied them in their walks, but generally on these occasions she kept at a considerable distance in the rear, saying that she felt fatigued, and that she found it difficult to walk so fast as they did. The excuse was always admitted (though with expressions of regret) by the lovers.

Walter had now more than once put off his departure for London. Indeed, so pleased was he with his residence in Torquay, that there is no saying how long he might have remained there, had he not one morning received a very decided letter from his uncle, insisting on his immediate return to town. As he held his uncle in great respect, and knew that it was dangerous to trifle with him, he without hesitation made preparations for obeying the summons; and after a somewhat lengthy leave-taking with his betrothed, and a shorter, though still a most affectionate one with his aunt, he left Torquay for London.

To say the truth, his departure took a considerable weight off Ruth's mind. One afternoon, about a fortnight before, when accompanying the young people in one of their walks in the country, they were overtaken by a violent shower, and as they were all unprepared with umbrellas, the whole party were drenched. Walter and Fanny fortunately suffered no inconvenience from it, but not so Ruth. A severe attack of inflammation of the lungs came on, and confined her to her bed, adding sorely not only to her own personal discomfort, but to her mental annoyance as well, for she could no longer exercise a surveillance over the young couple, which, with her rigid ideas of propriety, she felt was much to be regretted. On the day of Walter's departure she had risen from her bed for the first time since the attack. So enfeebled had she become from her malady, that she was unable to leave the house for many weeks, but this inconvenience was, to a great extent, neutralised by the kind attention of Fanny Keats.

(To be continued.)

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," &c.

PART XII.

CHAPTER XLV.

So very late it was when Will came in, that he crept up to his room with a silent stealth which felt more like ill-doing to him than any other sin he had been guilty of. He crept to his room, though he would have been glad to have lingered, and warmed himself and been revived with food. But, at the end of this long, wretched day, he was more than ever unfit to face his mother, who he felt sure must be watching for him, watchful and unwearied as she always had been. It did not occur to him that Mrs. Ochterlony, insensible for the moment to all sounds, was lying enveloped in darkness, with her eyes open, and all her faculties at work, and nothing but pain, pain, ever, for ever, in her mind. That she could be wound up to a pitch of emotion so great that she would not have heard whatever noise he might have made, that she would not have heeded him, that he was safe to go and come as he liked, so far as Mary was concerned, was an idea that never entered Will's mind. He stole in, and went softly up the stairs, and swallowed the glass of wine the butler compassionately brought him, without even saying a word of thanks. He was chilled to his bones, and his head ached, and a sense of confused misery was in all his frame. He crept into his bed like a savage, in the dark, seeking warmth, seeking forgetfulness, and hiding; so long as he could be hid, it did not matter. His mother could not come in with the light in her hand to stand by his bedside, and drive all ghosts and terrors away, for he had locked the door in his panic. No deliverance could come to him, as it seemed, any way. If she was "angry" before, what must she be now when he had fled and avoided her? and poor Will lay breathing hard in the dark, wondering within himself why it was he dared not face his mother. What had he done? Instead of having spent the day in his usual fashion, why was he weary, and footsore, and exhausted, and sick in body and in mind? He had meant her no harm, he had done no wrong he knew of. It was only a confused, unintelligible weight on his conscience, or rather on his consciousness, that bowed him down, and made him do things which he did not understand. He went to sleep at last, for he was young and weary, and nothing could have kept him from sleeping; but he had a bad night. He dreamed dreadful dreams, and in the midst of them all saw Mary, always Mary, threatening him, turning away from him, leaving him to fall over precipices and into perils. He started up a dozen times in the course of that troubled night, waking to a confused sense of solitude, and pain, and abandonment, which in the dark and the silence were very terrible to bear. He was still only a boy, and he had done wrong, dreadful wrong, and he did not know what it was.

In the morning when Will woke things were not much better. He was utterly unrefreshed by his night's rest—if the partial unconsciousness of his sleep could be called rest; and the thought he woke to was, that however she might receive him, to-day he must see his mother. She might be, probably was, "angry," beyond anything he could conceive; but however that might be, he must see her and meet her wrath. It was not until he had fully realised that thought, that a letter was brought to Will, which increased his excitement. It was a very unusual thing for him to get letters, and he was startled accordingly. He turned it over and over before he opened it, and thought it must be from Hugh. Hugh, too, must have adopted the plan of pouring out his wrath against his brother for want of any better defence to make. But then he perceived that the writing was not Hugh's. When he opened it Will grew pale, and then he grew red. It was a letter which Nelly Askell had written before she wrote the one to Hugh which had roused him out of his despondency. Something had inspired the little girl that day. She had written this too, like the other, without very much minding what she meant. This is what Will read upon the morning of the day which he already felt to be in every description a day of fate:—

"WILL!—I don't think I can ever call you dear Will again, or think of you as I used to do—oh, Will, what are you doing? If I had been you I would have been tied to the stake, torn with wild horses, done anything to that used to be done to people, rather than turn against my mother. *I* would have done that for *my* mother, and if I had had yours! Oh, Will, say you don't mean it! I think sometimes you can't mean it, but have got deluded somehow, for you know you have a bad temper. How could you ever believe it? She is not my mother, but I know she never did any wrong. She may have sinned perhaps, as people say everybody sins, but she could never have done any *wrong;* look in her face, and just try whether you can believe it. It is one comfort to me that if you mean to be so wicked (which I cannot believe of you), and were to win (which is not possible), you would never more have a day's happiness again. I *hope* you would never have a day's happiness. You would break her heart, for she is a woman; and though you would not break *his* heart, you would put his life all wrong, and it would haunt you, and you would pray to be poor, or a beggar, or anything rather than in a place that does not belong to you. You may think I don't know, but

I do know. I am a woman, and understand things better than a boy like you. Oh, Will! we used to be put in the same cradle, and dear Mrs. Ochterlony used to nurse us both when we were babies. Sometimes I think I should have been your sister. If you will come back and put away all this, which is too dreadful to think of, I will never more bring it up against you. I for one will forget it, as if it had never been. Nobody shall put it into your mind again. We will forgive you, and love you the same as ever; and when you are a man, and understand and see what it is you have been saved from, you will go down on your knees and thank God.

"If I had been old enough to travel by myself, or to be allowed to do what I like, I should have gone to Liverpool too, to have given you no excuse. It is not so easy to write; but oh, Will, you know what I mean. Come back, and let us forget that you were ever so foolish and so wicked. I could cry when I think of you all by yourself, and nobody to tell you what is right. Come back, and nobody shall ever bring it up against you. Dear Will! don't you love us all too well to make us unhappy?

"Still your affectionate

"NELLY."

This letter startled the poor boy, and affected him in a strange way. It brought the tears to his eyes. It touched him somehow, not by its reproaches, but by the thought that Nelly cared. She had gone over to Hugh's side, like all the rest—and yet she cared and took upon her that right of reproach and accusation which is more tender than praise. And it made Will's heart ache in a dull way to see that they all thought him wicked. What had he done that was wicked? He ached, poor boy, not only in his heart but in his head, and all over him. He did not get up even to read his letter, but lay in a kind of sad stupor all the morning, wondering if his mother was still in the house—wondering if she would come to him—wondering if she was so angry that she no longer desired to see him. The house was more quiet than usual, he thought—there was no stir in it of voices or footsteps. Perhaps Mrs. Ochterlony had gone away again—perhaps he was to be left here, having got Uncle Penrose on his side, to his sole company—excommunicated and cast off by his own. Wilfrid lay pondering all these thoughts till he could bear it no longer; instead of his pain and shrinking, a kind of dogged resistance came into his mind; at least he would go and face it, and see what was to happen to him. He would go downstairs and find out, to begin with, what this silence meant.

Perhaps it was just because it was so much later than usual that he felt as if he had been ill when he got up—felt his limbs trembling under him, and shivered, and grew hot and cold—or perhaps it was the fatigue and mental commotion of yesterday. By this time he felt sure that his mother must be gone. Had she been in the house she would have come to see him. She would have seized the opportunity when he could not escape from her. No doubt she was gone, after waiting all yesterday for him,—gone either hating him or scorning him, casting him off from her; and he felt that he had not deserved that. Perhaps he might have deserved that Hugh should turn his enemy—notwithstanding that, even for Hugh he felt himself ready to do anything—but to his mother he had done no harm. He had meditated nothing but good to her. *He* would not have thought of marrying, or giving to any one but her the supreme place in his house. He would never have asked her or made any doubt about it, but taken her at once to Earlston, and showed her everything there arranged according to her liking. This was what Will had always intended and settled upon. And his mother, for whom he would have done all this, had gone away again, offended and angry, abandoning him to his own devices. Bitterness took possession of his soul as he thought of it. He meant it only for their good—for justice and right, and to have his own; and this was the cruel way in which they received it, as if he had done it out of unkind feelings—even Nelly! A sense that he was wronged came into Wilfrid's mind as he dressed himself, and looked at his pale face in the glass, and smoothed his brown long hair. And yet he stepped out of his room with the feelings of one who ventures upon an undiscovered country, a new region, in which he does not know whether he is to meet with good or evil. He had to support himself by the rail as he went downstairs. He hesitated and trembled at the drawing-room door, which was a room Mr. Penrose never occupied. Breakfast must be over long ago. If there was any lady in the house, no doubt she would be found there.

He put his hand on the door, but it was a minute or more before he could open it, and he heard no sound within. No doubt she had gone away. He had walked miles yesterday to avoid her, but yet his heart was sore and bled, and he felt deserted and miserable to think that she was gone. But when Will had opened the door, the sight he saw was more wonderful to him than if she had been gone. Mary was seated at the table writing: she was pale, but there was something in her face which told of unusual energy and resolution, a kind of inspiration which gave character to every movement she made. And she was so much pre-occupied, that she showed no special excitement at sight of her boy; she stopped and put away her pen, and rose up looking at him with pitiful eyes. "My poor boy!" she said, and kissed him in her tender way. And then she sat down at the table, and went back to her letters again.

It was not simple consternation which struck Will; it was a mingled pang of wonder and humiliation and sharp disappointment. Only her poor boy!—only the youngest, the child as he had always been, not the young revolutionary to whom Nelly had written that letter, whom Mrs. Ochterlony

had come anxious and in haste to seek. She was more anxious now about her letters apparently than about him, and there was nothing but tenderness and sorrow in her eyes; and when she did raise her head again, it was to remark his paleness and ask if he was tired. "Go and get some breakfast, Will," she said; but he did not care for breakfast. He had not the heart to move—he sat in the depths of boyish mortification and looked at her writing her letters. Was that all that it mattered? or was she only making a pretence at indifference? But Mary was too much occupied evidently for any pretence. Her whole figure and attitude were full of resolution. Notwithstanding the pity of her voice as she addressed him, and the longing look in her eyes, there was something in her which Wilfrid had never seen before, which revealed to him in a kind of dull way that his mother was wound up to some great emergency, that she had taken a great resolution, and was occupied by matters of life and death.

"You are very busy, it seems," he said, peevishly, when he had sat for some time watching her, wondering when she would speak to him. To find that she was not angry, that she had something else to think about, was not half so great a relief as it appeared.

"Yes, I am busy," said Mary. "I am writing to your brother, Will, and to some people who know all about me, and I have no time to lose. Your Uncle Penrose is a hard man, and I am afraid he will be hard on Hugh."

"No, mother," said Will, feeling his heart beat quick; "he shall not be hard upon Hugh. I want to tell you that. I want to have justice; but for anything else—Hugh shall have whatever he wishes; and as for you——"

"Oh, Will," said Mrs. Ochterlony; and somehow it seemed to poor Will's disordered imagination that she and his letter were speaking together—"I had almost forgotten that you had anything to do with it. If you had but come first and spoken to me——"

"Why should I have come and spoken to you?" said Will, growing into gradual excitement; "it will not do you any harm. I am your son as well as Hugh—if it is his or if it is mine, what does it matter? I knew you would be angry if I stood up for myself; but a man must stand up for himself when he knows what are his rights."

"Will, you must listen to me," said Mary, putting away her papers, and turning round to him. "It is Mr. Penrose who has put all this in your head: it could not be my boy that had such thoughts. Oh, Will! my poor child! And now we are in his pitiless hands," said Mary, with a kind of cry, "and it matters nothing what you say or what I say. You have put yourself in his hands."

"Stop, mother," said Will; "don't make such a disturbance about it. Uncle Penrose has nothing to do with it. It is my doing. I will do anything in the world for you, whatever you like to tell me; but I won't let a fellow be there who has no right to be there. I am the heir, and I will have my rights."

"You are not the heir," said Mrs. Ochterlony, frightened for the moment by his tone, and his vehemence, and his strange looks.

"I heard it from two people that were both *there*," said Will, with a gloomy composure. "It was not without asking about it. I am not blaming you, mother—you might have some reason;—but it was I that was born after that thing that happened in India. What is the use of struggling against it? And if it is I that am the heir, why should you try to keep me out of my rights?"

"Will," said Mary, suddenly driven back into regions of personal emotion, which she thought she had escaped from, and falling by instinct into those wild weaknesses of personal argument to which women resort when they are thus suddenly stung. "Will, look me in the face and tell me, Can you believe your dear father, who was true as —as Heaven itself; can you believe me, who never told you a lie, to have been such wretched deceivers? Can you think we were so wicked? Will, look me in the face!"

"Mother," said Will, whose mind was too little imaginative to be moved by this kind of argument, except to a kind of impatience. "What does it matter my looking you in the face? what does it matter about my father being true? You might have some reason for it. I am not blaming you; but so long as it was a fact what does *that* matter? I don't want to injure any one—I only want my rights."

It was Mary's turn now to be struck dumb. She had thought he was afraid of her, and had fled from her out of shame for what he had done; but he looked in her face as she told him, with unhesitating frankness, and even that touch of impatience as of one whose common sense was proof to all such appeals. For her own part, when she was brought back to it, she felt the effect of the dreadful shock she had received; and she could not discuss this matter reasonably with her boy. Her mind fell off into a mingled anguish and horror and agonised sense of his sin and pity for him. "Oh, Will, your rights," she cried; "your rights! Your rights are to be forgiven and taken back, and loved and pitied, though you do not understand what love is. These are all the rights you have. You are young, and you do not know what you are doing. You have still a right to be forgiven."

"I was not asking to be forgiven," said Will, doggedly. "I have done no harm. I never said a word against you. I will give Hugh whatever he likes to get himself comfortably out in the world. I don't want to make any fuss or hurry. It can be quietly managed, if he will; but it's me that Earlston ought to come to; and I am not going to be driven out of it by talk. I should just like to know what Hugh would do if he was in my place."

"Hugh could never have been in your place," cried Mary, in her anguish and indignation. "I ought to have seen this is what it would come to. I ought to have known when I saw your jealous temper, even when you were a baby. Oh, my little Will! How will you ever bear it when you come to your senses, and know what it is you have been doing? Slandering your dear father's name and mine, though all the world knows different—and trying to supplant your brother, your elder brother, who has always been good to you. God forgive them that have brought my boy to this," said Mary, with tears. She kept gazing at him, even with her eyes full. It did not seem possible that he could be insensible to her look, even if he was insensible to her words.

Wilfrid, for his part, got up and began to walk about the room. It *was* hard, very hard to meet his mother's eyes. "When she is vexed, she gives a fellow such a look." He remembered those words which he had said to Uncle Penrose only yesterday with a vague sort of recollection. But when he got up, his own bodily sensations somehow gave him enough to do. He half forgot about his mother in the strange feeling he had in his physical frame, as if his limbs did not belong to him, nor his head either for that part, which seemed to be floating about in the air, without any particular connection with the rest of him. It must be that he was so very tired, for when he sat down and clutched at the arms of his chair, he seemed to come out of his confusion and see Mrs. Ochterlony again, and know what she had been talking about. He said, with something that looked like sullenness, "Nobody brought me to this—I brought myself," in answer to what she had said, and fell, as it were, into a moody reverie, leaning upon the arms of his chair. Mary saw it, and thought it was that attitude of obstinate and immovable resolve into which she had before seen him fall; and she dried her eyes with a little flash of indignation, and turned again to the half-finished letter which trembled in her hands, and which she could not force her mind back to. She said to herself in a kind of despair, that the bitter cup must be drunk—that there was nothing for it but to battle for her son's rights, and lose no time in vain outcries, but forgive the unhappy boy when he came to his right mind and returned to her again. She turned away, with her heart throbbing and bleeding, and made an effort to recover her composure and finish her letter. It was a very important letter, and required all her thoughts. But if it had been hard to do it before, it was twenty times harder now.

Just at that moment there was a commotion at the door, and a sound of some one entering below. It might be only Mr. Penrose coming back, as he sometimes did, to luncheon. But every sound tingled through Mrs. Ochterlony in the excitement of her nerves. Then there came something that made her spring to her feet—a single tone of a voice struck on her ear, which she thought could only be her own fancy. But it was not her fancy. Some one came rushing up the stairs, and dashed into the room. Mary gave a great cry, and ran into his arms, and Will, startled and roused up from a sudden oblivion which he did not understand, drew his hand across his heavy eyes, and looked up doubting, and saw Hugh—Hugh standing in the middle of the room holding his mother, glowing with fresh air, and health, and gladness.—Hugh! How did he come there? Poor Will tried to rise from his chair, but with a feeling that he was fixed in it for ever, like the lady in the fable. Had he been asleep? and where was he? Had it been but a bad dream, and was this the Cottage, and Hugh come home to see them all? These were the questions that rose in Will's darkened mind, as he woke up and drew his hand across his heavy eyes, and sat as if glued in Mr. Penrose's chair.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Mrs. Ochterlony was almost as much confused and as uncertain of her own feelings as Will was. Her heart gave a leap towards her son; but yet there was that between them which put pain into even a meeting with Hugh. When she had seen him last, she had been all that a spotless mother is to a youth—his highest standard, his most perfect type of woman. Now, though he would believe no harm of her, yet there had been a breath across her perfection; there was something to explain; and Mary in her heart felt a pang of momentary anguish as acute as if the accusation had been true. To have to defend herself; to clear up her character to her boy! She took him into her arms almost that she might not have to look him in the face, and held to him, feeling giddy and faint. Will was younger, and he himself had gone wrong, but Hugh was old enough to understand it all, and had no consciousness on his own side to blunt his perceptions; and to have to tell him how it all was, and explain to him that she was not guilty was almost as hard as if she had been obliged to confess that she was guilty. She could not encounter him face to face, nor meet frankly the wonder and dismay which were no doubt in his honest eyes. Mary thought that to look into them and see that wondering troubled question in them, "Is it so—have you done me this wrong?" would be worse than being killed once for all by a straightforward blow.

But there was no such thought in Hugh's mind. He came up to his mother open-hearted, with no hesitation in his looks. He saw Will was there, but he did not even look at him; he took her into his arms, holding her fast with perhaps a sense that she clung to him, and held on by him as by a support. "Mother, don't be distressed," he said, all at once, "I have found a way to clear it all up." He spoke out loud, with his cheery voice which it was exhilarating to hear, and as if he meant it, and felt the full significance of what he said. He had to put down his mother very gently on the sofa

after, and to make her lie back and prop her up with cushions; her high-strung nerves for an instant gave way. It was as if her natural protector had come back, whose coming would clear away the mists. Her own fears melted away from her when she felt the warm clasp of Hugh's arms, and the confident tone of his voice, not asking any questions, but giving her assurance, a pledge of sudden safety, as it were. It was this that made Mary drop back, faint though not fainting, upon the friendly pillows, and made the room and everything swim in her eyes.

"What is it, Hugh?" she said faintly, as soon as she could speak.

"It is all right, mother," said Hugh; "take my word, and don't bother yourself any more about it. I came on at once to see Uncle Penrose, and get him out of this mess he has let himself into. I could be angry, but it is no good being angry. On the whole, perhaps showing him his folly and making a decided end to it, is the best."

"Oh, Hugh, never mind Uncle Penrose. Will, my poor Will! look, your brother is there," said Mary, rousing up. As for Hugh, he took no notice; he did not turn round, though his mother put her hand on his arm; perhaps because his mind was full of other things.

"We must have it settled at once," he said. "I hope you will not object, mother; it can be done very quietly. I found them last night, without the least preparation, or even knowing they were in existence. It was like a dream to me. Don't perplex yourself about it, mother dear. It's all right—trust to me."

"Whom did you find?" said Mary, eagerly; "or was it the lines—my lines?"

"It was old Sommerville's daughter," said Hugh, with an unsteady laugh, "who was *there*. I don't believe you know who old Sommerville or his daughter are. Never mind; I know all about it. I am not so simple as you were when you were eighteen, and ran away and thought of nobody. And she says I am like my father," said Hugh, "the Captain, they called him—but not such a bonnie lad; and that there was nobody to be seen like him for happiness and brightness on his wedding-day. You see I know it all, mother—every word; and I am like him, but not such a bonnie lad."

"No," said Mary, with a sob. Her resolution had gone from her with her misery. She had suddenly grown weak and happy, and ready to weep like a child. "No," she said, with the tears dropping out of her eyes, "you are not such a bonnie lad; you are none of you so handsome as your father. Oh, Hugh, my dear, I don't know what you mean—I don't understand what you say."

And she did not understand it, but that did not matter—she could not have understood it at that moment, though he had given her the clearest explanation. She knew nothing, but that there must be deliverance somehow, somewhere, in the air, and that her firstborn was standing by her with light and comfort in his eyes, and that behind, out of her sight, his brother taking no notice of him, was her other boy.

"Will is there," she said, hurriedly. "You have not spoken to him—tell me about this after. Oh, Hugh, Will is there!"

She put her hand on his arm and tried to turn him round; but Hugh's countenance darkened, and became as his mother had never seen it before. He took no notice of what she said, he only bent over her, and began to arrange the cushions, of which Mary now seemed to feel no more need.

"I do not like to see you here," he said; "you must come out of this house. I came that it might be all settled out of hand, for it is too serious to leave in vain suspense. But after this, mother, neither you nor I, with my will, shall cross this threshold more."

"But oh, Hugh! Will!—speak to Will. Do not leave him unnoticed!" said Mary, in a passionate whisper, grasping his hand, and reaching up to his ear.

Hugh's look did not relent. His face darkened while she looked at him.

"He is a traitor!" he said, from out his closed lips. And he turned his back upon his brother, who sat at the other side of the room, straining all his faculties to keep awake, and to keep the room steady, which was going round and round him, and to know something of what it all meant.

"He is your brother," said Mary; and then she rose, though she was still weak. "I must go to my poor boy, if you will not," she said. "Will!"

When Will heard the sound of her voice, which came strange to him, as if it came from another world, he too stumbled up upon his feet, though in the effort ceiling and floor and walls got all confused to him, and floated about, coming down on his brain as if to crush him.

"Yes, mamma," he said; and came straight forward, dimly guiding himself, as it were, towards her. He came against the furniture, without knowing it, and struck himself sharply against the great round table, which he walked straight to, as if he could have passed through it. The blow made him pause and open his heavy eyes, and then he sank into the nearest chair, with a weary sigh; and at that crisis of fate—at that moment when vengeance was overtaking him—when his cruel hopes had come to nothing, and his punishment was beginning—dropped asleep before their eyes. Even Hugh turned to look at the strange spectacle. Will was ghastly pale. His long brown hair hung disordered about his face; his hands clung in a desolate way to the arms of the chair he had got into; and he had dropped asleep.

At this moment Mrs. Ochterlony forgot her eldest son, upon whom till now her thoughts had been centred. She went to her boy who needed her most, and who lay there in his forlorn youth helpless and half unconscious, deserted as it were

by all consolation. She went to him and put her hand upon his hot forehead, and called him by his name. Once more Will half opened his eyelids; he said "Yes, mamma," drearily, with a confused attempt to look up; and then he slept again. He slept, and yet he did not sleep; her voice went into his mind as in the midst of a dream—something weighed upon his nerves and his soul. He heard the cry she gave, even vaguely felt her opening his collar, putting back his hair, putting water to his lips—but he had not fainted, which was what she thought in her panic. He was only asleep.

"He is ill," said Hugh, who, notwithstanding his just indignation, was moved by the pitiful sight; "I will go for the doctor. Mother, don't be alarmed, he is only asleep."

"Oh, my poor boy!" cried Mary, "he was wandering about all yesterday, not to see me, and I was hard upon him. Oh, Hugh, my poor boy! And in this house."

This was the scene upon which Mr. Penrose came in to luncheon with his usual cheerful composure. He met Hugh at the door going for a doctor, and stopped him; "You here, Hugh?" he said; "this is very singular. I am glad you are showing so much good sense; now we can come to some satisfactory arrangement. I hardly hoped so soon to assemble all the parties here."

"Good morning, I will see you later," said Hugh, passing him quickly and hurrying out. Then it struck Mr. Penrose that all was not well. "Mary, what is the matter?" he said; "is it possible that you are so weak as to encourage your son in standing out?"

Mary had no leisure, no intelligence for what he said. She looked at him for a moment vaguely, and then turned her eyes once more upon her boy. She had drawn his head on to her shoulder, and stood supporting him, holding his hands, gazing down in anxiety beyond all words upon the colourless face, with its heavy eyelids closed, and lips a little apart, and quick irregular breath. She was speaking to him softly without knowing it, saying, "Will, my darling—Will, my poor boy—Oh, Will, speak to me;" while he lay back unconscious now, no longer able to struggle against the weight that oppressed him, sleeping heavily on her breast. Mr. Penrose drew near and looked wonderingly, with his hand in his pocket and a sense that it was time for luncheon, upon this unexpected scene.

"What is the matter?" he said; "is he asleep? What are you making a fuss about, Mary? You women always like a fuss! he is tired, I daresay, after yesterday; let him sleep and he'll be all right. But don't stand there and tire yourself. Hollo, Will, wake up and lie down on the sofa. There goes the gong."

"Let us alone, uncle," said Mary, piteously; "never mind us. Go and get your luncheon. My poor boy is going to be ill; but Hugh is coming back, and we will have him removed before he gets worse."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Penrose; but still he looked curiously at the pale sleeping face, and drew a step further off—"not cholera, do you think?" he asked, with a little anxiety—"collapse, eh?—it can't be that?"

"Oh, uncle, go away and get your luncheon, and leave us alone," said Mary, whose heart fainted within her at the question, even though she was aware of its absurdity. "Do not be afraid, for we will take him away."

Mr. Penrose gave a "humph," partly indignant, partly satisfied, and walked about the room for a minute, making it shake with his portly form. And then he gave a low, short whistle, and went downstairs, as he was told. Quite a different train of speculation had entered into his mind when he uttered that sound. If Wilfrid should die, the chances were that some distant set of Ochterlonys, altogether unconnected with himself, would come in for the estate, supposing Will's claim in the mean time to be substantiated. Perhaps even yet it could be hushed up; for to see a good thing go out of the family was more than he could bear. This was what Mr. Penrose was thinking of as he went downstairs.

It seemed to Mary a long time before Hugh came back with the doctor, but yet it was not long: and Will still lay asleep, with his head upon her shoulder, but moving uneasily at times, and opening his eyes now and then. There could be no doubt that he was going to be ill, but what the illness was to be, whether serious and malignant, or the mere result of over-fatigue, over-tension and agitation of mind, even the doctor could not tell. But at least it was possible to remove him, which was a relief to all. Mary did not know how the afternoon passed. She saw Hugh coming and going as she sat by her sick boy, whom they had laid upon the sofa, and heard him downstairs talking to uncle Penrose, and then she was aware by the sound of carriage-wheels at the door that he had come to fetch them; but all her faculties were hushed and quieted as by the influence of poor Will's sleep. She did not feel as if she had interest enough left in the great question that had occupied her so profoundly on the previous night as to ask what new light it was which Hugh had seemed to her for one moment to throw on it. A momentary wonder thrilled through her mind once or twice while she sat and waited; but then Will would stir, or his heavy eyelids would lift unconsciously and she would be recalled to the present calamity, which seemed nearer and more appalling than any other. She sat in the quiet, which, for Will's sake, had to be unbroken, and in her anxiety and worn-out condition, herself by times slept "for sorrow," like those disciples among the olive-trees. And all other affairs fell back in her mind, as into a kind of twilight—a secondary place. It did not seem to matter what happened, or how things came to be decided. She had had no serious illness to deal with for many, many years—almost never before in her life since those days when she lost her

baby in India; and her startled mind leapt forward to all tragic possibilities—to calamity and death. It was a dull day, which, no doubt, deepened every shadow. The grey twilight seemed to close in over her before the day was half spent, and the blinds were drawn down over the great staring windows, as it was best they should be for Will, though the sight of them gave Mary a pang. All these conjoined circumstances drove every feeling out of her mind but anxiety for her boy's life, and hushed her faculties, and made her life beat low, and stilled all other interests and emotions in her breast.

Then there came the bustle in the house which was attendant upon Will's removal. Mr. Penrose stood by, and made no objection to it. He was satisfied, on the whole, that whatever it might be—fever, cholera, or decline, or anything fatal, it should not be in his house; and his thoughts were full of that speculation about the results if Will should die. He shook hands with Mary when she followed her boy into the carriage, and said a word to comfort her,—

"Don't worry yourself about what we were talking of," he said; "perhaps, after all, in case anything were to happen, it might still be hushed up."

"What we were talking of?" asked Mary, vaguely, not knowing whether it was the old subject or the new one which he meant; and she made him no further answer, and went away to the lodging Hugh had found for her, to nurse her son. Uncle Penrose went back discomfited into his commodious house. It appeared, on the whole, that it did not matter much to them, though they had made so great a fuss about it. Hugh was the eldest son, even though, perhaps, he might not be the heir; and Will, poor boy, was the youngest, the one to be guarded and taken care of; and whatever the truth might be about Mary's marriage, she was their mother; and even at this very moment, when they might have been thought to be torn asunder, and separated from each other, nature had stepped in and they were all one. It was strange, but so it was. Mr. Penrose had even spoken to Hugh, but had drawn nothing from him but anxiety about the sick boy, to find the best doctor, and the best possible place to remove him to; not a word about the private arrangement he had, no doubt, come to make, or the transfer of Earlston; and if Will should die, perhaps, it could yet be hushed up. This was the last idea in Mr. Penrose's mind, as he went in and shut behind him the resounding door.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The illness of Will took a bad turn. Instead of being a mere accumulation of cold and fatigue, it developed into fever, and of the most dangerous kind. Perhaps he had been bringing it on for a long time by his careless ways, by his long vigils and over thought; and that day of wretched wandering, and all the confused agitation of his mind had brought it to a climax. This at least was all that could be said. He was very ill; he lay for six weeks between life and death; and Mrs. Ochterlony, in his sick-room, had no mind nor understanding for anything but the care of him. Aunt Agatha would have come to help her, but she wanted no help. She lived as women do live at such times, without knowing how—without sleep, without food, without air, without rest to her mind or comfort to her heart. Except, indeed, in Hugh's face, which was as anxious as her own, but looked in upon her watching, from time to time like a face out of Heaven. She had been made to understand all about it—how her prayer had been granted, and the cup had passed from her, and her honour and her children's had been vindicated for ever. She had been made to understand this, and had given God thanks, and felt one weight the less upon her soul; but yet she did not understand it any more than Will did, who in his wanderings talked without cease of the looks his mother gave him; and what had he done? He would murmur by the hour such broken unreason as he had talked to Mary the morning before he was taken ill—that he meant to injure nobody—that all he wanted was his rights—that he would do anything for Hugh or for his mother—only he must have his rights; and why did they all look at him so, and what did Nelly mean, and what had he done? Mrs. Ochterlony sitting by his bedside with tears on her pale cheeks came to a knowledge of his mind which she had never possessed before—as clear a knowledge as was possible to a creature of so different a nature. And she gave God thanks in her heart that the danger had been averted, and remembered, in a confused way, the name of old Sommerville, which had been engraved on her memory years before, when her husband forced her into the act which had cost her so much misery. Mary could not have explained to any one how it was that old Sommerville's name came back with the sense of deliverance. For the moment she would scarcely have been surprised to know that he had come to life again to remedy the wrongs his death had brought about. All that she knew was that his name was involved in it, and that Hugh was satisfied, and the danger over. She said it to herself sometimes in an apologetic way as if to account to herself for the suddenness with which all interest on the subject had passed out of her thoughts. The danger was over. Two dangers so appalling could not exist together. The chances are that Will's immediate and present peril would have engrossed her all the same, even had all not been well for Hugh.

When he had placed his mother and brother in the rooms he had taken for them, and had seen poor Will laid down on the bed he was not to quit for long, Hugh went back to see Mr. Penrose. He was agitated and excited, and much melted in his heart by his brother's illness; but still, though he might forgive Will, he had no thought of forgiving

the elder man, who ought to have given the boy better counsel: but he was very cool and collected, keeping his indignation to himself, and going very fully into detail. Old Sommerville's daughter had been married, and lived with her husband at the border village where Mary's marriage had taken place. It was she who had waited on the bride, with all the natural excitement and interest belonging to the occasion: and her husband and she, young themselves, and full of sympathy with the handsome young couple, had stolen in after them into the homely room where the marriage ceremony, such as it was, was performed. The woman who told Hugh this story, had not the faintest idea that suspicion of any kind rested upon the facts she was narrating, neither did her hearer tell her of it. He had listened with what eagerness, with what wonder and delight may be imagined, while she went into all the details. "She mayn't mind me, but I mind her," the anxious historian had said, her thoughts dwelling not on the runaway marriage she was talking of, as if that could be of importance, but on the unbuilt lodge, and the chances of getting it, if she could but awake the interest of the young squire. "She had on but a cotton gown, as was not for the likes of her on her wedding-day, and a bit of a straw-bonnet; and it was me as took off her shawl, her hands being trembly a bit, as was to be expected; I took her shawl off afore she came into the room, and I slipped in after her, and made Rob come, though he was shy. Bless your heart, sir, the Captain and the young lady never noticed him nor me."

Hugh had received all these details into his mind with a distinctness which only the emergency could have made possible. It seemed to himself that he saw the scene—more clearly, far more clearly, than that dim vision of the other scene in India, which now he ventured in his heart to believe that he recollected too. He told everything to Mr. Penrose, who sat with glum countenance, and listened. "And now, uncle," he said, "I will tell you what my mother is ready to do. I don't think she understands what I have told her about my evidence; but I found this letter she had been writing when Will was taken ill. You can read it, if you please. It will show you at least how wrong you were in thinking she would ever desert and abandon me."

"I never thought she would desert and abandon you," said Mr. Penrose; "of course every one must see that so long as you had the property, it was her interest to stick to you—as well as for her own sake. I don't see why I should read the letter; I daresay it is some bombastical appeal to somebody—she appealed to me last night—to believe her; as if personal credibility was to be built upon in the absence of all proofs."

"But read it all the same," said Hugh, whose face was flushed with excitement.

Mr. Penrose put on his spectacles, and took the half-finished letter reluctantly into his hand. He turned it round and all over, to see who it was addressed to; but there was no address; and when he began to read it, he saw it was a letter to a lawyer, stating her case distinctly, and asking for advice. Was there not a way of getting it tried and settled, Mary had written; was there not some court that could be appealed to at once, to examine all the evidence, and make a decision that would be good and stand, and could not be re-opened? "I am ready to appear and be examined, to do anything or everything that is necessary," were the last words Mrs. Ochterlony had written; and then she had forgotten her letter, forgotten her resolution and her fear, and everything else in the world but her boy who was ill. Her other boy, after he had set her heart free to devote itself to the one who now wanted her most, had found the letter; and he, too, had been set free in his turn. Up to that very last moment he had feared and doubted what Mr. Penrose called the "exposure" for his mother; he had been afraid of wounding her, afraid of making any suggestion that could imply publicity. And upon the letter which Mr. Penrose turned thus about in his hand was at least one large round blister of a tear—a big drop of compunction, and admiration, and love, which had dropped upon it out of Hugh's proud and joyful eyes.

"Ah," said Uncle Penrose, who was evidently staggered; and he took off his spectacles and put them back in their case. "If she were to make up her mind to *that*," he continued, slowly, "I would not say that you might not have a chance. It would have the look of being confident in her case. I'll tell you what, Hugh," he went on, changing his tone. "Does the doctor give much hope of Will?"

"Much hope!" cried Hugh, faltering. "Good heavens! uncle, what do you mean? Has he told you anything? Why, there is every chance—every hope."

"Don't get excited," said Mr. Penrose. "I hope so, I am sure. But what I have to say is this: if anything were to happen to Will, it would be some distant Ochterlonys, I suppose, that would come in after him—supposing you were put aside, you know. I don't mind working for Will, but I'd have nothing to do with that. *I* could not be the means of sending the property out of the family. And I don't see now, in the turn things have taken, that there would be any particular difficulty between ourselves in hushing it all up."

"In hushing it up?" said Hugh, with an astonished look.

"Yes, if we hold our tongues. I daresay that is all that would be necessary," said Mr. Penrose. "If you only would have the good sense all of you to hold your tongues, and keep your counsel, it might be easily hushed up."

But Uncle Penrose was not prepared for the shower of indignation that fell upon him. Hugh got up and made him an oration, which the young man poured forth out of the fulness of his heart; and

said, God forgive him for the harm he had done to one of them, for the harm he had tried to do to all —in a tone very little in harmony with the prayer; and shook off, as it were, the dust off his feet against him, and rushed from the house, carrying, folded up carefully in his pocket-book, his mother's letter. It was she who had found out what to do —she whose reluctance, whose hesitation, or shame, was the only thing that Hugh would have feared. And it was not only that he was touched to the heart by his mother's readiness to do all and everything for him; he was proud, too, with that sweetest kind of exultation which recognises the absolute *best* in its best beloved. So he went through the suburban streets carrying his head high, with moisture in his eyes, but the smile of hope and a satisfied heart upon his lips. Hush it up! when it was all to her glory from the first to the last of it. Rather write it up in letters of gold, that all the world might see it. This was how Hugh, being still so young, in the pride and emotion of the moment, thought in his heart.

And Mrs. Ochterlony, by her boy's sick-bed, knew nothing of it all. She remembered to ask for her blotting-book with the letters in it which she had been writing, but was satisfied when she heard Hugh had it; and she accepted the intervention of old Sommerville, dead or living, without demanding too many explanations. She had now something else more absorbing, more engrossing, to occupy her, and two supreme emotions cannot hold place in the mind at the same time. Will required constant care, an attention that never slumbered, and she would not have any one to share her watch with her. She found time to write to Aunt Agatha, who wanted to come, giving the cheerfullest view of matters that was possible, and declaring that she was quite able for what she had to do. And Mary had another offer of assistance which touched her, and yet brought a smile to her face. It was from Mrs. Kirkman, offering to come to her assistance at once, to leave all her responsibilities for the satisfaction of being with her friend and sustaining her strength and being "useful" to the poor sufferer. It was a most anxious letter, full of the warmest entreaties to be allowed to come, and Mary was moved by it, though she gave it to Hugh to read with a faint smile on her lip.

"I always told you she was a good woman," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "If I were to let her come, I know she would make a slave of herself to serve us both."

"But you will not let her come," said Hugh, with a little alarm. "I don't know about your good woman. She would do it, and then tell everybody how glad she was that she had been of so much use."

"But she is a good woman in spite of her talk," said Mary; and she wrote to Mrs. Kirkman a letter which filled the soul of the colonel's wife with many thoughts. Mrs. Ochterlony wrote to her that it would be vain for her to have any help, for she could not leave her boy—could not be apart from him while he was so ill, was what Mary said —but that her friend knew how strong she was, and that it would not hurt her, if God would but spare her boy. "Oh, my poor Will! don't forget to think of him," Mary said, and the heart which was in Mrs. Kirkman's wordy bosom knew what was meant. And then partly, perhaps, it was her fault; she might have been wise, she might have held her peace when Will came to ask that fatal information. And yet, perhaps, it might be for his good—or perhaps—perhaps, God help him, he might die. And then Mrs. Kirkman's heart sank within her, and she was softer to all the people in her district, and did not feel so sure of taking upon her the part of Providence. She could not but remember how she had prayed that Mary should not be let alone, and how Major Ochterlony had died after it, and she felt that that was not what she meant, and that God, so to speak, had gone too far. If the same thing were to happen again! She was humble and softened to all her people that day, and she spent hours of it upon her knees, praying with tears streaming down her cheeks for Will. And it was not till full twenty-four hours after that she could take any real comfort from the thought that it must be for all their good; which shows that Mrs. Ochterlony's idea of her after all was right.

These were but momentary breaks in the long stretch of pain, and terror, and lingering and sickening hope. Day after day went and came, and Mary took no note of them, and knew nothing more of them than as they grew light and dark upon the pale face of her boy. Hugh had to leave her by times, but there was no break to her in the long-continued vigil. His affairs had to go on, his work to be resumed, and his life to proceed again as if it had never come to that full stop. But as for Mary, it began to appear to her as if she had lived all her life in that sick room. Then Islay came, always steady and trustworthy. This was towards the end, when it was certain that the crisis must be approaching for good or for evil. And poor Aunt Agatha in her anxiety and her loneliness had fallen ill too, and wrote plaintive, suffering letters, which moved Mary's heart even in the great stupor of her own anxiety. It was then that Hugh went, much against his will, to the Cottage, at his mother's entreaty, to carry comfort to the poor old lady. He had to go to Earlston to see after his own business, and from thence to Aunt Agatha, whose anxiety was no less great at a distance than theirs was at hand; and Hugh was to be telegraphed for at once if there was "any change." Any change!—that was the way they had got to speak, saying it in a whisper, as if afraid to trust the very air with words which implied so much. Hugh stole into the sick room before he went away, and saw poor Will, or at least a long white outline of a face, with two big startling eyes, black and shining, which must be Will's, lying back on the

pillows; and he heard a babble of weary words about his mother and Nelly, and what had he done? and withdrew as noiselessly as he entered, with the tears in his eyes, and that poignant and intolerable anguish in his heart with which the young receive the first intimation that one near to them must go away. It seemed an offence to Hugh, as he left the house to see so many lads in the streets, who were of Will's age, and so many children encumbering the place everywhere, unthought of, uncared for, unloved, to whom almost it would be a benefit to die. But it was not one of them who was to be taken, but Will, poor Will, the youngest, who had been led astray, and had still upon his mind a sense of guilt. Hugh was glad to go to work at Earlston to get the thought out of his mind, glad to occupy himself about the museum, and to try to forget that his brother was slowly approaching the crisis, after which perhaps there might be no hope; and his heart beat loud in his ears every time he heard a sound, dreading that it might be the promised summons, and that "some change"—dreadful intimation—had occurred; and it was in the same state of mind that he went on to the Cottage, looking into the railway people's faces at every station to see if, perhaps, they had heard something. He was not much like carrying comfort to anybody. He had never been within reach of the shadow of death before, except in the case of his uncle; and his uncle was old, and it was natural he should die—but Will! Whenever he said, or heard, or even thought the name, his heart seemed to swell, and grow "grit," as the Cumberland folks said, and climb into his throat.

But yet there was consolation to Hugh even at such a moment. When he arrived at the Cottage he found Nelly there in attendance upon Aunt Agatha; and Nelly was full of wistful anxiety, and had a world of silent questions in her eyes. He had not written to her in answer to her letter, though it had done so much for him. Nobody had written to the girl, who was obliged to stay quiet at home, and ask no questions, and occupy herself about other matters. And no doubt Nelly had suffered, and might have made herself very unhappy, and felt herself deeply neglected and injured, had she been of that manner of nature. She had heard only the evident facts which everybody knew of—that Will had been taken ill, and that Hugh was in Liverpool, and even Islay had been sent for; but whether Will's illness was anything more than ordinary disease, or how the family affairs, which lay underneath, were being settled, Nelly could not tell. Nobody knew; not Aunt Agatha, nor Mrs. Kirkman, though it was her hand which had helped to set everything in motion. Sometimes it occurred to Nelly that Mr. Hugh might have written to her; sometimes she was disposed to fear that he might be angry—might think she had no right to interfere. Men did not like people to interfere with their affairs, she said to herself sometimes, even when they meant—oh! the very kindest; and Nelly dried her eyes and would acknowledge to herself that it was just. But when Hugh came, and was in the same room with her, and sat by her side, and was just the same—nay, perhaps, if that could be, more than just the same—then it was more than Nelly's strength of mind could do to keep from questioning him with her eyes. She gave little glances at him which asked—"Is all well?"—in language plainer than words; and Hugh's eyes, overcast as they were by that shadow of death which was upon them, could not answer promptly—"All is well." And Aunt Agatha knew nothing of this secret which lay between them; so far as Miss Seton had been informed as yet, Will's running away had been but a boyish freak, and his illness an ordinary fever. And yet somehow it made Hugh take a brighter view of everything—made him think less drearily of Will's danger, and be less alarmed about the possible arrival of a telegram, when he read the question in Nelly Askell's eyes.

But it was the morning after his arrival before he could make any response. Aunt Agatha, who was an invalid, did not come downstairs early, and the two young creatures were left to each other's company. Then there ensued a little interval of repose to Hugh's mind, which had been so much disturbed of late, which he did not feel willing to break even by entering upon matters which might produce a still greater confidence and *rapprochement*. All that had been passing lately had given a severe shock to his careless youth, which, before that, had never thought deeply of anything. And to feel himself thus separated as it were from the world of anxiety and care he had been living in, and floated in to this quiet nook, and seated here all tranquil in a nameless exquisite happiness, with Nelly by him, and nobody to interfere with him, did him good, poor fellow. He did not care to break the spell even to satisfy her, nor perhaps to produce a more exquisite delight for himself. The rest, and the sweet unexpressed sympathy, and the soft atmosphere that was about him, gave Hugh all the consolation of which at this moment he was capable; and he was only a man—and he was content to be thus consoled without inquiring much whether it was as satisfactory for her. It was only when the ordinary routine of the day began, and disturbed the *tête-à-tête*, that he bethought him of how much remained to be explained to Nelly; and then he asked her to go out with him to the garden. "Come and show me the roses we used to water," said Hugh; "you remember?" And so they went out together, with perhaps, if that were possible, a more entire possession of each other's society—a more complete separation from everybody else in the world.

They went to see the roses, and though they were fading and shabby, with the last flowers overblown and disconsolate, and the leaves dropping off the branches, that melancholy sight made little impression on Nelly and Hugh. The two indulged

in certain reminiscences of what had been, "you remember?"—comings back of the sweet recent untroubled past, such as give to the pleasant present and fair future their greatest charm. And then all at once Hugh stopped short, and looked in his companion's face. He said it without the least word of introduction, leaping at once into the heart of the subject, in a way which gave poor Nelly no warning, no time to prepare.

"Nelly," he said, all at once, "I never thanked you for your letter."

"Oh, Mr. Hugh!" cried Nelly, and her heart gave a sudden thump, and the water sprang to her eyes. She was so much startled that she put her hand to her side to relieve the sudden panting of her breath. "I was going to ask you if you had been angry?" she added, after a pause.

"Angry! How could I be angry?" said Hugh.

"You might have thought it was very impertinent of me talking of things I had no business with," said Nelly, with downcast eyes.

"Impertinent! Perhaps you suppose I would think an angel impertinent if it came down from Heaven for a moment, and showed a little interest in my concerns?" said Hugh. "And do you really think you have no business with me, Nelly? I did not think you were so indifferent to your friends."

"To be sure we are very old friends," said Nelly, with a blush and a smile; but she saw by instinct that such talk was dangerous. And then she put on her steady little face and looked up at him to put an end to all this nonsense—"I want so much to hear about dear Mrs. Ochterlony," she said.

"And I have never told you that it had come all right," said Hugh. "I was so busy at first I had no time for writing letters; and last night there was Aunt Agatha, who knows nothing about it; and this morning—well this morning, you know, I was thinking of nothing but you——"

"Oh, thank you," said Nelly, with a little confusion; "but tell me more, please. You said it was all right——"

"Yes," said Hugh, "but I don't know if it ever would have come right but for your letter; I was down as low as ever a man could be; I had no heart for anything; I did not know what to think even about my——about anything. And then your dear little letter came. It was *that* that made me something of a man again. And I made up my mind to face it and not to give in. And then all at once the proof came—some people who lived at Gretna and had seen the marriage. Did you go there?"

"No," said Nelly, with a tremulous voice; and now whatever might come of it, it would have been quite impossible for her to raise her eyes.

"Ah, I see," said Hugh, "it was only to show me what to do—but all the same it was your doing. If you had not written to me like that, I was more likely to have gone and hanged myself, than to have minded my business and seen the people. Nelly, I will always say it was you."

"No—no," said Nelly, withdrawing, not without some difficulty, her hand out of his. "Never mind me; I am so glad—I am so very glad; but then I don't know about dear Mrs. Ochterlony—and oh, poor Will!"

His brother's name made Hugh fall back a little. He had very nearly forgotten everything just then except Nelly herself. But when he remembered that his brother, perhaps, might be dying——

"You know how ill he is," he said, with a little shudder. "Nelly, it must be selfish to be happy. I had almost forgotten about poor Will."

"Oh, no, no," cried Nelly; "we must not forget about him; he never could mean it—he would have come to himself one day. Oh, Mr. Hugh——"

"Don't call me that," cried the young man. "You say Will—why should I be different, Nelly? If I thought you cared for him more than for me——"

"Oh, hush!" said Nelly, "how can you think of such things when he is so ill, and Mrs. Ochterlony in such trouble? And besides, you *are* different," she added, hastily; and Hugh saw the quick crimson going up to her hair, over her white brow and her pretty neck, and again forgot Will, and everything else in the world.

"Nelly," he said, "you must care for me most. I don't mind about anything without that. I had rather be in poor Will's place if you think of somebody else just the same as of me. Nelly, look here—there is nobody on earth that I can ever feel for as I feel for you."

"Oh, Mr. Hugh!" cried Nelly. She had only one hand to do anything with, for he held the other fast, and she put that up to her eyes, to which the tears had come, though she did not very well know why.

"It is quite true," cried the eager young man. "You may think I should not say it now; but, Nelly, if there are ill news, shall I not want you to comfort me? and if there are good news, you will be as glad as I am. Oh, Nelly, don't keep silent like that, and turn your head away—you know there is nobody in the world that loves you like me."

"Oh, please don't say any more just now," said Nelly, through her tears. "When I think of poor Will, who is perhaps——And he and I were babies together; it is not right to be so happy when poor Will——Yes, oh yes—another time I will not mind."

And even then poor Nelly did not mind. They were both so young, and the sick boy was far away from them, not under their eyes as it were; and even whatever might happen, it could not be utter despair for Hugh and Nelly. They were selfish so far as they could not help being selfish—they had their moment of delight standing there under the faded roses, with the dead leaves dropping at their feet. Neither autumn nor any other chill—neither anxiety nor suspense, nor even the shadow of death could keep them asunder. Had not they the more need of each other if trouble was coming? That was Hugh's philosophy, and Nelly's heart could not say him nay.

But when that moment was over Aunt Agatha's voice was heard calling from an upper window. "Hugh, Hugh!" the old lady called. "I see a man leaving the station with a letter in his hand—it is the man who brings the telegraph—Oh, Hugh, my dear boy!"

Hugh did not stop to hear any more. He woke up in a moment out of himself, and rushed forth upon the road to meet the messenger, leaving Nelly and his joy behind him. He felt as if he had been guilty then, but as he flew along the road he had no time to think. As for poor Nelly, she took to walking up and down the lawn, keeping him in sight, with limbs that trembled under her, and eyes half blind with tears and terror. Nelly had suffered to some extent from the influence of Mrs. Kirkman's training. She could not feel sure that to be very happy, nay blessed, to feel one's self full of joy and unmingled content, was not something of an offence to God. Perhaps it was selfish and wicked at that moment, and now the punishment might be coming. If it should be so, would it not be *her* fault? She who had let herself be persuaded, who ought to have known better? Aunt Agatha sat at her window, sobbing, and saying little prayers aloud without knowing it. "God help my Mary! Oh God, help my poor Mary! give her strength to bear it!" was what Aunt Agatha said. And poor Nelly for her part put up another prayer, speechless, in an agony—"God forgive us," she said, in her innocent heart.

But all at once both of them stopped praying, stopped weeping, and gave one simultaneous cry, that thrilled through the whole grey landscape. And this was why it was:—Hugh, a distant figure on the road, had met the messenger, had torn open the precious dispatch. It was too far off to tell them in words, or make any other intelligible sign. What he did was to fling his hat into the air and give a wild shout, which they saw rather than heard. Was it all well? Nelly went to the gate to meet him, and held by it, and Aunt Agatha came tottering downstairs. And what he did next was to tear down the road like a racehorse, the few country folks about it staring at him as if he were mad,—and to seize Nelly in his arms in open day, on the open road, and kiss her publicly before Aunt Agatha, and Peggy, and all the world. "She said she would not mind," cried Hugh, breathless, coming headlong into the garden, "as soon as we heard that Will was going to get well; and there's the dispatch, Aunt Agatha, and Nelly is to be my wife."

This was how two joyful events in the Ochterlony family intimated themselves at the same moment to Miss Seton and her astonished house.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

And this was how it all ended, so far as any end can be said to have come to any episode in human history. While Will was still only recovering—putting his recollections slowly together—and not very certain about them, what they were, Hugh and his mother went through the preliminaries necessary to have Mrs. Ochterlony's early marriage proved before the proper court—a proceeding which Mary did not shrink from when the time came that she could look calmly over the whole matter, and decide upon the best course. She was surprised to see her own unfinished letter preserved so carefully in Hugh's pocket-book. "Put it in the fire," she said to him, "it will only put us in mind of painful things if you keep it;" and it did not occur to Mary why it was that her son smiled and put it back in its place, and kissed her hand, which had grown thin and white in her long seclusion. And then he told her of Nelly, and Mrs. Ochterlony was glad—glad to the bottom of her heart, and yet touched by a momentary pang for which she was angry with herself. He had stood by her so in all this time of trial, and now he was about to remove himself a little, ever so little further off from her, though he was her first-born and her pride; but then she despised herself, who could grudge, even for half a moment, his reward to Hugh, and made haste to make amends for it, even though he was unconscious of the offence.

"I always thought she should have been my child," Mary said, "the very first time I saw her. I had once one like her; and I hungered and thirsted for Nelly when I saw her first. I did not think of getting her like this. I will love her as if she were my own, Hugh."

"And so she will be your own," said Hugh, not knowing the difference. And he was so happy that the sight of him made his mother happy, though she had care enough in the meantime for her individual share.

For it may be supposed that Will, such a youth as he was, did not come out of his fever changed and like a little child. Such changes are few in this world, and a great sickness is not of necessity a moral agent. When the first languor and comfort of his convalescence were over, his mind began to revive and to join things together, as was natural—and he did not know where or how he had broken off in the confused and darkling story that returned to his brain as he pondered. He had forgotten, or never understood about all that happened on the day he was taken ill, but yet a dreamy impression that some break had come to his plans, that there was some obstacle, something that made an end of his rights, as he still called them in his mind, hovered about his recollections. He was as frank and open as it was natural to his character to be, for the first few days after he began to recover, before he had made much progress with his recollections; and then he became moody and thoughtful and perplexed, not knowing how to piece the story out. This was perhaps, next to death itself, the thing which Mary had most dreaded, and she saw that though his sickness had been all but death, it had not changed the character or identity of the pale boy absorbed in his own thoughts, uncommunicating and unyielding, whose weakness compelled

him to obey her like an infant in everything external, yet whose heart gave her no such obedience. It was as unlike Hugh's frank exuberance of mind, and Islay's steady but open soul, as could be conceived. But yet he was her boy as much as either; as dear, perhaps even more bound to her by the evil he had tried to do, and by the suffering he himself had borne. And now she had to think not only how to remedy the wrong he had attempted, and to put such harm out of his and everybody's power, but to set the discord in himself at rest, and to reconcile the jangled chords. It was this that gave her a preoccupied look even while Hugh spoke to her of all his plans. It was more difficult than appearing before the court, harder work perhaps than anything she had yet had in her hands to do—and hard as it was, it was she who had to seek the occasion and begin.

She had been sitting with her boy, one winterly afternoon, when all was quiet in the house—they were still in the lodging in Liverpool, not far from Mr. Penrose's, to which Will had been removed when his illness began; he was not well enough yet to be moved, and the doctors were afraid of cold, and very reluctant to send him, in his weak state, still further to the north. She had been reading to him, but he was evidently paying no attention to the reading, and she had left off and begun to talk, but he had been impatient of the talk. He lay on the sofa by the fire, with his pale head against the pillow, looking thin, spectral, and shadowy, and yet with a weight of weary thought upon his overhanging brow, and in his close compressed lips, which grieved his mother's heart.

"Will," she said, suddenly, "I should like to speak to you frankly about what you have on your mind. You are thinking of what happened before you were taken ill?"

"Yes," he said, turning quickly upon her his great hollow eyes, shining with interest and surprise; and then he stopped short, and compressed his upper lip again, and looked at her with a watchful eye, conscious of the imperfection of his own memory, and unwilling to commit himself.

"I will go over it all, that we may understand each other," said Mary, though the effort made her own cheek pale. "You were told that I had been married in India just before you were born, and you were led to believe that your brothers were—were—illegitimate, and that you were your father's heir. I don't know if they ever told you, my poor boy, that I had been married in Scotland long before; at all events, they made you believe——"

"Made me believe!" said Will, with feverish haste; "do people generally marry each other more than once? I don't see how you can say, 'made me believe.'"

"Well, Will, perhaps it seemed very clear as it was told to you," said Mary, with a sigh; "and you have even so much warrant for your mistake, that your father too took fright, and thought because everybody was dead that saw us married that we ought to be married again; and I yielded to his wish, though I knew it was wrong. But it appears everybody was not dead; two people who were present have come to light very unexpectedly, and we have applied to that Court—that new Court, you know, where they treat such things—to have my marriage proved, and Hugh's legitimacy declared. It will cost some money, and it will not be pleasant to me; but better *that* than that such a mistake should ever be possible again."

Will looked in his mother's face, and knew and saw beyond all question that what she told him was absolute fact; not even *truth*, but fact; the sort of thing that can be proved by witnesses and established in law. His mouth, which had been compressed so close, relaxed; his under lip drooped, his eyes hid themselves, as it were, under their lids. A sudden blank of mortification and humbled pride came over his soul. A mistake, simply a mistake, such a blunder as any fool might make, an error about simple facts which he might have set right if he had tried. And now, for ever and ever, he was nothing but the youngest son; doubly indebted to everybody belonging to him; indebted to them for forgiveness, forbearance, tenderness, and services of every kind. He saw it all, and his heart rose up against it; he had tried to wrong them, and it was his punishment that they forgave him. It all seemed so hopeless and useless to struggle against, that he turned his face from the light, and felt as if it would be a relief if he could be able to be ill again, or if he had wounds that he could have secretly unbound; so that he might get to die, and be covered over and abandoned, and have no more to bear. Such thoughts were about as foreign to Mrs. Ochterlony's mind as any human cogitations could be, and yet she divined them, as it were, in the greatness of her pity and love.

"Will," she said, speaking softly in the silence which had been unbroken for long, "I want you to think, if this had been otherwise, what it would have been for me. I would have been a woman shut out from all good women. I would have been only all the more wicked and wretched that I had succeeded in concealing my sin. You would have blushed for your mother whenever you had to name her name. You could not have kept me near you, because my presence would have shut against you every honest house. You would have been obliged to conceal me and my shame in the darkness—to cover me over in some grave with no name on it—to banish me to the ends of the earth——"

"Mother!" said Will, rising up in his gaunt length and paleness on the sofa. He did not understand it. He saw her figure expanding, as it were, her eyes shining in the twilight like two great mournful stars, the hot colour rising to her face, her voice labouring with an excitement which had been long pent up and found no channel; and the thrill and jar in it of suppressed passion, made a thrill in his heart.

"And your father!" she went on, always with

growing emotion, "whom you are all proud of, who died for his duty and left his name without a blot;—he would have been an impostor like me, a man who had taken base advantage of a woman, and deceived all his friends, and done the last wrong to his children,—we two that never wronged man nor woman, that would have given our lives any day for any one of you,—that is what you would have made us out!"

"Mother!" said Will. He could not bear it any longer. His heart was up at last, and spoke. He came to her, crept to her in his weakness, and laid his long feeble arms round her as she sat hiding her face. "Mother! don't say that. I must have been mad. Not what *I* would have made you out——"

"Oh, my poor Will, my boy, my darling!" said Mary, "not you—I never meant you!"

And she clasped her boy close, and held him to her, not knowing what she meant. And then she roused herself to sudden recollection of his feebleness, and took him back to his sofa, and brooded over him like a bird over her nest. And after awhile Islay came in, bringing fresh air and news, and a breath from the outer world. And poor Will's heart being still so young, and having at last touched the depths, took a rebound and came up, not like, and yet not unlike the heart of a little child. From that time his moodiness, his heavy brow, his compressed lip, grew less apparent, and out of his long ponderings with himself there came sweeter fruits. He had been on the edge of a precipice, and he had not known it; and now that after the danger was over he had discovered that danger, such a thrill came over him as comes sometimes upon those who are the most fool-hardy in the moment of peril. He had not seen the blackness of the pit nor the terror of it until he had escaped.

But probably it was a relief to all, as it was a great relief to poor Will, when his doctor proposed a complete change for him, and a winter in the South. Mary had moved about very little since she brought her children home from India, and her spirit sank before the thought of travel in foreign parts, and among unknown tongues. But she was content when she saw the light come back to her boy's eye. And when he was well enough to move, they went away* together, Will and his mother, Mary and her boy. He was the one who needed her most.

And when Hugh and Nelly were married, the Percivals sent the little bride a present, very pretty, and of some value, which the Ochterlonys in general accepted as a peace-offering. Winnie's letter which accompanied it was not, however, very peaceful in its tone. "I daresay you think yourself very happy, my dear," Winnie wrote, "but I would not advise you to calculate upon too much happiness. I don't know if we were ever meant for that. Mary, who is the best woman among us, has had a terrible deal of trouble; and I, whom perhaps you will think one of the worst, have not been let off any more than Mary. I wonder often, for my part, if there is any meaning at all in it. I am not sure that I think there is. And you may tell Mrs. Kirkman so, if you like. My love to Aunt Agatha, and, if you like, you can kiss Hugh for me. He always was my favourite among all the boys."

Poor Aunt Agatha heard this letter with a sigh. She said, "My dear love, it is only Winnie's way. She always liked to say strange things, but she does not think like that." And perhaps on the whole it was Aunt Agatha that was worst off in the end. She was left alone when the young creatures paired, as was natural, in the spring; and when the mother Mary went away with her boy. Aunt Agatha had no child left to devote herself to; and it was very silent in the Cottage, where she sat for hours with nothing more companionable than the Henri-Deux ware, Francis Ochterlony's gift, before her eyes. And Sir Edward was very infirm that year. But yet Miss Seton found a consolation that few people would have thought of in the Henri-Deux, and before the next winter Mary was to come home. And she had always her poor people and her letters, and the Kirtell singing softly under its dewy braes.

CURIOUS OLD REGISTERS IN SOMERSET HOUSE.

II.

In our last month's article we introduced to our readers, under the above heading, some of the registers which have been deposited by the various Nonconformist bodies in Government custody. Commencing with those documents which related to the principal denominations of the present day, we considered, in the first place, the records of the Independents, Baptists, and Presbyterians. We next proceeded to examine the registers of various other classes of the more modern dissenters.

We propose in the present paper to extend our investigations to the records of Foreign Refugees, and of the Society of Friends. Before turning, however, to those volumes which will constitute the principal objects of our consideration, let us pause for a moment to examine an old and interesting book which has found its way into our library, but which falls, nevertheless, under a special category.

The volume is one in which certain familiar epis-

* They went to San Remo, if any one would like to know, for no particular reason that I can tell, except that the beloved physician, Dr. Antonio, has thrown the shield of his protection over that picturesque little place, with its golden orange groves and its delicious sea.

copal signatures declare it to refer to the Church of England; and a cursory glance at its contents enables us at once to discover that it is an ancient register from the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. We may mention in passing that, amongst the "nine thousand" non-parochial records which (speaking generally) we have described as Dissenting records, there are, nevertheless, a few volumes having reference to the Established Church. Such are the registers from Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals; such, too, is an ancient book from the Mercer's Hall Chapel; such, again, is the volume to which we now allude. It should be noted, however, that the circumstances which have brought this last register into the keeping of the Registrar-General are of a wholly exceptional character.

The book includes entries of the deaths of various persons connected with the Chapel Royal, and also a large number of marriage-entries. Amongst the latter, the following—which makes mention of a name that is great in connection with Art—is conspicuous:—"ffeb 24. 1676. Sr Christopher Wren and Madam Jane ffitswilliams were marryed by Dr William Holder Subdean." But the main interest of the volume depends upon its evidence as to certain customs of the times which it represents, and upon its frequent allusions to facts of historical moment. The first entry which we shall quote may be interesting to some readers, as setting forth King Charles the Second under the character of a vindicator of strict church observances—a character somewhat different from that which is usually associated with his name. It is as follows:—

"ffeb 24 1679. Being Leape-year. A great dispute arose between His Majty and some of his nobles whether Matthias day ought to be observed the 24 or 25. The king sent for Dr Holder the subdeane for his opinion in the case, who told his Maty that every Leape year it was wont to be observed in ye chappell the 25. The king was pleased to answer, well then I'le have no Innovations in ye church So it was not observed ye 24. but ye first Lessons for the 25 were read at morning and Evening prayers ye 24, and the next day being Ash Wednesday, were read the Lessons for Matthias day, using that Collect, but omitting ye Athanasian Creed, and thro' the service Ashwednesday superseded the feast of St Matthias."

We will here insert the instructions given at about this time for the dressing of the altar in the Chapel Royal. We must leave the reader to draw his own conclusions as to whether or not these instructions implied an amount of decoration in excess of that chaste medium of adornment usually associated with our English church—a medium aptly described by George Herbert in the words—

> "A fine aspect in fit array,
> Neither too mean, nor yet too gay."

The instructions run thus:—

"The Attyre of ye Altar.

"On Holyday Eves and Holydays ye Altar to be covered with a Carpet partly velvet, and partly white Goldflower'd Satin: an Altar-peice of the same hung up. A great Charger set on three Basons, one bigger and two less, two great feather'd flagons, and two less of the same work, two candlesticks with tapers, A rich Bible in two parts, three Common Prayer Bookes, two at the west End and one at the East, on a velvet cushion.

"ffor ye Comunion, two Patins, two Chalices with covers. * * * *

"Christmas Eve the Altar to be cover'd with peices of our Saviour's Baptism his Presentation in the Temple, his Circumcision &c, and the same to continue there till after the Epiphany."

On the 30th of January the altar was to be covered with black velvet. On that occasion, too, prayers were to be read "after a parochial manner," and no music was to be introduced into the service.

The next entry which we shall extract relates to the death of Charles II. and to the accession of James:—

"King Charles the 2d ffebry 2d 168$\frac{4}{5}$ Candlemas day being monday. Bee it Remembered that his Maty was seis'd wth a most violent fit of an Apoplexy, wch terminated in an intermittent ffeavor of wch hee dyed about 12 the ffriday following being ffeb 6th In the afternoon of wch day his Rll Highness James Duke of York and Albany &c was proclaymed at Whitehall-gate at Temple Bar and at the old Exchange in the City, King of England, Scotland, ffrance and Ireland &c."

The following quotations also relate to facts of some importance in our history:—

"On Sunday ffebry 15th 168$\frac{4}{5}$ King James the 2d was openly seen at Masse w. his Queen in a little chappell closet next the water-side in his Lodgings at the end of the long gallery."

"James Scot late Duke of Monmouth Landed at Lyme Rs in Dorsetshire w. about 150 men on the 11th day of June 1685. Hee was Routed at Weston-Moore near Bridgwater on Monday July ye 6th following. Hee was taken July 8th in Dorsetshire near Ringwood on the borders of Hampshire; He was brought to Whitehall July 13th and frō thence carryed to the Tower, and Executed on Tower Hill July 15th He dyed a Refractory ffanatick, owning (at the last) he had lived happily for 2 years last past wh ye Lady Harriot Wentworth as his wife; His Dutche/s when he saw her in the Tower he used but coldly."

"Since the vote of both houses, that the Throne is vacant, I think it will bee necessary and do so advise, to leave off prayeing for the late King James the Second and the Queen Consort and instead thereof to use the prayer for the Prince of Orange which was lately published.

ffeb: 9th 1688. H. London."

We will conclude our extracts with an entry showing the changes which the Whitehall service underwent at the command of King William:—

"It is His Matyes Pleasure that these Regulations be made in the Chapel Service.

"1st That there be no other musick in the Chappell, but the Organ.

"2. That no other part of ye service be sung to the Organ, besides the Anthems, and after the three first Collects, and the Holy, Holy &c, and the Glory be to God on High in the comunion Service.

"3. That no Prayers properly so called, in the Responses, Litany, or elsewhere, or the Amens be sung in any manner.

"Dated ffulham "Signed H. London

"Feb. 23rd 168$\frac{8}{9}$."

We will now proceed to the examination of those ancient and interesting records which relate to the Protestant refugees. The oldest volume of all is

the register of the Walloon Church of St. Julien, or God's House, at Southampton. There was a settlement of Walloons at this town, and also of refugees from the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Sark, and the Orkneys, as early as the reign of Edward VI. The church in question appears to have been founded in 1567, for the first entries contained in its register relate to that date, and a minute which we shall hereafter have occasion to quote, confirms the supposition by a direct mention of the age of the congregation. The register includes baptisms, marriages, and deaths. It also comprises lists of the persons who were admitted to the Holy Communion at the several monthly celebrations. We have examined with much interest the account of the communicants at the first *Sainte-Cène* administered to this congregation. The list is a long one; surprisingly so when the juvenility of the church is considered. But we presume that a congregation situated like that of "God's House" at the time to which we are referring, would number among its members but few grown persons who were not communicants. We find that the numbers were augmented almost every month by refugees newly arrived from Paris and elsewhere, who were introduced to the church of St. Julien by epistolary recommendations from their late pastors.

But the more interesting entries in the volume are to be discovered under the heading—"*Les Jeusnes.*" The fasts appointed for observance by the congregation were numerous; and there is an unmistakable air of simple, solemn earnestness about the minutes which relate to them—a circumstance not to be wondered at when we remember how real and practical a thing the religion of these Protestants must have become amidst the persecutions which had driven them to our shores. We can well understand with what intense interest the refugees would watch from their tranquil retreat the still-continuing sufferings of their fellow-Protestants on the continent, and how hearty and genuine would be their acts of intercession on behalf of their persecuted brethren. The good people seem however to have been somewhat superstitious, with all their manifest piety. One of their early fasts was partially induced by the appearance of a comet, which they regarded as a special token of the Divine anger.

It was only five years after the foundation of the church of St. Julien that the massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred. That unparalleled act must necessarily have plunged the refugees into the deepest gloom; and their gratitude for their own escape must have been well-nigh outweighed by agony on account of their murdered friends. The following entry, which occurs amongst the *Jeusnes*, partially relates, it will be seen, to the massacre. We give it *literatim*.

"Ian 1572 le 25e Jō de Setembre fut celebré Ung Jeusne publicq. la raison estoit por ce q̄ Monsieur le prince dorenge estoit Venue au paiis bas, auec Nouuelle Armee dalemaigne por a/aier A deliurer le paiis et les poures eglises hors de la main du duc dalbe Ce Cruel tiran. et Ausi principallement por ce q̄ les eglises de la France estoient en une merulleuse et horrible calamité extreme por ce q̄ ung horrible Masacre et sacre a avoit esté fet a paris le 24 Jor daoust passé ou grand Nombre de Nobles, et de fidelles furent tues en Jor et Nuit, environ de 12 ou 13 milles. la presche deffendue p̄ tout la Roiaume et tout les biens de fidelles pilles p̄ tout le Roiaume et por la consollation deux [*d'eux*] et du paiis bas et por prier le Sr [*Seigneur*] a leur deliurance fut celebré le jeusne solemnel."

Nor can we suppose that such intercessory exercises were unavailing. In the case before us, there undoubtedly was a wonderful recovery amongst the Protestants from the shock which they had sustained. By the interposition of Providence, the pastors of the Huguenot flocks had many of them escaped the cruel massacre. These good men were in many instances the means of keeping the congregations together, and of reviving the depressed spirits of individuals. Thus the Protestants were sustained under the blow which had fallen upon them; and various encouragements, which visited them from time to time, enabled them to remain constant until the year 1598, when the Edict of Nantes was proclaimed—the first legislative enactment in favour of the Reformation which had been passed by the French Government. May we not rightly connect this preservation of Protestant fidelity, with such earnest and solemn acts of intercession as that to which our quotation relates?

Amongst the records of fasts, which necessarily refer to calamitous events either dreaded or lamented, we meet here and there with entries of a different and more pleasing character. The following mention of a public thanksgiving for the destruction of the Spanish Armada is a case in point.

"Le 19e de Nouēbre 1588 graces furēt rendues publiquemēt au Seigneur pour la di/sipation estrange de la flotte d'Espagne quy s'estoit rendue aux costes d'Angleterre, pour conquester le dit royaume et le remettre sous la tyranie du pape."

In the year 1591, again we find an interesting allusion to a visit paid by Queen Elizabeth to Southampton, an event which occurred during September in that year. It appears that certain representatives of the congregation of "God's House," having being unable to obtain satisfactory access to her majesty during her stay in the place, presented themselves to the queen—headed, no doubt, by their pastor—just after she had left the town. The deputation proceeded to express to the royal lady their thanks for the twenty-four years of tranquillity, which by God's goodness they had enjoyed under her protection. The queen's reply appears to have been a gracious one. "Elle respondit," says the entry, "fort humainemēt." She expressed her gratitude to God, that He had given her the ability to gather together and befriend the suffering strangers; and she declared her belief that their prayers would greatly tend towards the security of her kingdom.

We are compelled to pass over many entries of more or less interest. During a period of seventy-seven years, after the date of the thanksgiving for

the destruction of the Spanish Armada, a great number of solemn public fasts were observed, on different occasions, by the congregation of "God's House." They related frequently to the sufferings of the Protestant Churches on the continent, but occasionally had reference to matters nearer home. These records are interspersed with a few entries of *Actions de Grâçes*, which show that the little society did not forget gratefully to acknowledge such blessings and deliverances as were from time to time vouchsafed both to their persecuted brethren and to themselves.

We select for quotation two more entries which relate to important events of our own history. The first, as will be seen, records the circumstance that a fast was observed in consequence of the visitation of the Plague; the second alludes in a similar manner to the Great Fire of London. As before, we give literal transcripts of the original entries, making exceptions, however, in the cases of two or three abbreviated words, the contractions of which would perhaps scarcely be intelligible in print. We do not think that our readers will be inclined to compliment the Registering Officer of "God's House," upon the correctness either of his spelling or of his composition. The entries are as follows:—

"Le 6^{em} de Decembre 1665 le Jusne fut celebré en cette Eglize cette Ville estant affligé de la Peste ces 5 mois passé estant mort de nostre petitt troupeau viron 20 p^{s}ones & des Englois enviro 800. Le Seign^{r} veile bien tost (*bientôt*) cesser cette vi/sitation et Isey (*ici*) et ailleurs."

"Le 10^{em} D'octobre 1666 Le Jusne fut celebré en cette Eglize par le comanndem^{t} du Roy come ausy toute les Eglizes Engloizes pour prier le Segn^{r} deppaiser son Ire et ce/ser ses Jugemens maintenant espandu sur ce Royaume la ville (Capitale) de Londres estant la plus grande partie consumé par le feu."

It is now generally believed that the Great Fire was a blessing in disguise. Probably most, if not all of the visitations which we are wont to ascribe to the wrath of Heaven, would be found, could we regard them from an altitude higher than that which our minds are usually able to reach, to come under the same category. But after all, it does not appear that we are at all times meant to climb to such an altitude. The impulse simply to "cry to the Lord in trouble," would seem to be a most wholesome one; although subsequent reflection may show us that the evil which once we deprecated was but a good in ugly guise. In their readiness to make every calamity or supposed calamity, the occasion for new and hearty humiliation before the Great Disposer of human events, we may at any rate safely follow the example of the good Refugees.

Walloon churches, besides that which we have mentioned, whose registers are to be found amongst the volumes now under our notice, were founded at Norwich, and Canterbury, and in Threadneedle Street, London. It must not be supposed, however, that these churches represent the total number of Walloon settlements in England. The strangers also established themselves at Sandwich, Colchester, Maidstone, and other towns, introducing various useful manufactures. For a full and interesting account of them we beg to refer our readers to Burn's History of the Foreign Refugees—a volume to which we are indebted for some of the facts mentioned in the present article. The church at Canterbury, like that at Southampton, appears to have been established in the reign of Edward VI., which sovereign granted to the foreign Protestants a Charter for the exercise of their religion. But the Canterbury books which have been preserved to the present time extend no further back than to the year 1590. The congregations at Norwich and Threadneedle Street seem to have been large and flourishing. The Registers relating to the latter body commence at 1599, and we find that in the following year 106 baptisms occurred at this church. During the same period 108 children were baptized by the pastor at Norwich.

The numbers of Protestant refugees, which had been greatly augmented after the frightful massacre of Paris in 1572, were more than ever increased when, a century later, Louis XIV. signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. On this occasion, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by the French government to stay the torrent of emigration, multitudes escaped. Hidden in casks and in bales of merchandise; huddled together in holes in the holds of vessels; sometimes even venturing to sea in open boats—the honest men and women whose consciences forbade compliance with the requirements of a religion which their hearts had learnt to detest, contrived to fly in large numbers to this and other countries. It is supposed that nearly 50,000 persons came to England. Were other evidence wanting to prove where the bulk of these immigrants settled, we could undertake to decide the question from the Records which form the subject of this paper. But the fact that the silk manufacture, which is well known to have been introduced into England by the Refugees, has its principal seat in the vicinity of Spitalfields, would lead us beforehand to the expectation of finding the main traces of their religion in that neighbourhood. And there, accordingly, we do find them. No less than eight of the French Protestant churches to which the volumes that we are considering belong, were situate at or near Spitalfields; and many of these volumes date back to within a short period of 1685—the year of the Revocation which drove the foreigners to our shores. A *répertoire général* of Baptisms performed at various French chapels, which has been deposited with the other Records at the General Register Office, includes moreover the Registers of two more congregations in the same locality.

It is impossible to restrain a feeling of pride and thankfulness when we reflect on the hospitalities shown by our country to these strangers. For the maintenance of their schools and pastors our sovereigns liberally provided; and here, in their chosen

land of refuge, the good and industrious artisans who constituted a large proportion of the immigrants, were allowed to worship God unmolested in the simple manner which they believed to be most acceptable to Him; while they prosecuted their useful handicrafts with a diligence and peaceableness which doubtless confirmed the respectful sympathy already entertained towards them by our forefathers, on account of their constancy under suffering and persecution. True, we had not ourselves in those days learnt the full meaning of the words "religious toleration." We were more ready to acknowledge the evil of intolerance as exhibited in other lands than to detect the same evil as it still existed in our own. Yet it is undoubtedly cause for congratulation that our nation stood foremost amongst those which earliest recognised the absurdity and wickedness of coercive measures in matters of faith, and which offered to the sufferers by such measures an asylum of safety and repose.

It will be remembered that the doctrinal teaching of the French Protestant Refugees was Calvinistic, and that their form of Church Government was Presbyterian. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to their distinctive tenets, it cannot be denied that their religion bore upon it the unmistakable stamp of genuineness. Tried by the safe and simple test of Holy Writ, their faith must needs have been a reality. The fruit was good. The tree could not have been bad. The old volumes at which we have glanced, wherein are enrolled the names of the Refugees and their descendants, will not perhaps have been uselessly referred to, if the reference renew our admiration for these brave, constant Huguenots—who self-expatriated themselves for their religion's sake, and whose pure morals in the land of their adoption commend them to our imitation no less than their fidelity under intolerance and ill-usage in their native country.

There can be no doubt that the immigration of 1685 was greatly beneficial to England. The silk manufacture; the arts of calico-printing and paper making; the more delicate operations of watch-making and jewellery, together with many other useful and important branches of industry, owe to the arrival of the Refugees either their introduction to the country, or their extension and improvement here. And, in addition to the material advantages which we have derived from the advent of the good and clever Frenchmen amongst us, we may be indebted for much that is not so distinctly traceable to their arrival. Who can tell the benefits which they may have conferred upon us in their prayers for our country and our kings? The register of one of the French Churches that we have referred to (the congregation of which church was small and poor) opens with the pathetic inscription: "Nostre aide et commencement soit au nom de Dieu qui a fait le ciel et la Terre." The grateful intercessions of the simple people who were accustomed habitually to rely upon that great name, must have been of no small value to the nation.

At one time there appear to have been in England no less than sixty-four congregations of French Protestants. At the period of the Commissioners' report on the non-parochial registers, however, (1838) this number had dwindled to five or six; while in the census returns for 1851, only three are mentioned as being in existence. The descendants of the original immigrants naturally became gradually incorporated with the English population, and their churches thus declined, and at length ceased to be. All the Spitalfields congregations have now been dissolved; and we suppose that the venerable volumes to which we have referred must constitute the most direct documentary evidence extant as to their former existence.

Let us now, finally, take a glance at another and an important body, whose registers form a remarkable feature in the curious collection of records which we have been considering. We refer to the Society of Friends.

This Society at first objected to resign their registers to the keeping of the Government. They replied, when such a transfer was originally suggested to them, that to retain their documents locally would be more conducive to the convenience both of the Society itself and of the general public, than to deposit them at a Metropolitan office. They therefore, for a while, courteously declined to surrender their records. At length, however, their objections gave way. The result was the transfer to the custody of the Registrar-General of nearly 1500 volumes of births, marriages, and burials—a number further augmented in the year 1857 by 124 additional books. A complete, and, as we are assured, a most accurately framed index of all these registers has been prepared by the Society, and is retained in their possession, being deposited at their central office in Houndsditch.

The registers of the Society of Friends have been better kept, and more carefully preserved, than those of any other religious denomination. Their scrupulous order and accuracy distinguish them from all the various volumes which surround them in the fireproof vault where they are now placed. They may be said to furnish a complete history of the interesting and respected body which they represent, from its foundation in the middle of the seventeenth century, down to the establishment of the present system of civil registration in the year 1837. Many of the volumes referring to the first years of the Society contained, when they were forwarded to London, valuable minutes relative to tenets, 'sufferings,'* and discipline; but these portions of the books were, in most cases, detached and returned to the places from whence they came, in pursuance of

* A gathering of the Society, which is connected with their yearly meeting, and is called a "Meeting for Sufferings," has been held by them from the early days of their history. It was originated with the object of urging the Government to grant relief from the many injuries to which the first adherents of the Society were subjected. Its purposes have, however, in course of time become somewhat modified and extended.

the expressed wishes of the senders. Sufficient matter has nevertheless been left behind in the shape of the registers proper, forcibly to illustrate many of the characteristics of the "People of God, called Quakers." We shall find further, that some of the minutes alluded to have been left in their original situations amongst the lists of births, marriages, and burials.

In the Friends' registers of births are to be found dates reaching back nearly to the commencement of the seventeenth century. We have ourselves discovered one entry having reference to a period so early as 1609, and we have reason to believe that others might be found relating to years even more remote still. This will surprise such of our readers as may remember that George Fox, the founder of the society, was not born until 1624, and that he did not begin to promulgate his opinions till two-and-twenty years later. The difficulty is cleared up, however, by the discovery—which a glance at the earlier registers enables us to make—that it was the custom of the Society to record the births of *all* their members—even of such as joined the body after having reached middle life. In these days it is illegal to register a birth more than six months subsequently to its occurrence. But the Society of Friends, naturally desirous in the infancy of their existence to enrol all their recruits, were not at all likely to bind themselves by any such restrictions. Their main object was, we suppose, to obtain an accurate account of the numbers of their adherents. We understand that at the present time, although they allow the general system of registration to supersede that which their Society adopted prior to 1837, yet they still record with great care by another process, both their births and burials, in order that lists of their members may be correctly kept, and that distinct evidence of all interments which take place in their own burial grounds may be preserved.

The remarkable precision and order which characterise the registers of the Friends aptly illustrate the eminently practical nature of their religion. That they have as a body carried out their principles into the minutiæ of daily life with pre-eminent consistency, their entire past history testifies. And when we come to examine their method of accomplishing the matter-of-fact process of registration, we find ourselves able to trace in the elaborate precision of that method, new evidence of the same rigid standard of Christian practice which from the first has regulated the entire habits, the furniture, the dress, the manners, and the speech of this remarkable sect.

Of the sixteen hundred admirably kept volumes which now represent the Society of Friends at the Registrar General's Office, the earlier books, although the entries which they contain are comparatively brief, give as good an idea of the general precision of the records as the later ones. One of the first methods of registration adopted was to record on a single page the complete history of a family. In the volumes prepared for this system each page was divided into three columns. In the first column were entered the births of the parents and their marriage. In the second the births of the children were recorded; while in the third were inserted, in course of time, notices of the burials of the entire family. This curious plan does not appear to have been followed for any great length of time. It must have presented great difficulties even to the Society of Friends, and would have been impracticable in any less perfectly organised body.

In these earlier registers are to be found many curious traces of the Quaker faith. It frequently happened, for instance, that persons embracing Quakerism had been previously married according to the rites of the Church. In some of these cases we find a solemn notification made in the first column of the register that such members had been "joined together by the priest before being convinced of the truth, and not according to the gospel order and practise of the people of God," or other words to the same effect, which illustrate that fundamental article of the Friends' creed that no separate class of men is specially authorised to administer the ordinances of a Christian community, and their persuasion that marriage is a divine institution, in which solemn covenant it is the prerogative of God alone to join persons together, and with respect to which they view the interference of a priest as an assumption altogether unwarranted by Holy Scripture, or by the example of the primitive church.

After a while the records of births, marriages, and burials, were kept distinctly; indeed, in some instances, this method was adopted from the first. The births were ultimately inscribed on parchment sheets, which sheets, when filled in, were inserted in volumes prepared to receive them. They were attested by the signatures of two or more persons who had been present at the scene of nativity. The documents which came under this category were therefore of the most unimpeachable authenticity. Not indeed that any of the Friends' records are otherwise than dependable. But the system by which they preserved the original signatures of the witnesses, was that in which their painstaking exactness reached its maximum, and their liability to error its minimum.

The burial registers are many of them of the same character. They consist, to a great extent, of notices issued to different grave-makers to prepare graves by certain given dates for the bodies of the persons whom they describe. Like the birth records to which we have alluded, they are entered on parchment sheets. The interment having been accomplished, the grave-maker notified the same at the foot of the sheet with which he had been furnished. His signature completed the document; and such document was finally inserted in its proper order in the particular volume designed to receive it.

But pains even more scrupulous and elaborate were bestowed upon entries of marriages. The Friends appear to have been singularly cautious,

from the first, on all subjects connected with matrimony. "Great care was taken," says the historical sketch, published by the Society in 1864, "in regard to proceedings in marriage; investigation as to the clearness of the parties from other marriage engagements, full publicity of their intentions, and the consent of parents, appear to have been recommended in early times as preliminaries to the ratification of the agreement between the parties; and this act took place publicly in the religious meetings of the Society." The restrictions and recommendations were of an undoubtedly salutary character. Marriages amongst first cousins, for instance, were discountenanced from the earliest days of the Society. "It is our judgment," says a minute of 1675, "that not only those marriages of near kindred, expressly forbidden under the law, ought not to be practised under the Gospel, but that we in our day ought not to take first cousins in marriage. And though some have been drawn into such marriages, let not their practise be a precedent or example to any others amongst us for the time to come." The following advice from different meetings shows with what seriousness the marriage contract has continued to be regarded by the Society. "We earnestly advise and exhort all young and unmarried Friends, that they do not make any procedure one with another upon the account of marriage without first applying to their parents or guardians for their consent and agreement therein. And we also advise that, in the first place, all young persons concerned seriously wait upon the Lord for counsel and clearness in this weighty concern, before they make any procedure with any in order to marriage; that they may not be led by any forward or uncertain affections in this great concern to their own hurt, the grief of their friends, and the dishonour of the truth."

And an accurate record of the contract itself, as well as a careful examination into the qualifications of the contracting parties, was considered necessary amongst the Friends at an early period of their history, and has continued to be so considered. The following entry, which relates to a marriage in the year 1695, and which may be taken as a fair specimen of the registers of that day, will prove the care bestowed upon the wording of these records. The page containing the entry to which we refer, is headed by a statement of the birth and parentage of the bride and bridegroom. Then follows the marriage record thus:—

"These are to certify all whom it may concern, That whereas the Agreement and Intention of Marriage Betwixt us Samuel Overton of Grove Field in the Parish of Hampton-Lucy in the County of Warwick Husbandman, and Mary Lucas of Afft-Church in the same County Single woman, hath been openly published several times (according to church order) and no objection made against us; Now upon this Twenty-Fourth Day of the first Month called March in the year one Thousand six Hundred Ninety and {Four / Five} We the said Samuel and Mary have openly and solemnly, as in the presence of God and before the Congregation of his People, taken each other in Marriage to live together as Husband and Wife, according to God's Divine Ordinance and Appointment (Gen: 2. 24 & Ch: 24. 14) in Testimony whereof we have hereunto set our Hands the Day and Year above written.

"Samuel Overton. Mary Overton.

"And that they the aforesaid Samuel and Mary were this day openly and solemnly married, according to the Order of the Church of Christ, and the good examples of God's People in ages past, mentioned in the holy Scriptures (Ruth 4. Matt: 19—5. 6. John 2—1. 2. 1 Tim: 5—14,) We whose names are hereunder written (being members of the same Church and Eye and Ear-Witnesses of the Publication and Marriage aforesaid) Do hereby give in our Testimonies for them and with them, to Remain upon Record unto Posterity, as a witness for God and his People against all the works of Darkness, and all such as go together therein, out of which God hath called us to bear witness of his Everlasting Covenant of Light and Truth, upon the Earth, In which stands the Marriage that is truly honourable, unto which we bear record for the clearing of the Truth, and such as live in it, from Scandals and false Reports; and for the full satisfaction of all People that in any wise may be concerned therein. Signed with our own hands the Day and Year above written."

Then follow the signatures of the witnesses; who are forty in number.

In course of time the Friends began to use printed forms for their marriage registers. Some of the volumes containing these forms are of an exceedingly bulky and imposing description. They consist of thick folios massively bound in leather, and printed within in large Italian type upon sheets with broad margins. The entries are not quite so lengthy as that quoted above; but they still give evidence of the scrupulous care which characterises all the records of the Society, and the form is framed with the greatest verbal precision. In these printed volumes (and others) the words employed by the bride and bridegroom at the time of marriage (the same, we believe, as those which the Quakers use at the present day under similar circumstances) are inserted. "Friends," says the man taking the woman by the hand, "in the fear of the Lord, and before this assembly, I take this my friend —— to be my wife, promising, through Divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until it shall please God by death to separate us." The woman then, taking the man by the hand, repeats the same words with the necessary modifications.

The number of persons who attached their signatures to the marriage entries was in some instances extremely large. "In the mouth of *two* or *three* witnesses," says Scripture, "shall every word be established." But the Friends were evidently of opinion that the "two or three" might with advantage be largely multiplied. They were clearly determined "to make assurance doubly (and much more than doubly) sure." We have ourselves counted the names of as many as a hundred and twenty witnesses added at the foot (or at the back) of an entry. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that the issue of certificates to prove a Quaker pedigree, is a matter frequently involving no small amount of labour. We should mention, however, that abbreviated copies of marriage entries are often to be found in the records of the quarterly meetings.

The benevolence and liberality of the Society of Friends are universally acknowledged, and have recently been remarked upon in the pages of GOOD WORDS. That the Quakers' generosity was recognised even when the association was in its infancy, we think the following quotation will show. The evidence is of a kind which is often of more value than any other. The generosity is proved, not by the testimony—which might be prejudiced—of those who were its legitimate recipients; it is shown by the witnessed existence of a person who found it worth his while deliberately to take wicked advantage of that generosity.

The entry is taken from one of the Cornwall registers. It is, we think, amusing, as affording a quaint instance of that gentle yet wary demeanour which would seem to have been characteristic of the Friends throughout their entire history—a demeanour exemplifying at once, and in odd conjunction, the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove:—

"From a monthly meeting at Truro the 12 day of $\frac{12}{\text{mo}}$ 1677.

"Friends,

"This is to give notice that there is a young man lately gone out of Penrhyn in this County whose name is Bartholomew Shepherd; he sometimes came to Friends meetings and took the bouldness in a presumptuous manner to stand up as a preacher in some places. But hath of late lived very loosly and hath made it his business to borrow money of several Friends and others in these parts and hath contracted several debts wh he is no way able to pay and now he is gone away. These are therefore to pursue him that no Friends nor charitable people may be deceived by him he is a tall young man aged about 20 yrs something of a long visage. By trade he styles himself a cutler he hath formerly been at London and some other countries and hath left an ill savour behind him, and now in Love to ye precious Truth and in tenderness to all that do profess it we write this, lest any should be deceived by him when he is not (?) and we desire that copies of this with the remembrance of our love may be sent to the several monthly meetings in England and elsewhere from us whose names are under written."

While referring to the benevolence of the Friends, we cannot refrain from citing an example of this virtue which they have given in our own day, but which is not, we believe, generally known. We allude to their liberality at the time of the Irish famine. In the year 1847, the Quakers raised and distributed amongst our suffering fellow-subjects in Ireland, the sum of 200,000*l.*

The persecutions and annoyances to which the Friends were subjected at the commencement of their history, are witnessed by several curious entries in the volumes before us. The zeal and enthusiasm of the adherents of the Society were likely to excite reproach and opposition; and it cannot be denied that Members were often treated with an amount of cruelty and injustice as honourable to the patient sufferers, as it was dishonourable to those who inflicted it. At the same time, it seems probable that on many occasions the Friends, from lack of sound judgment, laid themselves open to the spiteful treatment of the magistracy, without in the smallest degree benefiting their own cause, or even satisfactorily exemplifying their principles. We think our readers will agree with us that their habit of visiting the churches (or to use the Friends' expression, "steeple-houses"), in order that they might publicly challenge the scriptural character of the service, was a kind of proceeding as entirely indefensible, as it was certain to be useless with respect to its object—although the address to the priest or congregation may not necessarily have been (and we believe generally was not,) intruded as a positive interruption to the worship. Although the good men who acted in this manner, doubtless did so under impulses which they closely connected with some of their best and holiest aspirations; yet it must be admitted as not improbable, that they often mistook for the special leadings of the Holy Ghost, the mere suggestions of their own minds.

The following quotations from a volume of the Monthly Meeting of Colchester, Essex, will give to the reader an account of some of these intrusions from the Friends' point of view. He will be enabled to draw from the statements what deductions he pleases. Some of the minutes relative to this matter have evidently been cut out from the book. Examples more than sufficient to answer our purpose, have however been left behind, from which we select the subjoined:—

"12th $\frac{5}{\text{mo}}$ 1655. James Parnell sent prisoner thither * by Dionisius Wakering Thomas Cooke Herbert Pelham and William Harlackenden for Speaking to Priest Willis in the Steeplehouse at Great Coggeshall where he remained a Prisoner about tenne months suffering much abuse from the Jaylor's wife and there died an Innocent Sufferer for ye testimony of Jesus."

"28 day of ye 3 month 1657. William Monk of Sandon sent a prisoner to Colchester Castle by Henry Mildmay and John Passall of Much Baddow called Justices, for speaking to a Priest after he had done his worship, and Priest Smith of Sandon began to speak to the people after the other Priest had done on purpose to hinder the said William from speaking. The said William Monk was kept prisoner about two years and four monthes by a statute made in Queen Mareys dayes."

"28th of 10th mo. 1657. John Sewell of Gestingthorp being moved of the Lord to goe in the steeplehouse at Hedingham Castle stood silent till the Priest had ended his service who having sprinkled a child with water the said John bid him prove that ever any minister of Christ sprinkled water upon the face of any child and called it baptism, which he refused to doe but caused the said John to be had before him called Justice Eden who committed him to Colchester Castle where he suffered imprisonment on y^r account about 12 or 14 dayes."

The views of the Society, with respect to war, have, from the first, been plainly expressed. "We entreat all who profess themselves members of our Society," says the printed Epistle of 1744, "to be faithful to that ancient testimony, *borne by us ever since we were a people*, against bearing arms and fighting; that by a conduct agreeable to our profession, we may demonstrate ourselves to be real followers of the Messiah the Peaceable Saviour."

A later Epistle, that of 1790, exhibits further the

* To Colchester Castle.

opinions of the Friends on this subject. "We entreat that when warlike preparations are making, Friends be watchful, lest any be drawn into loans, arming or letting out their ships or vessels, or otherwise promoting the destruction of the human species."

We insert the following entries in proof of the inconveniences to which the Friends were exposed, during the reign of Charles the Second, for their rigid adherence to these anti-warlike convictions.

"Distrained for not finding Armes. 1671. 3d mo. 4th day. Jno Hurly (then Junr) fined four pounds, had taken from him by Henry Garland & Edwd Rout Sergants in Ralph Crefilds Company three quarters of a hundred and thirteen pound wtt of kettles worth six pounds five shillings."

"Solomon Hormantell ye same day distrayned by the said Sergants of 40/s fine, a clock worth 50/s."

"Thomas Cole for 40/s fine had taken from him by Segismund Baker & J. ——- Sergants and Wm Wiltshire Constable a good feather bed & blanket value of about three pounds."

"George Neatherly for twenty shillings fine for half an armes under Capt Moore fined by ye deputy Lieutenants, had taken from him by Joseph Andrewes, John Hardee, Thomas Rose Constables & John Russell, Robert Pate, Peter Savil & Henery James Witnesses 9 bushels ½ of Mault the 13th of 12th month 1676 worth £1 : 01 ss : 00."

The above entries are taken from the Colchester volume which has before been referred to.

Although we are ourselves very far from agreeing with the views entertained by the Society of Friends, we must confess to a feeling of regret at the recollection that the numbers of that venerable body are steadily decreasing in this country. Whatever may be the cause of the diminution the fact is undoubted. "The marriages among Quakers," says the Registrar General's last Annual Report—that for 1863*—"exhibit an almost yearly decline." That the Friends themselves attribute the decrease in the sum of their British adherents to the continuous emigration of their members to America is well known; but we understand that this explanation is not considered altogether satisfactory. Perhaps the days are becoming too impetuous, and the notions of men too material, to admit the continuance amongst us of the religious transcendentalism of the Quakers. Perhaps the Society is only obeying that universal law by which human ideas, even the best and purest, having been as it were worn for a while, are folded up and put away, to give place to other garments of thought, better suited than the old to the growing necessities of the time.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

But whatever may be the ultimate fate of Quakerism in England, its past history can never be forgotten, nor cease to bear wholesome fruit. That portion of truth which it was the mission of the Friends to uphold, they have upheld with constancy in the face of much opposition; and the purity of their entire principles has been evidenced by thousands of beautiful Quaker lives. These are facts the results of which no lapse of time, no modifications of opinion, can obliterate. For our own part, we have glanced over the Quaker Records, and over the history which those Records have brought before us, with a feeling of sincere respect and admiration; and we are inclined to believe that this feeling will have been in some degree shared by most of our readers.

We have now completed the brief survey of English Nonconformity which our nine thousand registers suggested; and it has been impossible so to consider the various creeds, without perceiving on all hands the tokens of that human frailty which, alas! pervades them all. But such a review naturally leads us also into another and a pleasanter line of thought. It reminds us that real goodness, in its broad and essential features, is ever beautifully the same; and that whatever may be the good man's particular prejudices or distinctive phraseology, he is always a man who does justly, loves mercy, and walks humbly with his God.

EDWARD WHITAKER.

* Since this paper was written, the Report for 1864 has been published.

LILIES.

SHE came in the dewy dawning,
Where a little brooklet ran,
With the blue sky for an awning
And a white flower for a fan.

Spring-light was on the meadows,
Spring-light was in her eyes,
And she saw in the stream the shadows
Of the lilies fall and rise.

The stream roll'd to the river,
And the river roll'd to the sea,
And the years that roll for ever
Bore the maiden away from me.

But I bless the Heaven that sent her,
Though spring has taken its flight,
And summer changed into winter,
And all my day into night.

And I often dream of the valleys
Long ago, and the sweet spring-tide,
And the little stream and the lilies,
And the maiden that stood beside.

H. R. HAWEIS.

FAITH WORKING, RESTING, FIGHTING, AND CONQUERING.

III.—FAITH WORKING.

"Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace."—Ruth ii. 2.

"Remembering without ceasing your work of faith." The Repentance of Faith, and the Resolution of Faith, is followed in due order by the Work of Faith. That is no true Repentance which does not resolve: and that is no true Resolution which does not work.

Work has many aspects. It may be treated as a portion of man's curse.

"In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread," was one section of the original curse.

But it was not work which was new to man. From the beginning work had been assigned to him: the difference was that work henceforth was to be both excessive in degree and comparatively unremunerative. The earth was to bring forth in great part thorns and thistles in return for labour: and that labour was to be no longer moderate and wholesome, but wearisome and disproportionate.

Still for fallen man work was also a safeguard. It is in the idle heart, it is in the indolent life, that the rankest weeds of evil grow: a toil so hard as to be the gradual undermining of the physical strength, is yet the protection of the moral and may be the safety of the spiritual being.

And not only so. Let the labouring man compare lives with the luxurious, and his lot will be found on the whole to be the happier. "The sleep of a labouring man is sweet," says the Book of Ecclesiastes, "whether he eat little or much: but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep." If work is not always happiness, certainly idleness is always misery.

And yet once more: there is a dignity too in work. God Himself works: works all days alike: works, as none else, without intermission and without repose. Else would the universe be broken up, order become again chaos, and life death. If Christ can say, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," such a sentence elevates at once the humblest toil, dignifies the meanest, and consecrates the commonest.

Now since work is thus universally God's ordinance for His creatures; even for His holy Angels who have never fallen; an ordinance on the whole beneficent, and destined (we trust) to be perpetuated even in that "new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; an ordinance in the keeping whereof He Himself goes before, and calls upon man to be but His follower and imitator; it is plain that the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ could not leave this great topic untouched; could not possibly fail to say something about work; about its place in the system of the Divine life in man; about its proper motive and method, about its duty, its blessing, and its reward.

The Gospel of Christ does *not* leave work out. On the contrary, it is full of it. And when we take now for our subject the brief but comprehensive thesis, Faith Working, we know not how to grasp or to handle it; so wide is its reach, so large its compass, so manifold its application.

Men have quarrelled oftentimes about Faith and Work. They have tried to set the one against the other, and asked which of the two it is which justifies. We shall not enter into that vexed question. We shall only say very briefly, that, where one of the two is certainly, there, as of course, is the other really. Faith which works not, is not, in God's sense, Faith: and work which springs not of Faith is not, in God's sense, work.

The two words, Faith Working, seem to remind us that there are other things which work besides Faith. Let us set before our minds, first of all, two or three of these other labourers in the great work-field of life, that we may see afterwards how they differ from their one Christian and Evangelical rival, which is the grace of Faith.

1. Nature works.

Sometimes in the mere consciousness of health and vitality. There is that in a man which will not and cannot be idle. If his position is such that he wants nothing; that he "has all and abounds" by no exertion of his own; wealth left to him from his forefathers, a home furnished and a table supplied from day to day by dependents whom he feels not the cost of lodging and feeding and paying for their service; then, rather than endure the wretchedness of utter inaction, he will make a toil even of his pleasures: he will "rise up early and late take rest," spend wearisome days for the *sake* of toil, that he may even deceive himself into the thought that he is busy, and escape that tedium of indolence against which he bears witness half unconsciously that it is the very foe of peace. Thus even Wealth works. The Esaus of a luxurious home will take their quiver and their bow, and go to the field day by day to hunt for their venison.

And certainly the opposite of Wealth works. Want works. A large part of the human family literally eats its bread in the sweat of its face. For how many millions of homes, at this moment, is the father of the family the winner of its bread, and the mother of the family the patient, uncomplaining, yet (to speak plainly) drudging housewife! Want works: works that it may live: works that it may supply life to those whom God has given to it as its own.

And does not Covetousness work—and Avarice work—that "love of money" (in some one or other of its forms) of which an Apostle writes that it "is a root of all evil?" When want is satisfied, wishing begins. The lust of having is not filled with getting:

and to add this grain and that to an already heaped-up store, is found as powerful an incentive to labour as that first urgency of necessity which made the man ask, "What shall I eat? and wherewith shall I be clothed?" Where is he who really knows when he has enough, or counts that a reason for repose, which he can possibly turn into a motive for labour?

And does not Ambition work? Men, on the one hand, who want nothing—men, on the other hand, who desire nothing—of the vulgar wealth of this world, will yet spend ceaseless toil upon the pursuit of honour. What is it which makes men politicians; whether in the small affairs of a town, or in the great interests of a nation? What is it which makes men willing to spend in a sultry arid city weeks and months of a glorious summer, which is enriching their distant fields and gardens with a beauty lost upon their possessor? Ambition—in one of its forms or in many—the ambition of fame, or the ambition of power, or the ambition of fashion, or the ambition of importance—this reconciles a man to anything: Ambition works: works with an earnestness and a devotion which it is hard sometimes to distinguish from self-sacrifice.

And does not Knowledge work—knowledge, and the thirst of knowledge? What is to come, in ten thousand cases, of all this accumulation of wisdom? For one man who rises to distinction by writing, thousands live laborious days and nights in reading: this appetite, like others, grows by indulgence; and every year sends to the grave many a mind filled with undivulged secrets of knowledge, and many a brain prematurely worn out by relentless and now profitless researches. Work has its victims as well as its votaries: and no insignificant portion of these are men who have martyred themselves in knowing.

Do we blame indiscriminately these workers who are not yet of Faith? Doubtless human life is the gainer by every kind and department of industry. The labourers of society are its benefactors. Better any work than any idleness.

And we must add yet one more to the list of workers; one which comes nearer than any before it to that of which we are in quest, and yet stops short of being that which alone is distinctively Christian.

Duty works. There are those who are brought day by day to the performance of the task set them, not by inclination, but in spite of it; not from a superabundance of energy which must have its vent, but rather with a conscious lack of energy which must be made up for by the mere sense of duty. There are men who would give much for repose: men, too, who might rest without wanting: men, too, for whom the world has found no honour—whose business is uncongenial to them if not repulsive, and who ply it from youth to age without expectation of success or hope of change. And yet they work. Duty works, as well as want, or covetousness, or ambition, or the thirst of knowledge: Duty works also; works on principle; and seems at first sight to miss scarcely by a hair's breadth that higher, that highest attainment, the working of a principle which is not of this world, the spiritual gift and grace of faith.

2. Faith works.

And a very little consideration will show us some definite points in which the work of Faith differs from any of those industries of which we have hitherto spoken. The little Parable of the text will then be expounded, and we shall hear Faith saying, in reference to the life-work proposed to her, "Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after Him in whose sight I have found grace."

(1) The work of Faith looks within.

Nothing can be plainer, and yet nothing is more often forgotten, than that out of the heart (in all senses) are the issues of life. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Speech, Christ says, is the mere overflow of the heart. And so action is nothing but the expression of an inward principle; the coming out of something which first is within. These things, to a Christian, are self-evident. But when we go on to apply them, some dispute, some mistake, almost all evade them.

Life, we say, is seen by God in its spring. It is not the performance, by daily routine, of a certain number, nor even a certain kind, of separate acts. It is not the mere discharge of the offices which belong to the particular station in which God has placed us. It is not merely a careful attention to business, a studious regard to propriety, nor even the addition to these of a regular and decent attendance upon the ordinances of Divine worship. There is nothing, in any of these things, or in all of them, which necessarily implies there being anything left when this mortal husk and shell is stripped off from the soul which it encases. All these things may have been done and well done, and yet the immortal soul, when it has shuffled off its bodily circumstance, may find itself utterly unqualified (to say the least) for that standing before God, and still more for that dwelling with God, which is the thing which comes after death, the thing which is to be through eternity. The question, "What will you do in Heaven?" is one which may well sound with disquietude and consternation in many ears not of the profane or dissolute, not of the blasphemers of God or of the open injurers of man.

The work of Faith then, unlike other works, begins within. Faith, which is the sight of the unseen, apprehends the existence of spirit, the possibility of regeneration, and the direct influence of Divine grace upon the heart and soul of man. It would not be faith—in the Christian sense—if it did not apprehend these mysteries. Before Faith can set out upon her gleaning, she must find grace in the sight of One unseen. One half of her work, and that the primary and the most essential, has to be done within. Not indeed that the outward work can stand still until the inward work is accomplished. Day by day a man must fulfil the duties which grow out of his circumstances. Nor would the inward work really be prospered by the

suspension or postponement of the outward. Still we say that the inward comes first; first in importance, first (in a sense) in order. No man's day's work will be interfered with by prayer and watching. On the contrary, the day is lengthened for effective labour by every moment taken from it at either end for deep communing and earnest wrestling with Him who is alike God of Nature, God of Providence, and God of Grace. Look well to the condition of that soul, the health of which, the prosperity of which, will evermore communicate itself to the work and to the life. Neglect that, and then, whatever else it may be, yours will not be the work of Faith: it will not have the benediction of God: there will be nothing of it left when the thoughts of earth perish.

(2) The work of Faith looks upward.

Faith does not make that broad and deep line, which some draw, between religious work and unreligious. And though we have spoken of the work of Faith as beginning within, this is not to be understood as though Faith first looked to the heart and then went out to attend to the life. Faith is a thing which "moves altogether where it moves at all;" pervades everything, and makes all things of one piece and colour: insomuch that Prayer is concerned much about matters of duty and conduct, and Action, in its turn, whatever it be, draws all its strength and vitality from the Divine communion.

The work of Faith, throughout, looks upward. Not in seasons of worship only. "I have set the Lord always before me: because He is on my right hand, I shall not be moved." The eye of Faith is upon God, even while the hand of Faith, and the foot of Faith, is moving among the things of this world.

We have scarcely yet expressed the particular thing now intended.

The motto of the work of Faith, in this respect, is a double motto. One part of it has been given: "I have set the Lord always before me." The other is, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God." The one is the spiritual side, the other the practical. "God is at my right hand"—that is the strength: "My work is God's will"—that is the motive.

What assurance, what quietness, what unity, what dignity, is given to my day's work, by just remembering that, whatever it is—however humble, or however difficult—however dull, or however suffering—it is the will of God! It is the will of God that the rich man should be bountiful, that the active man should be useful, that the public man should be patriotic, that the poor man should be provident, that the lawyer should be upright, the physician humane, the clergyman diligent. It is the will of God that I should this day go forth to my work and to my labour until the evening; furnishing my little quota to earth's toils and to man's happiness; serving my generation in the humble offices, at home and abroad, in which God has set me towards my fellows, until the long night cometh when I can no more work. It is the will of God that I should to-day pay this visit of courtesy or of charity, do this act of duty or kindness, read this book, write this letter, hold this converse; and I, because I have found grace in His sight—because He has so loved me as to give His Son to die for me, and so borne with me and had patience as to give me this added day of life, reason, and efficiency—I therefore "delight to do it: Lo, I come," like my Master before me, because "in the Volume of the Book" it is prescribed to me—I delight to do God's will, "yea, His law is within my heart."

Thus Faith looks upward in working.

(3) The work of Faith looks around.

It may be said of most, if not of all the workers before enumerated, that their toil was in a great degree selfish. The work of pleasure-seeking, and the work of money-getting, and the work of ambition, is essentially and altogether selfish. The work of necessity, of providing for a family, of keeping bread in the house and hunger from the household, has probably in it a large admixture of selfishness: at all events, if it looks beyond itself, it looks not beyond its own. The work of acquiring knowledge, unless it be sedulously guarded, is commonly, if not of necessity, a self-seeking labour. Even the work of duty—if it stops with duty—may centre in and be circumscribed by self. It is only Faith, which knows how to be really unselfish. If any of the other workers are so in any degree, it must be, we may venture to say, by an admixture, by the aid, of Faith. But of Faith it is written that it "worketh by love."

How is this?

Faith says, "Let me go now to the field, and glean ears of corn after Him in whose sight I have found grace." The work of Faith is the imitation of Christ. The work of Faith is the following and gleaning after Christ. No words could be more expressive. It is but a gleaning which is left to Faith. The work of Christ Himself is the harvest. It is He who wrought entirely by love. It is He who carried unselfishness to its limit, and left to those who come after, only, as it were, "the gleaning grapes when the vintage is done."

But that Faith which looks within, and which looks above, does really look around also. Faith does look not only on her own things, but on the things of others. Faith does seriously contemplate the wants and the woes and the wickednesses which are making havoc of humanity, and has something truly of "that mind" in her "which was also" first and perfectly "in Christ Jesus."

The working of Faith is through love. "By this shall all men know" that ye have faith, "if ye have love one to another."

How is it then that any work of benevolence or charity stands still amongst us? How is it that institutions which have the love of man for their motive, and the good of man for their object, are left imperilled and in suspense, while we "run every man to his own house," and care not if the

work of love, which is the work of God, stands still in mid course or fails to reach the goal?

In other words, "How is it that we have no Faith?" for the Faith which works not by love, is, in God's sight, a Faith which is not.

(4) The work of Faith looks onward.

Whatever is not seen is an object of Faith.

An Apostle teaches us that it is by faith that we apprehend even past things which we saw not. "By Faith we believe that the worlds were framed by the word of God:" things seen, out of things which appear not.

And so it is by Faith that we apprehend things within, and things above, and (in a certain sense) things around also. Because, when we speak of the aspect of Faith towards things around, we speak, evidently, not of material things, but of the true interests of mankind; just of those things which make little show, which force not themselves upon notice, or which, by the nature of the case, are incapable of doing so; bodies racked by pain in secret homes, or souls endangered by sin, where the chief malady is insensibility and silence.

But most of all is Faith exercised in things not only spiritual but future. "Faith is the substance (confidence) of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The work of Faith looks onward.

Oftentimes would Faith faint if it had not an onward aspect.

Faith sees at present so few results. The labour of days and weeks and months and years seems all gone for nothing. "Then I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain." Not one life seems to have been altered by many expostulations, not one soul permanently benefited by rivers of tears or by mountains of efforts. How can I carry on this lost, this thankless labour? How can I persevere to the end in the toils of a love never repaid, never requited?

Now Faith has in itself the antidote of despair. Efforts are mine: results are God's. "Though Israel be not gathered, yet my God shall be my strength." He never promised a speedy success. He never promised a success which the vain workman could gloat over, or a triumph which should parade itself in spirits led captive. Faith is willing to wait for the day of God's power; willing to be lost and forgotten in the eventual ingathering. "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Had Christ Himself counted His successes up to the moment when "He made His soul an offering for sin," eleven poor men, and a few faithful women, would have been the sum total of His achievement. Even after the miracle of Resurrection, and the forty days of His tarrying, "the number of the names together were" but "an hundred and twenty." Only by Faith could He Himself "see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." Not even yet, eighteen centuries afterwards, does He see the kingdoms of this one little earth become actually the kingdoms of His reign and of His possession. He looked onward then: He looks onward still. "For the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross:" for the joy still to be revealed He endures the long ages of an intercessory priesthood, strivings of grace, and mediatorial expectation. Even thus must it be—and well may it be—with the work of Faith below. "The disciple is not above his Master." What He counts worth the waiting for, well may we wait for, and not faint.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises." But they had "seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them."

God grant us all that grace of patience, which is the very crown and glory of the work of Faith! What have we done for Christ, that we should expect to reap, while He is yet "awaiting the early and latter rain?" Looking within, that there be no rootless growth there; looking upward, that there be no forgetfulness of the source and spring of life; looking around, that there be no listless idling and no selfish complacency; let us look onward also, that there be no short-sighted reckonings and no irrational disappointments! Happy is he to whom it shall be said, "Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days!"

IV.—FAITH RESTING.

"I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest: for it is Thou, Lord, only that makest me dwell in safety."—Psalm iv. 8.

THERE are two great and equal necessities of man's nature: Work and Rest.

A man cannot be happy without either, without both, of these. We must have work; and we must have rest.

Once the two things were one. An unfallen being finds repose in activity. In Heaven "there is no night." The will of God is done there, not only perfectly, but continually. Those holy spirits which behold the face of God, and are sent forth thence to minister to the heirs of salvation, could do but half, not half, of their office, if they took either night or day for rest from labour. "They rest not day nor night." They rest in working.

So shall it be, we doubt not, with us, when once the rest of the grave has removed all trace of the languors of earth, and the body of humiliation is transformed into that body of glory which never faints nor is weary either of the song of praise or of the office of love.

Meanwhile there is, for us, a divorce of the two things which God had joined together, work and rest. Work begins where rest ends: not until work is ended can rest begin. That is the condition of earth. "Man goes forth to his work and to his

labour until the evening." When night comes, "no man can work."

We have spoken before of Nature Working, and of Faith Working. Now we are to speak of the Resting of Nature, and the Resting of Faith.

1. God our Father, merciful even to the fallen, has recognized an alternation of rest as a necessity of our being. It was God who "called the light Day," and set the greater of the "two great lights" to rule it. And it was God who "called the darkness Night," and left not even night unregarded in His provision for its comfort and its beauty. "So He giveth His beloved sleep." So He recruits exhausted energies, and testifies, not by voice but by sign, to the reality of His providence and the certainty of His judgment.

"Nature rests." Night by night she lies down to sleep, guarded by a hand denied or forgotten. She too is in God's keeping: even to her He leaves not Himself without a witness.

But there is a craving in man's heart for repose and relaxation, which this provision of natural sleep cannot satisfy. The want of Rest, the desire of Rest, the pursuit of Rest, lies deeper, and soars higher, and stretches further.

Where is the man who has not in his mind some project of rest? Not, necessarily, a rest of inaction; but at least a rest from weariness—whether it be the weariness of mere labour, or the weariness of monotony, of irksomeness, of compulsion.

The boy looks on to his holidays: not that he may do nothing: perhaps his holiday pursuits may be more vigorous than the occupations of school: but that he may get rid of constraints, please himself, do what he likes to do, and in that find rest.

And the man of mature age—is not he like him? Dull indeed is that life which has not some prospect, however indefinite, however remote, of repose. In early manhood, it may be the prospect of making for one's self a home—word full of rest! of venturing upon independence and marriage; of building a nest of safe and lawful felicity, in which all shall be concord and comfort, blessing and love. Later on, it may take the form of planning for retirement. We begin to talk of the vanity of ambition, of the unsatisfactoriness of a life drained to the dregs in business, of the comfort of having now and then a half hour of idleness, of the pleasure of being able to look forward to a little command of time, an occasional change of scene, perhaps a little enjoyment of society, or (it may be) a little attention to the soul. At last it comes to a desire of repose, pure and simple. The old man drags himself unwillingly from his chair and his fire; prefers the day which has no mark upon it, and the night which comes between two night-like days.

There is, I say, a prospect and a project of rest—whatever we call rest—in all of us. What we call rest varies greatly with temperament, with circumstances, with habit, with age.

And as Rest in its simplest form is God's gift to us, and Rest in its highest form God's promise, so is Rest, in its widest sense, man's one motive; the spring of much that is noble in action, and of all that is base.

What is it which makes the Statesman careless of pleasure, the Scholar of society, the Philanthropist of money, the Missionary of home? Each is seeking rest—what he pictures as rest—what to him would be rest, might he but reach it! Fame, knowledge, good done, souls saved—each of these is a terminus—however various in value and in satisfaction: the last was so even to Him of whom Prophecy writes, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

And again—to change abruptly to the very opposite—what is it which makes the spendthrift reckless of possession, the idler of success, the intemperate man of health, the immoral man of character? Is it that any one of these is really unaware of the amount which he is staking—of the utter, ruinous risk which he is running—when he yields to such habits, or even when he does the first acts which form them? No—but he is seeking rest: it is a want of his nature—and his, perhaps, is a low nature, and this is its idea of rest: day after day, night after night, he has the thirst of rest upon him—what we may truly call the lust of resting: and as he cannot go without his rest, and cannot wait God's time for it, or even reason's and wise men's time for it, he must seize it at once, and do yet again this thing which he knows, while he does it, to be folly and misery, sin and death.

Rest is Nature's end: and Nature makes for it in her own way; by a short road or a long one, according to her constitution, education, or caprice. If a man is wise, as man reckons wisdom, he is seeking rest: if a man is a fool, as God and man alike reckon folly, he is seeking his rest still!

2. We will leave these things here, and pass on to better. Our subject is, "Faith resting."

For, observe, the want of rest, and the desire of rest, and the pursuit of rest, is not wrong. God does not reprove any one of them. He only says, This is not your rest, and this is: this is a premature, a self-made, a fallacious and a fatal resting; and this other thing is a rest indeed for the soul, because it is a rest from Me and in Me. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Faith is the apprehension of that rest; the laying hold now upon the promise, the entering at last into the fruition. Faith which works is a Faith also which rests.

(1) There is a resting of Faith which is habitual. Faith rests while it works.

This is a peculiarity of the true Gospel. No false religion could teach it. Many human forms even of the true Gospel do not teach it. Many professed disciples of Christ Himself—men to whom the name of religious persons cannot be denied—never learn it. True faith rests habitually; rests in working. It is a paradox; but a paradox full of truth, full of beauty, full of admonition.

When King Asa went out against Zerah the Ethio-

pian, and set the battle in array against overwhelming numbers, he cried to the Lord his God, and said, "Lord, it is nothing to Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this multitude." Faith rested, while it wrought.

And when King Hezekiah saw the mighty host of Sennacherib coming to fight against Jerusalem, he said to his captains of war, "There be more with us than with him: with him is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God, to help us, and to fight our battles. And the people," it is added, "rested themselves upon the words of Hezekiah king of Judah." It was an example of Faith resting (not after, but) in working.

The Gospel of Christ lays great stress upon this point. What shall I do, asks an awakening conscience, to work the works of God? Surely some great feat of self-sacrifice; some "giving of my first-born for my transgression;" some deed of self-mortification and self-crucifixion, after which the world shall be dead to me and I to the world; this surely must be the life to which God calls one who, being a sinner, would be an heir of salvation? Mark the answer. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." To work is to believe. To believe is to rest. "Say not in thine heart, Who shall go up for me into Heaven? or, Who shall descend for me into the deep? The word is very nigh thee. If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Faith is rest.

I scarcely know which of the two sides of the truth we are more prone to forget—Faith Working, or Faith Resting. To forget the one is to disobey: to forget the other is to disbelieve. Christ is all, one says: then I may be idle: without exertion of mine I am safe to enter. All is done: then to do anything is to supersede Christ. Work is faith—faith is rest—rest is relief from duty: "in returning and rest ye shall be saved." Terrible profaneness! Hence, as of course, utter carelessness, gross inconsistency, and great occasion given to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.

Another says, It is only by working with all my might that I can hope to secure an interest in Christ's salvation. If I do all my duty; if I live a life of great self-denial, of active charity, of utter unworldliness and perpetual devotion; then I may hope that God will at last accept me, give me a place in His kingdom, and set me on the right hand in the gathering of all nations. I must work as if all depended upon myself—work out my own salvation with fear and trembling—and then perhaps I shall find that Christ's merits at last cover me, and that God for His sake will forgive my sins, even mine. Words narrowly missing—but yet missing—the true tone of the Gospel! less mischievous, less pernicious, than the other, but still not the very truth itself; calculated to make life less happy, and conduct less vigorous, and religion less attractive, than God would have it to be; taking into account the one thing, Faith Working, but leaving out altogether the other, which is Faith Resting.

If Faith is to work effectually, it must rest habitually. It must rest while it works.

What does this mean?

Faith works not for salvation, but from salvation. It is not to save myself; and it is not to get a place in Christ's salvation; but it is because Christ has done all—because His work has in it the forgiveness of all sins, and the power of all workings; it is because, "if One died for all, then all died," and live henceforth no longer to themselves, but to Him who died for them and rose again—therefore it is that I work; and so working my soul rests upon Christ, even while mind and hand, strength and life, are busily occupied in working for Him.

If we would ever know real work, we must know real rest; resting from work even amidst work; resting in Christ while working for Christ.

(2) There is a resting of Faith which is occasional."

i. After long confusions and conflicts within, as to the true way of salvation, at last I see and I apprehend it. "Christ is all." He has made peace. He has brought in an everlasting righteousness. In Him God is well pleased. "In Him we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." Can it be but that the soul, finding Him, should, for joy of that finding, rest and refresh itself, consciously, in the Lord?

ii. Doubt has returned. A book which has fallen in my way—the conversation of an unbeliever—something less palpable, a thought of unbelief, springing I know not whence within—has caused me new perplexity, new searchings of heart. What am I to think of Christ? "Art Thou He that should come?" or must I still look out, as of old, for some one who shall come—or perhaps never come—to be the Saviour of sinners and the Light of the world? At last the clouds disperse, and I see "above the brightness of the firmament" a form like that of the Son of God in Heaven. The "clear shining after rain" has been vouchsafed to me, and Faith has rest and is edified.

iii. I have passed through a sore fight of temptation. It seemed as though hell had opened herself for my ruin. The old days of carelessness and ungodliness never presented to me proposals so terrible. The careful and watchful and even mournful walking of months and years seemed to have gone for nothing. I found no place for the sole of my foot amidst the morasses and quagmires and precipices of unbelief, sensuality, and presumption, by which I was surrounded. It was as if the Saviour's history were being re-enacted in me—"I was there in the wilderness, tempted of Satan—I was with the wild beasts"—every ugly and rapacious creature, of lust and uncleanness, beset me with its howlings—"refuge failed me—I had no place to flee unto—no man cared for my soul." In my anguish

I cried to the Lord. My new weapon, All-Prayer, turned the fight in my favour: the encounter brought me to my knees—but I neither yielded, nor fled, nor fell. Then was fulfilled in me my Master's experience: "Then the devil leaveth Him, and, behold, Angels came and ministered unto Him." After conflict, waged bravely by faith, waged manfully in Christ's name, comes of His grace a special repose: "hardly bestead and hungry," Faith then reposes herself upon Him, and takes her rest.

iv. So is it sometimes after great labour. We have undertaken some work which is all for God. Ashamed of the idleness and self-indulgence which has so long bound and debased us; feeling the wickedness of such a return for the self-forgetting self-sacrificing love of Christ; seeing the days passing away, and nothing done, nothing even attempted, to bring Him one life, one soul, for His travail even unto death for us; we did at last arouse ourselves by the help of prayer, and calling Him in, went forth into the vineyard to bear something of "the burden and heat of the day." The toil was at first difficult: flesh and blood rebelled, Satan opposed, conscience misgave me: but I persevered; persevered unto weariness; came back at late evening, faint and hungry: but Faith strengthened and brightened within me as I stood before the Lord to report to Him of my poor endeavours: I found Him nearer to me when I thus began to treat him as a Person, as One who had work for me and would receive my reckoning: that night I was able to say, as never before, "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest: for it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety."

v. And there are restings of Faith, not in the inward experience, but in the outward circumstances of this life.

It pleases God now and then to break the clouds of an ordinarily monotonous or even trying existence by a gleam of positive and lively joy. When I have begun to say, All things are against me—I am marked out and written down for sorrow—I alone of all men have an unchequered unrelieved portion of suffering—there comes something to me—a small thing many would call it, but to me it is not small—which stirs my stagnant pool of being into bright, vivid, sparkling waves: the ray may be phosphoric, meteoric, fleeting—but it served a purpose: it said to me, Thy God, after all, is a God of love: as often as it is safe, or as soon as it is safe for thee, all shall be joy: wait but a little, wait and faint not, and "thy good things" shall replace the evil: the hand over thee is grace and goodness: soon shalt thou find it so, and that for ever. Faith rests, and is comforted.

And sometimes, on the other hand, it is not in joy, but in sorrow, that the rest comes. Are there not amongst us some who can tell of the deep peace, the entire calm which dwells in a chamber darkened even by death? During the long days and nights of watching, it seemed hard to say, "Thy will be done." The sight of the suffering was anguish; the prospect of the end intolerable. But it was to be—and at last it was. The offices of the nurse and of the physician were ended together. A sad sense of uselessness seemed to settle upon the loving household. There was nothing any longer to be done: only endurance, only blank patience—and that for ever. Yet scarcely has the thought entered, than there comes with it another also. He is at rest. He is happy. No more pain—no more conflict—no more anxiety—no more sin. I shall go to him—soon at the latest. Even now we can meet in Christ. All the family, in Heaven or on earth, is at one there. Faith rests—and out of bitterest sorrow draws sweetest strength.

vi. And it would be ungrateful if we added not yet one to these occasional restings of Faith: one which depends not upon any circumstance, inward or outward, of human life, but is provided everywhere, of God's goodness, in that blessed communion and fellowship which is the Church and body of Christ. When Faith droops, under the pressure of things temporal, whether adverse or prosperous, how often does it draw newness of vigour from obeying the call, "Let us go to the house of the Lord," or the charge, "Do this in remembrance of me!" It is only presumption—it is not faith—which can dispense with these things. Christ judged better for us, as men not of the world but yet in it, when He bade us not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, promised to be with even two or three thus gathered, and affixed a peculiar grace to the petition in which two should agree. If Faith would know what is meant by her resting, she must frequent, with earnestness and large expectation, the "table provided in the wilderness;" the feast of which it is written, that, when Jesus took bread and blessed it, and gave to them, "their eyes were opened, and they knew Him." Faith, struggling elsewhere, rests here. "Handle me, and see."

(3) Lastly, as there is a resting which is habitual, and a resting which is occasional, so also there is a resting of Faith which is final.

Few words are needed to set this before us.

For we speak now of that last act of all, by which Faith is at once crowned, and dethroned; consummated, and superseded; made ripe for fruition, and swallowed up in sight.

In life it is the *work* of Faith which has predominated. Faith has had to run a race, to wage a warfare, to subdue a foe. It has had to accomplish a great task: no less than that of turning a life of nature into a life of spirit, and making a world of sense a very gate of heaven. It has had to make a poor fallen being into the preserving salt and the transforming light of its fellows. These things might be done indeed—if rightly done, they were done—in a spirit of resting: but they were themselves works of toil. Therefore during days of health and activity Faith Working has preponderated of necessity over Faith Resting.

At last sickness comes. It may be in age, or it may be in youth. Oftentimes "in the midst of life"—oftentimes in the very spring-time of life—"we are in death." But whenever it comes—the decisive, the final sickness—it brings with it one call—one trial, one necessity, one only possibility—a call to rest. Nothing can now be done but to lie still. And is that, think we, so easy? Visit a bed of death, and see whether even patience, whether even submission—much more, whether affiance, whether faith—is the grace of every man! O, we see then the truth of the saying, "And that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God!" To rest on the Lord then, is just as "impossible with man," as it is in life to work for God.

But Faith—the man of Faith—can do it. He thinks this one of the chief blessings, one of the chief evidences too, of Christ's Gospel, that it never sets a man to do anything impossible; that its demand is always appropriate; its call exactly suitable to youth and age, to health and sickness, to life and to death. To him now it says only these two words, *Faith, rest!* Lie still, and look upward. What has been left undone, cannot now be done: rest it upon Christ. What has been ill done cannot now be amended: rest it upon Christ. What has been done amiss cannot now be undone: rest it upon Christ. Lean all thy weight upon Him. He is sufficient. He has borne all. Trust Him, and doubt not. He will undertake for thee. It is enough.

And so that Faith which has rested habitually—that Faith which has rested occasionally—rests now finally. My flesh shall rest in hope. I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness. I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep—sleep, God willing it, the long sleep—for it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety. All live unto Thee—the dead and the living. Death does but withdraw the veil, the slight thin veil, between the seen and the unseen, between sense and spirit, between the soul and Christ. I shall "dwell in safety" still, if I "sleep in Jesus."

The restings of Faith are ended: the rest of sight is begun.

V.—FAITH FIGHTING.

"When I cry unto Thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know; for God is for me."—Psalm lvi. 9.

Life is at once a field of work and a field of battle. It is so for Nature: it is not less so for Grace. The Faith which works is a Faith also which fights. "Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon." The same Apostle who wrote to one of his congregations, "I remember your work of Faith," wrote also to one of his friends, "Fight the good fight of Faith," and so "lay hold on eternal life."

Faith Working describes but one-half of life's whole activity. Now we are to add the other: *Faith Fighting.*

1. "From whence come wars and fightings among you?" St. James asks—asks of a nominally Christian community—and answers this question by another: "Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?"

Thus he introduces to us the thought of Nature fighting; and warns us too that Nature may fight still even in those who by profession and privilege are children of grace.

There are two fruitful sources of discord in the world, heathen or Christian, of the fallen Adam. They might be traced, doubtless, up to one. But in practice they are distinguishable: Selfishness and Pride. St. Paul deals with both of them in his Epistle to the Philippians. He speaks of those who "seek their own," and charges Christian people not to look on their own things, but also on the interests of others. He speaks also of doing things "through vainglory;" and bids Christians "in lowliness of mind to esteem each the other as better than themselves." And these two cautions he connects with his call to unity. In other words, he points out selfishness and pride as the two chief sources of Nature's fightings.

(1) There is an object in view, attainable but by one, and two would have it.

It may be office—it may be emolument—it may be honour.

Hence, at once, discord. Out of selfishness, fightings. Eagerness, ambition, covetousness, party-spirit, efforts to outstrip by interest or to trip up by calumny, to circumvent by intrigue, or to damage by slander—and a whole world of warfare is instantly kindled by throwing into it one spark of that provocation which is the self, the fallen self, of Nature.

And so in a thousand smaller or less visible workings.

Every trade, every profession, every social circle, has its own selfishnesses, and as a necessary consequence its own fightings. In a certain sense, in all these things, every man's hand is against his brother's. Every man's gain is another's loss. One man cannot succeed, but another suffers. And although there is a Christian way of bearing these defeats, and even of subduing these dispositions—and a worldly way also, either imitated from the Christian, or else framed upon calculations of self-interest and personal comfort, preventing the display or even the fostering of those enmities which spring and strive and war within—still there is also, on the whole, a vast amount of commercial and professional and social jealousy seething below the calm surface of conventional propriety, and from time to time sending to the surface one of those bubbles of rancorous bickering, which may be evanescent in their nature, but are at least noisy in the explosion and mischievous in the consequences.

Selfishness fights.

(2) And Pride too has its fightings.

How many of our divisions are distinctly traceable to it!

A person thinks himself slighted. He has not been consulted, as he ought to have been, on some practical question. Or he was not consulted first, or perhaps not last. Or, though consulted, he was not followed. An adverse or a different opinion prevailed. Or, in consultation, some disparaging half-contemptuous expression was dropped by another. I had no reply ready, and the success rested with him. Pride was wounded, and discomfort, soreness, unfriendliness, was the result. "From whence come wars and fightings among you?" Often from wounded pride.

Or not in business but in society offence has been given and taken. Some one else took precedence of me in a festive gathering. The host gave it him. As small a thing as this has caused a breach and a hostility! Or some one has been wanting in paying me the courtesy of a visit, or in returning the civility of mine. Or a slighting word was dropped, the other day, concerning me in the house of a friend—dropped, and not resented. Or an idle tale was told of me, by one who ought to have known better. Or a change of manner is perceptible in some one towards me, which can proceed, certainly, from nothing but from having heard something against me. Pride broods over the suspicion, and nurses it into a settled resentment. The ignorant, unsuspecting, innocent cause is never told of it, and sleeps securely upon the volcano of his own unconscious kindling!

I have only just prefaced my real subject with these experiences of the life of this world, because they serve to illustrate, by contrast, the soul's warfare, and to show us how different is the use which Christ would have us make of that principle of combativeness and of pugnacity which the heavenly Artificer set in us from the beginning.

It is not wrong to fight—but with whom? in what armour? with what weapons? for what prize?

2. "Fight the good fight of Faith."

Volumes might be written, and the subject scarcely touched still.

Take into view just three particulars.

(1) Faith descrying.

Celebrated pictures of great commanders show them to us in the use of the telescope or descrying-glass. They are looking out. They are observing the enemy. They cannot plan, they can still less act, till they see the foe and his dispositions. It is so with Faith.

We have seen what are the foes of Nature. They are those persons who threaten to interfere with my earthly interests. They are those persons who have disparaged, or whom I suspect of wishing to disparage, my honour, or importance, or ability, or worldly position. Are these the foes of Faith?

Faith, which is the sight of the unseen, may be expected to discern, through her descrying-glass, a different kind of antagonists from those whom Nature, fallen Nature, discovers by her reconnoitring. And it is so.

"We wrestle," St. Paul says, "not against flesh and blood." The confounding, still more the interchanging, of friend and foe, has been in all times a fruitful source of defeat. In the mist of the foggy November morning the soldiers of England at Inkerman could not at first know the Russian from the Frenchman. And the position itself might have been sacrificed to that confusion. It is just so in the conflict between the human soul and its enemies.

All tempters approach us in disguise. If we could see their features as God and good Angels see them, there would be in them no attractions. We should see in the smile of love the grin of malice: we should perceive in the "word smoother than oil," the "very sword" of hatred and hostility.

But of this discernment Nature is incapable. That which offers me present indulgence must be my friend. That which tells me unwelcome truths must be my foe.

We might almost say that Faith reverses this judgment. So much reason has she for suspicion of present seeming, that she almost says, I may judge of friend and foe inversely by the profession. It was to Elijah that Ahab said, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" He said not so to Jezebel.

Faith fighting is, first of all, Faith descrying.

Now when Faith sets herself thus to discriminate friend and foe, she perceives but one real enemy, and that is Sin. She does not wage war with flesh and blood. Faith does not bid me to count as my enemy the man who has gained this or that prize for which I had been a candidate—not this or that person who has outrun me in the race of this world—this commercial, or that professional, or that social rival, whose business has prospered beyond mine, whose skill or whose talent has been acknowledged by a wider circle or a more unanimous verdict. That is Nature's foe possibly: but it is not the antagonist of Faith. Faith sees in such persons a friend in disguise. One who has been ordained of God to humble pride, to reprove self-confidence, and to make vanity in its own eyes contemptible. The one enemy of Faith is Sin.

But the armies of that one enemy are marshalled under three chief captains. And though the word of command is one, and the object of the war one, and the plan of campaign also one, still Faith finds it necessary to recognize a division too, and to prepare herself for the conflict in different departments and aspects.

i. The first of these is the world. The gaze of Faith being stedfastly fixed upwards and onwards—upward toward the throne of God, onward toward the eternal future—she must, of course, regard as hostile any influence which drags her downwards, and any influence which enchains her in the present. Now it is the one object of the world to

effect this. The sin of the world is not in saying that that is pleasant which is not pleasant, or that painful which is not painful. Faith does not expect the world to say that a life of obscurity and dulness is more enjoyable or more attractive than a life of eminence and bustle and public fame. It would be a falsehood if it did say so. The error of the world, and the falsehood of the world, lies in bidding us choose the pleasanter and the easier, in place of the more difficult and the more enduring. The sin of the world consists in making the seen and the temporal more real and more important than the invisible and the eternal.

That then is the first of the foes of Faith. And observe, it needs Faith to descry it as such. Any one except the man of Faith would view it differently; would hail as a friend and an auxiliary that which Faith repels as an enemy in disguise.

ii. Just so is it with the second—the flesh. Faith is well aware that it is more pleasant to humour the flesh than to crucify it. More pleasant to sit still and enjoy, than to go forth and labour. More pleasant to imbibe the sweet syrup of lust, than to refuse and repel it as an honeyed poison. More pleasant to live luxurious days and sleep delicious nights, than to rise early and late take rest, in doing the work of God, and bearing forth upon the shoulder the sharp cross of Christ. Faith is as necessary to descry this foe as to encounter it.

iii. And the devil. Does he come, did he come in Paradise, as an open enemy—as one who brings fire in his hand, and hell in his promise? Is it more pleasant, at the moment, to think a devil's thought—of resentment, of anger, of malice, of revenge—or to repel it? Is it more pleasant, at the moment, to retaliate or to forgive a wrong—to say the bitter word, to vent the angry retort, or to suppress it—to utter the convenient lie which suggested itself, or to smother and bury it, and say the truth? Is it always easy, on the instant, to keep down the thought of murmuring and discontent at God's dealings with you in his Providence or in His grace—to refuse to think of Him as a hard taskmaster or a relentless judge—to say, as each new anxiety arises, "Thy will be done"—or, as every successive stroke falls, "He doeth all things well?"

It is Faith—it is not Nature—which descries the real foe under the pretended friend, and wages war, not with flesh and blood—not with an irksome duty, and not with an unwelcome Providence—but rather with sinful inclination, with a perverse will, and with "spiritual wickednesses in high places."

(2) Faith arming.

When Faith has descried her foe, she must prepare to meet him.

And special directions are given her with a view to this preparation.

"Take unto you," St. Paul says, "the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day."

One or two things must be noticed.

i. Faith must arm before the battle.

Many persons say, It will be time enough to resist when temptation comes.

St. Paul says, He who waits to arm himself till then, will be defeated and captured.

ii. The armour of Faith—with one, if one, exception—consists of habits; principles of good—in other words, graces of the Spirit—which he who would have once must have always.

A person says, How hard that I should fall, when I prayed so earnestly!

Yes, but were you armed beforehand? Was the habit of your life Christian? Or did you expect to get straight and direct from God's treasure-house, for one single wearing, armour which you had never essayed and never proved?

iii. Look then at the armour. Not to discourage—but to humble, and to instruct.

Truth. "The loins girt about with truth." We understand by this, sincerity. Reality of character: earnestness of purpose: thoroughness of devotion. Many have all save just this. Many regrets, many resolutions: strong impulses, fervent aspirations, zealous endeavours: only just not Truth. The girdle which binds all together is wanting: the garments hang loose and discinct, the man rushes into the battle, not one but many.

Righteousness. "Having on the breastplate of righteousness." Ah! some would put instead of this—what is more easily fancied or counterfeited—the imputation of a theological justification! No wonder! But what Faith wants for her breastplate, is something which may indeed spring out of this—which can only spring out of a living trust in the completed work of Christ—yet *is* not this. It is that safeguard—practically speaking—of an habitual endeavour "to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and man," which St. Paul is not afraid to call here the Christian breastplate, and elsewhere, yet more strongly, "the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left."

Readiness. "Your feet shod with the preparation (readiness) of the Gospel of peace."

One man wants the girdle—another the breastplate—another the sandals. To how many a man, not otherwise unhopeful, might we give the old surname of "the Unready!" I ought to have seized the opportunity—but it escaped me. I ought to have availed myself of that opening for a word of counsel—but I was not ready, and the door closed. I ought to have answered on the instant that taunt, that innuendo, of the infidel—but I was not ready: the conversation changed before I spoke, and the honour of Christ my Lord lay there unvindicated. I ought to have hastened to that bed of sickness, to that house of mourning: but I was not ready, and before I went, sickness was again health, or sorrow was again forgetfulness.

So with the rest. Each part of the armour—I have spoken but of three parts—must be put on beforehand; before the battle begins; before that

fiery trial which will try every man's faith of what sort it is.

(3) Faith engaging. Faith in conflict.

The foe is ascertained—and Faith is armed to meet him. The moment of action is come.

This action itself may be twofold. There is the action of defence, and there is the action of aggression. Faith may await the onset—or Faith herself may charge.

i. Faith defensive is Faith tempted.

Holy Scripture abounds in examples of the conflict of Faith with the tempter.

There is the noble Hebrew youth resisting the solicitations of a wicked Egyptian matron, with the unanswerable, the impregnable question, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

There is the great Hebrew lawgiver learning in early manhood the lesson of future strength, when he refuses to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, because he counts the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, having respect to the recompense of the reward.

There are the three faithful Israelites under the shadow of the giant empire of Babylon, refusing to worship the great golden image, because they know that the God whom they serve can, if He will, deliver them from the fiery furnace—and because, if not, if He wills not to deliver them, they can obey and trust Him still.

There is the heroic Hebrew Prophet firm to worship God as he did aforetime, because, though the writing is signed against him, he cannot forego the wonted communion, and knows that, if he be given to death here, he shall obtain a better resurrection.

These are all examples of Faith Fighting.

And there is one greater still.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, coming to bear all our sorrows, must be in all points tempted like as we are. In body, in soul, in spirit—by appetite, by ambition, by presumption—in the most insidious because the most refined and elevated of all forms—He is subjected to the influence of temptation. To change stones into bread for his own support; to take to Himself the kingdoms of the earth, and reign at once; to rely upon the protecting care of God, and "for the more confirmation of the faith" cast Himself unhurt from the pinnacle of the Temple; such is the temptation which Faith, in Him, endured and vanquished; vanquished not more in our stead than as our example; vanquished each time in the strength of that Word of God, which is, for us also, the one offensive weapon—the sword of the Spirit, two-edged, and "turning every way," for the discomfiture of the tempter and the protection of the soul.

It is with the defensive warfare of Faith that we are all primarily concerned. For one man who has to wage any aggressive warfare, a thousand and ten thousand must repel for their soul's sake the assaults of the devil. And where amongst us is he who can do this? Even of Christian men how many stand upright when Satan strongly assails? Who is there who does not mix together too often the allurements of inclination and the promises of the Gospel—weakly yield or timidly flee when sin tempts, and only hope afterwards that, nevertheless, God will forgive?

Not so does Faith. She calls in the help of God, and knows that, when she calls, her enemies will be put to flight, because God Himself, the Almighty, is on her side.

It is indeed chiefly thus—chiefly by earnest, resolute, determined Prayer—that Faith itself conquers. "Praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance." We have spoken of the previous arming; of those principles and habits of the soul which must be formed in us and fostered before the special conflict begins. But how are these habits of grace themselves formed in any man? Is it not by daily, by persevering prayer—prayer begun in much weakness, amidst many wanderings of thought and many interruptions of unbelief—but adhered to, and persisted in, till at last an answer came—an answer of hope and peace within, an answer of help and strength without? And of what avail would even habits of grace be, in the emergency of a strong temptation, without a present God, and without a real grace, called in and apprehended at the moment by special, eager, importunate prayer? A man of Faith must be a man of Prayer. By prayer he believes, and by prayer prevails: prayer is the very link between Faith and God, between the soul that is all weakness and the God who is Omnipotent strength. "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

ii. But is Faith then, Christian Faith, to be always and altogether defensive? Is it enough that she should repel attack, and never wage, herself, an aggressive warfare?

It would be well indeed if none allowed themselves to attack, who have not first learned to repel. It would be well, if only they advanced to the decisive, the final charge, who had first tried, in themselves, the temper of their Divine weapon, and found it all-sufficient to save themselves from death.

But when this is done; when the life has been redeemed and cleansed from sin; when the soul is given to the Lord who bought it, to be a living and a life-long sacrifice to His glory; then there must be something done—ill were it for the world else—to carry the war into the enemy's country; to show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light, by the living example of a holy life, and by the persuasive influence of a consistent devotion. Faith must not repel only—she must at last charge also.

Where should we have been—where would have been this Church of England, with her ordinances of worship and her influences of good—if the first Apostles of truth had been faithful only in resisting

temptation—if they had never risen to the help of the Lord against a mighty world and a mightier spirit of evil?

It is not enough, anywhere or in any age, that we live in the enjoyment of Christian privileges, and think not how to hold out the lamp of life to the millions still sitting in darkness. What are we doing—what am I doing, let each one ask himself—to make the warfare of Faith not defensive only but aggressive too?

"And this I say, brethren, the time is short." Let each one set himself something—if it be but a little thing—in the way of a warfare to be waged in Christ for God. God gives us a wide choice of our field of service: only let us all enlist ourselves under His banner, and in some manner, and in some place—at home or abroad—in the cause of piety or of charity—in the service of the evangelisation of our country, or of its rescue from some of the terrible moral evils which drag it down unto perdition—set ourselves to fight the good fight of Faith, and to lay hold, in so doing, on eternal life.

So, at last—when our time comes, and the shadows of earth must be exchanged for the realities unseen—ours shall be the experience written down for all time by the great Apostle and Evangelist of nations, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day;" the day of the restitution and the refreshing—of the final discomfiture of evil, and the everlasting triumph of good.

VI.—FAITH CONQUERING.

"He shall overcome at the last."—Gen. xlix. 19.

In the race of life there are many runners for one victor. In the battle of life there are many combatants for one conqueror.

Every generation, every profession, every place, almost every family, has its disappointed men as well as its successful. Wide as the world is, it is not wide enough for a universal success: there must be obscurity, there must be failure, there must be defeat, or the race of man would be an army of generals, with none to follow them, and none to obey.

Now is there any characteristic quality which either prognosticates or explains a career of earthly success? Is there any sense in which we can speak of Nature Conquering, so as to furnish an illustration, whether in the way of likeness or contrast, of our present subject, which is Faith Conquering?

A man looking back, from middle or later life, upon the companions of his boyhood, will not only be ready to moralize upon their fortunes, but able also, roughly at least, to generalize and account for them.

He will recall one, perhaps, who had singular advantages of mind, of body, and of estate. He was the envy and admiration of his fellows: quickness of apprehension, versatility of intellect, readiness of expression, wonderful health, spirits, and activity; in addition to these, high birth, an ample fortune, a wide circle of friends—everything in possession, and everything in prospect to secure success: where is he now? Outstripped in the race by competitors whom once he despised; ruined, long years past, slowly by indolence, or suddenly by vice; pitied now as he once was envied—or not even pitied—just put aside, passed by, overlooked, and forgotten.

So then none of these things are securities for success, speaking at present only of this world's struggles. A man may have every gift of nature, and yet be, even in these competitions, nowhere and nothing!

Another, little known and little noticeable in youth, has risen to great eminence. He has utterly baffled the calculations of early friends: they can scarcely reconcile themselves to a reversal so complete of their expectations and judgments. At each step of his advancement they have talked of accident; of the chances of life, and the caprices of fortune. And yet, perhaps, if we knew all, we should scarcely find any place at all in human life for such influences as these. On reflection, you will probably find that that man of unlooked-for success had in him at least three qualities, the sum of which in their developed maturity was the cause, humanly speaking, and the sufficient explanation of his triumph.

The first of these was resolution. That man could set before himself an object. He did not run uncertainly, nor, in fighting, did he beat the air. He saw distinctly the goal for which he would start, and the nature of the prize which hung upon it. He willed, he resolved, he determined, to succeed. He did not allow himself to multiply or to change his objects. His motto was, This one thing I do. This thing is my choice, and to this I will adhere. Resolution.

The second quality was good sense. He sought his one end by prudent means. He did not allow himself to be misled by appearances nor diverted by speculations. He judged with calm and steady gravity what would, and what would not, day by day, advance him towards his end. There were many who said to him, This is the way: this by-path will be a short cut to your object: this present offer will shorten your toil by years, and bring you at once to notice and to distinction. He knew better. Good sense guided each step, as resolution had set him in the way.

The third quality was perseverance. As he knew that the way was long, he was not daunted by finding it so. He was prepared for delays, he was prepared for difficulties; he was prepared for impediments, and he was prepared for disappointments. He took these as things of course. They did not affect his resolution, and they did not affect his expectation. He would succeed still, for all

that. Toil long and patient, toil constant and arduous, was to him but one of the conditions upon which he started in the race of life. Without perseverance he would have failed, whatever his resolution and whatever his good sense. The three together form one of those triple cords of which the wise man says that they are not quickly broken. The three together form that character which Christ Himself set in sorrowful contrast with that of too many of His own disciples, when He said, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

And we might go on to speak, not of the successes of this life, but of other achievements and conquests, of which, nevertheless, it must be said that they are victories not of grace but of nature.

For example—

Pride will cast out many sins. There are many weaknesses and many meannesses over which pride will gain an easy success. Many a lust of the flesh has been precluded, or else broken off, by wounded self-love or mortified vanity. A man will not stoop to accept an unwilling affection: a man will not demean himself to solicit where he has been refused or slighted. There is such a thing as Pride Conquering.

And Ambition will cast out many sins. A man bent upon being the great man of his generation will not waste himself upon light trivialities of worldliness or loose extravagances of passion: he will reserve himself for higher things, and not risk for minor self-indulgences the attainment of his real end, his great prize—it also of the earth and earthly! There is such a thing as Ambition Conquering.

And Affection, lawful love, will cast out many sins. A man without religion will be kept faithful by a sincere attachment. A man who fears not God will forfeit comfort, will risk life itself, for the defence or rescue of wife or child. Selfishness has been overborne and vanquished by a mightier force of love. It is not Divine love only, it is sometimes human love and earthly, which is mighty and all-prevailing. There is such a thing as Affection Conquering.

And yet, great as are the achievements of nature, they are as nothing in comparison with the victories of grace. At the best they are bounded by time: at the best they win a corruptible crown. Turn from them to look at our present subject—which is Faith Conquering. See what Faith conquers, and see how Faith conquers: and then we shall understand the saying that is written, "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Faith Conquering.

Out of a vast subject we must select just a few particulars.

1. Faith triumphant in Doubt.

The Gospel is a Revelation. It is the telling of a secret. It is the clearing away of mists and clouds which hang around man's destiny and God's purpose. It is the bringing of life and immortality to light. It is the disclosure of a mystery buried in silence from eternal times. Never let us so speak as if the Gospel had added to man's perplexities, or made that dark or darker which was light or comparatively light before. These are representations of the matter, at once ungrateful and false. The mysteries of the Gospel are all, so far as they go, revelations. They are all, so far as they go, secrets told, not secrets kept. There is not one mystery—in the human sense of the word—either about man or about God, which has been either caused or aggravated by the Gospel. Doubtless there are matters not yet revealed. There are unexplained, perhaps inexplicable, difficulties, as regards God's will and man's future, which the Gospel leaves where it found them. It is of the very nature of sin and a Fall to create such difficulties. And God might give us ten Gospels, and not remove these. All we say is, that the Gospel of Christ causes none of these, and clears away many.

Many, but not all. So many as lay really in the way of man's access to God; but not those which lay in the way of man's speculations about God. That is the distinction. God by the Gospel taught us the way of salvation: but God did not teach us, by any of His revelations, that which might have gratified curiosity, but which it could not assist duty, to know concerning Himself.

More than this. Every fresh accession of light not only leaves a fringe and border of darkness around it, but makes us more conscious of the extent and of the density of that darkness. Therefore it is that many questions trouble an enquiring Christian, which do not seem to have troubled an enquiring Jew. The very fact of knowing so much makes us impatient of not knowing more. A thousand questions remain unanswered concerning the power of God, the justice of God, and the goodness of God, which all the more exercise the patience or even burden the conscience of a Christian, because God has told him so much, and because Christ has come to be the Light of the World and the Justifier of the ways of God to man.

Now Faith, the sight of the invisible—Christian faith, which is the sight of the invisible God in Christ—must needs have an office to discharge in reference to these difficulties and these perplexities. It was so from the beginning. The Apostles themselves felt this, when they were first called to believe in the possibility, in the fact, of a Resurrection. "When they saw Him, they worshipped Him: but some doubted." Did they not worship? Did doubt preclude faith? Rather faith triumphed in and over doubting: and they who could not explain, and they who could not understand, yet felt themselves to be in the presence of a mightier and more convincing reality, and even where they could not see they could adore and they could believe still!

So is it now. A man keenly sensible of difficulties—a man on whose very soul lie the burdens

of a thousand unreconciled contradictions—a man who feels that he would give all that he possesses for one ray of solution and of explanation—is no hypocrite, and no unbeliever, if he still calls Christ his Saviour, offers before Him all the powers and dedicates to Him all the capacities of his being. His doubts are as nothing in comparison with his evidences. Is he to give up Christ, and go back into the outer darkness of sin unforgiven and heaven unopened, because he cannot fathom the deep abyss of a Trinity in Unity, or combine in one logical theory the two opposite necessities, of a responsible man and an Omnipotent God? If he can find a lamp for his feet and a light for his steps; if he can find a Saviour worthy of his devotion, and a spirit omnipresent to guide; he must be content to wait for explanations till he reaches a land where there is neither temptation nor weakness; a life in which the intellect may expand itself in God's presence, and the soul drink in knowledge at the fountainhead of God's truth. In the meantime Faith triumphs amidst doubtings; and when Christ asks, "Will ye also go away?" is content to answer, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

2. Faith triumphant in Disappointment.

It is the natural thought of one who enters seriously upon a life of Faith, that of course Faith will conduct him straight to victory. He has only to call Christ in, and success must be sure. Whether he set himself to the conquest of sin or to the performance of duty; whether he wrestle with a besetting temptation, or gird on his armour for conflict with opposing wickedness; in either, in any case, if the Gospel be true, he will find himself strong for victory. And thus he goes forth into the battle-field of life, outward or inward; begins his warfare with pride, with evil temper, with murmuring, with indolence, with sin, with self; or else, at the appointed hour, sets himself to seek, abroad, the opposing demon of carelessness or ungodliness, of intemperance or cruelty; visits the homes of the poor, full of the sincere desire to carry into them the illuminating light, the irresistible power, of Christ's Gospel; nothing doubting, that his Master still lives, still works, as swift to hear as He is strong to save. But what is the issue? Within, it is as though what before was an influence, became now a possession, of evil: never till he began to resist did he feel what was the strength, what the malignity, what the pertinacity, of sin. It seems almost as though his prayers were answered by contraries; as if, when he asked for strength, he was endued with weakness; when he implored victory he was recompensed with defeat. Never before was he so severely tempted: never before did he more shamefully fall. Evil temper, evil desire, sinful indolence, repugnance to duty—each in its turn seems to be let loose upon him, "as it were a ramping and a roaring lion." More than ever before, "when he would do good, evil is present with him." In attempting, such as he is, to do any work of good for others—whether it be to teach the young, or to minister to the sick, or to reason and remonstrate with the wicked—he is ready to call himself a hypocrite and a deceiver. What is he, that he should work the work of God? And in attempting that work, what does he effect? What becomes of his labour? Can he point to one home brightened, one life altered, or one soul saved, by his ministry? It is discouragement, disappointment, defeat, every part of it. If he looks within, all is weakness and darkness: if he looks without, all is lost labour, mere vanity and vexation of spirit.

But Faith, if it be Faith, triumphs still. Triumphs amidst, and triumphs over, baffled hopes and wasted toils. That is because it is Faith. If we walked by sight, of course results would be everything. That which succeeded not, that which was not seen to succeed, would be as if it were not. But Faith, the realization of things future, and the sight of things unseen, is no respecter of present recompenses. A man of Faith may be daunted—but not Faith itself. He is daunted for lack of Faith. The promise has regard not only or chiefly to this life, but to the life to come. To be willing to wait, even for encouragement, much more for victory, is an essential part of his character who has "seen the promise afar off, and been persuaded of it, and embraced it," and who now lives day by day in the calm humble looking for of a light that shall arise and a rest that is reserved in heaven for God's people.

Whether the disappointment be inward or outward; in the soul, or in the life; in the life of feeling, or in the life of action; it is the office of Faith to conquer and to triumph still, assured that God's time will come, and that He is faithful still who promised.

3. But let us not leave it in doubt—for it were but a false and fallacious comfort to do so—whether Faith is, even in the present, a power or a weakness. Something that has been said might be so interpreted as to represent Faith as the discoverer rather than the conqueror of indwelling sin. And indeed there is a truth there also. The letting in of God's light upon the darkened chamber of the careless and sin-bound soul, must have the first effect of disclosing the disorder and the impurity within. That too is an office of Faith. But the words, Faith Conquering, would have little hope and little meaning in them for sinners, if we could not speak of it first, and above all, as conquering Sin. That is our most urgent want, and that is Faith's most solemn office. It is not because of his Faith that any man remains the slave of his sins. It is not because he trusts in the blood of Christ to save him in them and amidst them and under them still. That is a terrible perversion of the Gospel of free grace. "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" St. Paul asks. "God forbid! How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" It is the office of Faith to make us see Christ; see Him in His death for our forgiveness,

see Him in His life after death for our sanctification. Was any man ever encouraged in his sins by looking up into heaven, and discerning there at the right hand of God the form of Christ crucified and Christ risen? Was any man ever made indifferent to the result of his day's conflict with his own sins, by meditating upon the all-sufficiency of the sacrifice, or upon the freeness and fulness of the Divine absolution? Nay, is there not in all these things a motive and an influence and a strength too, directly conducive to a watchful and a praying and a holy life? Faith Conquering is, above all things, Faith conquering sin; Faith looking upwards to a living Saviour, and drawing down from Him the desire and the effort and the grace to be holy. It is true, Faith is seen in never despairing under the disappointment of this hope; Faith is seen in looking upward still, even if no answer comes; Faith is seen in determining, even if God be silent—even if Christ should say, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs"—still to submit, still to struggle, and still to pray. But it is a higher exercise of Faith to draw down the blessing itself by continued, by importunate supplication. The Syrophœnician woman went not back to her house acquiescing in her disappointment: Faith triumphed over the disappointment, and made her ask on against refusal, and hope on against hope, till the answer of peace came, which said, "Thy faith hath saved thee." If Faith does not at last conquer sin, its other victories will be turned at last into discomfitures.

Let this question sound in the secret depth of each heart, Is faith conquering sin in me? Am I indeed striving against sin? And that, not from pride, and not from self-interest, and not from the ambition to be tranquil and self-satisfied within—but from faith? from believing in Jesus Christ? from the desire to please Him, to be like Him, at last to be with Him? God grant that we shrink not, any of us, from the question! It is our life. A man who is using faith to conquer sin, must be a Christian man: he has God's mark upon him: he shall one day be at rest in heaven. Any one else—any one who is not resisting sin, or not resisting it by the help of faith—may have many things; may be amiable, acceptable, useful; may even be talking of the Gospel, and hoping to be saved, and making his boast of Christ: but he lacks the one thing needful: he has still to deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Jesus.

4. Conquering doubt, conquering disappointment, conquering sin, there is yet one more enemy for Faith to conquer—and that is Death.

There is a strange confidence in some of us concerning that end (or, if the Gospel be true, that beginning) of being, which we call Death. We must all die, we say: as if the universality made it safe, and the necessity easy. And yet, when we reflect upon it, how mysterious, how formidable, how awful a thing, is death! What have we to rely upon, in taking that plunge into the invisible? Surely the inevitableness is not comfort! What is beyond? Where shall we be, and what, when that brief or that protracted struggle is ended—when the body has become a corpse, and the ministrations of the sick room are exchanged for the solemn silence of the chamber of death? Where shall I—the real personal being—find myself then? where, and what? Surely if there be anywhere any information to be found upon this subject, it must demand my study! And if there be any one who can tell me that he has gone through this, and that he knows the great secret, and that he can counsel me how to prepare for death and how to die—surely I must listen! And still more if there be One Person, who not only knows, and can instruct, and can counsel, but who also can offer to be with me in dying, and to support me through death, and to meet me beyond death, and to be my Friend and my Rest and my Happiness in that eternal age of which for myself I know and can know nothing—surely nothing can compare in importance with the acquisition and with the cementing and with the enjoyment of this knowledge, this friendship, this communion of an everlasting love! If I can become acquainted with this Person now; if I can grow into loving Him; if I can find peace now in receiving His Spirit to be my spirit, and in taking His will for my will, and His work and His objects to be mine also—so that time and eternity may be linked together, for me, by a real unity of interest and occupation—and death, instead of being a wrench and a disruption, may be nothing more than the drawing aside of a curtain, or the entering through a long-closed door into the very presence of One whom, not having seen, I have already loved and already lived for; if all this may be, then I am justified in saying that Death, the last enemy, is, for me, by anticipation vanquished: I can exclaim already, without a sense of presumption and without a fear of disappointment, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

And this conquest of Death is, from first to last, a victory of Faith. Dreadful must it be, if that is all that I know of it, to undergo, through pain and anguish, amidst misgivings of mind and lamentations of surrounding friends, a change which must separate me from all that is seen, and carry me into a region dark, blank, and friendless. If death is not this to the Christian, to what does he owe the difference? Simply to the fact that in that other world—as we vaguely term it—there is already, for him, a Father and a Saviour and a Comforter, One whom it has been the joy of his soul to commune with here, and the strength of his life to find real, to find near, and to find all love and strength and grace.

Now therefore the workings of Faith are accomplished. If Faith can conquer Death, it has conquered the last enemy. There is none beyond. He who can die well has done all. Beyond death

there is nothing new. Earth's doubtings are vanquished, and earth's disappointments are vanquished, and earth's sins are vanquished, if death is vanquished for me! Let us not be deceived about this. Let us not come to the brink of that river, and then find that we cannot cross it! Let us not plunge into that stream, and sink and drown there! If we would die happy, we must first be holy. If we would be indeed holy, we must first be Christ's.

Christ Himself, upon earth, condescended to walk by Faith. His victories were victories of Faith.

He conquered Doubt by faith. Whom did doubt ever assail as it assailed Him? On the cross He cried aloud, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" And, so far as Scripture tells, there was no lightening of that load, even to the last breath. And yet His words were, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!"

And Christ conquered Disappointment by faith. Was it nothing to Him to find whole towns in His own Galilee closed against Him by unbelief? to be unable (as the holy record describes it) to do any mighty work, here, and there, in consequence of their unbelief? to find Jerusalem, the holy city, locked and barred against its King by fetters of brass and iron upon the hearts and souls of its inmates? to die and rise again for man's salvation, and see thus far but one hundred and twenty souls plucked out of the national rejection by such toils, such self-denials, at last such sufferings? And yet Faith triumphed. He saw by anticipation of the travail of His soul, and was strong to endure still. He saw the unseen, and He realized the invisible.

And Christ conquered Sin by Faith. What was His temptation but a victory of faith? the resolute putting aside of a present gain—let none gainsay it, a present good—for the sake of duty, for the sake of a mission, for the sake of Holy Scripture and of the will of God? He conquered sin first in Himself, and then He conquered it also for His people. And in both cases alike by faith He conquered.

And Christ conquered Death by Faith. "For the joy that was set before Him," writes the Apostle to the Hebrews, "He endured the Cross." He who offers to carry man through death, first tasted of it for every man. Faith was mighty in Him first of all and prevailed, and then being made perfect through sufferings He became the Author, to others also, of eternal salvation.

Let us bring to Him our own sins to be blotted out, our own sins to be vanquished. Then, living or dying, we are the Lord's. Then in all things—joy or sorrow, sickness or health, hope or fear, life or death—all must be well with us, for in all things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us!

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NOVEL ANTIQUITIES.

I HAD been reading with much interest some recent accounts of the proceedings of the Palestine Exploration Society, as well as about the learned labours of M. Deutsch on that curious Samaritan Epigraph (containing the Decalogue), which was found some years ago, stuck topsy-turvy in the minaret of a Turkish mosque. On the same evening I happened to glance (after an interval of many years) into that curious article in Michaelis' "Laws of Moses" (No. LXIX.), in which the author, indulging in what many would call a waking dream, (albeit he was by no means given to dreaming,) speculates on the probability of our one day finding "the great stones" inscribed with the Law, or portions of it, which Moses commanded the Israelites to set up on Mount Ebal, and which Joshua tells us *were* set up in obedience to that command.

This chance medley of various, yet not unconnected reading, suggested to me a dream, in which the dream of Michaelis seemed to be fulfilled; and which, as perhaps it may not be altogether destitute of instruction and entertainment, I will venture to confide to the reader. But a word or two first on the "waking dream" of Michaelis. Without entering into the many controversies as to the precise meaning of those injunctions detailed in Deuteronomy (ch. xxvii. 1—8), and without deciding whether it was the whole Law, or part of it, or the Decalogue only, that was to be inscribed upon "those great stones" (though Kennicott and my dream both agree that it was the Decalogue only), suffice it to say that Michaelis supposes the letters to have been cut deep, and then covered, as commanded, with a thick coating of lime; and that having been thus preserved, they may be hereafter discovered. The passage is so curious, that it may be worth while to cite it.

"Let us only figure to ourselves," says he, "what must have happened to these Memorials amidst the successive devastations of the country in which they were erected. The lime would gradually become irregularly covered with moss and earth; and now, perhaps, the stones, by the soil increasing around and over them, may resemble a little mound; and were they accidentally disclosed to our view, and the lime cleared away, all that was inscribed on them 3500 years ago would at once become visible. Probably, however, this discovery (highly desirable though it would be both to literature and religion), being in the present state of things, and particularly of the Mosaic Law, now so long abrogated, not indispensably necessary, *is reserved for some future age of the world.* What Moses commanded, merely as an act of legislative prudence, and for the sake of his laws, *as* laws, God, who sent him, may have destined to answer likewise another purpose; and may choose to bring those stones to light at a time when the laws of Moses are no longer of any authority in

any community whatever. Thus much is certain, that nowhere in the Bible is any mention made of the discovery of these stones, nor indeed any further notice taken of them than in Josh. viii. 30—35, where their erection is described; so that we may hope they will yet be one day discovered."

To me it seemed at least as probable, that his dream of the discovery of these memorials might be fulfilled, as that they would produce, if discovered, any very notable effects upon those who had managed to elude all other evidence of the truth of the Sacred Records. However that may be, no sooner were my eyes closed in sleep, than, as seemed, this wonderful discovery had been actually made by the Palestine Exploration Society, (in the course of some excavations in the neighbourhood of Nablous, the ancient Sichem,) on the lower slopes of Mount Ebal. The locality corresponded with the directions of Moses as to the erection of these tablets.

At first, indeed, the intelligence came in the enigmatical form which the Eastern telegrams so often assume; a good deal like some of the messages recently transmitted from India, in which one might fancy that a native at the other end of the wire was making experiments whether the telegraph would not convert his broken English into something intelligible by the time it reached us. The message, in fact, set all the wits at work to decipher the meaning, and failing that, furnished them with numberless jests on its absurdity. It ran thus:—"Palestine explorations—great discovery—Mount Babel—Mosaic Dialogues—Laws of Moses and Michael." People asked very naturally what could be the meaning of it? They wanted to know where "Mount Babel" was. Some answered, it was very evident that *that* at all events should be known to the telegraph, since it spoke its original dialects in all their confusion. With regard to the "Mosaic" again, some sagely surmised that some curious specimens of Roman tesselation might have been found; but what "Mosaic Dialogues" could mean no man dared even to conjecture. Others imagined, from the mention of "Moses and Michael," that our *savans* might have found some ancient representation of the quarrel between "Michael and the Devil," touching "the body of Moses;" and amused themselves with some sarcastic observations on the extravagance of learned enthusiasm, in deeming some trumpery pictorial or sculptured symbols of an old myth, worthy of being trumpeted to the world "as a Great Discovery."

In short, no one had the most distant idea of what was coming; for the modern hieroglyphics of the telegraph can be quite as dark as those of ancient Egypt. They piqued curiosity, however, nearly as much, and there was a good deal of impatience to know what was really meant. Such are the usual conditions under which great discoveries are heralded. First come indistinct mutterings and whispers which excite curiosity, and in part exhaust it, before the truth gets to us.

But after a great deal of *persiflage* occasioned by the unlucky telegram, authentic intelligence at length arrived, and assured us of nothing less than that the memorable discovery adverted to as *possible* in the above-cited passage from Michaelis, had been actually made; that the telegram, properly corrected, meant—"Palestine Exploration Expedition—great discovery of the Mosaic Decalogue—see Laws of Moses by Michaelis." Letters from the agents of the Society gave an account of the circumstances which had led to the discovery, and again inflamed curiosity and expectation to the utmost. Millions were in raptures at the intelligence, and seemed to think that scepticism would no longer have a leg to stand upon. They thought with Michaelis that these "Sermons on Stones" would prove a most opportune reinforcement of a decaying faith, and mightily sustain the evidence for the truth and authenticity of the Mosaic records. Even I, in spite of long and deep conviction, that moral evidence is, after all, principally strong or weak as the human mind chooses to make it, and that though the sun may shine ever so clearly, man can always make it day or night just as he pleases, by simply opening or shutting his eyes; in spite, I say, of long and deep conviction, that evidence is adjusted to our state as one of *moral* probation, and will never be found such as to overbear our judgment or compel our assent, or such that it shall not be in the power of ingenious perverseness plausibly to evade it;—even I, too, could not help falling into the common delusion. In all cases, men are apt vastly to over-estimate the effect of a novel and seemingly cogent piece of evidence, and to under-estimate the skill of wayward ingenuity in destroying or neutralising it. They feel as many a suitor in a court of justice, who asks how it is possible for their adversary to "get over" this or that fact of their case? But I soon found (as *he* often does, to his cost) that nothing is more easy, and that "where there is a will, there is a way." Almost from the very moment the discovery was intelligibly announced to us, it was evident that multitudes, in virtue of their general opinions one way or other, had come to a foregone conclusion, and argued for or against the genuineness of the tablets with the utmost zeal. It was in vain that the wise and moderate, whether believers or sceptics, begged these furious partisans to have a little patience. They were reminded that some members of the expedition had expressly promised to bring home portions, or perhaps the whole, of the venerable relics with them. It was of little use; controversy went on; nay, the point was dogmatically settled by thousands who not only had no manner of data whereon to form a judgment, and before it was possible they should have any; but who, if they had had them all, would have been utterly unable to estimate them. Various hypotheses were formed to account for the "blind enthusiasm" (so some called it) which had cheated the explorers, or for the impudent cheat (as others

said) which they had attempted to practise on the world.

Many declared that sooner than credit anything so extremely absurd, they could readily believe that the learned members of the Society had either been imposed upon, or had become the dupes of their own zealous antiquarianism; that they had either been cheated by others or had cheated themselves: a few even hinted, that sooner than credit the thing, they could believe that the explorers were perpetrating a "pious fraud," and joining in a foul conspiracy in defence of an exploded fable; that if they had found the "Decalogue of Moses," it was not before they wanted it, and that it was to be hoped they would profit by the command which forbids us to "bear false witness." But to this minority, it was replied that the world would be slow to believe such a charge against men whose names and known characters seemed to be an unanswerable reply to any such imputation. This was generally admitted; but the advocates of the *first* theory said, that it was by no means improbable that they might have been deceived by others, or might have deceived themselves. It was hard to say what high-wrought "enthusiasm" and "subjective" causes might do: that they might have mistaken, and probably had, some mis-shapen stones with some undecipherable inscriptions upon them, for what their heated fancy had suggested; that when some *one* among them had once imagined such a thing, it was easy to imagine all the rest following the antiquarian bell-wether. As M. Renan said, in reference to Mary Magdalen and the resurrection—"When *one* had seen, there was no merit (and no wonder) in *others* seeing." Some of these gentlemen, indeed, asked with exquisite *naïveté*, "whether, since M. Renan had *proved* that the doctrine of the resurrection had arisen out of strange 'subjective' illusions on the part of the disciples, (who had on many different occasions, collectively and simultaneously, lost their wits, and misinterpreted the most ordinary facts into supernatural phenomena,) the gentlemen of the Expedition might not have done the like?" To this a good man replied, that *if* M. Renan's theory was true, and the disciples, separately and together, had, time after time, simultaneously gone mad, he really knew no reason why the exploring party might not have gone mad too: "I quite admit," said he, "that the one wonder would be no greater than the other. In the meantime, as I believe M. Renan's hypothesis, as well as that of Paulus of Heidelburg, (which is very like it) merely prove the hallucination of the authors, and not of the apostles, I am no more willing to admit the one supposition than the other. Besides," said he, "if the very inscribed stones be really forthcoming, it would be very hard to imagine that these could be 'subjective' phenomena." "Ay," said the sceptics incredulously, "if they *be* forthcoming. But what proof have we that they will be; or if they are, that they have the legible characters upon them these folks profess to read there? or any characters at all that are not as hard to be deciphered as the cuneiform writing of Assyria, or the hieroglyphics of Egypt?"

Finally, however, it was agreed by most people that it was of no use to "fight in the dark;" that we must wait the arrival of the explorers themselves, with, as they promised, the very "slabs." If they brought these, and they really bore, not illegible hieroglyphics, but plain orthodox Hebrew, it was agreed that the theory of "simultaneous hallucination" of antiquarian enthusiasm would hardly apply. It was agreed by everybody that blocks of stone were far too solid and massive to be "subjective phenomena;" and that if "simultaneous enthusiasm" had made the explorers read the same illegible or enigmatical characters the same way (though itself a very unaccountable piece of business), still their blunders would be corrected by other eyes. But if all the world thought the inscriptions as legible as they had done, it would be hardly possible to get the world to believe itself mad too.

And so methought the whole thing remained by general consent in abeyance, till this unique specimen of antiquities should be brought home. Not that everybody was silent about the matter; only those who felt that it was impossible to argue without data, and to talk with nothing to talk about. Among the rest, controversy and conjecture still went on; and thereby many actually put themselves out of condition to judge of the facts at the proper time, by nursing their minds in the impressions and prejudices originally taken up; and, when proof came, were fully prepared, not to investigate, but to resist it. Not a few, I heard, decided the matter in their own rational way, by "laying bets" freely, that the slabs would never come; and I was told that if they should, "a good deal of money would change hands."

At length the day came when these curious relics of the Mosaic age arrived, and were safely lodged in the British Museum; and of course all the world crowded to see them, as though it had never seen a Decalogue before;—and, indeed, it was no doubt a pretty good while since many of the visitors *had* seen one. There it was, however; there could be no doubt of that; large slabs, as seemed to me, ten feet square, with Hebrew characters upon them, no less than two inches long; looking, it is true, rude and antique, and more angular than those in our printed Bibles, but still good legible Hebrew characters notwithstanding.

Men gazed and gazed at this Decalogue, as if they really had some intention of keeping it. Those who had done little but break the commandments all their lives, now looked at them as earnestly as though they thought it was of the uttermost importance to ascertain their duty or make sure of their own condemnation. But in the majority of cases, I soon found they came only to gratify curiosity, to equip themselves to take a side, to find out what was to be said on either, to wrangle, to know what was speculatively true and right, and how to main-

tain it without one thought of practising it. Human nature was perfectly consistent in all this, for it has ever been more solicitous to speculate about duty than to do it; always professes a code of morals better than its practice, and is almost willing to become a martyr for doctrines and creeds which, nevertheless, it contradicts every day of its life!

Methought the spectacle became so popular, that excursion trains were organised from all parts of the country, and advertised in large placards almost as big as the Decalogue itself, and with all the usual incitements to view any other taking novelty. People made parties to see it, just as they would to the Exhibition or the Zoological Gardens, or the Crystal Palace; and, indeed, a great many Exhibitions were jealous of the Museum, and broke the "Decalogue" by "coveting" their neighbour's "Decalogue" exceedingly. Some interested in such spectacles hinted that it would be good for the "*public*," and good for "*religion*," if the venerable relic were permitted to itinerate to all the principal show-places in the kingdom.

As people became accustomed to the phenomenon, the effects of familiarity showed themselves in a variety of ways, startling at first, but all of them, I fancy, characteristic enough of human nature; and proving too clearly that the anticipations of Michaelis, as to the effect of any such accession of evidence, must be largely discounted. Tens of thousands, indeed, who visited the relic, did so with feelings of profound veneration; but it was principally those who were already convinced. To *them* (as our author conjectured it would be) it was a strong confirmation of their faith. On the great Commands which they had so often lightly read and lightly repeated, and still more often lightly broken, they looked with new emotions of awe and self-condemnation. According to the ordinary laws of association, by which mere novelty in the mode of presentation will vividly recall half-forgotten truth, reinvest a familiar object with all the interest which habit and custom have deadened, and dissolve the soul in a flood of unaccustomed emotion, they felt almost as if they had stood at the foot of the Burning Mount, and seen the tablets written by the finger of God Himself. Thousands more, who had indeed the otiose *historic* faith, but nothing besides, were in a measure similarly affected, and gazed on the memorials with a peculiar solemnity and awe; and in some I do think the impression remained (as Socrates says of the orators who so pleasantly flattered his vanity) for "three whole days, at least." But like their prototypes in the Parable, the convictions "having no depth of earth," soon faded away. Their feeling was just as transient as that of the Israelites,—at whose fickleness, so often wondered at, I wondered no more. Like them, they were ready, in a couple of days or so, to worship again the "golden calf," as if these momentary emotions had never intruded themselves, and as if there had been no interruption of their customary absorption in the pursuit of gain or pleasure.

Others scarcely looked at the spectacle with any serious feeling at all. Without denying, any more than people in general, the reality of the discovery, or doubting that they were then actually gazing upon the relics which Joshua had set up more than three thousand years ago, to be the memorials to distant ages of the truth of the Mosaic history, and a salutary confirmation of men's faith in it, they soon learned to laugh and jest in the very presence of the venerable Memorials! At first, I confess, I was astonished that any one should act thus, unless he discredited the discovery itself. But it only shows that I did not make adequate allowance for the moral paradoxes of which human nature is capable. For do not the very same class of men, in the very same conditions of mind, often do the like in public worship, and giggle and jest in spite of the solemnities in which they are professedly engaged; and though they say they believe as much as anybody the great verities the preacher is expounding, and the authority of the book which contains them? Or did these irreverent spectators behave at all differently from the bulk of those who frequent an oratorio,—that somewhat equivocal method of dramatising religious mysteries? Part of the audience no doubt,—to whom the music is the appropriate vehicle for conveying sentiments which, if divorced from it, leave it little more than "a tinkling cymbal,"—feel with thrilling intensity the great truths of which it is so sublime an expression; and, like Handel himself, when he was found dissolved in tears over the attempt to embody his own conceptions of the pathos of those words, "He is despised and rejected," are moved to deepest sympathy with the music. But thousands, whose whole soul—what little there is of it—is in their ears, or whose ears, like those of another animal, are their principal characteristic, can yet, without at all denying their conviction that the music *does* give expression to great truths (in which they will tell you they believe as much as anybody), so lose sight of the thought in the sound, of the truth in the vehicle of it, as to feel no impropriety at all, while coolly peeling an orange, in *encoring* the sorrows of Redeeming Love, or applauding with rapture a recitative of the Future Judgment; as little sensible of their own absurdity as an audience I once knew, who were doing honour to a great composer by listening to a *requiem* to his memory, and who actually so forgot the occasion as to demand, with much vociferation and gesticulation, its gratifying repetition,—which was accordingly given by the accommodating orchestra! The *requiem* for the dead served only to call forth noisy shouts from the living. It was much as if a man's funeral had been so charmingly "performed," that nothing would satisfy his friends and relations but to have it performed over again!

As time went on, methought, there were indications enough that even the extremest forms of human folly, knavery, and irreverence were no more capable of being repressed by *this* venerable

symbol of religion than by any other. One rogue was detected, at an early hour, attempting to cut away some portion as a relic, or else to make gain of it; he had nearly, I was told, chipped off the words "Thou shalt not covet," and that too with the words "Thou shalt not steal" staring him in the face. If he had not been found out in time, he would no doubt have stolen these too. To some friends who expressed their horror at this, I asked, how it differed from the frequent case of ordinary sacrilege; if men would break open the church box and steal altar-clothes and chalices, with all the Ten Commandments in full view, why should we wonder that they were willing to steal the Decalogue itself? Or if they felt no compunction in running off with a rare Bible, why should they be expected to feel any in appropriating a few words of it?

In a similar manner, the *custodier* told me that though the people in general behaved with becoming decorum, it was next to impossible to repress that odd passion for immortality by which many of the vulgar are impelled to scrawl their ignoble names on anything, however sacred; that more than once he had detected "John Smith" or "John Brown" endeavouring to inscribe those unlucky words on vacant spaces in the tablets. "But how can we wonder at it," said he, "when there is no place so hallowed that these names are not to be found there? It's my belief that either of these rogues would scrawl his name on the door of heaven itself, if he could ever get up to it!"

But with whatever varying feelings, permanent or transient, of devout reverence, idle curiosity, or profane levity, the multitudes in general were disposed to contemplate this strange spectacle, one thing was clear; that, considered as an instrument of confuting the gainsayer or silencing scepticism (in which light principally Michaelis thought it might be of value), our author had greatly overrated it. "If men will not believe Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead."—I do not deny, indeed, that this singular piece of posthumous evidence had the effect he predicted in many cases, by arresting the attention of the candid sceptic, and leading to a renewed and serious weighing of the evidence for the truth of the sacred records generally; but by no means in so many as one would have thought likely. It was really wonderful to see what a variety of plausible reasons were given why the relics should *not* be thought undoubtedly genuine. The theory, indeed, of "simultaneous" self-deception,—the result of a fanatical antiquarianism,—as to the meaning of the inscriptions, was given up as untenable when the stones were safely lodged in the Museum; the case was as hopeless as the theory of the Resurrection propounded by M. Renan. But it would have been a great mistake to suppose that scepticism had nothing further to say; on the contrary, there are few of the arguments against the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels which had not their ingenious counterparts in the reasons for doubting the genuineness and authenticity of these relics.

For example, it was observed by some that it by no means followed that, because they were discovered in such a locality, and in circumstances so suggestive of those mentioned in the Book of Deuteronomy, they were as ancient as the time of Joshua, or that they were, after all, anything more than an imposture, though not on the part of the respected Explorers. "It is observable," said they, "that they were found in the limits of Samaria"—as if, by the way, they *could* be found (if they were genuine) anywhere else! "Now the Samaritans received the Pentateuch alone, and they were continually striving to establish a claim to equal participation in the glories of the Mosaic dispensation with their Jewish rivals. What more likely than that the Samaritans, at a far subsequent date to that of Moses—finding the injunctions in the Book of Deuteronomy—conceived the idea of giving *éclat* to their system of worship by getting *seeming* possession of so remarkable a memorial of antiquity, and so setting up the tablets on Mount Ebal, thus forging a spurious relic of the days of Joshua?"—It was in vain to urge those who once took this idea into their heads, that there was no historic proof or probability of anything of the kind, and that the enmity and jealousy between the two races would have been sure to induce the Jews to proclaim and expose the cheat as soon as attempted; not to say that the tablets seem to have been utterly unknown to *both* parties till so wonderfully rediscovered. To this it was rejoined that "we could not *reasonably* expect, in the dearth of historic information in relation to those remote times, to have every doubt cleared up, and that doubtless many important facts had gradually vanished from history;"—an argument which a good many of us felt to come with singular grace and modesty from men who never for a moment allowed that *that* was a reason for not demanding a solution of every minute objection to the historic character of the Pentateuch or the Gospels.

One said that "as the remains had been discovered on Mount *Ebal*, this, though it accorded with the locality assigned in the Hebrew Scriptures, contradicted the statement in the Samaritan Pentateuch, which gave Mount Gerizim as the true site. Now if this (as even Michaelis thought) was the correct reading, these could not be the stones referred to by Moses: that, for *his* part, he thought the Samaritan Pentateuch was *right*," (he gave no reasons, however); "and that at all events the contradiction between the two texts caused a grave difficulty, which, until it was fully cleared up, must leave the whole matter covered with doubt."

Another man having observed a *crack* across one of the slabs, caused in moving it (though happily it was not broken), shook his head sagely, as though he found reason to suspect a *callida junctura* there; and significantly whispered to those about him that if we knew the full history of that "crack," we should, he suspected, get to the bottom of the

mystery: instead of being as old as Joshua, possibly the whole would be found to have been put together—"not a hundred years ago." But I must do the people the justice to say that few paid any heed to this insinuation, and seemed to think the "crack" was rather in his own head.

Some who flattered themselves that they had irrefragably proved, from the language of the Pentateuch, and an infinity of other arguments, that it cannot be referred to the date to which it has been generally ascribed,—possibly parts of it may be as early as the time of Ezra, or even Solomon,—here took advantage of their own wrong, and easily showed that as these tables were a faithful transcript of part of the Pentateuch, *they* also were incontestably of far later date than the age of Joshua. "In short," said one of them, "these inscribed tablets bear a most suspiciously close *resemblance* to the Decalogue, as given in the Pentateuch."

This theory—which was very acceptable to the multitudes who believe in the infallible scent of modern criticism, in determining from internal evidence the age of any book—had like to have been imperilled by some one whose microscopic eye had discovered that, after all, there *were* some minute variations in the forms of two or three words; and who felt disposed to argue, not that the preceding theory must be reconsidered, but that such "discrepancies" were fatal to the claims of a document which purported to be a *transcript* from the Pentateuch; in short, argued much as sceptical critics do (or rather did, before Bentley refuted them) from similar unimportant "various readings" in the New Testament.

Another, who was not aware of any such discrepancies, and assumed that the one "Decalogue" was an exact duplicate of the other, thought that whichever of the two was the oldest, their exact conformity was a very suspicious circumstance. Some one asked him why two copies of the same thing should *not* be alike?

But, on being questioned, his reasoning was found plausible enough. He said that as the Pentateuch had continued in constant use, and had been continually transcribed from age to age, it would naturally be affected by, and carry on its face, (though it would not of itself disclose,) the various changes of inflection, spelling, and forms of words, which were the inevitable effects of time and custom on all languages; just as we see that a modern edition of one of Sir Thomas More's writings, or even of Bacon, (though substantially to all intents and purposes the same as the earlier editions), yet exhibits innumerable diversities in these respects from the old copies. But he was quickly silenced by those who had already been busy in proving that the absence of *archaisms* was one of the palmary arguments for demonstrating that the Pentateuch was of late date, and begged him for heaven's sake to hold his tongue. He did not see that in fact he was damaging this sceptical argument, which has been a good deal insisted upon in our day; namely, that the Pentateuch exhibits too near an approximation to the forms and idioms of a later age,—that it is not *archaic* enough.

One man, a learned Jew (as I afterwards found), a devoted admirer of the Rabbis, suggested another difficulty. He could not, indeed, after the controversies of the last two centuries, maintain with the Rabbis of the middle ages the immemorial antiquity or the divine origin of the Hebrew points; nor even persist in supposing them as old as Moses. But if he did not go quite so far as the elder Buxtorf, he yet held for *certain*, (what even Michaelis thought probable,) that the vowel system had grown out of one simpler and older; that let people say what they would about the *scriptio defectiva*, there never was a written language so "defective" as to have no better vowel notation than the poor *Yod* and *Aleph* on these tables. He would as soon have doubted the authority of Moses himself, as believe in documents so deplorably naked of all trace of even the rudiments of *Kametz* or *Mappik*; and found this a certain sign that the asserted antiquity of this copy of the Decalogue was a mere dream, not for a moment to be admitted by any genuine disciple of Rabbi Ben Solomon.

Another odd fellow, who, though a most orthodox believer, had given much time to the investigation of ancient alphabets, and had a passion for that class of antiquities, was convinced that in several momentous points, the letters did not correspond with the more ancient Jewish characters. How he could possibly tell, with any precision, what *was* the exact form of the letters in the time of Moses, was a puzzle to everybody but himself. But he decided that the characters approximated far too much to the present *square* letters; and that though (as many critics have conjectured) these "square" letters might have been very gradually developed out of Phœnician, yet that at all events the transformation had not occurred so early; and that the writing, if genuine, ought to have been *more* like that on "Hasmonean coins," and *less* like that of the "Palmyrene inscriptions." But this was a mere individual crotchet, which yet a *quantum sufficit* of pedantry and conceit rendered demonstration to *him*. It showed not merely (as some of the other crotchets did) on what trivial grounds men can ingeniously parry evidence which it is not pleasant to receive; but what is still more strange, how incomparably more powerful may be the veriest crotchet which has come to be indulged by a wayward fancy or perverted learning, than the strongest arguments, even when these last fall in with the habitual convictions of the men who indulge it: for the good man readily admitted the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch, and needed, as he said, no confirmation of his faith whatever. That Joshua put up tablets as ordered in Deuteronomy, he had no doubt; but that these were the same, it was ridiculous to believe, while *Kophs* had such big heads and long legs, and *Gimels* were so suspiciously like *Nuns*.

One gentleman, I was told, had (in accordance with the characteristic tendency of modern science to pitch itself right into the most remote antiquity, and to find the solution of all mysteries there) delivered a lecture, in which he modestly threw out a hint that, from what he had heard of the *situs* in which, and the depth at which, the supposed remains were alleged to have been found, "he could not help having his doubts whether the *strata* had been disturbed for many centuries before the age of Moses; and that, if so, it was a proof at once that a fraud had been committed,—as had been undoubtedly the case with some of the supposed 'pre-Adamite relics' that had been palmed upon the world." In regard to these last relics indeed, his antiquarian *faith* was in general equal to anything; but in this case, he became suddenly sceptical. Some one gravely told him that, as he so readily received stone knives and arrow-heads found in such a *situs*, as proof of the existence of man perhaps millions of years ago, he ought to complete his theory by receiving these remains on the same conditions, and so running up the Pentateuch (at least *this* portion of it) to the same antiquity with his *celts*. Half angry and half puzzled, he declared that he would sooner believe *that*, than the ordinary age and date of the Pentateuch on any such evidence as this story of the Mount Ebal Decalogue. Some who heard the lecture were seriously disposed from such premises to come to the conclusion, that these fragments of the Pentateuch, if not the Pentateuch itself, were thousands (why not millions?) of years older than had been generally supposed, and corroborative of the fact (now generally conceded by scientific men) of the unlimited antiquity of the human race. In short, whether it were proved that the books of Moses were a very late forgery, or genuine relics of pre-Adamite man, seemed equally satisfactory to many; always provided they were allowed not to have been composed at the time and by the persons generally imagined.

A solitary disciple of the old-fashioned atheism, who most unreasonably felt himself puzzled by these Stone Witnesses, when the whole universe, and the Bible to boot, gave him no trouble at all, condescended to visit the Museum, and soon came to the conclusion that a "notable trick" had been palmed on the world; and, turning to me, asked what could be the "*design*" of it? I told him gravely that I did not believe in any arguments from "design;" and that I could not see, since he believed that all the visible universe, and everything in it, (in a word, whatever showed "marks of design,") were the effect of impersonal chance, or impersonal and unconscious law, why he should not believe that the same impersonal agencies might have produced these inscrutable blocks of stone. He evidently hardly knew whether to be angry with me, or to agree with me. "However," said he, "*suppose* the thing to be the effect of design, what could the design be?" I told him that, though I did not see any reason, in his case, why he should trouble himself about the matter, as his theory would solve any phenomena whatever; yet I thought the *design*, if design there was, was plain enough. "And what is that?" said he. "Why, to tell man that he is to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself, which last I thought we could hardly do, if we lightly suspected people of the most impudent frauds, as at present he seemed rather inclined to do."

But, after all, the most wonderful part of the whole was not the facility with which men made their escape from evidence which it was unpleasant to receive, or the ingenuity and plausibility of some of their hypotheses invented for this purpose, or—when nothing plausible could be offered,—the trumpery arguments with which the Will hoodwinked the Understanding; I say this was not the most wonderful part of the spectacle. Nor was my surprise chiefly excited by what was incomparably more wonderful—the inappreciable difference the discovery made in the bulk of those who, so far from feeling any disposition to deny that it was a great confirmation of the truth of the Scriptures, were quite willing to allow that it was so; for why should they regard the new copy of the Decalogue any more than they had done the old, or a small part of the Bible than the whole of it? There was one thing that surprised me still more; it was to see many vehemently and too literally *swearing* by the claims of this sacred relic to profound veneration, though their whole language and bearing showed that they had not only no knowledge of the subject, but cared not a groat about it—and who zealously broke the Commandments in the very terms in which they contended for them.

On one occasion, I remember, on a rude, pert sceptic's making some remark of an offensive kind, a countryman told him in great dudgeon, and with a profane oath, that "he was a scurvy rascal; that he would be hanged" (he used, I am sorry to say, a much stronger word) "if he would let any one laugh at *his* religion, and that if it was not for the company, he would teach him to know *better*."—Another was rejoiced to find these supplementary proofs given to the claims of the Bible: "In these sceptical times," he said, "it is a devilish good thing; and here is an argument which that old rogue Colenso, and all his infernal crew of Zulus, will find it hard to meet."

Methought I was awoke out of my dream by a curious incident. One sturdy sceptic, who had puzzled himself with the various theories for getting over the difficulty without implicating the character of the exploring party, (just as Strauss and other sceptics attempt to account for the falsehood of the Gospel history without touching the character of the Apostles,) but who found himself dissatisfied with them all, came back (as Strauss has done in the case of Christianity) to the conclusion that there had been, after all, some gross cheating in the matter and that the explorers, as he said aloud, had been "playing the knave." It so happened that one of

these gentlemen was standing near him, and before the words were well out of his mouth, being a man of high honour and quick sensibility, he fairly knocked the unlucky sceptic head over heels, at the same time saying:—"And who are you, or any like you, that you should think yourselves of sufficient importance to induce honourable men, and a number of them too, to perjure themselves, and undergo infinite pains, trouble, and ignominy, to deceive you into an unprofitable lie? Do you think we should submit to all this for the purpose of hoodwinking such a stupid old owl as you,—that needs no deceiving at all, but can deceive himself at any time, especially if he be brought into the sunlight?" I really thought it was an answer which Moses himself, Apostles, Prophets, and Martyrs (though perhaps not in terms so *brusque*, and certainly without the *argumentum baculinum*, which in this case accompanied it), might have reasonably addressed to many a suspicious sceptic who has doubted their honour, veracity, and even common sense.

There is, perhaps, little probability of the Palestine Exploration Society's fulfilling the anticipations of Michaelis, or turning my dream into a reality. But if they do not find the "Memorial Stones" in question, it is certain they will find many highly valuable and curious confirmations of sacred writ. God has, no doubt, concealed in his archives—the bosom of the earth—many a monument which shall explain or reconcile the difficulties, or corroborate the statements, of His own Word, and that they will yield themselves to persevering search. The society may rest assured there are thousands who are watching their labours with the greatest interest.

DOLL POEMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIPUT LEVEE."

I.—THE PICTURE.

THIS is her picture—Dolladine—
The beautifulest Doll that ever was seen!
Oh, what nosegays! Oh, what sashes!
Oh, what beautiful eyes and lashes!

Oh, what a precious perfect pet!
On each instep a pink rosette;
Little blue shoes for her little blue tots;
Elegant ribbons in bows and knots.

Her hair is powdered; her arms are straight;
Only feel, she is quite a weight!
Her legs are limp, though;—stand up, miss!—
What a beautiful buttoned-up mouth to kiss!

II.—THE LOVE STORY.

This is the Doll with respect to whom
A story is told that ends in gloom;
For there was a sensitive little sir
Went out of his mind for love of her!

They pulled a wire, she moved her eye;
They squeezed the bellows, they made her cry;
But the boy could never be persuaded
That these were really things which *they* did.

"My Dolladine," he said, "has life;
I love her, and she shall be my wife;
Dainty delicate Dolladine,
The prettiest girl that ever was seen!"

To give his passion a chance to cool,
They sent the lover to boarding-school,
But absence only made it worse—
He never learnt anything, prose or verse!

He drew her likeness on his slate;
His grammar was in a *dreadful* state,
With Dolladine all over the edges,
And true love-knots, and vows, and pledges.

What was the consequence?—Doctor Whack
Begged of his parents to take him back;
When his condition, poor boy, was seen,
Too late, they sent for Dolladine.

And now he will never part with her:
He calls her lily, and rose, and myrrh,
Dolly-o'-diamonds, precious lamb,
Humming-bird, honey-pot, jewel, jam,

Darling, delicate-dear-delight,
Angel-o'-red, angel-o'-white,
Queen of beauty, and such like names;
In fact all manner of darts and flames!

Of course, while he keeps up this wooing,
His education goes to ruin:
What are his prospects in future life,
With only a doll for his lawful wife?

It is feared his parents' hearts will break!
And there's one remark I wish to make;
I may be wrong, but it seems a pity
For a moveable doll to be made too pretty.

An old-fashioned doll, that is not like nature,
Can never pass for a human creature;
It is in a doll that moves her eyes
That the danger of these misfortunes lies!

The lover's name must be suppressed
For obvious reasons. He lives out west,
And if I call him Pygmalion Pout,
I don't believe you will find him out!

III.—DRESSING HER.

This is the way we dress the Doll:—
You may make her a shepherdess, the Doll,
If you give her a crook with a pastoral hook,
But this is the way we dress the doll.

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press the Doll,
But do not crumple and mess the Doll!
This is the way we dress the Doll.

First, you observe her little chemise,
As white as milk, with ruches of silk;
And the little drawers that cover her knees,
As she sits or stands, with golden bands,
And lace in beautiful filagrees.

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press the Doll,
But do not crumple or mess the Doll!
This is the way we dress the Doll.

Now these are the bodies: she has two,
One of pink, with ruches of blue,
And sweet white lace; be careful, do!
And one of green, with buttons of sheen,
Buttons and bands of gold, I mean,
With lace on the border in lovely order,
The most expensive we can afford her!

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press the Doll,
But do not crumple or mess the Doll!
This is the way we dress the Doll.

Then, with black at the border, jacket
And this—and this—she will not lack it;
Skirts? Why, there are skirts, of course,
And shoes and stockings we shall enforce,
With a proper bodice, in the proper place
(Stays that lace have had their days
And made their martyrs); likewise garters,
All entire. But our desire
Is to show you her night attire,
At least a part of it. Pray admire
This sweet white thing that she goes to bed in!
It's not the one that's made for her wedding;
That is special, a new design,
Made with a charm and a countersign,
Three times three and nine times nine:
These are only her usual clothes:
Look, *there's* a wardrobe! gracious knows
It's pretty enough, as far as it goes!

So you see the way we dress the Doll:
You might make her a shepherdess, the Doll,
If you gave her a crook with a pastoral hook,
With sheep, and a shed, and a shallow brook,
And all that, out of the poetry-book.

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press the Doll,
But do not crumple and mess the Doll!
This is the way we dress the Doll;
If you had not seen, could you guess
the Doll?

MEAT AT STARVATION PRICES.

When we consider that the rise in the price of meat, which has been taking place gradually these last thirty years, but with great rapidity these last ten years, affects the poor in a far greater degree than any other class of the community, it is not out of place in a journal of this character to make a few inquiries into the subject. If coals were to go up forty per cent. in price, our manufacturers would make an amazing outcry, and possibly, through their powers of combination, would speedily provide some remedy for the evil. But the poor and the labouring class do not possess the same powerful means of combination, and they suffer in consequence. The working classes, in one sense, are, however, machines, and it is as necessary for them to keep up their steam as it is for the engine of the manufacturer—their coal, in other words, is meat, and meat they must have if they are to maintain their powers of work; but out of their present wage this they cannot do.

It is possible that when the cattle plague has wholly passed away, butcher's prices will somewhat decline, but we are told, on the very best authority, that our chief articles of muscle-making fuel will never return to old prices, and that these prices can only be kept within any due limit by importations from abroad. If we ask any butcher the causes of the rapid rise in meat, he immediately tells you that it is owing to the cattle disease. But we know, on official authority, that only five per cent. of cattle have succumbed to this plague. This loss has been again far more than replaced by importation from abroad. Indeed, "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England," is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Our best butchers buy foreign meat equally with home grown. Our imports are mainly drawn from the Dutch and German ports, these again draw their supplies from the depths of the continent. Styria and Bohemia, and Hungary, are now our grazing grounds. France sends us some noble beasts, and Spain and Portugal furnish much finer cattle than our own as regards size, and we are told on all hands that they are rapidly increasing in quality now that the trade is a growing one, and the tastes of the English consumer are consulted. But it seems pretty clear that it is not so much the Rinderpest that is answerable for high prices, as Government Orders in Council, which have paralysed the whole trade. The stoppage of circulation in the cattle trade has thrown immense impediments in the way of the butcher; he has lost his time, an item which makes no show, and the graziers have lost their means of obtaining foreign stock for fattening, which has had the effect of reducing our own flocks and herds in a remarkable degree; so much so, in fact, that meat is cheaper in the metropolis than in any other of our great towns, and the country for a hundred miles round London is supplied from its markets. These facts, together with the still more important one, that whilst our population is growing at a great rate, we are becoming greater meat-eaters, will, we think, sufficiently account for the present spasmodic rise in price, and the gradual and seemingly less accountable increase going on during the present generation. As far as we can gather from the very interesting report "On the Trade in Animals," just printed, our main hope of keeping down the price of meat depends upon the development of our foreign imports, and upon improved means of bringing home-grown meat to market. We should say, judging from the evidence given by butchers in this important inquiry, that the vendors of meat are themselves a very prejudiced class of men, by no means up to the work of the day, and incapable of getting out of old ruts, or of accommodating themselves to an altered state of things. No doubt a new race, with larger ideas than those of their fathers, will arise, who will perceive that we must in future draw our meat mainly from abroad as we do our wheat, and that the machinery that was fully adequate when the meat travelled from Smithfield to their private slaughter-houses breaks down under a system which will send them for supplies to the end of the earth.

Mr. Rudkin, the Chairman of the Markets Committee of the City of London, tells us that "during the next three or four years London will be practically supplied with foreign cattle," and the evidence proves that the metropolitan city during eight months in the year is very largely supplied with dead meat. Dr. Letheby tells us that five years ago about 80,000 tons of meat came to the metropolitan markets annually, but that it is now 150,000 tons. Our primest beef and mutton comes from Aberdeen. Scotch mutton, indeed, comes with intermissions of a week or so of the hottest weather, all the year round, in perfect condition. We are even told that although the meat does not look quite so well to the eye, that it eats better, and will keep one day longer than town-killed meat. It is clear, therefore, that in the future we require to smooth the way for an entirely new method of supplying our markets—to create a machinery for the conveyance and reception of a widely extended field of supply, and it is to the perfection of that system we must look for keeping meat within the reach of the poor and of working men. At present, no doubt prices are enhanced by the great friction, if we may so term it, which takes place between the time the beast leaves the field to its entering the butcher's shop in the shape of joints. Not only do our butchers require to adopt quicker methods, but our railways must mend their ways. As it is, without exception, they have done nothing towards expediting matters as regards the carrying of meat. And this, be it remembered, is a matter of vital importance, inasmuch as a question of a few hours in

transit in summer is sufficient to transform wholesome meat into a mass of corruption. The one exception, which deserves to be widely made known, is the Bristol and Exeter Railway. Necessity, they say, is the mother of invention, and to the Order in Council prohibiting the carrying of cattle by railroads, we owe some very astounding results. Finding their traffic annihilated in live stock, the directors at once turned their attention to carrying dead meat. They ran special fast trains to the west of England, which is full of rich grazing districts, and fitted up trucks just like shambles. These they ran by a siding into their goods-shed, where a regular meat market was fitted up. This being done, they made known to the farmers on their line of railway, that "The West of England Produce Company offer at their stores ample and complete accommodation for the reception of carcasses sent to them by railway, and that with a view to diminish, as far as possible, the inconvenience and loss that must necessarily arise under the present restrictions, both to the graziers and to the public, they have made the necessary arrangements for the sale of carcasses, which must be addressed to the care of Mr. H. T. Swan, West of England Agricultural Stores, New Cut, Bristol. . . . As manager, they authorised me to say, that until some other arrangements were made, we should be responsible for the proper account of sales, and for remittances. We found that this was responded to, to a very great extent, by the graziers and farmers of Devonshire and Somersetshire, and that several station slaughter-houses had been erected, so that animals were slaughtered at the railway stations, put into very commodious vans, hung, in fact, as they would be in shambles, brought to these stores, and then they were offered for sale." As may be supposed, the butchers were immediately in arms; although a carcass market was brought to their doors, they refused to have anything to do with it; they even came to a resolution not to deal with any one who sent these carcasses to market. But the company were not to be defeated, they advertised the meat, and the public at once responded. "They rushed down in very large numbers, and there was no difficulty at all in selling the meat. People of first-class respectability in Clifton, such as physicians, proprietors of schools, and others, clubbed together; several gentlemen said 'we will have a sheep between us,' and all that sort of thing. There was a very great demand, and farmers and graziers, if one may judge from the success which attended the undertaking, got very much better returns through this company, than they were receiving from the butchers, while on the other hand a very large saving was made to the purchaser." Here was a tremendous revolution. This meat sold for 4*s.* 8*d.* per stone, or 7*d.* a pound, at the same time that meat was selling for 10*d.* per pound in Clifton, and we are further told, that the effect of this movement was to reduce the price of meat 2*d.* per pound at the butchers'. Thus at one stroke the grazier and the farmer were brought into connection with the consumer—an abolition of friction with a vengeance; the carcass butcher, the salesman, and the retailer, were swept off the scene at a blow; and the result was a reduction of the price of meat by the amount of 3*d.* per pound. This is a fact worthy of all consideration, for whilst it is quite possible for the public to live without butchers, they certainly cannot live without meat. We hear that this method of distribution is still going on at Bristol, that the co-operative stores in that city buy entirely from the railway company, and redistribute to their shareholders. The co-operative system is a very large one, and will, we believe, ultimately bear important fruits. We do not wish to enter into the subject here, but the example we have given of what is being done at Bristol may certainly be followed in other large cities contiguous to great grazing districts, provided railway managers act with the same spirit as the manager of the Bristol and Exeter line. It has been objected that slaughtered animals get bruised in transit, but we see by the institution of these "travelling larders" that the meat comes up in very perfect condition, each carcass being so secured laterally that it cannot get bruised by bumping up against the next carcass. The consequence of the perfection of these carriage arrangements is, that this line continues to carry large quantities of dead meat, now that the prohibition against carrying cattle has been rescinded. The carriage of live beasts has been a disgrace to the country. Cattle often are detained on the road between five-and-twenty and six-and-thirty hours, without one drop of water or mouthful of hay; the consequence is, that they arrive at their destination fevered, and often afflicted with the foot-and-mouth disease. Cattle in such a condition will not drink, and if killed when thus fevered are very difficult to keep, and always eat badly; if on the other hand they are allowed to rest, the loss of time enhances their cost to the butcher. The treatment of beasts in the cattle-ships is equally bad: the most obvious arrangements to give food and water are neglected, and beasts after a long voyage become so exhausted that they lie down and are trampled upon. Inasmuch as the cost of meat has been so greatly raised by the cattle plague, and the vexatious Orders in Council to which it has given rise, it is of the utmost importance that for the future it shall not again re-enter this country through the introduction of foreign cattle. The whole of England was poisoned, we are told, through the Metropolitan Cattle Market, at which beasts were sold that had been brought up the Thames. In order to shut this door it has been proposed that a foreign cattle market shall be established somewhere down the river, near the place of landing from the steamers, that here the cattle should be sold and slaughtered, and only allowed to enter the metropolis as dead meat. If this could be done the metropolis would at once get rid of many obnoxious

trades which cluster around the slaughter-houses—the fat-boiling, bone-boiling, blood manure-making, catgut-making, the hide and bone stores, &c., which now render the neighbourhood of Whitechapel so unhealthy and unsavoury. It would also prevent any further fear on the head of the cattle plague. The butchers, however, "do not see it." They say that it will not do to separate the foreign and the home market, and that we must have but one market for three millions of people. It seems to be agreed, however, that it would be well to land foreign beasts much lower down the river than we do at present. It is the last twenty or thirty miles coming up the river, where there is a want of circulation of air, that distresses the cattle. This would be avoided by their being landed lower down the Thames, and carried to the Islington Cattle Market direct. We suppose it is necessary to have a live meat market in the metropolis, inasmuch as in hot weather it affords a kind of reserve for the butcher to fall back upon, in case there should be any falling off in the dead meat supply; but even in these emergencies the butchers forget that we have telegraphs and railways at our disposal, and beasts may be slaughtered down in the country at half an hour's notice, and sent up by the midnight train. We feel convinced that in another twenty years it will be as rare a sight to see an ox driven through the City as it is now to see a camel. But these results will require a little time to reconcile the trade to them.

We have shown that the dead meat is becoming the great source of metropolitan supply. More than half of the meat sold is killed in the country. It comes regularly from Aberdeen, a distance of 600 miles—it comes also from Cornwall. If it can be brought fresh across the length and the breadth of the land, we see no reason why, with proper railway arrangements, it should not come to the metropolitan market from every part of the country. As far as we can see, there is only one objection to the supply of London wholly by country-killed meat, and that is, it would deprive the poor of their chief food, the offal. The liver and lights, the heart, the tripes, and the feet, form the principal flesh food of the working classes. If these "oddments" were left behind—and they would scarcely bear carriage—one indispensable item of food would be cut off from the working population. The West-end never touches these things, hence the dead-meat trade is gradually absorbing the whole market in that quarter.

Dead meat is beginning to come from abroad too. Holland sends us legs and shoulders of mutton. The distance is not great, and in the cold weather meat travels very well by sea. A large portion of Scotch beef and mutton also comes by the same mode. In a few years we shall certainly be supplied largely from France and Denmark. At present the arrangements for the sale of dead meat are so horrible that only Englishmen would put up with them. Newgate Market, the chief market, is so thronged in the morning that its narrow entrances are impassable for hours. In a year or so all this will be remedied by the fine market now building on the site of Old Smithfield. Here we shall find a complete system of railways in the basement of the market, and the market above. The meat will be lifted from the vans by hoists to the shambles over head. This market will be placed in direct communication with the slaughter-houses of Islington Market by means of the Metropolitan Railway, and sooner or later the Great Western, Great Northern, and North-Western, will run into it. By the use of the telegraph and special meat trains running at high speeds, it will be able to command all the country slaughter-houses, and by a touch of electric fire our commissariat will be replenished almost as quickly as it could be by the slaughtermen of the metropolis. When one thinks of the amazing increase of stock that is consumed in London, the wonder is how we have been able to get on as we have done with our miserable market arrangements. Our foreign importations, it must be remembered, have only began within these last twenty years, and during that time our farms have doubled the number of flocks and herds they used to support. A very large per-centage of this new supply finds its way to the miserable holes and corners in the metropolis we were pleased to call markets, before the opening of the new emporium at Islington. Even now our dead-meat markets would be a disgrace to any fifth-rate town, to say nothing of the largest capital of the world.

It is just possible that we may be able to draw upon still further fields for our meat supplies than even the wide one of continental Europe. We have all heard of jerked beef, or the charqué of South America. This is the first of the preserved provisions that has made any noise, or has, indeed, been freely used by Englishmen as an article of diet. We have long known that the flocks and herds of South America count by millions. Even in those countries bordering the river Plate, we are told that there are 22,000,000 cattle and 35,000,000 sheep that are valuable there merely for their skins, horns, and fleeces. The meat which we pine for, is a mere drug in that country. Legs of mutton are selling for a shilling each in the large towns, and beef is comparatively cheaper. If we could only preserve this meat so as to be able to carry it across the sea to England, what a boon it would be to our starving millions! Many energetic men have tried to solve this problem by different processes. The best known of these is by cutting the flesh into slips, which are salted and then dried in the sun. The beef thus prepared certainly has this advantage, that one pound of it contains less than half as much water as we find in English fresh meat, and it contains double the amount of nitrogenous matter, which is very important, as it can be sold for 3*d.* per pound; its cost being really only 1½*d.* The nutriment found in this article of food is very great, but then it is not

very palatable. Health and strength could be sustained by it, but even the poor would soon tire of eating it. The moist charqué contains more water, but still far less than our fresh beef, but would never be used as a staple article of food. The salting process takes away many of the more nourishing qualities of the meat, at least when used externally in the old method. We hear, however, that Mr. Williams, long resident in South America, has patented a new process by which the meat is preserved in a much more scientific method. Whilst the beast is yet warm its chest is opened, the great artery leading from the heart is exposed, and brine is forced into it by great pressure. In ten minutes all the blood is driven before it, and the whole ox salted so thoroughly that every capillary or fine vessel is filled with the preserving fluid, so that by merely cutting the ear or hoof the brine flows out quite pure. This beef is preferable on every account to that salted by the old method, but still it is salt meat, and will not therefore become a staple article of food, although we hear that the samples sent over have sold freely in Liverpool, the price being about 4*d.* per pound. But fresh beef is the thing desired, and we have certainly tasted of South American beef in the joint which was brought over here as fresh in appearance as though it had just come from Newgate Market. The method of preserving it in this condition is as old as the hills, but this particular process has been patented by Messrs. Sloper and Paris, two gentlemen connected with the house of Messrs. M'Call. The process is as follows: The fresh meat is cut into joints of a suitable size and placed in tin canisters having a hole at the top and a hole at the bottom; water is then forced in at the bottom until it entirely fills the canister, driving the air or oxygen, the destructive agent, before it; when all the air is expelled the water withdrawn, and is followed by a gas the nature of which is not known, which fills the tin, on the completion of which process the canister is hermetically sealed. The action of the gas is like that of a police-constable—it has no oxydising qualities itself, but the moment oxygen leaks in from any imperfection in the tin, the gas instantly seizes hold of it, and renders it powerless to taint the meat. The gas is in all probability the sulphite of potash, which has such a very great affinity for oxygen, that it instantly combines with it and forms the sulphate of potash, which keeps the beef sweet. The dinner given in the City a short time since by the patentees of this process, was served with dishes made from this fresh beef, and it certainly was excellent. Measures are being taken to bring this food over in large quantities, and we trust it will be a very valuable supplement to our European sources of supply. It can be sold at 5*d.* per pound, a very great recommendation in these hard times. If this process turns out to be practicable on a commercial scale, we can scarcely estimate its value. It will give us the power to feed the scarcity of one region with the superfluities of another. Beef and mutton are good things, but there are scores of other articles of food obtainable in foreign countries which will then be easily transferred to this.

Baron Liebig has taken advantage of the cheapness of South American beef to establish a factory for his preparation known as "Extractum Carnis," at Fray Bentos, near the establishment of Mr. Morgan in the vicinity of the town of Paysandú, in the republic of Uruguay. Mr. Ford, her Majesty's consul at Buenos Ayres, who has made a report to Lord Clarendon respecting the different means of preserving the South American beef, from which we have already quoted, says with respect to the Baron's method, "This process differs essentially from that employed by Mr. Morgan, for the meat, instead of being preserved whole, is reduced to an essence, and can, consequently, only be used as a thick soup or stock. . . Eight small tins will hold the concentrated elementary matter of an entire ox, at a price of 96*s.* and will make over 1,000 basins of soup, good strong soup; one tea-spoonful to a large cup of water, and either alone or with an addition of a little bread, potato, and salt, affords a good sound repast." This sounds very well, a very *multum in parvo;* but Mr. Vosper, an analytic chemist, in a communication to the *Lancet*, declares that, so far from being an essence of meat, it is deficient in gelatine and fat, and that the fibrin and albumen are insoluble in water, therefore boiling it in that element to produce an essence will not give those elements. If this is the case, we fear "one pound of the essence, which is sufficient to make broth for 128 men," according to Mr. Ford, will do these 128 men little good, as they will get only five grains each of a material from which many of the blood-making qualities are withdrawn. Dr. Hassall has, however, patented a process which he calls the "Flour of Meat," which possesses all the elements of the meat, even to the fibrin itself, which is ground down to an impalpable powder. The value of this preparation to invalids is great, because a cup of highly nutritious beef-tea can be made from it in a moment. This preparation, however valuable to the invalid, can scarcely come under the title of food for the million, inasmuch as the price is above their reach; but if the doctor could prepare it like the Baron in South America, where beef is worth scarcely anything, another most valuable and nourishing aliment could be furnished to the public at a very cheap rate. The more preparations we have, giving us the real essence of meat, the better; it is with pleasure, therefore, that we hear a firm is busy in Australia transferring to us the superfluous flesh of that country. An Englishman may say with Macbeth, "I have stomach for them all."

ANDREW WYNTER.

DERVISHES IN SYRIA.

Dervishes may be divided into two classes—those who belong to fraternities or societies for religious exercises, whose tenets and oaths are kept so secret that the uninitiated can only describe their outward appearance and the ceremonies which are practised in public; and those recluses who, without belonging to any special sect, profess holiness and abstinence, and wander solitarily over the face of the earth.

Of the first class the principal sect is that of the "Mowlawiyeh" (singular, "Mowlawi"). Their head-quarters are at Konia in Karamania. They follow various trades and callings, and assemble on certain days at their hospice for religious exercises. They wear a tall drab felt hat, shaped like an inverted flower-pot or sugar-loaf, with a flattened top, around which the sheikh of the order wears a turban of white or green muslin neatly folded in lattice pattern; it is called the "tâj," or *crown*. Then they have a close-fitting white cotton jacket, and long white skirt of cotton stuff gored from the waist and leaded at the hem; and over all they wear a "farajiyeh," or loose garment of coloured merino or cloth, made very wide, and with long loose sleeves. These latter articles, however, are only worn when the dervishes are going to a religious entertainment: but the tâj is always worn. They have establishments at Konia, Constantinople, Cairo, Damascus, and Tripoli, the superiors of which are appointed by the chief man at Konia. They practise abstinence and charity, perform the "zikr,"—a *repetition of the name and attributes of the Deity*,—with a twirling dance to the music of the "kanûn," a kind of stringed instrument, the tambourine, and "nakarat," or kettle-drums. On certain days they distribute soup and bread to all poor applicants, from the local funds, and are generally respected by those who know them or have any dealings with them.

I have been present at many of their weekly gatherings in Damascus, and think a description of these may not be uninteresting to the reader.

The "Tekiyeh," which is both hospice and convent for the dervishes of this order, is situated in a pleasant spot just outside the gate of the city. The windows of the rooms look out on a garden well cultivated both with fruit-trees and flowers. A considerable stream from the river Barada is conducted through the garden, and over its course are erected kiosks or summer-rooms. A mosque is attached to the establishment; it is of about 40 feet square; and in it an octagonal space of about 30 feet each way is railed off and well floored with smooth polished boards, for the prayers, zikrs, and other ceremonies. Between the railing and the wall a space of about five feet wide is left all round for the spectators. On the northern side is an elevated balcony for the orchestra and a few dervishes and favoured guests. In a recess on the eastern side there is a latticed balcony for ladies; and on the western side is a recess containing the cenotaphs of some celebrated members of the order who have died in Damascus.

The zikr is performed every Thursday after noon-prayers. The door of the mosque is opened a little before noon, when those desirous of witnessing the ceremony assemble and take their places in the space allotted to them.

A little after noon a dervish in a red cloth "binesh" or farajiyeh, makes his appearance, carrying a sheepskin stained red and a small praying-carpet. The carpet is very reverentially spread out near the middle of the stage, and the sheepskin is placed upon it. Fourteen dervishes, wearing their farajiyehs and other distinguishing marks of the order, then come in, bow to the carpet on passing it, and kneel down on the stage at about equal distances from each other with their backs to the railings. The musicians and a few dervishes go to the orchestral balcony. The sheikh then comes in, wearing a black or green cloth binesh (which is not quite so loose as the farajiyeh), and with a white or green turban neatly folded round his pale drab tâj, as in the sketch. He bows to the carpet, and then takes his

position upon it in an attitude of prayer, with his face turned towards the south. The other dervishes and about an equal number of the spectators arrange themselves in various rows behind him and say their prayers also, but all in silence. Presently, when the "fard" or *obligatory* prayers are concluded, they arrange themselves in two ranks, like soldiers, and go through the "surach" or *customary* prayers, rising, kneeling, and making the prostrations to the word of command, as it were.

Prayers being over, those of the spectators who had joined in them step over the railing to their places again. The sheikh's carpet and sheepskin, which are regarded as emblems of the secret powers of the sheikh who founded the order, are placed in the south-west angle, and after the sheikh has taken his place on it kneeling, the rest of the der-

vishes go to their places as before. They kneel thus for several minutes in silence. The sheikh then raises his hands as if holding an open book, and in a melodious voice pronounces the unity of God, implores blessings on the Prophet, the Sultan, and the members of his government.

He then repeats many times the "Tekbir," or declaration of the greatness of God, "Allahu Akbar." One of the dervishes in the orchestra then chants in a plaintive voice, the others being still seated on their heels and knees as before.

But the kettle-drum is suddenly sounded, whereupon the dervishes all strike the palms of their hands on the ground, and rise simultaneously, and the band strikes up a lively strain. The sheikh moves a few paces, reverently bows to his carpet, and, with his arms folded across his chest, marches round the platform. The dervish next to him then approaches the carpet and bows, passes it and bows again, and then follows his sheikh. So do the next and the next, till all have bowed and all are marching round the platform in slow procession. This is done three times. Having returned to their places, they let fall the ends of the white skirts, which have till now been hitched up in their girdles, and they throw off their loose cloak, thus displaying the close-fitting jacket above alluded to.

Those about to join in the twirl, generally about ten or twelve at a time, solemnly cross their arms, place their left hands on their right shoulders, and

their right hands on their left shoulders, and kick their long heavy skirts before them, as they hang heavily and cling uncomfortably to the knees.

Each in turn approaches the sheikh with a low bow, and humbly kisses his hand, the sheikh at the same time kissing the dervish's cap. After making a second bow the dervish recedes a few steps, and begins twirling from right to left, like waltzing backwards. He gradually and slowly draws his hands from his shoulders, and stretches them out at arm's length, the palm of the left hand downwards, and that of the right hand upwards. The skirt, being gored and leaded, spreads out like an umbrella without any creases or plaits. The head is generally slightly inclined on one shoulder, and the

eyes are closed, as if the performer were in a trance. When all have started, one of them works his way to the middle of the platform, and remains there revolving on his own axis; the others move round him. As the music becomes faster so do the revolutions of the twirlers. The elder, who brought in the sheikh's carpet, walks about with a slow step between the dervishes, and when any one of them gets out of his proper place, he gently stamps his foot to call him to his senses. The sight of these eight or ten human teetotums is really very striking; and it is remarkable that they do not more often come in contact with each other's skirts; but frequent practice, and the superintendence of the spectral dervish who glides about between them, generally prevent such collisions. At the end of about four minutes the music stops with one note from the drum; the dervishes stop almost as suddenly, place their hands across their breasts as before, and step back to their places, most of them streaming with perspiration, but not giddy. They bow, and then the sheikh takes two steps forward to the middle of the platform, and makes one bow, as if thanking them. Chanting then recommences in the orchestra, and lasts for about two minutes. At a change in the tune the dervishes again go through the ceremony of kissing the sheikh's hand, and having their caps kissed by him; and they twirl round the room again for about five minutes, but this time a little faster than before.

For about two minutes there is chanting, and for the third time they kiss the sheikh's hand and twirl; but this time about four of the dervishes, who had not before participated in the dancing, take the places of others, who rest themselves.

When the twirlers have gained a certain position of about equal distances from each other, they make no further progress, but remain stationary, revolving only on their own axis; and the sheikh, taking hold of the collar of his coat in his right hand, makes two steps forward, and twirls in a most dignified manner. The music gradually quickens, till all the dervishes seem in a state of ecstasy, and remain so for about ten minutes. When the music is stayed, the twirling also ceases, and they return to their places, put on their farajiyehs, and kneel down in silent meditation. Presently the sheikh commences the Fât-hah,—the first chapter of the Koran, which is supposed to be repeated in silence by all good Moslems present. This done, they all stand up. The first dervish on the sheikh's left hand approaches with a bow, kisses the sheikh's hand, and takes up his position on the sheikh's right. The next then kisses the hand of the sheikh, and then that of the first dervish, and takes his position still on the right hand. They follow each other till each has kissed the hand of all who have passed before. The sheikh then reverently bows to his carpet and retires. The others follow the example, and the elder in red carries away the carpet and sheepskin.

Some of these dervishes are very old men, whereas others are mere boys. The "Ahmedîyeh" are distinguished by a red turban and a red garment. They practise the zikr, but are more numerous in Egypt than in Syria. The "Bekrîyeh" have white as their distinguishing colour. They also practise the zikr. The "Khalwatiyeh" resemble the Bekrîyeh, and only practise the zikr. The "Rafa'îyeh" wear a drab felt hat somewhat less high than that of the "Mowlawîyeh." Round it the sheikh wears a white woollen turban, with a piece of green ribbon crossing the front part. They practise the zikr with such great violence as frequently to produce cataleptic fits. They eat fire, glass, and serpents. They perform feats with swords and other sharp instruments, thrusting them into their flesh without apparently doing any injury. I have seen a young man with as many as sixteen or eighteen skewers protruding from his neck and body, and another passed through each cheek. When the sheikh draws out the skewer, he wets the tip of his finger with saliva, and, applying it to the wound, no blood flows, and although there is a hole, it does not look like a serious wound. When I saw glass eaten, I thought that some other transparent but more easily digested substance had been substituted for it; so, after the performance, I spoke to one of the dervishes on the subject. He assured me that it was real glass, and offered to eat my friend's spectacles, but they could not be spared. He then brought down a glass lamp, which we examined, and deliberately bit from it piece after piece, and crunched it up between his teeth with as much apparent relish as if it had been short-bread. It is a mystery to me. I cannot explain it; I only state the fact.

The "Sh'eibanîyeh" wear the tâj and white turban, like the Rafa'îyeh, but without the green ribbon. They practise the same rites. The "Sa'adîyeh" wear a small tâj and a white turban, and follow the same rites and practices as the Rafa'îyeh and the Sh'eibanîyeh. The "Shazlîyeh," again, wear a white shirt and a white skull-cap. They only practise the zikr. The "Sawîyeh" adopt both the dress and the rites of the Khalwatîyeh. The "Kadrîyeh" wear a worked cap, with an edging or fringe of black or coloured silk or wool. They sometimes wear a white woollen turban wound round their cap, with a piece of green ribbon on the right side. They practise the zikr, accompanied by a large drum and a tambourine. The "Nakshbendîyeh" wear a white skull-cap. They practise the zikr in silence, and seek God's favour. The "Bakdashîyeh" wear a drab felt hat, not quite so high as that of the Mowlawîyeh, wound with a turban of white muslin. They generally wear stone tablets on their chests, and carry horns, which they blow, producing a very loud noise. They have no zikrs, or prayers and ceremonies. They are not bound to abstain from forbidden things, nor to obey the commandments. They wear their hair very long, and make frequent mention of the name of 'Ali.

Having now disposed of our first class of dervishes, we come to the other class, which is made up of a large variety of characters. The Bakdashîyeh, the last-mentioned of the first class, may perhaps be numbered among them. They vary in habits, dispositions, and dress. Some are mere maniacs or idiots, and are especially respected on that account, it being believed that God has favoured them, and raised them above worldly intelligence. Others are religious devotees. Some again are mere impostors, who, under the garb of poverty and religion, gain a good livelihood in performing the rites ordinarily practised by regular dervishes, such as writing amulets and charms. They pretend to clairvoyance, and even to bodily locomotion by supernatural agency. They divine the authors of conspiracy, theft, or robbery; perform tricks of jugglery and sleight of hand, mutter prayers over persons afflicted with sickness, and practise other rites similar to those of the dervish "Bideen" and his companions, so graphically described by the late Mr. Morier, in his highly interesting work, entitled "The Adventures of Hadji Baba in Ispahan."

Of course a great deal of self-confidence and effrontery are necessary to support the character of a dervish. The bolder he is if an impostor, and the madder he is if a real maniac, the greater are the respect and veneration shown him. He has *carte-blanche* to enter almost any place he chooses. He visits the pashas and high functionaries, who rise and kiss his hand, and place him in a seat of honour. When the dervish has gained sufficient influence over the pasha, he upbraids him, flatters him, or reproaches him, just as may suit

his purpose: his sayings and doings being considered as especially directed by Providence. It is even considered a mark of God's favour should a madman of this class conceive a passion, and it would be encouraged rather than opposed. "It takes a wise man to make a fool," and on this principle impostors rarely indulge in such intrigues, lest a scandal and revolt should be produced in the minds of even such bigots as now revere them. I have, however, heard of several instances during my residence in the East; for dervishes have sometimes as much influence and power over Moslem families as Jesuit priests have occasionally over Roman Catholic families. But they are too wise to make much use of it.

The following is an instance of an impostor's influence:—Some years ago, Damascus had a very superstitious governor-general. A dervish, whom we will call Sheikh Ahmed, was in the habit of visiting him, and congratulated him or scolded him, slandered people or praised them, just as it suited his purpose. He pretended to be very poor, and said that he did not seek to alter his position, even refusing presents of money offered him by the pasha; but he made ample amends for his self-denial in the large sums he exacted from other persons who bribed him to speak a word in their favour.

He had been very extortionate and cruel towards the Jews, and was jealous of the position and rank of the chief general accountant, who was a Jew named Rafael. This man had suffered many indignities at the sheikh's hands, and at last conceived a plan to relieve himself and his community from the oppression.

Sheikh Ahmed had pretended to the pasha that he was miraculously transported every Friday from Damascus to Mecca, where he joined in the prayers of the faithful in the Haram; and he returned every Friday afternoon with all the consequential bearing of a religious enthusiast whose holiness is unquestioned. The pasha believed in him, and devoutly kissed his hand always on his return, as one just arrived from a holy place.

The Jewish sarrâf obtained a very fine jet rosary of Mecca workmanship, and removing from it the long bead at the top, called the "meidaneh," or minaret, presented it thus incomplete to the pasha. His excellency accepted it, but regretted the absence of the meidaneh, and asked where it was. Rafael answered that it had been lost by a former owner, but that the pasha need not be uneasy on that score, for, being of Mecca workmanship, it could be replaced, and as Sheikh Ahmed, the dervish, was in the habit of visiting Mecca every Friday, he might be commissioned to bring one back with him.

The pasha was satisfied with this, and next day, when the sheikh came, his excellency showed him the present, and, pointing out the deficiency, said, "I wish you to take the rosary with you next Friday to Mecca, and purchase a meidaneh for it. When you bring it back complete it will have an additional value."

The sheikh promised to comply with the pasha's request, and immediately left the apartment inwardly chagrined. He soon found out who had made the present, and guessed the motive. That evening he disguised himself, and, for the first time in his life, polluted himself by entering a Jew's house, namely, that of Rafael, the sarrâf. He was shown into a handsome room in the outer court, and Rafael soon entered from the inner court. He expressed in the most powerful terms the honour the sheikh had conferred upon him in visiting his poor house.

The sheikh answered, "I am not here for compliments; we are men of the world, and must understand each other. You have given the pasha a rosary without a meidaneh, and I want the rest from you." The host confessed that he had presented an incomplete rosary to the pasha, and that it was altogether unworthy of his acceptance, but added that he had never seen the meidaneh. The wily old dervish knew better, and it was now a case of "diamond cut diamond." He declared that he saw through the plot, promised that the Jews should be protected in future, and that none of them should ever be molested if Rafael would only give up the coveted meidaneh.

The Jew was not content with this verbal assurance, as it might be broken the very next day, and he therefore remained obdurate, though with an affected humility. "God forbid," he said, "that I should deny you anything I possess, especially when you have honoured me by this visit. I am yours, my house is yours, and all it contains; but as to the rosary, had it been perfect it would never have fallen to the lot of a poor man of my rank. The sheikh used all kinds of persuasion, but in vain. Rafael remained inexorable. At last Sheikh Ahmed drew forth his inkhorn, and unfolding a clean sheet of paper, wrote on it as follows:—"The reason of this writing is, that I the undersigned Sheikh Ahmed confess that I have received from the hands of the Sarrâf Rafael the jet meidaneh of the rosary which he, the above mentioned, gave incomplete to his Excellency the Pasha, and I make this declaration in writing in proof of the compact existing between us." He then signed it, and removing the signet ring from the little finger of his right hand, placed the tip of the pen on the signet, rubbed the ink to an even surface over the face of it, then with the tip of his third finger he moistened a spot near his signature and sealed the document. He then held it out to his host, saying, "Take this bond, read it, and give me the meidaneh; and know at the same time that you are now my master, for if I do not exert myself to my utmost ability to serve your people, you can disgrace me by exhibiting this paper."

It was now Rafael's turn to be humble and to confess. He took the paper, carefully folded it up and concealed it in a box in the bookcase; then

opening a paper parcel, he drew forth the subject of the visit and presented it to the sheikh, who received it with a thousand thanks. Sheikh Ahmed left the house professing immense friendship for the Jew; but inwardly uttering imprecations on him and on his family, and generations past and present.

On the following Friday the sheikh concealed himself as usual, and a few hours after noon came down from his hiding-place, and bustling along in a great perspiration and covered with dust, proceeded to the divan where the pasha was anxiously awaiting him. After receiving the pasha's more than usual homage he presented the rosary complete.

His excellency's faith in the sheikh's miraculous power of locomotion was thus confirmed, and he thanked him very sincerely. By this means the Jews were to a great extent freed from oppression.

A village woman, who had strong suspicions of the sheikh's dishonesty and falsity, invited him to dine at her house, and asked the principal villagers to meet him. At the appointed time the guests arrived, and dinner was served, consisting of several dishes of rice, and between them hashes of various kinds, such as meat and onions stewed together with butter, and vegetable marrows scooped out and filled with chopped meat. But immediately in front of the reputed saint she placed a dish consisting of a nicely cooked fowl with boiled rice, and then covered with a thin layer of boiled burghul, or bruised wheat, which is looked upon as inferior to rice. She directed the attention of the dervish especially to this dish, as she said she had prepared it on purpose for him. He tried to excuse himself by saying that he was not accustomed to burghul. The hostess insisted, but the sheikh protested that he preferred the rice. The guests now interfered and begged the woman to desist from such importunity, and to leave the learned man to his own wishes, as it was contrary to the rules of hospitality. She then plunged her hand into the dish and drew forth the fowl stuffed with rice, and showing that there was only a very thin layer of burghul on it, she said, "There, my sheikhs, do you think that the dervish who could not see a fowl through a thin coating of burghul, close to his face and hands, could see what happened in the holy mosque at Mecca hundreds of hours away? No, he is a cheat."

The rest of the meal did not pass off very agreeably, and the guests, although much disappointed, could not help admiring the woman's wit.

E. T. ROGERS.

GOD HEARS.

Though the heavens be as brass, and the clouds drop lead;
Though the living walk as foes, and our friends lie dead;
Though the mighty rule the right, and uphold black wrong;
Though the song of victory be a blatant song,
Though the cry of the oppress'd riseth all day long:

Yet, beyond our Heaven, and beyond our clouds,
Stand the white-robed angels, in their countless crowds;
These all have striven, as we strive this day,
These all have wearied on the steep, dark way,
They, too, petition'd, even as we pray:—

O God, our Father, unto whom we cry,
We know, past doubting, Thou indeed art nigh;
By all Thy doings ere we saw this light,
By what shall follow when we sleep in night;
We know, our Father, Thou wilt keep the right.

The world is Thine, and it can but go
As Thou dost utter, "Let it be so."
These all shall smoothen in Thine own good time,—
The rude, rough clanging turn to Sabbath chime:
There is no ruin in Thy plan sublime.

And we too, Father, claim the kindred sweet,
Thine own weak children cling about Thy feet,
And meekly bathe them, in repentant tears,
And bring before Thee all unspoken fears
And speechless sorrows,—for we know God hears.

J. W.

THE ART OF SELF-PROTECTION AGAINST THIEVES AND ROBBERS.

In former articles on the criminal question, the course of investigation was confined to the character, the habits, and the machinations of the thieves, in order that the public might to some extent understand the subject on its criminal side. Such understanding was necessary, for how can crime be either crushed or guarded against unless it is understood? But there is one important part of the question which remains to be discussed. The art of self-protection against thieves and robbers is interesting to all, and the space now at our disposal cannot be better employed than in teaching the public how to take care of themselves. Many of the hints which we shall give, have been supplied to us by convicts and others of the criminal classes.

To a large extent the public certainly can take

care of themselves, and this important duty ought not to be neglected, simply because no precautionary measures can render the success of thieves altogether and absolutely impossible. It is chiefly by the carelessness and ignorance of the people that the criminal fraternity succeed, and popular carelessness in not a few instances is so excessive and egregious as to form a positive inducement and opportunity to the thief and the swindler.

The police statistics often contain startling facts illustrative of the carelessness of the multitude. The Manchester Police Report for the year 1862 informs us that the number of robberies committed on Sundays in shops and dwelling-houses during the absence of the proprietors, amounted to forty-three, from which property to the value of 237*l.* was abstracted. Six thousand five hundred and twenty pounds were taken by the police from drunken persons, and restored to them when sober. Five thousand nine hundred and thirty-three children were reported as lost; and two thousand two hundred and five premises were left insecure, by doors, windows, &c., not being fastened.

The foregoing facts are startling enough, and as one cannot suppose that the Manchester people are more careless than the inhabitants of other towns, Captain Palin's statistics may be regarded as a specimen of the carelessness of the people throughout the country. With such known opportunities as these, no wonder that thieves are bold and successful, and that the criminal class perpetuates itself from generation to generation. Surely common sense and the most ordinary prudence should teach people not to leave their doors open ready for thieves to enter in, or to place themselves at the mercy of pickpockets by being intoxicated in the streets. But there are many other sources of danger which the people *en masse* cannot know until they are put before them, and several of these we hasten to explain.

Some of the ways in which men lay themselves open to thieves, need no explaining. If people won't keep sober when they are abroad, they must suffer for their inebriety. What can men expect, if, on being accosted familiarly by a total stranger, they will allow themselves to be drawn aside and held in suspicious and culpable conversation? This gentle hint, which those whom it most concerns can easily take, accounts for many street robberies, both by day as well as by night. And it would place no small check upon theft, if the laws of the land refused to assist a man to recover his stolen purse, who voluntarily enters a habitation which is legally defined to be *contra bonos mores*.

Happy are the people who are safe without locks, and who can afford to dispense with bolts and bars; happy are the folk who have no need to fasten their doors except to keep out the cold, or to prevent their being opened by the wind. But at present Britain is no such paradise of security and innocence. In this country, and in all other civilized countries, security and reputation, life and property, are often all dependent upon the handicraft of the locksmith. Look to your locks, reader. Chubb can do more for you than the policeman. Inside of the house and out of it, people who wish to be safe, must look to their locks. The locks on entrance doors, being the most publicly situated, are the most likely of all to be attempted. Yet very few houses, when first built, are furnished with reliable locks. In many a row of dwelling-houses, should one of the occupants, returning home on a dark night, miss his own door, and go by mistake to that of a neighbour, he will find his latch-key provide him an entrance just as easily as to his own house, and not discover his error until he is inside. Notwithstanding the large trade in good and secure door locks, by far the greater proportion of street doors are kept closed (for it is absurd to say they are *fastened*) by most worthless articles. It is a common circumstance in the police courts, when a thief has been captured while trying to effect an entrance at some house door, to hear the officer's statement that he has taken from the prisoner a few pick-lock keys which he has since found will open most of the doors in the locality. Still, it is necessary to look to other entrances than the principal door. If a thief finds a lock too far his master, he will seek some other entrance, and often find it in a back door, an area door, or an unbolted window. Even a bolted window is not safe unless the bolt be of such construction that it cannot be unfastened by means of a knife inserted between the window sashes. The chief point of safety for door locks consists in having a variety of tumblers, thereby rendering useless pick-locks and false keys. The "Mortise Latch" is about the neatest of Mr. Chubb's productions, because, being sunk into the wood from the edge of the door, nothing is seen of it but the keyhole and handle. It has also this advantage, that it reduces the size of the key required to a minimum; indeed it is sometimes made so small as to be set under the stone of an ordinary finger ring, and be quite concealed while the ring is worn. Warehouses, stores, and such places as are left uninhabited, are very generally secured with a bar and padlock on the entrance door. The chief objection to this method is the liability of a padlock to be wrenched off, it being, of all kinds of locks, the most exposed. In general a lock fixed upon the inside of the door is preferable, as nothing but its keyhole is visible outside. In some cases, however, a padlock has its advantages. Padlocks are extensively used on warehouse doors in London, and the police officers argue in their favour that if a door having only an *inside* lock be either forced open, or unlocked with the right key, if that be surreptitiously obtained, the thief can enter and secure the door on the inside, so that it appears fast on being pushed from the outside; whereas, if a padlock be used, it must be removed or hang loose, and cannot be replaced while the person is inside the premises. So the policeman on going his rounds would instantly miss it, and see that something was wrong.

Iron safe locks, when their various manufacturers had adopted measures to protect them from being drilled into, were attempted by gunpowder. An ordinarily made lever lock may be crammed with gunpowder, the key-hole of the safe then plugged up, leaving merely a small touch-hole, and a fuse applied and lit, when presently the powder explodes, and does serious damage to the works of the lock, generally blowing away all its security at one discharge. A special construction is requisite in order to counteract this effect, and this has been satisfactorily attained in Chubb's powder-proof lock for iron safes, one of which has not only been charged and exploded more than thirty consecutive times without any effect, but at the end of the trials it answered perfectly to its key, none of its working powers being at all injured.

It is not merely necessary to secure iron safes and entrance doors with good locks. There is a vast quantity of petty theft within the house sometimes, and by those engaged about it; wine-cellars, plate-closets, and jewel cases, often suffer in private houses; cash boxes, desks, and tills in the counting-house and shop. Frequently, indeed, it is found that the key of a really secure lock upon a wine-cellar, plate-closet, or even of a strong room or iron safe, is kept in a drawer or desk with a lock on the latter so common as to be opened with a bent wire, which is thus, virtually, the key of the supposed secure receptacle!

It is commonly objected that it is useless to place an expensive lock on such articles as cash-boxes, travelling-bags, portmanteaus, &c., as the one could be easily run away with, the others cut open. The answer is simple:—no one in a counting-house would be likely to carry off a cash-box, nor would servants at hotels cut open portmanteaus; but in either case there is the temptation to pilfer, when it is known that common locks are so easy of access.

If thieves are determined to break into a house, it will be next to impossible to keep them out, but their entrance may be made so difficult and dangerous, that they will not dare to run the risk. Additional arrangements in the police force might increase the difficulties of burglars very considerably. As the arrangements are at present, the regularity of the policeman's beat helps the thieves not a little; the policeman, easily recognised by his uniform, is watched through his rounds, and when he has passed the marked house, the thieves know that it will be some time before he passes it again. The policeman's uniform, again, is of great assistance to pickpockets, who seeing the officer near or in the distance, abstain from their purposes, and hide away until he passes. As for the detectives, a great deal more has been placed to their credit than they deserve, for the fact is they detect very little, unless it be in consequence of "information received" from some bribed thief, who "peaches" upon his comrades. Still there is a certain kind of private and general service which they render, and on that account they cannot be very well dispensed with, though some of the members of that department of the service would do well to dispense with their showy pride and ostentatious vanity. The great need is an intermediate force in plain clothes, to occupy a middle position between the detectives and the men and officers of the ranks. Let this additional force have no fixed beat, but send them out into different parts of the town at irregular intervals, independent of the men on the fixed beats. A fixed policeman may be bribed, or out of the way, or at any rate his rounds are so regular, that the regular thieves generally know when and where to find him; but an irregular, flying squadron could not be recognised, the criminals could not calculate upon their whereabouts, and consequently many burglars, and especially pickpockets, would be suddenly pounced upon and caught.

House dogs and watch dogs come in for their share of work in the protection of life and property. Dogs outside the house may deter the less expert and daring robbers, but are of no use as against the professional burglar, because he takes care to have them drugged or poisoned previous to his nocturnal visit. Yard dogs should be supplemented by curs within the house, and these should not be allowed to run loose within the house, for in that case they too might be drugged or poisoned. Fasten your cur always at the foot of the stairs, and then you may defy all the burglars in London to get at him in time to prevent his alarming the whole house by his furious barks.

Permit another hint or two about the inside of the house. Some householders burn a light all night, in the belief that it will induce burglars to suppose that some of the inmates are still astir. But this does not always produce the intended effect. Many a house has been robbed while the signal light was in. This device may deter unpractised thieves, and it may prevent an unpremeditated robbery on the part of professional thieves. But this is really all that the light can do. In the case of a planned depredation the house is watched day and night for some time, and thus they know how many inmates there are, where they sleep, and what the midnight light means. Shutters should always be fastened on the inside with stout iron bars, so fixed that they cannot be removed except by lifting them up, and this, through a small aperture, is very difficult for the burglar to do. The uniformity of method in fastening shutter bars gives the burglars a chance, but if every one fastened them in his own way the burglars could have no uniform method of overcoming them, and would be puzzled how to proceed. Suppose the burglar does get into the house, his depredations may generally be confined, by door chains, to one room, unless he comes in at the front door, which he is not very likely to do in a general way. Door chains are better than locks, for they cannot be picked, and the panel must be cut through before the fastening can be removed.

Bolts or chains are best for sleeping rooms, for the same reasons. The noise of cutting through a panel would surely waken any sleeper. The only objection to chains for down-stair doors is the disfigurement; but what disfigurement can there be in a brass chain? Is it not better to prefer safety to appearances? Plate, jewellery, and other valuables should not be kept always in the same place except it be in a "strong room," or stout "patent safe." Old servants, and tradesmen who have been working in the house, sometimes "put up," a robbery, *i.e.*, give information to the burglars as to the internal arrangements of the house, which explains their often going direct to what they want. When things are shifted the thief is sometimes baffled. It is a dangerous thing to leave a key in the door, as it can be easily turned from the outside by instruments used for the purpose.

Suppose, notwithstanding all your precaution, the burglars are actually in the house; then comes the question how are you to get them out again? As a general rule, the burglar would rather go without booty than stay in the house to run the risk of being shot, captured, or identified another day. If you are strong enough to capture your visitors, do so; but if not, you had better keep at a distance, instead of closing with them for an unequal fight. Rouse an alarm through the windows, or shout through the house; especially let them hear the crack of your pistol, and feel its bullet: they will not stay for you to give them a second barrel, so take good aim in the first instance, and *wing* your game. Burglars will seldom fight if they can get away without it. They dread the consequences of robbery with violence. But if you drive them into a corner, and they cannot get away without fighting, then they will fight, and nothing will stop them from fighting except a pistol pointed at their head, and the crack of which they have already heard. Occasionally the burglars will set a watch over a bedroom door to give warning if the inmates come out. A convict once told us the following story:—He was engaged in robbing a house, and had to mount guard over a bedroom in which two young men were sleeping. He heard them talking. One said, "I'm certain there's somebody in the house; go down-stairs and see." The other answered, "No! *you* go." Neither of them durst turn out, and so the burglary was completed. Now if they had both turned out or opened the window and raised an alarm, the robbery would have been prevented.

Heavy robberies are often committed by housebreakers and burglars, but, on the whole, this is the least successful and least part of the criminal trade. It is by pocket-picking, in its various methods, that the public are the greatest losers. When people are travelling or walking, they are sometimes absent in mind, and while their wits are away from them, instead of being all about them, the thieves help themselves. They are keen-eyed, and can soon tell by a man's cut and manner if his thoughts are so occupied in reverie or otherwise as to make him lost to everything around him. In this state of absence and abstraction, whether in the omnibus, the train, the church, or the theatre, their next neighbour, if he be a thief, does his criminal work, and either makes off, or hands the spoil to some one else; or perhaps he will keep his place for awhile to lull suspicion, especially if he is too respectably dressed to be suspected. Watch chains, and ladies' outside pockets are considered good guides by the criminal classes. The chain shows there is a watch, and they have only to run their light finger along it to come to the fob. The thief gets the watch into his hand, and suddenly snaps the bow (which he may easily do) to which the chain is attached. Mr. White, manager for Lister, the Newcastle-upon-Tyne jeweller, has invented an admirable contrivance which renders this method of taking watches impossible. The stud containing the bow to which the chain is attached is made swivel fashion, and so, instead of breaking, it simply turns round in the thief's hand, and he is obliged to give up his prey and flee from his failure. Those who travel much, or mix in dubious crowds, should by all means wear swivelled watches. A ring, fastened at the bottom of the watch pocket, and through which the chain is passed, renders it impossible for the thief to draw the watch clean out. A double pocket, the watch being placed in the second, and the chain passed through a small hole in the pocket, answers the same end. If ladies' outside pockets had been invented on purpose to make picking pockets easy work, the construction of them could scarcely have been more satisfactory to the light-fingered sinners.

Here it may not be out of place to say a word to railway guards. These might prevent the success of many pickpockets, if they would only keep a sharp and intelligent watch upon the passengers. Not only do the railway thieves nearly always travel three together, but they jump in and out at almost every station, and this continual restlessness ought to excite the guards' suspicions. When they are in the carriages, they sit next the door and opposite to each other, having rugs over their arms, under the concealment of which their hands are hidden when they fleece the parties who pass them.

Shopkeepers should be very careful in giving change, and should never count it into the hand of the person who receives it. Money counted into the hand can be easily palmed. This trick is performed by holding part of the money in the palm of the hand by pressing the thumb against it. Then turning the hand quickly over, the palmer lets the loose money fall upon the counter, says it is not the right change, and while the shopkeeper is counting it, the thief slips the palmed cash into his pocket.

When a new shop is opened, or when new people come to an old shop, the thieves immediately begin to ply their arts, and continue to do so until they are detected and driven off. Most shopkeepers of lengthened experience can generally tell when a

suspicious character enters their establishment, but it is necessary to apprise all hands immediately that the enemy is within the gate. A little tact easily gets over this difficulty, and puts all the shop-hands upon their guard without letting the thief know that he is watched. An acquaintance of the writer's has a signal for such emergencies which is understood by all in his employ. When the master, or any of his people, have reason to fear that there is a thief in the shop, the suspecting party calls out, as if in the way of business, and loud enough for all hands to hear, "*It's number five.*" This is a good plan, and every shopkeeper can easily arrange something of the sort for himself.

Exchange robberies might, to a very large extent, be prevented with a little cost and a little care. There should be small private offices upon every Exchange into which gentlemen might go to pay and receive moneys. Then few would know who had money upon them and who had not. But as it is the thief who has managed to get on 'Change has no difficulty in selecting his mark. Bank-notes are openly handed about, and the thief can easily see what gentleman has them and the pocket in which they are placed, and knowing this he follows up his cue and makes his attempt, always preferring to make it on 'Change. As no ordinary policeman or porter can detect the Exchange thief, there ought to be on every Exchange one or two detectives *en permanence*. These men have had experience of the disguises of pickpockets, and would soon get to know all the merchants by sight. Then when strangers came on, they would be closely observed.

Pickpockets and their scouts keep a close look-out for likely subjects in the neighbourhood of Money-order Offices, Banks, and Exchanges. People sometimes come out of these places into the street, either with money in their hands or else in the act of adjusting it in their pockets. What can be more ridiculous than this open display of treasure? In dangerous circumstances, such as coming from Bank or Exchange, money is only safe in an inside waistcoat pocket. From any other pocket it can be and has been readily abstracted; and especially if its possessor is subject to morbid fits of absence, and allows himself to be touched in bodily contact with strangers.

Persons who are fleeced by cardsharpers in railway trains and other places are deserving of little sympathy. It is only the lust of money that induces them to play. They think the party challenging them to play has plenty of treasure, and they are determined if possible to obtain some of it. Like Eve of old, they see before them the forbidden fruit, covet it, pluck it, and are severely taken in for their pains. Besides, parties who will gamble with strangers in railway trains will not stop at trifles. They think they know a trick or two, but the cardsharper knows a trick or two more. So, each secretly determined to overreach the other, they go to work—unskilled vanity *versus* fraudulent craft. The quasi-honest man hungering for the stranger's gold is foiled and stabbed by his own weapons. Serve him right! Why did he play? It is the easiest thing imaginable to defend yourself against cardsharpers, and the whole secret of self-preservation is contained in two words—*don't play*.

"Hustling" is the most successful of all the stratagems employed by pocket-pickers. A person finds himself pushed against by parties, or he is in some way or other quietly and suddenly brought into bodily contact with strangers. This may happen in the street, in a throng of people, in entering into or coming out of a public conveyance or public building. His being jostled may be only an accident, and he may be only in contact with honest people. Often, however, it is not an accident, but the result of a criminal arrangement. When thus criminally jostled, your watch or purse is gone in a moment. It is a safe rule under all circumstances to avoid being jostled as much as possible.

Parties who are obliged to be much upon the streets, and at untimely hours, should beware of persons who dog their steps. In lonely streets especially, it is best to step aside and let the suspicious follower pass on. If you do not, he may either garotte you, or follow you up until you are in a little difficulty by having to pass three or four people, when he may avail himself of your momentary perplexity to take your purse. The middle of the street is best for late hours, in dangerous quarters. This prevents your being taken by surprise, whereas, if you walk along the flags, some ruffian concealed in a passage or doorway may suddenly spring upon you from behind.

A solitary individual in the hands of garotters has only one chance, and that is to be quiet. Resistance only brings severer physical punishment to the helpless victim, who, being in their hands, is entirely at their mercy.

All the robberies that are committed upon the person, must on no account be put down to the cleverness of the thieves. Evil company, absence of mind, out-of-the-way places, the want of ordinary precaution, untimely hours, and the elation of wine, make people an easy and tempting prey for their furtive enemies.

This is, in all probability, our last article from the criminal side of the general subject of crime. All the papers from this pen have chiefly been written upon the principle that crime could never be exhaustively understood, until some practical use had been made of the information which the thieves themselves could give, and as this has been done as far as practicable, our task in this department of the criminal question is at an end. But much more remains to be done in other and more important aspects of the subject. The prevention of crime, and the treatment of criminals, have been as yet untouched by us, and we cannot take leave of the reader without saying, that when our thoughts on these and other kindred topics are matured, he will probably hear from us again.

HENRY W. HOLLAND.

RUTH THORNBURY; OR, THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, Author of "De Profundis," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE RED HOUSE AGAIN.

The winter passed over without any occurrence worthy of remark, Ruth and Fanny Keats remaining in Torquay with the doctor. Walter Morecombe had not only been introduced to the Rev. Mr. Keats and his wife, but had been formally accepted by them as a suitor for their daughter's hand. Edgar Thornbury had taken a furnished house in London for the winter, and along with his nephew occupied himself in organising the contemplated English branch of his firm. From time to time he visited the Red House, to superintend the repairs and alterations, in which he took great interest. The whole house was undergoing a complete metamorphosis. The wish of Dr. Keats, that nothing should be found in it that could remind Ruth of the episodes which had occurred to her there, and which had left so singular an effect upon her memory, was being thoroughly carried out. Besides, as is seldom the case with such works, there was every probability of the alterations being completed within the time specified, and Edgar looked forward with great pleasure to the day when he should be able again to inhabit the old house which had for so many years belonged to his family.

Spring came on, and with one exception the current of affairs continued to run smoothly. The exception however was a grave one. It will be remembered that Ruth had been severely indisposed, having been thrown on a bed of sickness by an attack of inflammation of the lungs. Although she recovered, the effects of the attack were plainly visible on her during the whole of the winter. Unless the weather was exceedingly mild and genial, it was impossible for her to leave the house without bringing on a most distressing cough. At last the doctor, who began to be very uneasy about her health, prohibited her leaving the house till fine weather should set in. Seclusion of this kind, however, was not without its charms for her. She had not only the satisfaction of being the confidante of Fanny Keats in her love affair (the girl perpetually consulting her upon details which could not have the slightest interest for anybody save the lovers themselves and an old maid confidante), but she also received during the winter a lengthened visit from her brother Edgar and his wife. A strong intimacy sprung up between the latter and Ruth, who began to entertain a sincere affection for her sister-in-law. Nor was this without good reason, for Margaret Thornbury was a most kind and amiable woman, and fully returned the love Ruth had for her. Walter on two occasions paid Fanny Keats and his aunt a visit of some days, a circumstance which added greatly to Ruth's happiness.

All seemed to go on pleasantly enough till the month of March, when Ruth was one day tempted by the genial weather imprudently to take a long drive in an open carriage. Before her return the wind suddenly changed, and she found herself exposed to a strong, chilling, easterly blast. Unfortunately the wrappings she had taken with her were not sufficient to protect her thoroughly from its influence, and she felt its effects on her frame very strongly. After she had reached home, a severe fit of shivering came over her, which the doctor had great difficulty in subduing. The next day found Ruth confined to her bed, violent inflammation of the lungs having set in. So severe, indeed, was the attack, that Edgar Thornbury was written to by the doctor to visit his sister, as her case was decidedly dangerous. Fortunately, however, under the doctor's skill the acute symptoms subsided. Their effects however continued during the whole of the summer, occasionally causing him the greatest anxiety.

Autumn at last arrived, and not only were the repairs and alterations at the Red House fully completed, but, thanks to the exertions of Mrs. Thornbury and her husband, the house was completely furnished as well. The marriage between the young couple was now about to take place. Ruth Thornbury and Fanny Keats were to leave Torquay, the former to take up her residence with her brother at the Red House, and the latter to return to the house of her parents in X——. Preparations were soon made for this journey, in which the ladies were to be under the escort of Walter Morecombe, who had left London for that purpose. The leave-taking with the doctor and his family was most friendly, and also that between Ruth and the surgeon of the dispensary and his wife. An acute observer might have noticed an expression of much interest on the countenances of the two medical men as they bade Ruth "good-bye." As soon as the carriage had driven off, Dr. Keats said to his friend:

"I am afraid that's a bad affair, Thornton."

"I fear so too," replied Thornton. "I should be very sorry if anything happened to the poor woman, for a more amiable creature than she is I believe never lived."

"It's a great pity," said Dr. Keats, "that she could not have stopped here a little longer, or have gone to some warm climate."

"Why did you not persuade her to do so?" inquired Thornton.

"Well, I did not like to interfere too much in their family arrangements. She and her brother have been separated several years, and during that time many sad events have taken place, which have left a very strong impression on her mind. Miss Thornbury is the very embodiment of family affection. Save her nephews, her brother is the only member of her family now alive; and the

prospect of living again with him affords her such happiness, that I do not believe she would have remained away from him, even though she had known death was certain to be the consequence. However, she is gone now, and it is of no use to think anything more about the matter. I will write to my friend Dr. Wilson to-night, giving him all details about her case, and advising him to be particularly on his guard against allowing her to run any risk of getting cold. If he can keep her quietly to the house, and see that every care is taken of her during the winter, she may survive it; although, from the state her lungs are now in, I very much doubt the possibility."

By easy journeys, Ruth Thornbury, her nephew, and Fanny Keats arrived at X——. Edgar Thornbury and his wife were waiting at the Rev. Mr. Keats's with the pony-carriage, to conduct Ruth home. She was so fatigued, however, that it was deemed advisable for her to remain at Mr. Keats's for the night, and proceed homewards next day. The request of the family that she should stay during the night with them was strongly seconded by Dr. Wilson, who, having heard of her probable arrival, had waited at Mr. Keats's house to receive her. He had that day felt much anxiety on her account, for in the morning he had received a letter from Dr. Keats, informing him of the precarious condition of Ruth's health, the truth of which he became fully aware of the moment he saw her, notwithstanding that the excitement of travelling had somewhat deceived the others as to her real state. The evening passed off very pleasantly; in fact, a happier little party it would have been difficult to imagine. Ruth also was in excellent spirits, and it was not without much persuasion that her friend Dr. Wilson induced her to retire to bed at an earlier hour than the rest. Mr. Thornbury and his wife remained some time after Ruth had left them, and then, accompanied by Walter Morecombe, they drove home, promising to call for Ruth the next day if the weather should prove fine.

Next morning Ruth rose in better health and spirits than might have been expected. She joined the family at the breakfast-table, at which conversation was not for one moment allowed to flag. Breakfast over, Ruth, Mrs. Keats, and her two daughters retired into the drawing-room, where deep and mysterious consultations were held, respecting the dresses and paraphernalia for the approaching ceremony. It was broken by the arrival of Dr. Wilson, who called to see his patient. He found her much better than he had anticipated: still, he clearly perceived it was only one of those delusive appearances so common in consumptive cases.

After the doctor had left them, the consultation among the ladies again commenced, and continued till mid-day with unabated interest, when it was broken by the arrival of Edgar Thornbury and his nephew. Edgar, after lunching with the family, asked his sister whether she was prepared to return home, to which she replied in the affirmative. When all was in readiness, she stepped into the pony-chaise, and her brother drove off, Walter Morecombe being left behind with his betrothed to follow at his leisure.

During their road homeward, Edgar Thornbury watched attentively the behaviour of his sister. At first, she was in high spirits, and talked freely, and seemed highly to enjoy the idea of returning home. As she neared the Red House, however, a change gradually came over her. It was chiefly observable as they passed certain spots and objects likely to bring with them reminiscences of former days. The nearer home they came, the more rapidly did these objects present themselves, and the greater evidently became the excitement they occasioned, although Ruth made no remark whatever concerning them. When they arrived at the entrance to the grounds, a very perceptible change came over her countenance. There were mingled in it surprise, bewilderment, and excitement; and she gazed with intense curiosity on everything around her. The dilapidated gate was no longer thrown on the grass beside the carriage drive, nor was the lodge tenantless or in ruins. A handsome modern Gothic cottage occupied the spot on which the old lodge formerly stood, and some four or five fine-looking healthy children were playing under its porch. A cry from them having informed their mother of an arrival, a remarkably neat, good-looking young woman came out, and, curtseying to Thornbury and his sister, drew back the gate, to allow the carriage to pass in.

As they drove up to the house, the condition of the grounds strongly attracted Ruth's attention. What she had left a tangled field of weeds and briars, had been changed into beautifully kept and tastefully planned pleasure-grounds. Though much surprised at the alterations she saw, she did not utter a single word of comment. The depth of her feeling was evinced by her flushed countenance and anxious searching eye. On coming within sight of the house, however, a low short cry of wonder escaped her, and for a moment she appeared to be under great excitement, which immediately afterwards somewhat subsided. There certainly was considerable cause for it, for the change which had taken place in the Red House during her absence was very great. A handsome portico, as much in keeping with the façade of the house as its architecture would allow, had been built, and this was approached by a broad flight of stone steps. The thick clumsy window frames, with their small panes, had been replaced by sheets of plate glass; and, in fact, every improvement which taste could suggest had been adopted to give a lively modern air to the somewhat quaint and sombre old mansion.

Ruth, on alighting, was welcomed with affectionate cordiality by her sister-in-law, who stood in the portico to receive her. Edgar now joined them, and they entered the hall together, when he warmly embraced his sister, and expressed the great joy both he and his wife felt at her taking

up her residence with them. Although Ruth returned her brother's embrace with equal affection and sincerity, there was a certain perplexed look on her countenance which did not escape him, and he rightly judged the cause. Everything around them had been changed. Handsome mahogany double doors, with ornamental sheets of plate-glass inserted in them, screened the inner hall from the cold when the outer door was open. The huge oak staircase had been thoroughly repaired and highly polished, as well as considerably altered. The walls were of a different colour from what they were when she had last seen them, and the whole aspect of the place was so changed that she had some difficulty in believing it to be the same.

Mrs. Thornbury now conducted her sister-in-law into the parlour, in which such strange scenes had taken place before Ruth's departure. If the change in the appearance of the hall had been great, that in the room they were now in far exceeded it. Not an article of the original furniture remained in it—all was modern. An exquisitely carved Italian chimney-piece had been erected, on which was a magnificent mirror. The walls had been newly decorated, and were hung with pictures of considerable value, and selected with excellent taste.

After waiting a short time, to allow Ruth to recover herself, for she had appeared at first both greatly agitated and fatigued, Mrs. Thornbury conducted her to her bed-room, which was the same she had before occupied. Here an equally great metamorphosis had taken place. All the furniture was new; instead of the old dingy bed-hangings there was now a fresh chintz of a cheerful pattern—roses on a white ground, and the window-curtains were of the same. Indeed, not an article remained in the room which could possibly have reminded her of the many years she had occupied it.

But perhaps the difference which struck Ruth the most, was the air of bustling life which pervaded the whole place. The numerous servants at the dinner-table, as well as the animated conversation of those present (two or three gentlemen, resident in the neighbourhood, having dropped in), all seemed to increase her perplexity and make her somewhat ill at ease with herself.

When her brother and the gentlemen, early in the evening, joined the ladies in the drawing-room, Mrs. Thornbury called the notice of her husband to Ruth's anxious and fatigued expression. Edgar turned round to look at her, and was considerably alarmed. He made no remark on the subject, however, but merely suggested whether, from the great fatigue she had undergone the last two or three days, it would not be better that she should retire early to rest. Ruth thanked him for his solicitude, and told him that as she did not feel very well, she would gladly follow his advice; and after taking an affectionate leave of her brother and sister, she left the room. A very respectable, handy young woman, who told her that she had been engaged to act as her lady's maid, quickly unpacked her boxes, and everything being arranged, she left her new mistress for the night.

The next day, when Ruth came down to the breakfast-table, she appeared much more cheerful than she had done on the previous evening. Indeed, had it not been for a slight hectic flush on her cheek, the anxiety Edgar had felt on her account would have completely vanished. After breakfast, as the weather was mild, he proposed to show her round the house and grounds, and to explain to her the alterations and arrangements he had already made, and those which he still contemplated making. Ruth readily agreed. Edgar first conducted her over the house. All the rooms, as well as the kitchen and offices in the basement, had returned to their original uses. The study, the room which the reader may remember as having been used for cooking purposes when the kitchen was abandoned, had especially undergone great alterations. Handsome book-cases filled the space formerly occupied by the old book-shelves, but they were as yet empty. The library furniture was all new, and a handsome stained glass window had replaced the old one. To Ruth's inquiry, why the books had not been placed in the book-cases, Edgar told her that the furnishing of the room had only just been completed, and as he intended making her useful in the establishment, he requested that she would accept the office of honorary librarian: "I knew you were always fond of reading, Ruth," he said, "and I fancied it would be just the very occupation for you. All the books are upstairs. When you feel inclined to begin, call Mary, your maid, to assist you—(the girl has had a very decent education, and I am sure will not object to the job)—and if she is not strong enough to carry the larger volumes, get some of the men to assist you." Ruth readily accepted the appointment. Although for several years before leaving the house her general reading had fallen into abeyance, yet at Dr. Keats's she had found opportunity to revive and feed her old tastes, and had made frequent use of his excellent library.

Ruth now took her brother's arm to inspect the alterations and improvements he had made in the grounds. So completely had their whole aspect been changed, that but for the position of the fine old trees with which they were studded, she would hardly have known them again. At last, however, she saw in one of the fields an object, unromantic enough in itself, which recalled to her memory some of the scenes of her earlier childhood. By the side of the meadow, and under a dwarf quickset hedge, with some old trees here and there in it, was a small ditch, some three feet wide. It had been a feat with Charity and Edgar, when children, to leap across this ditch, which they could easily do; while poor Ruth did it in a remarkably clumsy manner, generally eliciting thereby the good-humoured laughter of her brother and sister. By chance, the reminiscence struck Edgar at the same moment as it did Ruth.

"Do you remember," he said, "the games we

used to have, when children, in leaping across that ditch, and the fun it used to cause us when you couldn't manage it?"

"Very well," answered Ruth, "and a very naughty boy you were."

"Oh, come now, Ruth, don't talk in that manner, or I shall remind you of a certain pragmatical, puritanical little monkey, who seemed to think her mission on earth was to keep her more talented brother and sister in order. And when you did play the girl, instead of the governess, very ridiculous did you occasionally appear in the youthful character. One day, I remember very well, in a fit of buoyant hilarity you attempted to leap across that ditch, and in doing so nearly tore your frock from your shoulders. A pretty absurd figure you made, with the rueful face you put on when you perceived the mischief you had done. Poor Charity was seated at the time under that tree, and when she found you were not hurt, how she laughed! You were so frequently lecturing her about accidents of the kind, that to be guilty of a similar fault yourself seemed to amuse her exceedingly."

"I remember the circumstance perfectly well," said Ruth, this time without the slightest merriment in her tone.

They now continued their walk, till they had visited every part of the grounds, and they then returned to the house.

In the evening Dr. Wilson, accompanied by Walter Morecombe, who had remained with the Keats family, arrived at the Red House. Walter was to remain with his uncle till next day, and then to leave for London, where he was to reside till the week before the wedding, which was to take place in a month's time. They were received with great cordiality by all, and passed a very pleasant evening together. The doctor had a conversation with Ruth, whom he found in better health than he expected. Before leaving the house, Edgar Thornbury took an opportunity of asking him his candid opinion on the state of Ruth's health, as he had noticed one or two suspicious symptoms, especially a distressing cough, which harassed her so much at night that he was greatly alarmed on her account.

"Frankly," said the doctor, "I find her in much better health than I had anticipated. Her journey, instead of having a prejudicial effect, as Keats and myself much feared, appears really to have done her good. Still, I will not disguise from you that she is in a most precarious condition, and the greatest care must be taken, else the winter may prove fatal to her. Keep her mind well employed, and do everything you can to make her cheerful. Her spirits must on no account be allowed to flag. Here I am sure she will want for nothing, and we must leave the rest in the hands of the Almighty. I will call and see her occasionally, but if you should notice the slightest change for the worse, pray send over for me and I will come immediately. I am not only much interested in her case, but I have a sincere regard and sympathy for her."

Next morning Ruth rose early. She wished, if possible, to meet her nephew before the others had joined him at the breakfast-table, so that she might be able to have a little conversation with him alone on subjects connected with the approaching nuptials, in which she was much interested. She found Walter had also left his room, but unfortunately he was engaged with his uncle on business matters in the library, which they had not concluded till breakfast was ready. Ruth, however, was determined not to be disappointed, so she put off her project till the meal was over, and as soon as she had the opportunity she took her nephew's arm and walked with him into the grounds. Here she asked a great many questions as to his arrangements for the future; all of which the young fellow answered readily enough, and with exemplary patience. She then interrogated him as to how Fanny was progressing with the wedding trousseau, but his answers on this point were so unsatisfactory, yet withal so provocatory, that she determined on accompanying him in the carriage to X——, so that she might have an interview with Fanny herself, and return in time for dinner, as the doctor had especially ordered that she should never be out after dusk. On the road she could ask Walter any questions she might have forgotten, as well as satisfy herself on those important points connected with the wedding preparations, on which he had proved himself so lamentably ignorant.

The aunt and nephew now returned to the house and joined the rest of the family, and shortly afterwards, the carriage being in readiness, they started for Mr. Keats's.

Poor Ruth's plan, however, turned out somewhat of a failure. On the road she called to mind many subjects on which she wished her nephew to enlighten her; but although he answered her readily enough, still his replies were by no means satisfactory, as his mind was evidently very much occupied with other matters, and he became the more abstracted the nearer they approached to the home of his bride. At last Ruth, possibly detecting the cause and sympathising with it, dropped the conversation, and perfect silence reigned between them till they had arrived at Mr. Keats's.

Here Ruth was hardly more fortunate. For some time the lovers were engaged together on affairs of such importance that they seemed wholly to forget the presence of the others, and they continued to converse by themselves until it was time for Walter to leave for London. After he had gone Ruth tried to enlist Fanny in conversation, but the damsel was extremely silent, and, although Mrs. Keats conversed readily enough with Ruth on the preparations, and showed her many new purchases which had been made, at the same time they lost a considerable portion of their attractions owing to the fact that Fanny took no part in the consultation. It was now time for Ruth to return home, and she took leave of

the Keats family somewhat disappointed with her visit, which to a certain extent, however, was relieved by Fanny and her mother promising her they would pay her a visit next evening, and report progress in a more satisfactory manner than they had done that day.

At breakfast next morning Edgar Thornbury asked his sister when she intended entering on her duties as librarian. "Remember, Ruth," he said, laughing, "no one eats the bread of idleness in this house."

"I am perfectly willing, Edgar," replied Ruth, "to begin the moment breakfast is over. But how am I to manage it? I must have some book in which I can make a catalogue. Have you provided me with one?"

"I have, ma'am," was his answer; "so you will have no excuse on that account. Moreover, I will tell Mary to take up a small table, and a pen and ink, and you can seat yourself beside the closet door and catalogue the books as she takes them out. Now, is there anything further you require?"

"Nothing whatever," said Ruth; "I will begin my work this morning."

Ruth now summoned Mary, and all being in readiness, they commenced their labours. After the girl had taken the books from the closet, and dusted them, Ruth examined and entered them in her catalogue, and then a footman, who was in attendance, took them down into the library. In this way, some hours passed agreeably enough, Mary exerting herself to please her mistress, in which she perfectly succeeded. Lunch being ready, Ruth quitted her post; but so interested was she in her labours, that after a short rest she returned again, although her brother and his wife strongly cautioned her not to over-fatigue herself. She and Mary, however, continued their occupation till it was nearly four o'clock, when the latter drew forth from the closet a small book, which had formerly been very handsomely bound, but was now considerably worn. Mary had just opened it, when it caught Ruth's eye, and she immediately took it from the girl's hand, and without even waiting to have the thick dust brushed off it, she placed it in the pocket of her dress, merely remarking that it was her prayer-book when she was a girl. A short time afterwards, pleading fatigue, she told Mary they would do no more that day, and she then retired to her own room, till the bell rung for dinner. During the meal, she appeared more abstracted and thoughtful than usual, but not so much so as to excite any particular attention on the part of her brother and his wife.

In the evening Mrs. Keats and her two daughters paid her their promised visit. They were exceedingly communicative, going with great minuteness into all the details they thought would amuse her. But it was Ruth's turn to be silent and absent. She certainly attempted to force her attention to their remarks, but with very little success, nor could they fail to notice the very little effect their attempts to amuse her produced. Seeing the languid condition she was in, Mrs. Thornbury told her she feared she had over-fatigued herself during the day. Ruth admitted the possibility, and pleaded it as an excuse for retiring. After she had left the room, all remarked upon the change which had taken place in her appearance and manners, trusting at the same time it would pass off after a good night's rest. Next morning Ruth had somewhat recovered, but the effect of the previous night's fatigue was still plainly visible on her. Her brother advised her not to occupy herself with the books that day, but Ruth, who had taken a great fancy for the work, begged that she might be allowed to continue it. At last, a compromise was entered into, Ruth promising that her labours should not last longer than an hour, and then she would do nothing more for the remainder of the day. This being agreed to, she summoned Mary, and they commenced their occupation. Among the books they took from the closet, were some elementary educational works, of little value, which had been used by Ruth and her brother and sister in their school-days, and which she had not required when instructing her little nephews. Few and uninteresting as they were, she appeared to take far more interest in them than in any which had yet passed through her hands. After Mary had dusted them, Ruth would not allow them to be taken down into the library with the others, but she placed them aside, saying she would take charge of them herself. Her hour's labour over, she took the school-books with her into her bed-room, where she remained till it was dinner-time. At table the abstraction she had shown the day before seemed rather to have increased than otherwise, but not to such an extent as to call forth any special remark from her brother or his wife.

For three days afterwards, Ruth, assisted by Mary, continued the inventory of the books, setting aside as before the few school-books she met with, and taking them with her into her own room. All the others having been placed on the shelves and duly catalogued, the library arrangements were then pronounced by Edgar Thornbury to be complete.

CHAPTER XIX.—RUTH TERMINATES HER MISSION.

November now set in somewhat coldly, and a great change took place in Ruth Thornbury's appearance and manner. Her flow of spirits had gradually fallen off, and her health had suffered in like proportion. She was now in a far more precarious condition than she had ever been; her brother and sister, with all their desire to take the most favourable view of her case, could not disguise from themselves that there was very little hope of her recovery. Her cough had very much increased, and it was only through the aid of narcotics that she could obtain a few hours' rest. It was with difficulty that she could move from one room to

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another without assistance. At the first appearance of the relapse, Dr. Wilson had advised that an attempt should be made to take her to the south of Europe, thinking that perhaps the change to a warmer climate might check the march of the disease. But Ruth would not agree to this proposal. Like many other consumptive patients, she was not willing to admit herself to be in the infirm state of health she really was. She had set her heart on being present at her nephew's wedding, and nothing could make her swerve from her determination. A change, however, had taken place in her ideas respecting it. She had gradually lost all interest in the preparations, which had hitherto had so much attraction for her; the prospect of her nephew's future happiness now alone occupied her thoughts.

Her spirits continued to droop, and at length, without the slightest apparent cause, she would burst into fits of weeping. She avoided meeting strangers who came to the house, and frequently remained alone in her room for hours together. Her brother and his wife did all in their power to amuse and cheer her, but without success. Finding their efforts unavailing, they inquired whether they could do anything to afford her pleasure or amusement, or whether any alterations in their domestic arrangements could be made so as to be more agreeable to her. To this she replied that there was nothing she possibly could wish for that was not already provided, and she expressed herself most grateful for the kindness and consideration shown her. She very much regretted that they should have noticed her depressed spirits, but she assured them that there was not the least rational cause for it, beyond her feeling some bodily weakness. So far from being unhappy, she told them it was scarcely possible for any human being to be in a happier frame of mind than she was.

For some days after this conversation with her brother and his wife she appeared more cheerful, but it was evidently rather from a desire to please them than from any real improvement in her health; and they easily saw, from her rapidly decreasing bodily strength, that she was practising on them an excusable deception.

A week now only remained before the wedding was to take place, and Walter Morecombe took up his residence at the Red House. Although Ruth had so dressed herself to receive him as to leave the effects of the disease as little visible as possible, and, by way of greater precaution, had seated herself in an easy-chair placed with its back to the window, so that the light might not show her face too clearly, her nephew was deeply grieved at the change he perceived had taken place in her. He had much difficulty in restraining the expression of sorrow on his countenance; but Ruth quickly detected the real state of his feelings, and was not ungratified by it. She gave him her hand, and kissed him affectionately. "You're a dear good boy," she said to him, for she still seemed to regard him in much the same light as when he was a child—"you're a dear good boy, and I understand you fully. Promise me faithfully that you will not allow me to see any sorrow on your face; it is much better-looking without it. Remember that your wedding will be to me the climax of all the happy events of my life, and I must neither see nor hear anything that may tend to depress me." Walter promised what she asked, although the dry hot hand he held in his, and the plainly perceptible throbbing of the veins in it, told him at the same time (unscientific as he was) that he had good cause for sorrow.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Keats and their daughters visited the family at the Red House, and except for the occasional anxious glances they cast on Ruth, who had insisted on sitting up to meet them, all went off very happily. Even Ruth, from the excitement she was now under, seemed in better health, and she took great interest in what was going on around her. With Fanny Keats she was especially pleased. The girl had sat beside her on a sofa, and had given her a lengthy account of the arrangements she had made in dress and other matters. But the interest she now felt was solely in the happiness shown by the young girl, who under such favourable auspices was about to commence the most hazardous portion of the journey of life. The party separated at a somewhat early hour on Ruth's account, who, in spite of all their entreaties, could not be induced to leave them.

Next day she suffered severely from fatigue. Dr. Wilson called to see her in the morning, and found her so weak and languid that he advised her to remain in her room the whole of the day.

"I am afraid," he continued, "I must also put a prohibition on you which will grieve you very sadly."

"What may that be?" said Ruth, smiling.

"Simply that you do not leave the house the day of the wedding, for the fatigue it would occasion you might be far too great for you to bear."

"Then, doctor—I shall certainly disobey you. For particular reasons, known only to myself, I wish to be present at the wedding, and nothing less than positive incapability of moving shall prevent me."

"I am sorry for it," said the doctor. "I did not expect to find you so obstinate."

"But why should you be sorry," said Ruth, "when you know how much pleasure it will afford me?"

"Possibly," the doctor replied, smiling, "for a selfish reason: I shall be so anxious about you that I shall lose one half the pleasure I have promised myself at the wedding."

"Come, doctor," said Ruth, "be a little reasonable. I know you are a good kind soul, and you must help me if you can. In return I will meet your views half way. Give me only sufficient strength to be present in the church during the ceremony, and I promise you I will return home immediately

afterwards, and not make my appearance at the wedding breakfast. I will not trouble you to come back with me or take any care of me. Mary will accompany me, and she will be quite able to bring me back. Now is that a bargain between us?"

"Well," said the doctor, laughing, "wilful women must have their way I suppose, as well as wilful men. I agree to the proposal save in one point, and in that I shall use my own discretion."

"Which is it?" inquired Ruth.

"Whether you shall come back with Mary alone, or whether I shall accompany you. And now, to get your strength up for the occasion, in the first place you must promise implicitly to obey my instructions."

"I will do so to the letter, I assure you."

"Then you must not leave your bed-room till the sun is well up, not before, say, eleven o'clock, and if the weather is cold or stormy you must remain in it all day."

"Agreed."

"You must absolutely keep silence, save in the case of any necessary instructions to your maid, and you must take regularly the medicine I shall send you."

"I faithfully promise to do all that," said Ruth.

"You must see no strangers, nor any one from the Keats family. In order that they may not consider it unkind on your part, I will call on them this evening and inform them of the prohibition I have put on you. Should the weather become mild and warm, and the sun be out, I have no objection to your taking a short drive in the afternoon, but it must not last longer than an hour at the utmost. I dare say your brother, or his nephew, if he can tear himself away from his beloved, would accompany you. Remember you must be well wrapped up, and you must drive very slowly that you may not be fatigued. Now obey these orders in every particular, and I think you will be able to be present at the wedding, but you must return home, according to your own proposition, as soon as it is over."

Ruth implicitly obeyed the doctor's instructions, but till within two days of the wedding the weather was not sufficiently genial to allow her to take the projected drive. On that afternoon, however, it was warm and sunny, and Walter Morecombe, who happened to be at the Red House, volunteered to accompany his aunt. The little pony carriage being ready, Ruth was well wrapped up in furs and took her seat in it, and Walter having seated himself by her side they started at a walking pace. The air and sun had a most beneficial effect on Ruth's spirits, and on more than one occasion she was on the point of commencing a conversation with Walter, but remembering the doctor's advice she had sufficient command over herself to continue silent.

Without having traced out any definite course, Walter drove along the different roads he considered most sheltered from the wind, till the hour allotted for their drive was nearly exhausted, and he then turned homewards. Presently they came in sight of a neat cottage, and Ruth, without speaking, placed her hands on the reins to reduce the pace of the pony to a walk, for he had started off somewhat rapidly. Walter took no notice of the movement, but absorbed in his own thoughts looked straight along the road before him. Not so Ruth; her eyes were riveted on the cottage as they passed it. It was Elm Lodge, which the reader will remember as being inhabited by Charity. Unlike the Red House not a single alteration had been made upon it. Its appearance seemed precisely the same as on the morning Charity had quitted it.

The reminiscences which the sight of the cottage suggested were exceedingly painful to Ruth. Presently Walter turned his head towards her, and perceived that she was weeping bitterly.

"My dear aunt," he said, with much astonishment in his tone, and pulling up the pony at the same time, "what is the matter with you?"

"Don't you remember that cottage, Walter?" she said.

"No, I do not. Stop a moment, though," he continued, gazing at it attentively. "It seems to me I have seen it before, though I cannot remember when."

"That is Elm Lodge, my dear; the house in which your poor mamma lived, and in which you and your brother were born. Drive on now, and I will try and recover myself before we arrive at the house. I should not like your uncle to see that I have been crying."

Walter now drove rapidly homeward, deeply blaming himself for his carelessness in not having ascertained the exact position of Elm Lodge. He knew the house in which his poor mother had lived was in that locality. He had never visited it, although he had frequently promised himself to find it out. His uncle had never mentioned it to him, nor anything connected with the place, as he still disliked to think of any incident connected with Charity's marriage. All the servants at the Red House being strangers to the neighbourhood, Edgar could have gained but little information from them, even if he had been inclined to question them on the subject. The mischief, however, was now done, and could not be undone; but he was nevertheless sorely vexed at the misadventure. Before they arrived at the Red House, Ruth had dried her tears, and her brother, who was waiting to receive her under the portico, did not perceive that she had been crying. He inquired whether she had enjoyed her drive, to which she merely nodded assent, remembering the doctor's advice not to converse with any one. With some little difficulty, they got her to her room, where she remained at ease for the remainder of the day. On the morrow Dr. Wilson called to see her, and was by no means pleased at the condition he found her in. Mary told him that

her mistress had slept but little the previous night, though her cough had troubled her far less than it usually did. Dr. Wilson would willingly have prohibited Ruth's leaving the house the next day, but, as he knew he should not be obeyed, he merely gave her some directions, and then left her, resolving not to quit her side at church till he had conducted her home again.

The next morning was as bright and sunny as any young couple could have wished for their marriage day. It had been arranged that Walter should drive Mrs. Thornbury in the pony-chaise to church, and that Mr. Thornbury should follow them in the carriage with Ruth, and Mary, her maid. Walter and Mrs. Thornbury now started off, and Ruth, having been dressed by Mary, and assisted downstairs by her, had taken a seat in the drawing-room till the carriage should drive up. Her brother here saw her for the first time that morning, and was much pleased with her appearance, as she seemed in far better health than for some weeks past. Had Dr. Wilson been present he might have formed a different judgment in the case.

The carriage being ready, Edgar and Mary assisted Ruth into it, and the coachman having received orders to drive carefully, they started on their road to the church, where they arrived immediately after the Keats family, and a few minutes before the time fixed for the ceremony. The bride certainly looked well, and was dressed in excellent taste; while the bridegroom was about as handsome a young fellow as could have been found in the county. Warm indeed were the greetings between the different friends present, and all received Ruth with the greatest affection.

The clergyman having taken his place at the altar, Ruth quitted her brother's arm (he having to act as bridesman) for that of Dr. Wilson. She placed herself beside the altar railings, so that (in his opinion) she might keep her eye on the young couple during the ceremony. He was in error, however. As soon as the service commenced, she knelt down, and with bowed head and hands pressed together engaged in prayer: but, with the exception of her lips moving, she remained perfectly motionless till it was finished. When all was over, and the bridal party were moving towards the vestry, Dr. Wilson touched her on the shoulder, and told her to rise. Still Ruth for some minutes moved not, as if determined to continue her prayer. At length, with her friend's assistance, she rose from her knees, and placed herself on a seat by the altar, the doctor remaining the while by her side. As soon as the formalities in the vestry were terminated, the wedding party left it, and entered the church to return home. Previous to quitting the building, the young couple advanced towards Ruth, who, seated as she was, put out her hands to receive them, and affectionately kissed them both.

"God bless you, my children," she said, "may you both be happy—there, go on, go on, do not let me detain you. Good-bye, good-bye," and as they moved away, she continued, in so low a tone that the doctor only could hear it, "Good-bye—and for ever."

As soon as the church was cleared of the wedding-party, Ruth, leaning on the arm of the doctor on one side, and supported by Mary on the other, proceeded down the centre aisle to the brougham, which was waiting for her at the door. With some little difficulty she was placed in it, and the doctor then seated himself by her side, and as soon as Mary had got up beside the coachman, they drove slowly in the direction of the Red House. Ruth continued perfectly silent till the carriage arrived at the turnpike-gates, when the doctor nodded to Mr. Carter, the general shopkeeper, whom he saw standing in front of his house. A smile passed across Ruth's face, as she noticed the doctor's nod of recognition, for she had of course heard that it was Mr. Carter and his boy who had discovered her, when she was so nearly dying from starvation. She smiled, and said to the doctor,—

"Circumstances are much changed since the last time Mr. Carter saw me with you in your carriage. You were then taking me from home to restore me to life, after having suffered much misery and privation. You are now taking me home, after witnessing one of the happiest——"

"Hush, be silent," said the doctor, somewhat sharply interrupting her; for he dreaded the conclusion of her sentence, knowing full well its truth. "Be silent; do you think you have so much breath that you can afford to waste it?" Then, noticing a slight expression of sorrow on Ruth's countenance, he placed his hand gently on hers, and continued, "Pardon me, I did not mean to offend you, but you had better not talk." Ruth obeyed him, and not another word was spoken on their road home. When the carriage arrived at the Red House, the doctor and Mary assisted Ruth to alight, and she was then carried into her chamber. The doctor did not leave the house till she was in bed, and then, finding that she exhibited no symptoms to cause him any immediate anxiety, he again drove home. On passing the turnpike-gates, he saw Mr. Carter standing on the road, and evidently wishing to speak with him. The carriage pulled up, and the shopkeeper advancing to the window, said,—

"I am afraid, doctor, that poor lady is in a bad way. She had a better chance of living when we found her starving in the Red House, than she has now, surrounded as she is with every luxury and comfort that wealth can produce."

"I fear you are right, Mr. Carter," replied the doctor. "I am sorry to say there is no hope for her in this world. A few weeks, or even days, and all will be over."

"I am sorry for it, sir," said Mr. Carter. "I have lately heard a good deal about her, more than I ever heard before, and not a soul seems to be able to say a bad word of her."

"I believe a more amiable creature never lived," said the doctor, beckoning to his coachman to drive on, as he knew that Mr. Carter was apt to be garrulous when he had nothing else to do.

The doctor arrived at Mr. Keats's house while the wedding guests were still at breakfast. He gave a favourable report of his patient, perhaps more so than was altogether truthful; but in this he was actuated by the kind feeling of not wishing to spoil the happiness of others; and seating himself at the table, he was soon one of the merriest of the party. And all went off well, even to the time-honoured fashion of throwing the slipper.

The day after the wedding, Ruth found herself too much fatigued by the previous day's exertion, to quit her room; nor did she ever after leave it. She sank gradually. Besides her immediate relations in the house, the only two persons who saw her were Dr. Wilson and the Rev. Mr. Keats, both of whom were most assiduous in their attentions. For some time, no extraordinary symptoms in Ruth's malady showed themselves; but at length Dr. Wilson noticed that when he called on her in the day time, she was frequently in a deep sleep, from which he found it difficult to arouse her. At first this caused him no surprise; but finding that the fits of somnolency began to assume a good deal of the appearance of those she had suffered from after her removal from the Red House, he closely questioned Mary as to whether she had noticed anything particular in her mistress's behaviour. Mary informed him, that with the exception of her being rather irritable at night at any noise, and always lying with her head turned towards the window, she had not noticed anything extraordinary in her. This hardly satisfied Dr. Wilson, and he wrote the same evening to his friend, Dr. Keats in Torquay, mentioning to him the facts, and requesting his opinion on them. By a singular coincidence, Dr. Keats had for some time past been intending to pay a short visit to his brother in X——, and as he had always felt much interest in Ruth's case, he resolved not to delay his departure. Two days afterwards he arrived at his brother's house. The same evening he called on Dr. Wilson, and it was agreed that the two should visit Ruth next day. When they arrived at the Red House they found Ruth in a deep sleep, so profound, indeed, was it, that she was totally unaware of their presence. Dr. Keats looked at her anxiously for some moments without speaking. Presently he leant forward to ascertain more correctly the state of her breathing, In doing so, he perceived the end of a book projecting from beneath her pillow. "It is my mistress's prayer-book," said Mary, who just at that moment entered the room. "It is an old one she found among the books, when we were sorting them." The doctor mechanically opened it, and found written on the fly-leaf,—

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"I maintain it is simply an hallucination, but at the same time, it is one from which it would be cruelty to awaken her. Leave her undisturbed in her happiness for the few short hours she has now to live. Let me remark, however, that the position of the phantom by the side of her bed nearest to the window, is the same in which she saw her sister that night on which she first felt the certainty of her approaching death, and the white robes of the angel, the effect of the beams of the moon that at that moment fell upon her night-dress, causing the idea of the supernatural it did at the moment of her awakening."

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Ruth Thornbury lived only a week longer. Her sister-in-law and Mary acted as her nurses during the time, assisted occasionally by Mrs. Keats, who out of pure friendship took up her abode in the house. During the day the invalid slept incessantly. When evening approached, she somewhat rallied, and during the night she never closed her eyes, and was evidently under the impression that her sister's spirit was standing by her side, waiting

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NOTE ON THE STORY OF JAMES MACRAE.

SINCE the publication of our short notice of James Macrae,* a volume has been kindly sent to us of whose tence we were ignorant, but of which we gladly avail ourselves, to give a few details supplementing, and in e points correcting, those already given from more limited sources of information. The volume we allude s entitled "Annals of James Macrae, Esq., Governor of Madras, 1725—1731; compiled from Official Records by alboys Wheeler, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic at the Madras Presidency College." These annals ied a portion of "Madras in the Olden Time," a larger work, published by the same author. A few copies of the oir of Macrae were struck off at Madras, for private circulation only, in 1862.

In an appendix the fullest information, gathered from articles published in the *Ayr Observer*, is given regarding Governor, with references to all that has been written in various publications in connection with the same antic story. We now give Professor Wheeler's account of the beginning and ending of his career; omitting the als of his Governorship—which have comparatively little interest of a personal character.

I. Macrae's Early Life.—"Mr. James Macrae was born in Ayrshire about the latter part of the reign of merry g Charles. His parents were of the very lowest class, and he himself whilst a boy is said to have been employed ooking after cattle. His father, however, died whilst James was still very young; and his mother then re-ed with her son to the town of Ayr; where they lived in a little thatched cottage in the suburbs, and where poor widow gained her living as a washerwoman. Here young Macrae added something to his mother's earnings running messages; but at the same time seems to have picked up some little education by means only known to chmen. He appears, however, to have grown tired of this monotonous life whilst still a boy. Ayr was a sea-r; and it is easy to understand how a young man, endowed with the energy which Macrae subsequently proved self to possess, should have imbibed a keen desire to embark in the adventurous trading of the time, and finally e turned his back upon the poverty of home and run off to sea.

"Forty years passed away before Macrae returned to his native land; and it is generally believed that through-the whole of that period he held no communication whatever with his relations or his home. Meantime his r married a carpenter named MacGuire, who was also in great request as a violin player at kirns and weddings, was consequently known as 'Fiddler MacGuire.' The poverty of these people may be gathered from the fact the children of MacGuire were on one occasion seen crying for bread, whilst their mother had left the house to and borrow a loaf. But we shall have more particulars of this family to relate hereafter. For the present we t confine ourselves to the career of Mr. Macrae.

"The early events in the seafaring life of the young runaway must, we fear, for ever remain unknown. We can n nothing of him till about 1720, when he must already have been thirty years in India, and is simply alluded to aptain Macrae. Most probably he had risen to the command of a vessel in the country trade, and had undertaken ges to Sumatra, Pegu, and China. It appears, however, that he had been successful in gaining the confidence of Honorable Masters, for he was subsequently sent on a special mission to the English settlement on the West t of Sumatra, to reform the many abuses which prevailed at that settlement. Here he acquitted himself in such anner as to ensure his appointment to a high post. He effected savings to the extent of nearly 60,000 pagodas, bout 25,000*l.*, per annum; and at the same time carried out such reforms as promised a very large increase in the ly of pepper. Accordingly the Directors ordered that on leaving the West Coast he should be appointed Deputy vernor of Fort St. David, and thus stand next in succession to the government of Fort St. George. The retire-

* See page 611.

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"Am I awake?"

"Yes, dear Ruth," was his reply. "Do you feel better?"

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Thornbury pressed his lips on his sister's brow. Ruth's head then sunk gently on her pillow, and she again fell asleep—this time to wake no more.

Little more remains to be told of the Thornbury family. About two years after the death of Ruth, her younger nephew visited England, where he remained for six months, and then returned to India, taking with him as his wife the second daughter of the Rev. Mr. Keats. Edgar Thornbury retired from the business, leaving it entirely in the hands of his nephews. Their career has been a most successful one, and they now rank among the merchant princes of the country; and as Edgar Thornbury, who continues to reside at the Red House, has no family, they may be considered as the presumptive heirs to his fortune.

In taking leave of his subject, the author feels that he has done but scant justice to the character of Ruth Thornbury. God is Love, and she possessed as much of His divine essence as human frailty would permit. The end and aim of this narrative has been to show how slight a barrier of *earth* may occasionally stand between a pious, amiable, and affectionate old maid, and the guardian angel of her family. How far he has been able to carry out the idea it is for the reader to decide.

NOTE ON THE STORY OF JAMES MACRAE.

Since the publication of our short notice of James Macrae,* a volume has been kindly sent to us of whose existence we were ignorant, but of which we gladly avail ourselves, to give a few details supplementing, and in one points correcting, those already given from more limited sources of information. The volume we allude to is entitled "Annals of James Macrae, Esq., Governor of Madras, 1725—1731; compiled from Official Records by J. Talboys Wheeler, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic at the Madras Presidency College." These annals formed a portion of "Madras in the Olden Time," a larger work, published by the same author. A few copies of the Memoir of Macrae were struck off at Madras, for private circulation only, in 1862.

In an appendix the fullest information, gathered from articles published in the *Ayr Observer*, is given regarding the Governor, with references to all that has been written in various publications in connection with the same romantic story. We now give Professor Wheeler's account of the beginning and ending of his career; omitting the annals of his Governorship—which have comparatively little interest of a personal character.

I. Macrae's Early Life.—"Mr. James Macrae was born in Ayrshire about the latter part of the reign of merry King Charles. His parents were of the very lowest class, and he himself whilst a boy is said to have been employed in looking after cattle. His father, however, died whilst James was still very young; and his mother then removed with her son to the town of Ayr; where they lived in a little thatched cottage in the suburbs, and where the poor widow gained her living as a washerwoman. Here young Macrae added something to his mother's earnings by running messages; but at the same time seems to have picked up some little education by means only known to Scotchmen. He appears, however, to have grown tired of this monotonous life whilst still a boy. Ayr was a seaport; and it is easy to understand how a young man, endowed with the energy which Macrae subsequently proved himself to possess, should have imbibed a keen desire to embark in the adventurous trading of the time, and finally have turned his back upon the poverty of home and run off to sea.

"Forty years passed away before Macrae returned to his native land; and it is generally believed that throughout the whole of that period he held no communication whatever with his relations or his home. Meantime his sister married a carpenter named MacGuire, who was also in great request as a violin player at kirns and weddings, and was consequently known as 'Fiddler MacGuire.' The poverty of these people may be gathered from the fact that the children of MacGuire were on one occasion seen crying for bread, whilst their mother had left the house to beg and borrow a loaf. But we shall have more particulars of this family to relate hereafter. For the present we must confine ourselves to the career of Mr. Macrae.

"The early events in the seafaring life of the young runaway must, we fear, for ever remain unknown. We can learn nothing of him till about 1720, when he must already have been thirty years in India, and is simply alluded to as Captain Macrae. Most probably he had risen to the command of a vessel in the country trade, and had undertaken voyages to Sumatra, Pegu, and China. It appears, however, that he had been successful in gaining the confidence of his Honorable Masters, for he was subsequently sent on a special mission to the English settlement on the West Coast of Sumatra, to reform the many abuses which prevailed at that settlement. Here he acquitted himself in such a manner as to ensure his appointment to a high post. He effected savings to the extent of nearly 60,000 pagodas, or about 25,000*l.*, per annum; and at the same time carried out such reforms as promised a very large increase in the supply of pepper. Accordingly the Directors ordered that on leaving the West Coast he should be appointed Deputy Governor of Fort St. David, and thus stand next in succession to the government of Fort St. George. The retire-

* See page 611.

ment of Mr. Elwick led to Mr. Macrae's advancement to the latter post sooner than could have been expected. He returned from the West Coast towards the end of 1724, and without proceeding to Fort St. David, at once took his seat as second Member of Council at Fort St. George. At last, on the 18th of January, 1725, the son of the poor washerwoman of Ayr took his place as Governor of the Madras Presidency."

II. Macrae's Later Years.—"On the 21st January, 1731, Governor Macrae set sail for England, after an absence of some forty years. Without a wife, and without, of course, any legitimate child, he appears to have returned to his native land laden with a fortune popularly estimated at above a hundred thousand pounds. According to a tradition published a few years back in the *Ayrshire Observer*, the vessel in which Mr. Macrae returned to England was captured on its way by a privateer; and the shrewd ex-Governor, knowing the vessel to have on board a valuable cargo of diamonds, had the address to get the ship ransomed for a comparatively small sum. . . .

"On Mr. Macrae's arrival in England, his first object appears to have been to enquire about the fortunes of his family. It seems that his mother had been dead some years, and that his sister, who was still living at Ayr, had married a man named MacGuire, who gained a livelihood partly as a carpenter, and partly as a fiddler at kirns and weddings. Mr. Macrae accordingly wrote to his sister at Ayr, enclosing a large sum of money, and engaging to provide handsomely for herself and family. The surprise of Mr. and Mrs. MacGuire was of course unbounded; and they are said to have given way to their delight by indulging in a luxury which will serve to illustrate both their ideas of happiness, and the state of poverty in which they had been living. They procured a loaf of sugar and a bottle of brandy; and scooping out a hole in the sugar loaf, they poured in the brandy, and supped up the sweetened spirit with spoons, until the excess of felicity compelled them to close their eyes in peaceful slumber.

"The grand object which Mr. Macrae appears to have had in view during the remaining years of his life, was the elevation of his sister's family, the four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. MacGuire.* The eldest daughter married William, the thirteenth Earl of Glencairn. In this match Governor Macrae took the liveliest interest, but it did not come off till the year 1744; and then the old Nabob was so seriously ill that the doctor could not assure him of living until the solemnisation of the nuptials. On this occasion Governor Macrae gave his niece as 'tocher' the barony of Ochiltree, which had cost him 25,000*l.*, as well as diamonds to the value of 45,000*l.* But the marriage did not prove a happy one, for the earl had no real affection for his wife, however much he may have respected her wealth. The earl, however, was not inclined to submit to any taunting allusions to his wife's family, for when Lord Cassilis reproached him at a ball with having so far forgotten his rank as to marry a fiddler's daughter, he at once replied,—'Yes, my lord, and one of my father-in-law's favourite airs was "The Gipsys cam' to Lord Cassilis's yett,"'—referring to the elopement of a Countess of Cassilis with the gipsys, celebrated in the old song of 'Johnny Faa.' The second son of this Earl of Glencairn, by the niece of Governor Macrae, succeeded to his father's title as James, fourteenth Earl of Glencairn, and is known as a benefactor of the Poet Burns. This earl died in 1791, when Burns wrote his 'Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn,' concluding with the following pathetic lines:—

'The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mither may forget the bairn
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!'

"The second daughter of the MacGuires married Mr. James Erskine, who received the estate of Alva; and was afterwards elevated to the Bench under the title of Lord Alva.

"The third daughter married a young gentleman of suspicious origin, who went by the name of James Macrae. This young man was said to be the nephew of the old Governor, but he is generally supposed to have been a natural son. The barony of Houston was conferred upon the pair, but the subsequent career of this branch of the family was far from fortunate. A son, known as Captain Macrae, became a reputed bully and professed duellist at Edinburgh; and is represented in one of the caricatures of the time as practising with a pistol at a barber's block. In 1790 Captain Macrae fought a celebrated duel with Sir George Ramsay, in which the latter was mortally wounded. It seems that whilst both gentlemen were escorting some ladies out of the theatre at Edinburgh, their servants quarrelled as to whose carriage should be drawn up at the door. Each of the gentlemen took his servant's part, and the result was the duel which occasioned the death of Sir George Ramsay and the exile and outlawry of Captain Macrae.

"The youngest married Mr. Charles Dalrymple, who was Sheriff Clerk of Ayr, and received the estate of Orangefield. . . .

"In conclusion, we must notice the very few recorded events which are still preserved of the last years of Governor Macrae. The old Anglo-Indian appears to have passed some fifteen years in his native country prior to his death in 1746. In 1733 he was admitted as a burgess of the old town of Ayr, when his name was entered as 'James Macrae, late Governor of Madras.' In 1734 he presented the citizens of Glasgow with the metallic equestrian statue of King William, which still adorns that city. How he employed himself during the latter years of his life is nowhere stated, beyond the bare fact that he lived and died at Orangefield. We can easily, however, imagine the old man busy in promoting the advancement of his nieces, and in superintending the estates which he purchased from time to time. One of his last recorded acts occurred in December, 1745, when he lent 5000*l.* to the community of Glasgow, to meet the sum which had been levied from them by Prince Charles. He died somewhere about the year 1746, and was buried in Prestwick churchyard. Such is the eventful story of Governor Macrae, the son of a washerwoman of Ayr."

It does not appear from the information given in this volume that there is any evidence of the Ex-Governor having been whipped when a boy through the streets of Ayr. No allusion is made, indeed, to such an event in his history. Our correspondent found the story recorded in a periodical published in Kilmarnock in August, 1835, entitled "The Improvisator," an Ayrshire Journal of Literature and the Fine Arts. But it does not seem to be supported by evidence.

We are also glad to be informed that Glasgow is not the only city on this side the Irish Channel which has erected a statue to the Great William, though unquestionably it is the finest of them, and one of the best equestrian statues in the country. A correspondent in Hull informs us that an equestrian statue stands in the Market Place of that town, and has been recently gilt, being "gold without and wood within." Other correspondents tell us of one in St. James's Square, London, another in Bristol, and others elsewhere. But how inferior are these which—I quote the concluding lines of the Glasgow statue—

POSUIT CIVIS STRENUUS ET FIDUS
JACOBUS MACRAE,
COLLONIA MADARASSIANE EXPEDITIONIS.
M.D.CCXXXV.

* The information here given has been derived from descendants or connexions of the family who are still living.

MAY 1966